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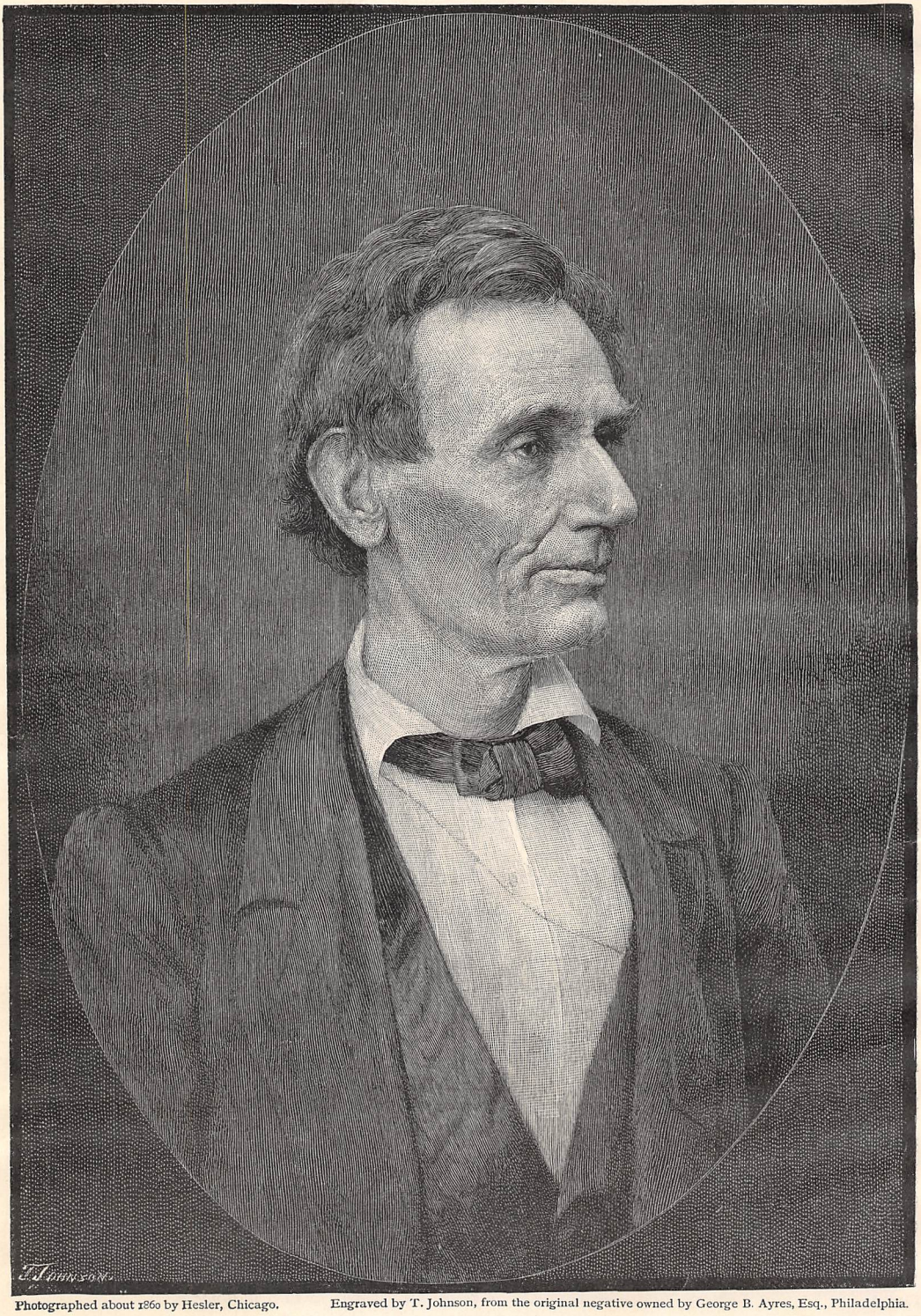
Great Captains with their Guns & Drums
Disturb our Judgment for the hour;
But at last Silence Comes:
These all are gone, & standing like a Tower,
Our Children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-Earnest, brave, farseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise not blame,
New birth of our new Soil, the first American.

J. R. Lowell.



Photographed about 1860 by Hesler, Chicago. Engraved by T. Johnson, from the original negative owned by George B. Ayres, Esq., Philadelphia.

A. Lincoln

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. NOVEMBER, 1886. No. 1.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

EDITORIAL PREFACE.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has never entered upon a more important enterprise, nor one in which we have been surer of the sympathy and support of the public, than in engaging to present in these pages the first full and authoritative biography of Abraham Lincoln, together with a history of the times in which he lived. It is hardly necessary to explain that this long-expected history is by no means solely a sifting and re-editing of already printed records and memorials. Its originality is, however, especially notable in its account of Lincoln's administration, in dealing with which will be given to the world important details that have hitherto remained unrevealed, in order that they might first appear in their proper connection in this monumental work.

The advantages enjoyed by the writers of this history are not only incomparably greater than those possessed by any predecessors, but they are also beyond the reach of any future historian. Both of these biographers grew up in the same region with Mr. Lincoln; they were intimate from boyhood with his friends and companions. Mr. Nicolay took charge of his correspondence before his election to the Presidency, and the very first commission Lincoln signed as President was that of Mr. Nicolay to be his official Private Secretary. He held this position throughout Mr. Lincoln's term of office, and enjoyed his closest intimacy and confidence. Mr. Hay, like Mr. Nicolay, accompanied the President from Springfield to Washington, where he remained several years as Assistant Secretary; he then entered the army as an Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers, and after a brief period of staff service was ordered back to Washington and assigned to duty as aide-de-camp to the President, where he remained till the war ended. One of them, and generally both, were on duty at Mr. Lincoln's side every day from 1860 to 1865; Mr. Nicolay was his official medium of communication with Congress and the Cabinet; both were continually employed by him in delicate and important missions to every part of the country; both stood beside him at his two inaugurations; one saw him die.

During all these years of official service at the Executive Mansion, the authors cherished the idea of writing this history. At an age when the faculties of memory and observation are at their best, they made frequent notes and memoranda of important events occurring about them. The President was himself aware of their intention, and encouraged and assisted them in their work. Some of his most precious manuscripts were given them by his own hand. Their notes and memoranda taken during the war fill several manuscript volumes, the value of which, from an historical point of view, is inestimable.

After the war was over, and the triumph of the national arms had received its pathetic

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and tragical consecration in the martyrdom of the President, they did not take advantage of the excitement of the hour to throw upon the world a hasty and ill-digested compilation to meet the temporary demand. After spending five years in Europe in the public service, they returned to this country with their impression of the magnitude of the work, which they regarded as assigned to them, broadened and deepened by larger acquaintance with the world. For the last sixteen years they have given most of their time to the collection and arrangement of the enormous material at their disposition. In the first place, all the manuscripts, of whatever nature, belonging to the estate of Mr. Lincoln were absolutely and unreservedly placed in their hands by the Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, the only surviving member of the President's family. In addition to this, they sought and obtained access to the private papers and correspondence of most of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Being on terms of intimacy with all the leading statesmen and generals of the time, they were afforded by them every possible assistance in the elucidation of difficult points. Their residence in Washington, Mr. Nicolay as Marshal of the Supreme Court, and Mr. Hay as Assistant Secretary of State, brought them into constant contact with the most authoritative and valuable sources of information. They have used all these opportunities with the utmost assiduity. They have also profited by the vast quantity of reminiscences, letters, and newspaper articles which have recently been printed in regard to Lincoln and his times. They have considered no chapter of their work completed until it should be printed, and have held themselves ready to accept and use every new fact of importance, from whatever source it might come, whether it confirmed or conflicted with opinions previously entertained.

In the course of their work, besides the mass of manuscript archives in all the departments, they have consulted thousands of printed volumes. Through the kindness of four successive Secretaries of War, they have had free and constant access to the vast accumulation of military reports, from both Union and Confederate officers, in the War Department, and Colonel Robert N. Scott has given them the benefit of his friendly and intelligent coöperation.

In determining the scope and character of their work, the authors were governed by two simple ideas. The first, which was biographical, was to draw the portrait and character of the man Abraham Lincoln, and in doing this succinctly to narrate his actions. The second was historical, and required them to relate the national events of which he was the personal and official center and the inspiring and directing leader. These chapters, therefore, are not mere books of anecdote and reminiscence; they are blended biography and history, written with all the literary skill of which the authors are capable (a skill abundantly proved in their other writings), and compiled with all the historical accuracy which their unusual command of facilities and opportunities made possible. Their field embraced that picturesque period of Western pioneer life in which Mr. Lincoln was born and grew to manhood; then the stirring ten years' agitation during which the nation went through the severe and bitter struggle over the slavery question, and which brought on the rebellion; finally, the intensely moving drama of the American civil war. When, however, the military portion of this history is reached in magazine publication, care will be taken to avoid as much as possible the repetition of details already given in THE CENTURY'S war series, while fully presenting that part of the military narrative in which is explained the relation of the President to these events.

Giving their plan ample breadth to cover this entire field, the authors have, nevertheless, been careful to confine it to such principal personages and events as might find place in a single historical picture, composed with entire dramatic unity, with related and dependent incidents, and with continuity and proper sequence of narrative. Under their lucid statement and explanation, the great historical drama of the American rebellion becomes coherent and intelligible, permitting the reader to understand its beginnings and to follow its development through sectional rivalry and jealousy to conspiracy, disunion, and insurrection; to civil war; to the mighty conflict of the greatest of modern armies in march, manœuvre, siege, and battle. Finally, at the moment when the Union armies triumph, and their victory ordains that the Constitution shall stand and the nation remain one, the story comes back to that crowning catastrophe of the drama which, with a climax as emotional as any creation of fancy, once more lifts the personal above the historic interest and records a sorrow extending far beyond the boundaries of the nation, and touching the civilized world not alone with regret at the loss of a benefactor to humanity, but as if with the bereavement of a near and dear friend.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

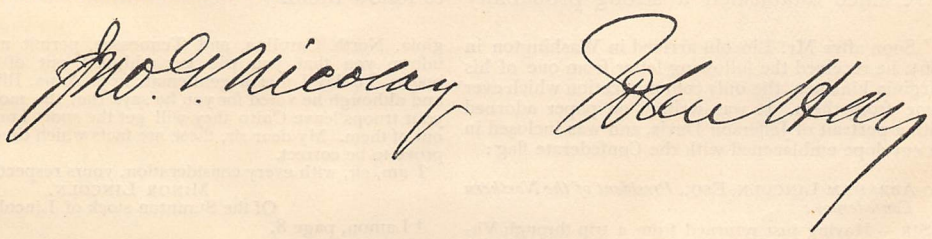
AUTHORS' PREFACE.

A GENERATION born since Abraham Lincoln died has already reached manhood and womanhood. Yet there are millions still living who sympathized with him in his noble aspirations, who labored with him in his toilsome life, and whose hearts were saddened by his tragic death. It is the almost unbroken testimony of his contemporaries that by virtue of certain high traits of character, in certain momentous lines of purpose and achievement, he was incomparably the greatest man of his time. The deliberate judgment of those who knew him has hardened into tradition; for although but twenty-one years have passed since he fell by the bullet of the assassin, the tradition is already complete. The voice of hostile faction is silent, or unheeded; even criticism is gentle and timid. If history had said its last word, if no more were to be known of him than is already written, his fame, however lacking in definite outline, however distorted by fable, would survive undiminished to the latest generations. The blessings of an enfranchised race would forever hail him as their liberator; the nation would acknowledge him as the mighty counselor whose patient courage and wisdom saved the life of the Republic in its darkest hour; and illuminating his proud eminence as orator, statesman, and ruler, there would forever shine around his memory the halo of that tender humanity and Christian charity in which he walked among his fellow-countrymen as their familiar companion and friend.

It is not, therefore, with any thought of materially adding to his already accomplished renown that we have written the work which we now offer to our fellow-citizens. But each age owes to its successors the truth in regard to its own annals. The young men who have been born since Sumter was fired on have a right to all their elders know of the important events they came too late to share in. The life and the fame of Lincoln will not have their legitimate effect of instruction and example unless the circumstances among which he lived and found his opportunities are placed in their true light before the men who never saw him.

To write the life of this great American in such a way as to show his relations to the times in which he moved, the stupendous issues he controlled, the remarkable men by whom he was surrounded, has been the purpose which the authors have diligently pursued for many years. We can say nothing of the result of our labor; only those who have been similarly employed can appreciate the sense of inadequate performance with which we regard what we have accomplished. We can only claim for our work that we have devoted to it sixteen years of almost unremitting assiduity; that we have neglected no means in our power to ascertain the truth; that we have rejected no authentic facts essential to a candid story; that we have had no theory to establish, no personal grudge to gratify, no unavowed objects to subserve. We have aimed to write a sufficiently full and absolutely honest history of a great man and a great time; and although we take it for granted that we have made mistakes, that we have fallen into such errors and inaccuracies as are unavoidable in so large a work, we promise there shall not be found a line in all these chapters dictated by malice or unfairness.

Our desire to have this work placed under the eyes of the greatest possible number of readers induced us to accept the generous offer of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to print it first in these pages. In this way it will receive the intelligent criticism of a million people, contemporaries of the events narrated, and we expect to profit by the suggestions and corrections which such a method of publication invites. Moreover, as we have endeavored to write this history with a purpose of absolute fairness to every party and every section of the country, we ardently desire that, by its wide dissemination, it may contribute to the growth and maintenance throughout all our borders of that spirit of freedom and nationality for which Abraham Lincoln lived and died.



LINCOLN AS PIONEER.

LINEAGE.

IN 1780 Abraham Lincoln, a member of a respectable and well-to-do family in Rockingham County, Virginia, started westward to establish himself with his wife and five children in the newly explored country of Kentucky. He was a man of some substance, possessing at one time a large and fertile tract of land about eight miles north of Harrisonburg. It seemed for many years impossible to ascertain how he lost, or what were the motives which induced him to abandon, this valuable property. The records belonging to that portion of the family which remained in Virginia were destroyed in the civil war, and the branch which moved to Kentucky passed through a period of illiteracy which, though it was brief, interrupted the memory and record of their descent. There are hundreds of families in the West, bearing historic names and probably descended from well-known houses in the East or in England, which, by passing through one or two generations of ancestors who could not read or write, have lost their connection with the past as effectually as if a deluge had intervened between the last century and this. Even the patronymic is frequently distorted beyond recognition by slovenly pronunciation during the years when reading and writing were lost arts, and by the phonetic spelling of the first boy in the family who learned the use of the pen. There are Lincolns in Kentucky and Tennessee belonging to the same stock with the President whose names are spelled "Linkhorn" and "Linkhern."

All that was known of this emigrant Abraham Lincoln by his immediate descendants was that his progenitors, who were Quakers, came from Berks County, Pennsylvania, into Virginia, and there throve and prospered. But the investigations of several eager genealogists have since established a strong probability that he was descended from the Massachusetts family of the same name, who settled about the year 1638 at Hingham, and who came originally from the county of Norfolk in the old country. The first ancestor of this line of whom we have knowledge was Samuel Lincoln, of Norwich, England; he, dying in Hingham, Massachusetts, left a son, Mordecai, whose son, of the same name, removed to Monmouth, New Jersey, and thence to Amity township, now a part of Berks County, Pennsylvania, where he died about 1735, fifty years old. From a copy of his will, recorded in the office of the Register in Philadelphia, we gather that he was a man of considerable property. In the inventory of his effects, made after his death, he is styled by the appraisers "Mordecai Lincoln, Gentleman." His son John received by his father's will "a certain piece of land lying in the Jerseys, containing three hundred acres," the other sons and daughters having been liberally provided for from the Pennsylvania property. This John Lincoln established himself in Rockingham County, Virginia, and had a family of sons, to whom he gave the names which continually recur in the history of the tribe, Abraham, the pioneer mentioned above, Isaac, Jacob, Thomas, and John. Jacob and John remained in Virginia;* the former was a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and took part as lieutenant in a Virginia regiment at the siege of Yorktown.† Isaac went to a place on the Holston River in Tennessee; Thomas followed his brother to Kentucky, lived and died there, and his children then emigrated to Missouri. But with the one memorable exception, none of the brothers or their descendants achieved the slightest distinction. Even the great fame and conspicuousness of the President brought none of his kindred to the light, except his cousin, Robert Lincoln, of Hancock County, Illinois, who became a captain and quartermaster of volunteers. The rest sank into obscurity, where it is impossible, and would be useless, to follow them.

* Soon after Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington in 1861, he received the following letter from one of his Virginia kinsmen, the only communication which ever came from them. It was written on paper adorned with a portrait of Jefferson Davis, and was inclosed in an envelope emblazoned with the Confederate flag:

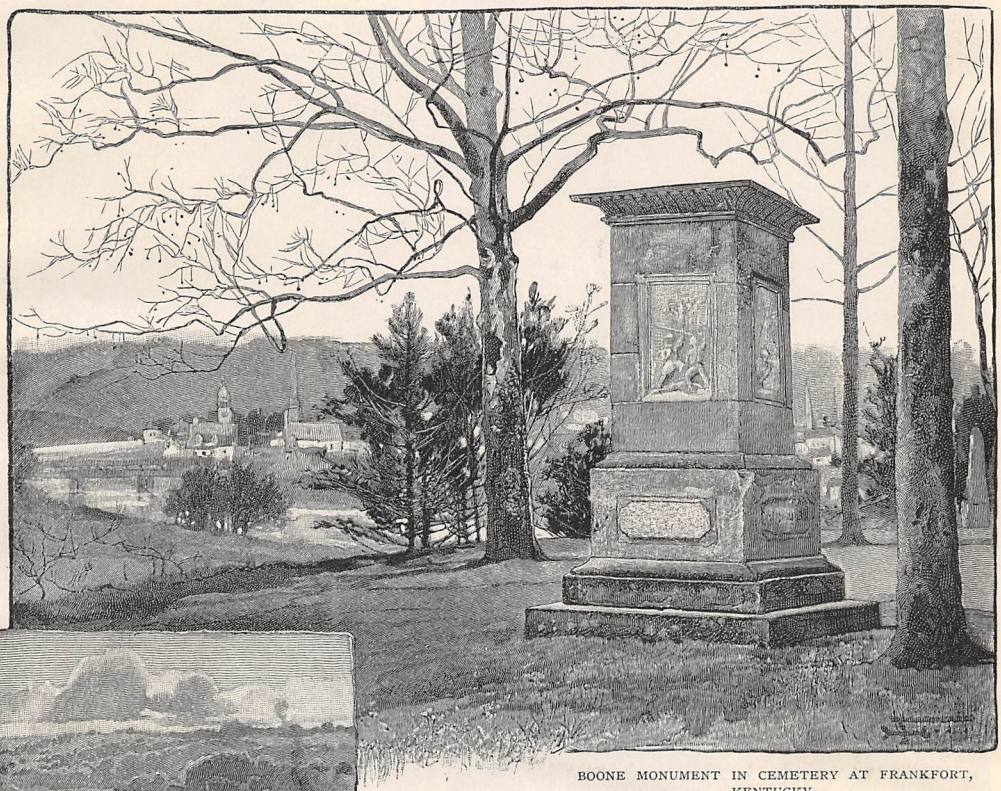
To Abraham Lincoln, Esq., *President of the Northern Confederacy:*

Sir,— Having just returned from a trip through Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, permit me to inform you that you will get whipped out of your boots. To-day I met a gentleman from Anna, Illinois, and although he voted for you he says that the moment your troops leave Cairo they will get the spots knocked out of them. My dear sir, these are facts which time will prove to be correct.

I am, sir, with every consideration, yours respectfully,

Minor Lincoln,
Of the Staunton stock of Lincolns.

† Lamon, page 8.

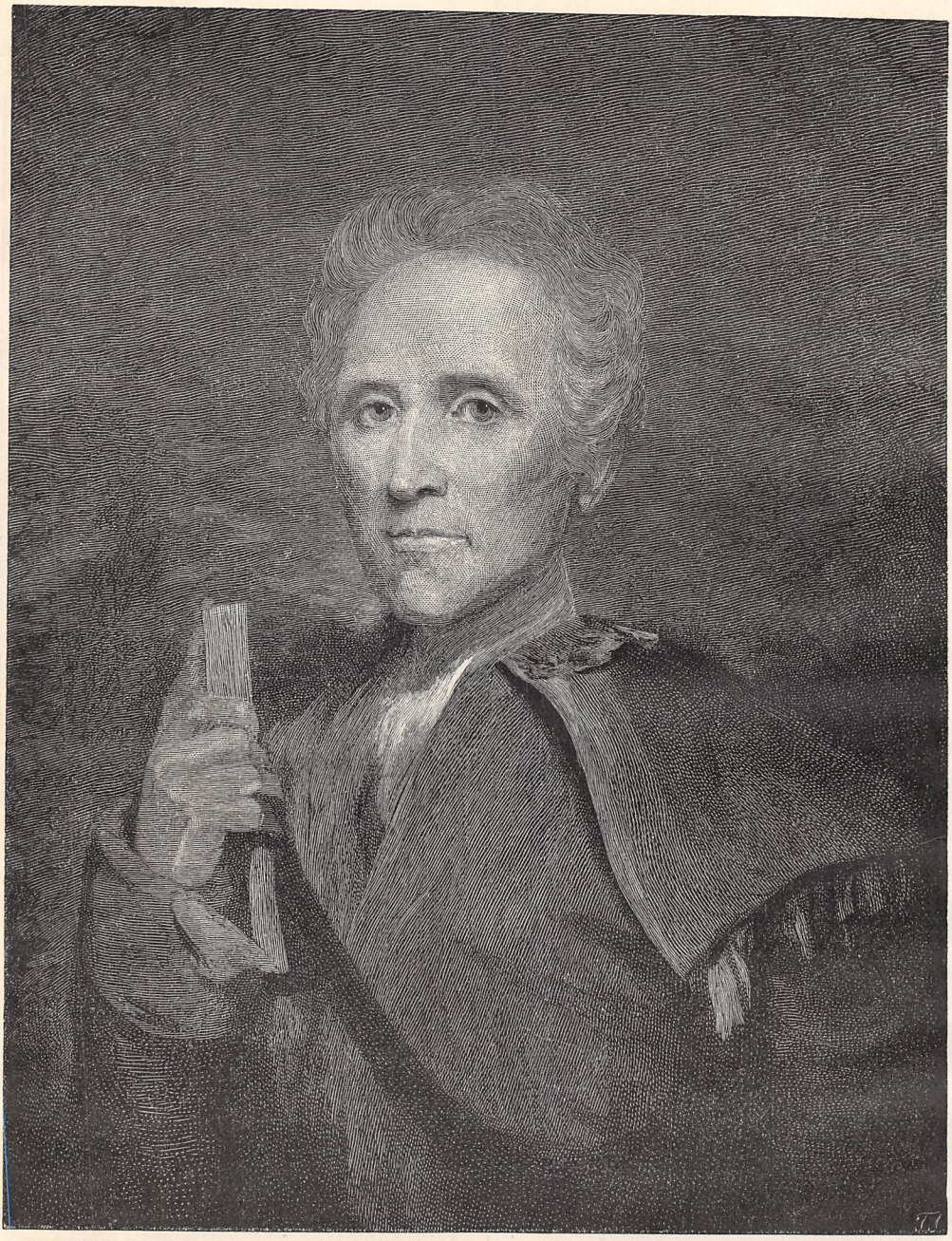


BOONE MONUMENT IN CEMETERY AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

VIEW OF THE KENTUCKY FROM BOONE'S GRAVE.

It was ten years after the death of the President that his son learned the probable circumstances under which the pioneer Lincoln removed to the West, and the intimate relations which subsisted between his family and the most celebrated man in early Western annals. There is little doubt that it was on account of his association with the famous Daniel Boone that Abraham Lincoln went to Kentucky. The families had for a century been closely allied. By the will of Mordecai Lincoln, to which reference has been made, his "loving friend and neighbor" George Boone was made a trustee to assist his widow in the care of the property. Squire Boone, the father of Daniel, was one of the appraisers who made the inventory of Mordecai Lincoln's estate. One of the numerous Abraham Lincolns married a Miss Anna Boone in 1760.* The intercourse between the families was kept up after the Boones had removed to North Carolina and John Lincoln had gone to Virginia. Abraham Lincoln, son of John, and grandfather of the President, was married in North Carolina. The inducement which led him to leave Virginia, where his standing and his fortune were assured, was, in all probability, his intimate family relations with the great explorer, the hero of the new country of Kentucky, the land of fabulous richness and unlimited adventure. At a time when the Eastern States were ringing with the fame of the mighty hunter

* A letter from David J. Lincoln, of Birdsboro, Berks County, Pennsylvania, to the writers, says, "My grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, was married to Anna Boone, a first cousin of Daniel Boone, July 10, 1760."



DANIEL BOONE: ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM THE PAINTING BY SULLY, IN POSSESSION OF FRANK M. ETTING, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

Abraham Lincoln Enters 500 acres of Land on a
treasury warrant No 5994 begining opposite Charles
yancys upper Line on the South side of the River
Runing South 200 poles then up the River for
Quantity. 11th December 1782

Daniel Boone

[FAC-SIMILE FROM THE FIELD-BOOK OF DANIEL BOONE RECORDING THE LINCOLN CLAIM ON LICKING RIVER. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF LYMAN C. DRAPER, ESQ., MADISON, WIS.]

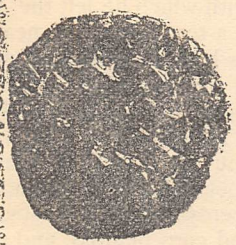
who was then in the prime of his manhood, and in the midst of those achievements which will forever render him one of the most picturesque heroes in all our annals, it is not to be wondered at that his own circle of friends should have caught the general enthusiasm and felt the desire to emulate his career.

Boone's exploration of Kentucky had begun some ten years before Lincoln set out to follow his trail. In 1769 he made his memorable journey to that virgin wilderness of whose beauty he always loved to speak even to his latest breath. During all that year he hunted, finding everywhere abundance of game. "The buffalo," he says, "were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on these extensive plains, fearless because ignorant of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing." In the course of the winter, however, he was captured by the Indians while hunting with a comrade, and when they had contrived to escape they never found again any trace of the rest of their party. But a few days later they saw two men approaching and hailed them with the hunter's caution, "Hullo, strangers; who are you?" They replied, "White men and friends." They proved to be Squire Boone and another adventurer from North Carolina. The young Boone had made that long pilgrimage through the trackless woods, led by an instinct of doglike affection, to find his elder brother and share his sylvan pleasures and dangers. Their two companions were soon waylaid and killed, and the Boones spent the long winter in that mighty solitude undisturbed. In the spring their ammunition, which was to them the only necessary of life, ran low, and one of them must return to the settlements to replenish the stock. It need not be said which assumed this duty; the cadet went uncomplaining on his way, and Daniel spent three months in absolute loneliness, as he himself expressed it, "by myself, without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog." He was not insensible to the dangers of his situation. He never came to his camp without the utmost precaution, and always slept in the canebrakes if the signs were unfavorable. But he makes in his memoirs this curious reflection, which would seem like affectation in one less perfectly and simply heroic: "How unhappy such a situation for a man tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes, and if it does, only augments the pain. It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had the greatest reason to be afflicted." After his brother's return, for a year longer they hunted in these lovely wilds, and then returned to Yadkin to bring their families to the new domain. They made the long ride back, five hundred miles, in peace and safety.

For some time after this Boone took no conspicuous part in the settlement of Kentucky. The expedition with which he left the Yadkin in 1773 met with a terrible disaster near Cumberland Gap, in which his eldest son and five more young men were killed by Indians, and the whole party, discouraged by the blow, retired to the safer region of the Clinch River. In the mean time the dauntless speculator Henderson had begun his occupation with all the pomp of viceroyalty. Harrodsburg had been founded, and corn planted, and a flourishing colony established at the Falls of the Ohio. In 1774 Boone was called upon by the Governor of Virginia to escort a party of surveyors through the State, and on his return was given the command of three garrisons; and for several years thereafter the history of Kentucky is the record of his feats of arms. No one ever equaled him in his knowledge of Indian character, and his influence with the savages was a mystery to him and to themselves. Three times he fell into their hands and they did not harm him. Twice they adopted him into their tribes while they were still on the war-path. Once they took him to Canada, to show the Long-Knife chieftains of King George that they could also exhibit trophies of memorable prowess, but they refused to give him up even to their British allies. In no quality of wise woodcraft was he wanting. He could outrun a dog or a deer; he could thread the woods without food day and night; he could find his way as easily as the panther could. Although a great athlete and a tireless warrior, he hated fighting and only fought for peace. In council and in war he was equally valuable. His advice was never rejected without disaster, nor followed but with advantage; and when the fighting once began there was not a rifle in Kentucky which could rival his. At the nine days' siege of Boonesborough he took deliberate aim and killed a negro renegade who was harassing the garrison from a tree five hundred and twenty-five feet away, and whose head only was visible from the fort. The mildest and the quietest of men, he had killed dozens of enemies with his own hand, and all this without malice and, strangest of all, without incurring the hatred of his adversaries. He had self-respect enough, but not a spark of vanity. After the fatal battle of the Blue Licks,—where the only point of light in the day's terrible work was the wisdom and valor with which he had partly retrieved a disaster he foresaw

Land-Office Treasury WARRANT, N°3334

To the principal Surveyor of any County within the Commonwealth of Virginia.



THIS shall be your WARRANT to Survey and lay off in one or more Surveys, for Abraham Linkhorn his Heirs or Assigns, the Quantity of four hundred Acres of Land, due unto the said Abraham Linkhorn in Consideration of the Sum of one hundred & sixty pounds current Money paid into the publick Treasury; the Payment whereof to the Treasurer hath been duly certified by the Auditors of publick Accounts, and their Certificate received into the Land Office. GIVEN under my Hand, and the Seal of the said Office, on this fourth Day of March in the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred and eighty

Jno. D. R. L. O.

LAND WARRANT ISSUED TO ABRAHAM LINKHORN (LINCOLN), SLIGHTLY REDUCED. ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF R. T. DURRETT, ESQ., LOUISVILLE, KY. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

but was powerless to prevent,—when it became his duty, as senior surviving officer of the forces, to report the affair to Governor Harrison, his dry and naked narrative gives not a single hint of what he had done himself, nor mentions the gallant son lying dead on the field, nor the wounded brother whose gallantry might have justly claimed some notice. He was thinking solely of the public good, saying, "I have encouraged the people in this country all that I could, but I can no longer justify them or myself to risk our lives here under such extraordinary hazards." He therefore begs his Excellency to take immediate measures for relief. During the short existence of Henderson's legislature, he was a member of it, and not the least useful one. Among his measures was one for the protection of game.

Everything we know of the emigrant Abraham Lincoln goes to show that it was under the auspices of this most famous of our pioneers that he set out from Rockingham County to make a home for himself and his young family in that wild region which Boone was wresting from its savage holders. He was not without means of his own. He took with him funds enough to enter an amount of land which would have made his family rich if they had retained it. The county records show him to have been the possessor of a domain of some seventeen hundred acres. There is still in existence* the original warrant,

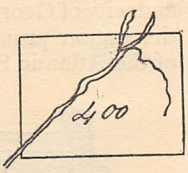
* In the possession of Colonel Reuben T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky, a gentleman who has made the early history of his State a subject of careful and intelligent study, and to whom we are greatly indebted for valuable information in regard to the settlement of the Lincolns in Kentucky. He gives the following list of lands in that State owned by Abraham Lincoln:

1. Four hundred acres on Long Run, a branch of Floyd's Fork, in Jefferson County, entered May 29th, 1780, and surveyed May 7th, 1785.

2. Eight hundred acres on Green River, near Green River Lick, entered June 7th, 1780, and surveyed October 12th, 1784.

3. Five hundred acres in Campbell County, date of entry not known, but surveyed September 27th, 1798, and patented June 30th, 1799 — the survey and patent evidently following his entry after his death. It is possible that this was the five-hundred-acre tract found in Boone's field-book, in the possession of Lyman C. Draper, Esq., Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, and erroneously supposed by some to have been in Mercer County. Boone was a deputy of Colonel Thomas Marshall, Surveyor of Fayette County.

dated March 4th, 1780, for four hundred acres of land, for which the pioneer had paid "into the publick Treasury one hundred and sixty pounds current money," and a copy of the surveyor's certificate,* giving the metes and bounds of the property on Floyd's Fork, which remained for many years in the hands of Mordecai Lincoln, the pioneer's eldest son and heir. The name was misspelled "Linkhorn" Washington had acquired claims and patents to the amount of thirty or forty thousand acres of land in the West; Franklin and the Lees were also large owners of these speculative titles. They formed, it is true, rather an airy and unsubstantial sort of possession, the same ground being often claimed by a dozen different persons or companies under various grants from the crown or from legislatures,



Surveyed for Abraham Linkhorn 400 acres of Land in Jefferson County by Virtue of a Treasury Warrant No. 3334 on the Fork of Floyds Fork now Called the Long Run beginning about two Miles up the said Fork from the Mouth of a Fork of the same formerly Called Tis Fork at a Sugar Tree standing on the side of the same marked S B and extending thence East 300 poles to a Poplar and Sugar Tree North 213⅓ poles to a Beech and Dogwood West 300 poles to a White Oak and Hickory South 213⅓ poles to the Beginning. May 7th 1785 William Shannon D.S.J.C.
Abraham Linkhorn and William May S.J.C.
Josiah Lincolne C C
Abraham Linkhorn Markers Ex^d

SURVEYOR'S CERTIFICATE (SLIGHTLY REDUCED), TAKEN FROM RECORD BOOK "B," PAGE 60, IN THE OFFICE OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

by a blunder of the clerk in the land-office, and the error was perpetuated in the subsequent record.

Kentucky had been for many years the country of romance and fable for Virginians. Twenty years before Governor Spottswood had crossed the Alleghanies and returned to establish in a Williamsburg tavern that fantastic order of nobility which he called the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe,† and, with a worldly wisdom which was scarcely consistent with these mediæval affectations, to press upon the attention of the British Government the building of a line of frontier forts to guard the Ohio River from the French. Many years after him the greatest of all Virginians crossed the mountains again, and became heavily interested in those schemes of emigration which filled the minds of many of the leading men in America until they were driven out by graver cares and more imperative duties.

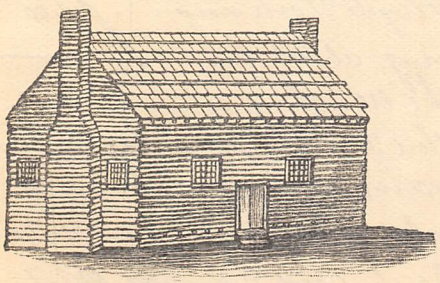
* Jefferson County Records.

† Their motto was *Sic jurat transcendere montes.*

or through purchase from adventurers or Indian councils. But about the time of which we are speaking the spirit of emigration had reached the lower strata of colonial society, and a steady stream of pioneers began pouring over the passes of the mountains into the green and fertile valleys of Kentucky and Tennessee. They selected their homes in the most eligible spots to which chance or the report of earlier explorers directed them, with little knowledge or care as to the rightful ownership of the land, and too often cleared their corner of the wilderness for the benefit of others. Even Boone, to whose courage, forest lore, and singular intuitions of savage character the State of Kentucky owed more than to any other man, was deprived in his old age of his hard-earned homestead through his ignorance of legal forms, and removed to Missouri to repeat in that new territory his labors and his misfortunes.

The period at which Lincoln came west was one of note in the history of Kentucky.

The labors of Henderson and the Transylvania Company had begun to bear fruit in extensive plantations and a connected system of forts. The land laws of Kentucky had reduced to something like order the chaos of conflicting claims arising from the various grants and the different preëmption customs under which settlers occupied their property. The victory of Boone at Boonesborough against the Shawnees, and the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes by the brilliant audacity of George Rogers Clarke, had brought the region prominently before the attention of the Atlantic States, and had turned in that



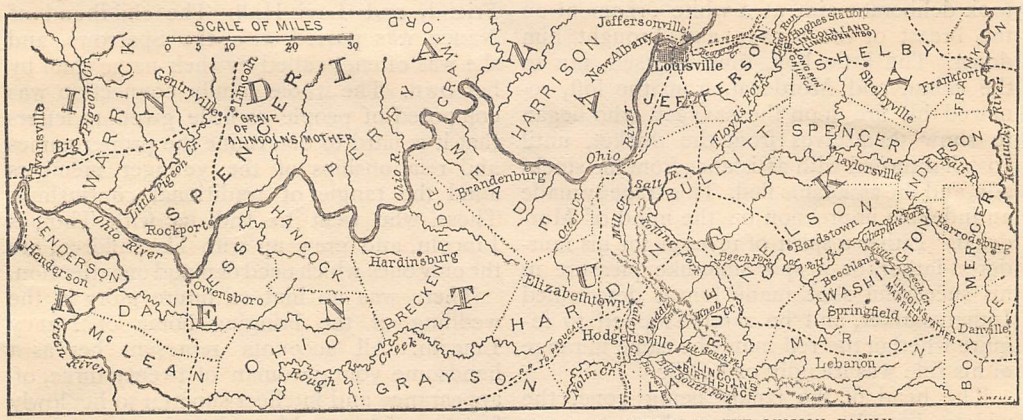
LONG RUN BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE, BUILT ABOUT 1797 ON THE LAND OF ABRAHAM LINKHORN (LINCOLN). DRAWING FROM MEMORY, IN POSSESSION OF R. T. DURRETT, ESQ.

direction the restless and roving spirit which is always found in communities at periods when great emigrations are a need of civilization. Up to this time few persons had crossed the mountains except hunters, trappers, and explorers,—men who came merely to kill Indians or game, or to spy out the fertility of the land for the purpose of speculation. But in 1780 and 1781 a large number of families took up their line of march, and in the latter year a considerable contingent of women joined the little army of pioneers, impelled by an instinct which they themselves probably but half comprehended. The country was to be peopled, and there was no other way of peopling it but by the sacrifice of many lives and fortunes; and the history of every country shows that these are never lacking when they are wanted. The number of those who came at about the same time with the pioneer Lincoln was sufficient to lay the basis of a sort of social order. Early in the year 1780 three hundred "large family boats" arrived at the Falls of the Ohio, where the land had been surveyed by Captain Bullitt seven years before, and in May the Legislature of Virginia passed a law for the incorporation of the town of Louisville, then containing some six hundred inhabitants. At the same session a law was passed confiscating the property of certain British subjects for the endowment of an institution of learning in Kentucky, "it being the interest of this commonwealth," to quote the language of the philosophic Legislature, "always to encourage and promote every design which may tend to the improvement of the mind and the diffusion of useful knowledge even among its remote citizens, whose situation in a barbarous neighborhood and a savage intercourse might otherwise render them unfriendly to science." This was the origin of the Transylvania University of Lexington, which rose and flourished for many years on the utmost verge of civilization.

The "barbarous neighborhood" and the "savage intercourse" undoubtedly had their effect upon the manners and morals of the settlers; but we should fall into error if we took it for granted that the pioneers were all of one piece. The ruling motive which led most of them to the wilds was that Anglo-Saxon lust of land which seems inseparable from the race. The prospect of possessing a four-hundred-acre farm by merely occupying it, and the privilege of exchanging a basketful of almost worthless continental currency for an unlimited estate at the nominal value of forty cents per acre, were irresistible to thousands of land-loving Virginians and Carolinians whose ambition of proprietorship was larger than their means. Accompanying this flood of emigrants of good faith was the usual froth and scum of shiftless idlers and adventurers, who were either drifting with a current they were too worthless to withstand, or in pursuit of dishonest gains in fresher and simpler regions. The vices and virtues of the pioneers were such as proceeded from their environment. They were careless of human life because life was worth comparatively little in that hard struggle for existence; but they had a remarkably clear idea of the value of property, and visited theft not only with condign punishment, but also with the severest social proscription. Stealing a horse was punished more swiftly and with more feeling than homicide. A man might be replaced more easily than the other animal. Sloth was the worst of weaknesses. A habitual drunkard was more welcome at "raisings" and "log-rollings" than a known *fainéant*. The man who did not do a man's share where work was to be done was christened "Lazy Lawrence," and that was the end of him socially. Cowardice was punished by inexorable disgrace. The point of honor was as strictly observed as it ever has been in the idlest and most artificial society. If a man accused another of falsehood, the ordeal by fisticuffs was instantly resorted to. Weapons were rarely employed in these chivalrous encounters, being kept for more serious use with Indians and wild beasts, though fists, teeth, and the

gouging thumb were often employed with fatal effect. Yet among this rude and uncouth people there was a genuine and remarkable respect for law. They seemed to recognize it as an absolute necessity of their existence. In the territory of Kentucky, and afterwards in that of Illinois, it occurred at several periods in their transition from counties to territories and states that the country was without any organized authority. But the people were a law unto themselves. Their improvised courts and councils administered law and equity; contracts were enforced, debts were collected, and a sort of order was maintained.

It may be said, generally, that the character of this people was far above their circumstances. In all the accessories of life, by which we are accustomed to rate communities and races in the scale of civilization, they were little removed from primitive barbarism. They dressed in the skins of wild beasts killed by themselves, and in linen stuffs woven by themselves. They hardly knew the use of iron except in their firearms and knives. Their food consisted almost exclusively of game, fish, and roughly ground corn-meal. Their exchanges were made by barter; many a child grew up without ever seeing a piece of money. Their habitations were hardly superior to those of the savages with whom they waged constant war. Large families lived in log huts, put together with wooden pegs, and far more open to the inclemencies of the skies than the pig-styes of the careful farmer of to-day. An early schoolmaster says that the first place where he went to board was the house of one Lucas, consisting of a single room, sixteen feet square, and tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, ten children, three dogs, two cats, and himself. There were many who lived in hovels so cold that they had to sleep on their shoes to keep them from freezing too stiff to be put on. The children grew inured to misery like this, and played barefoot in the snow. It is an error to suppose that all this could be undergone with impunity. They suffered terribly from malarial and rheumatic complaints, and the instances of vigorous and painless age were rare among them. The lack of moral and mental sustenance was still more marked. They were inclined to be a religious people, but a sermon was an unusual luxury, only to be enjoyed at long intervals and by great expense of time. There were few books or none, and there was little opportunity for the exchange of opinion. Any variation in the dreary course of events was welcome. A murder was not without its advantages as a stimulant to conversation; a capital trial was a kind of holiday to a county. It was this poverty of life, this famine of social gratification, from which sprang their fondness for the grosser forms of excitement, and their tendency to rough and brutal practical joking.



MAP SHOWING VARIOUS LOCALITIES CONNECTED WITH EARLY EVENTS IN THE LINCOLN FAMILY.

In a life like theirs a laugh seemed worth having at any expense.

But near as they were to barbarism in all the circumstances of their daily existence, they were far from it politically. They were the children of a race which had been trained in government for centuries in the best school the world has ever seen, and wherever they went they formed the town, the county, the court, and the legislative power with the ease and certainty of nature evolving its results. And this they accomplished in the face of a savage foe, always alert and hostile, surrounding their feeble settlements, invisible and dreadful as the visionary powers of the air. Until the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, closed the long and sanguinary history of the old Indian wars, there was no day in which the pioneer could leave his cabin with the certainty of not finding it in ashes when he

returned, and his little flock murdered on his threshold, or carried into a captivity worse than death. Whenever nightfall came with the man of the house away from home, the anxiety and care of the women and children were none the less bitter because so common.

The life of the pioneer Abraham Lincoln soon came to a disastrous close. He had settled in Jefferson County, on the land he had bought from the Government, and cleared a small farm in the forest. One morning, in the year 1786, he started with his three sons, Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas, to the edge of the clearing, and began the day's work. A shot from the brush killed the father; Mordecai, the eldest son, ran instinctively to the house, Josiah to the neighboring fort (Hughes Station) for assistance, and Thomas, the youngest, a child of seven, was left with the corpse of his father. Mordecai, reaching the cabin, seized the rifle, and saw through the loop-hole an Indian in his war-paint stooping to raise the child from the ground. He took deliberate aim at a white ornament on the breast of the savage and brought him down. The little boy, thus released, ran to the cabin, and Mordecai, from the loft, renewed his fire upon the savages, who began to show themselves from the thicket, until Josiah returned with assistance from the stockade, and the assailants fled. This tragedy made an indelible impression on the mind of Mordecai. Either a spirit of revenge for his murdered father, or a sportsmanlike pleasure in his successful shot, made him a determined Indian-stalker, and he rarely stopped to inquire whether the red man who came in range of his rifle was friendly or hostile.

The head of the family being gone, the widow Lincoln soon removed to a more thickly settled neighborhood in Washington County. There her children grew up. Mordecai and Josiah became reputable citizens; the two daughters married two men named Crume and Bromfield. Thomas, to whom were reserved the honors of an illustrious paternity, learned the trade of a carpenter. He was an easy-going man, entirely without ambition, but not without self-respect. Though the friendliest and most jovial of gossips, he was not insensible to affronts; and when his slow anger was roused, he was a formidable adversary. Several border bullies, at different times, crowded him indiscreetly, and were promptly and thoroughly whipped. He was strong, well knit, and sinewy; but little over the medium height, though in other respects he seems to have resembled his son in appearance.

On the 12th of June, 1806,* while learning his trade in the carpenter shop of Joseph Hanks, in Elizabethtown, he married Nancy Hanks, a niece of his employer, near Beechland, in Washington County.† She was one of a large family who had emigrated from Virginia with the Lincolns and with another family called Sparrow. They had endured together the trials of pioneer life, and their close relations continued for many years after, and were cemented by frequent intermarriage.

Mrs. Lincoln's mother was named Lucy Hanks; her sisters were Betty, Polly, and Nancy; they married Thomas Sparrow, Jesse Friend, and Levi Hall. The childhood of Nancy was passed with the Sparrows, and she was oftener called by their name than by her own. The whole family connection was composed of people so little given to letters that it is hard to determine the proper names and relationships of the younger members amid the tangle of traditional cousinships. Those who went to Indiana with Thomas Lincoln, and grew up with his children, are the only ones which need demand our attention.

There was no hint of future glory in the wedding or the bringing home of Nancy Lincoln. All accounts represent her as a handsome young woman of twenty-three, of appearance and intellect superior to her lowly fortunes. She could read and write,—a remarkable accomplishment in her circle,—and even taught her husband to form the letters of his name. He had no such valuable wedding gift to bestow upon her; he brought her to a little house in Elizabethtown, where he and she and want dwelt together in fourteen feet square. The next year a daughter was born to them, and the next the young carpenter, not finding his work remunerative

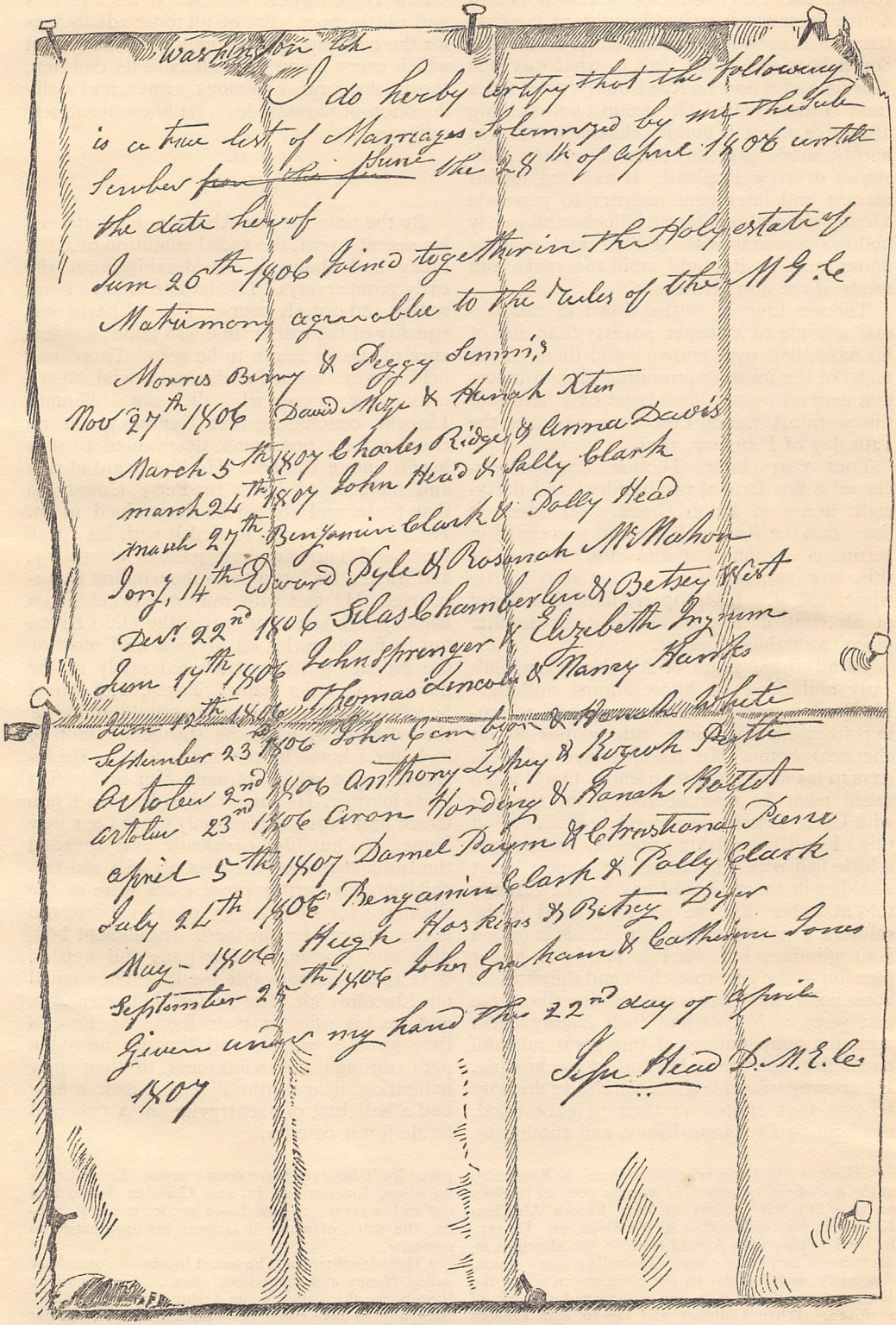
* All previous accounts give the date of this marriage as September 23d. This error arose from a clerical blunder in the county record of marriages. The minister, the Reverend Jesse Head, in making his report, wrote the dates before the names; the clerk, in copying it, lost the proper sequence of the entries, and gave to the Lincolns the date which belonged to the next couple on the list.

† The following is a copy of the marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln:

"Know all men by these presents, that we, Thomas Lincoln and Richard Berry, are held and firmly bound unto his Excellency, the Governor of Kentucky, in the just and full sum of fifty pounds current money, to the payment of which well and truly to be made to the said Governor and his successors, we bind ourselves, our heirs, etc., jointly and severally, firmly by these presents, sealed with our seals and dated this 10th day of June, 1806. The condition of the above obligation is such that whereas there is a marriage shortly intended between the above bound Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, for which a license has issued, now if there be no lawful cause to obstruct the said marriage, then this obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue in law.

THOMAS LINCOLN [Seal]
RICHARD BERRY [Seal]

"*Witness*, JOHN H. PARROTT, Guardian."



Washington Co Ky

I do hereby certify that the following is a true list of Marriages Solemnized by me the Subscriber ~~for the year~~ June the 28th of April 1806 until the date hereof

June 26th 1806 Joined together in the Holy estate of Matrimony agreeable to the Rules of the M.E.C.

Morris Berry & Peggy Simms

Nov 27th 1806 David Mize & Hannah Xten

March 5th 1807 Charles Ridge & Anna Davis

march 24th 1807 John Head & Sally Clark

mach 27th Benjamin Clark & Polly Head

Jan 14th Edward Pyle & Rosanah McMahon

Dec 22nd 1806 Silas Chamberlin & Betsey West

June 19th 1806 John Stranger & Elizebeth Inyram

June 19th 1806 Thomas Lincoln & Nancy Hanks

September 23 1806 John Cambpell & Hannah White

October 2nd 1806 Anthony Lipsey & Kezeah Pettit

October 23rd 1806 Aron Harding & Hanah Bollet

April 5th 1807 Daniel Payne & Christiana Pierce

July 24th 1806 Benjamin Clark & Polly Clark

May - 1806 Hugh Hoskins & Betsey Dyer

September 2[illegible] 1806 John Graham & Catherine Jones

Given under my hand this 22nd day of April 1807

Jesse Head D.M.E.C.

This certificate, or marriage list, written by Jesse Head, was lost sight of for many years, and has only recently been discovered through the efforts of W. F. Booker, Esq., present Clerk of Washington County, Kentucky. This fac-simile is the first ever published.

enough for his growing budget, removed to a little farm which he had bought on the easy terms then prevalent in Kentucky, on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in what was then Hardin and is now La Rue County, three miles from Hodgensville. The ground had nothing attractive about it but its cheapness. It was hardly more grateful than the rocky hill-slopes of New England. It required full as earnest and intelligent industry to persuade a living out of those barren hillocks and weedy hollows covered with stunted and scrubby underbrush, as it would amid the rocks and sands of the northern coast.

Thomas Lincoln settled down in this dismal solitude to a deeper poverty than any of his name had ever known; and there, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world, Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th day of February, 1809.

Four years later, Thomas Lincoln purchased a fine farm of two hundred and thirty-eight acres on Knob Creek, near where it flows into the Rolling Fork, and succeeded in getting a portion of it into cultivation. The title, however, remained in him only a little while, and after his property had passed out of his control he looked about for another place to establish himself.

Of all these years of Abraham Lincoln's early childhood we know almost nothing.* He lived a solitary life in the woods, returning from his lonesome little games to his cheerless home. He never talked of these days to his most intimate friends. Once, when asked what he remembered about the war with Great Britain, he replied: "Nothing but this. I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier in the road, and having been always told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish." This is only a faint glimpse, but what it shows is rather pleasant — the generous child and the patriotic household. But there is no question that these first years of his life had their lasting effect upon the temperament of this great mirthful and melancholy man. He had little schooling. He accompanied his sister Sarah† to the only schools that existed in their neighborhood, one kept by Zachariah Riney, and another by Caleb Hazel, where he learned his alphabet and a little more. But of all those advantages for the cultivation of a young mind and spirit which every home now offers to its children, the books, toys, ingenious games, and daily devotion of parental love, he knew absolutely nothing.

II.

INDIANA.

By the time the boy Abraham had attained his seventh year, the social condition of Kentucky had changed considerably from the early pioneer days. Life had assumed a more settled and orderly course. The old barbarous equality of the earlier time was gone; a difference of classes began to be seen. Those who held slaves assumed a distinct social superiority over those who did not. Thomas Lincoln, concluding that Kentucky was no country for a poor man, determined to seek his fortune in Indiana. He had heard of rich and unoccupied lands in Perry County in that State, and thither he determined to go. He built a rude raft, loaded it with his kit of tools and four hundred gallons of whisky, and trusted his fortunes to the winding water-courses. He met with only one accident on his way; his raft capsized in the Ohio River, but he fished up his kit of tools and most of the ardent spirits, and arrived safely at the place of a settler named Posey, with whom he left his odd invoice of household goods for the wilderness, while he started on foot to look for a home in the dense forest. He selected a spot which pleased him in his first day's journey. He then walked back to Knob Creek and brought his family on to their new home. No humbler cavalcade ever invaded the Indiana timber. Besides his wife and two children, his earthly possessions were of the slightest, for the backs of two borrowed horses sufficed for the load. Insufficient bedding and clothing, a few pans and kettles, were their sole movable wealth. They relied on Lincoln's kit of tools for their furniture, and on his rifle for their food. At Posey's they hired a wagon and literally hewed a path through the wilderness to their new habitation, near Little Pigeon Creek, a mile and a half east of Gentryville, in a rich and fertile forest country.

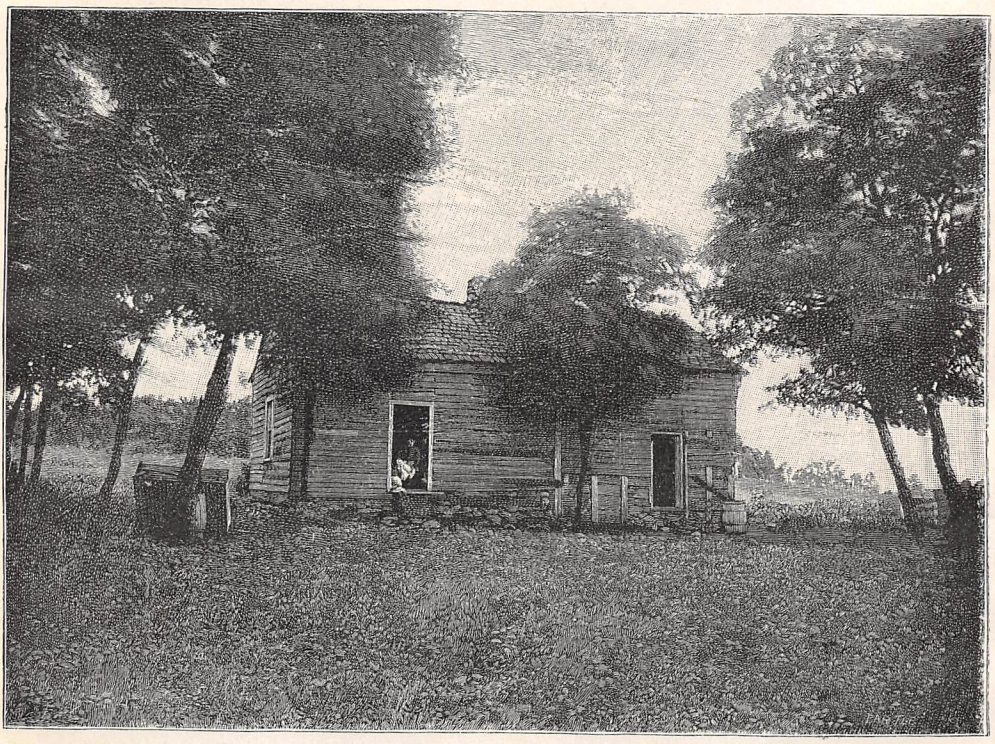
* There is still living near Knob Creek in Kentucky, at the age of eighty, a man, of whom a portrait is given on page 19, who claims to have known Abraham Lincoln in his childhood — Austin Gollaher. He says he used to play with Abe Lincoln in the shavings of his father's carpenter shop. He tells a story which, if accurate, entitles him to the civic crown which the Romans used to give to one who saved the life of a citizen. When Gollaher was eleven and Lincoln eight the two boys were in the woods in pursuit of partridges; in trying to "coon" across Knob Creek on a log, Lincoln fell in, and Gollaher fished him out with a sycamore branch — a service to the Republic, the value of which it fatigues the imagination to compute.

† This daughter of Thomas Lincoln is sometimes called Nancy and sometimes Sarah. She seems to have borne the former name during her mother's lifetime, and to have taken her stepmother's name after Mr. Lincoln's second marriage.

Drawn by Henry Farny. THE KILLING OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PIONEER, 1786. Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

Thomas Lincoln, with the assistance of his wife and children, built a temporary shelter of the sort called in the frontier language "a half-faced camp"; merely a shed of poles, which defended the inmates on three sides from the foul weather, but left them open to its inclemency in front. For a whole year his family lived in this wretched fold, while he was clearing a little patch of ground for planting corn and building a rough cabin for a permanent residence. They moved into the latter before it was half completed; for by this time the Sparrows had followed the Lincolns from Kentucky, and the half-faced camp was given up to them. But the rude cabin seemed so spacious and comfortable after the squalor of "the camp," that Thomas Lincoln did no further work on it for a long time. He left it for a year or two without doors, or windows, or floor. The battle for existence allowed him no time for superfluities like these. He raised enough corn to support life; the dense forest around him abounded in every form of feathered game; a little way from his cabin an open glade was full of deer-licks, and an hour or two of idle waiting was generally rewarded by a shot at a fine deer, which would furnish meat for a week, and material for breeches or shoes. His cabin was like that of other pioneers. A few three-legged stools; a bedstead made of poles stuck between the logs in the angle of the cabin, the outside corner supported by a crotched stick driven into the ground; the table, a huge hewed log standing on four legs; a pot, kettle, and skillet, and a few tin and pewter dishes, were all the furniture. The boy Abraham climbed at night to his bed of leaves in the loft, by a ladder of wooden pins driven into the logs.

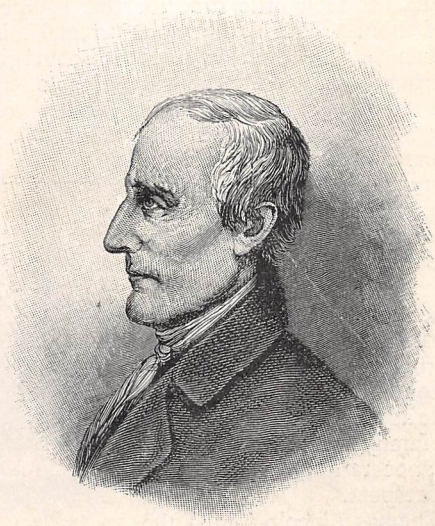
This life has been vaunted by poets and romancers as a happy and healthful one. Even Dennis Hanks, speaking of his youthful days when his only home was the half-faced camp, says, "I tell you, Billy, I enjoyed myself better then than I ever have since." But we may distrust the reminiscences of old settlers, who see their youth through a rosy mist of memory. The life was neither enjoyable nor wholesome. The rank woods were full of malaria, and singular epidemics from time to time ravaged the settlements. In the autumn of 1818 the little community of Pigeon Creek was almost exterminated by a frightful pestilence called the milk-sickness, or in the dialect of the country "the milk-sick." It is a mys-



HOUSE NEAR BEECHLAND, KENTUCKY, IN WHICH THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS WERE MARRIED JUNE 12TH, 1806. (NOW OCCUPIED BY H. F. REED.)

terious disease which has been the theme of endless wrangling among Western physicians, and the difficulty of ascertaining anything about it has been greatly increased by the local sensitiveness which forbids any one to admit that any well-defined case has ever been seen in his neighborhood, "although just over the creek, or in the next county, they have had it bad." It seems to have been a malignant form of fever — attributed variously to malaria and to the eating of poisonous herbs by the cattle — attacking cattle as well as human beings, attended with violent retching and a burning sensation in the stomach, often terminating fatally on the third day. In many cases those who apparently recovered lingered for years with health seriously impaired. Among the pioneers of Pigeon Creek, so ill-fed, ill-housed, and uncared for, there was little prospect of recovery from such a grave disorder. The Sparrows, husband and wife, died early in October, and Nancy Hanks Lincoln followed them after an interval of a few days. Thomas Lincoln made the coffins for his dead "out of green lumber cut with a whip-saw," and they were all buried, with scant ceremony, in a little clearing of the forest. It is related of little Abraham, that he sorrowed most of all that his mother should have been laid away with such maimed rites, and that he contrived several months later to have a wandering preacher named David Elkin brought to the settlement, to deliver a funeral sermon over her grave, already stiff and white with the early winter snows.*

AUSTIN GOLLAHER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WYBRANT)



PORTRAIT OF JESSE HEAD, DEACON METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHO MARRIED THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS. (AFTER A SILHOUETTE BY RUDOLPH BOCCOSSINI, IN POSSESSION OF R. T. DURRETT, ESQ.)

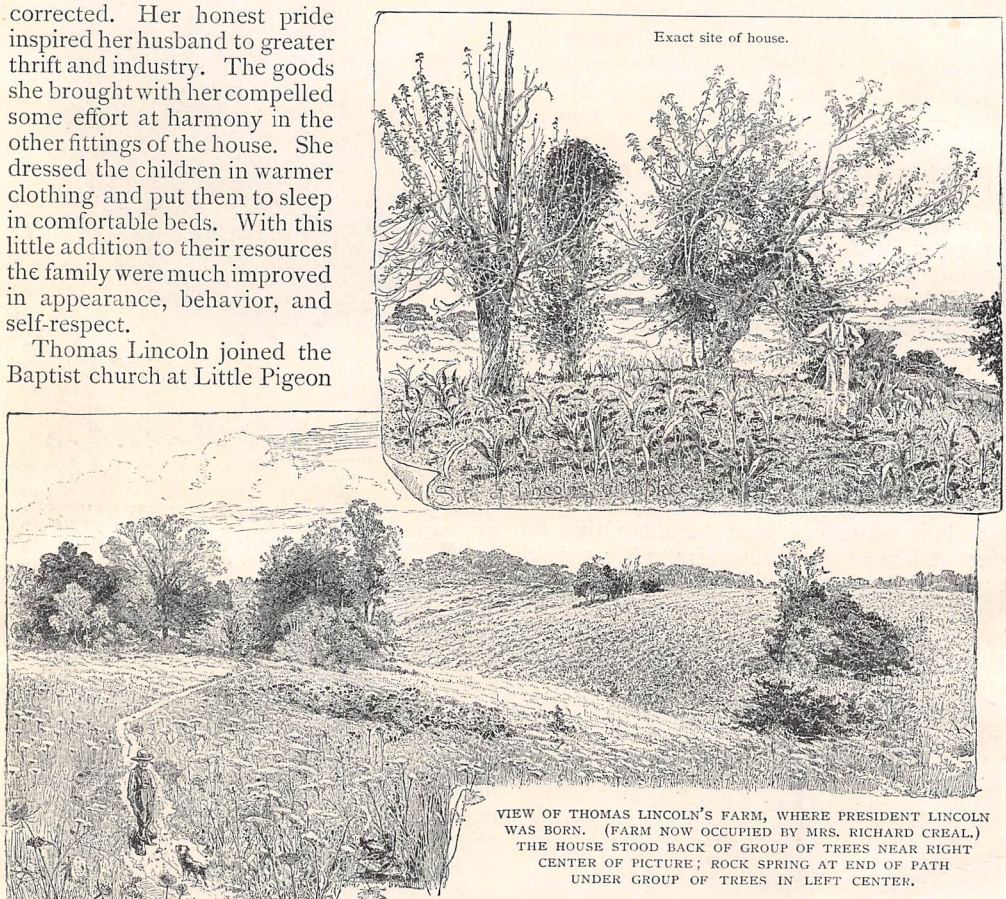
This was the dreariest winter of his life, for before the next December came his father had brought from Kentucky a new wife, who was to change the lot of all the desolate little family very much for the better. Sarah Bush had been an acquaintance of Thomas Lincoln before his first marriage; she had, it is said, rejected him to marry one Johnston, the jailer at Elizabethtown, who had died, leaving her with three children, a boy and two girls. When Lincoln's widowhood had lasted a year, he went down to Elizabethtown to begin again the wooing broken off so many years before. He wasted no time in preliminaries, but promptly made his wishes known, and the next morning they were married. It was growing late in the autumn, and the pioneer probably dreaded another lonely winter on Pigeon Creek. Mrs. Johnston was not altogether portionless. She had a store of household goods which filled a four-horse wagon, borrowed of Ralph Krume, Thomas Lincoln's brother-in-law, to transport the bride to In-

* A stone has been placed over the site of the grave by Mr. P. E. Studebaker of South Bend, Indiana. The stone bears the following inscription: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of President Lincoln, died October 5th, A. D. 1818, aged 35 years. Erected by a friend of her martyred son, 1879."

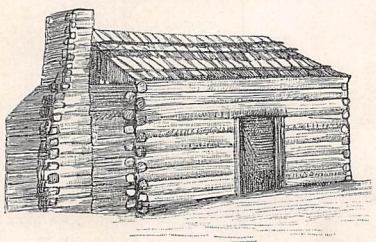
diana. It took little time for this energetic and honest Christian woman to make her influence felt, even in these discouraging surroundings, and Thomas Lincoln and the children were the better for her coming all the rest of their lives. The lack of doors and floors was at once corrected. Her honest pride inspired her husband to greater thrift and industry. The goods she brought with her compelled some effort at harmony in the other fittings of the house. She dressed the children in warmer clothing and put them to sleep in comfortable beds. With this little addition to their resources the family were much improved in appearance, behavior, and self-respect.

Thomas Lincoln joined the Baptist church at Little Pigeon in 1823; his oldest child, Sarah, followed his example three years later. They were known as active and consistent members of that communion. Lincoln was himself a good carpenter when he chose to work at his trade; a walnut table made by him is still preserved as part of the furniture of the church to which he belonged.*

Such a woman as Sarah Bush could not be careless of so important a matter as the education of her children, and they made the best use of the scanty opportunities the neighborhood afforded. "It was a wild region," writes Mr. Lincoln, in one of those rare bits of autobiography which he left behind him, "with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There were some schools so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cypherin' to the Rule of Three.' If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education." But in the case of this ungainly boy there was no necessity of any external incentive. A thirst for knowledge as a means of rising in the world was innate in him. It had



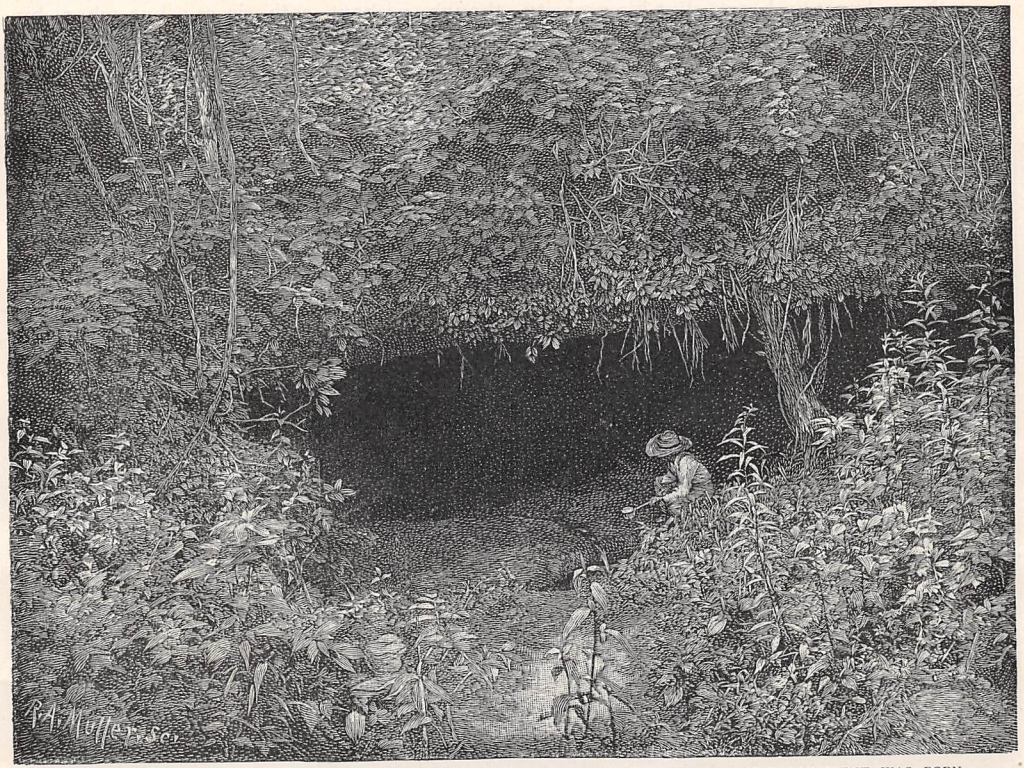
VIEW OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S FARM, WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS BORN. (FARM NOW OCCUPIED BY MRS. RICHARD CREAL.) THE HOUSE STOOD BACK OF GROUP OF TREES NEAR RIGHT CENTER OF PICTURE; ROCK SPRING AT END OF PATH UNDER GROUP OF TREES IN LEFT CENTER.



HOUSE WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS BORN. (FROM A SKETCH FROM MEMORY, IN POSSESSION OF R. T. DURRETT, ESQ.)

* MS. letter from Rev. T. V. Robertson, pastor of the Little Pigeon Baptist church.

nothing to do with that love of science for its own sake which has been so often seen in lowly savants, who have sacrificed their lives to the pure desire of knowing the works of God. All the little learning he ever acquired he seized as a tool to better his condition. He learned his letters that he might read books and see how men in the great world outside of his woods had borne themselves in



VIEW OF ROCK SPRING ON THE THOMAS LINCOLN FARM NEAR THE HOUSE WHERE THE PRESIDENT WAS BORN.

the fight for which he longed. He learned to write, first, that he might have an accomplishment his playmates had not; then that he might help his elders by writing their letters, and enjoy the feeling of usefulness which this gave him; and finally that he might copy what struck him in his reading and thus make it his own for future use. He learned to cipher certainly from no love of mathematics, but because it might come in play in some more congenial business than the farm-work which bounded the horizon of his contemporaries. Had it not been for that interior spur which kept his clear spirit at its task, his schools could have done little for him; for, counting his attendance under Riney and Hazel in Kentucky, and under Dorsey, Crawford, and Swaney in Indiana, it amounted to less than a year in all. The schools were much alike. They were held in deserted cabins of round logs, as distinguished from the more aristocratic "split logs," with earthen floors, and small holes for windows, sometimes illuminated by as much light as could penetrate through panes of paper greased with lard. The teachers were usually in keeping with their primitive surroundings. The profession offered no rewards sufficient to attract men of education or capacity. After a few months of desultory instruction young Abraham knew all that these vagrant literati could teach him. His last school-days were passed with one Swaney in 1826, who taught at a distance of four and a half miles from the Lincoln cabin. The nine miles of walking doubtless seemed to Thomas Lincoln a waste of time, and the lad was put at steady work and saw no more of school.

But it is questionable whether he lost anything by being deprived of the ministrations of the backwoods dominies. When his tasks ended, his studies became the chief pleasure of his life. In all the intervals of his work—in which he never took delight, knowing well enough that he was born for something better than that—he read, wrote, and ciphered incessantly. His reading was naturally limited by his opportunities, for books were among the rarest of luxuries in that region and time. But he read everything he could lay his hands

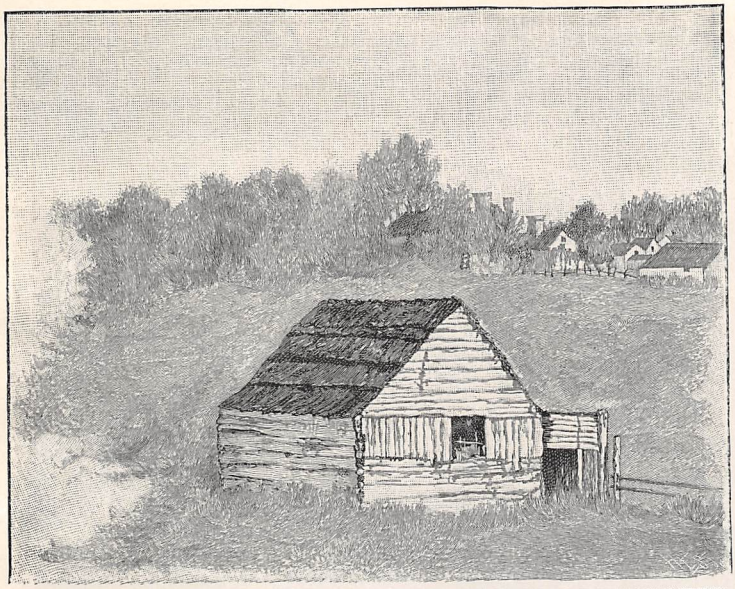
upon, and he was certainly fortunate in the few books of which he became the possessor. It would hardly be possible to select a better handful of classics for a youth in his circumstances than the few volumes he turned with a nightly and daily hand — the Bible, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, a History of the United States, and Weems's Life of Washington. These were the best, and these he read over and over till he knew them almost by heart. But his voracity for anything printed was insatiable. He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary as long as he could see. He used to go to David Turnham's, the town constable, and devour the Revised Statutes of Indiana, as boys in our day do the Three Guardsmen. Of the books he did not own he took voluminous notes, filling his copy-book with choice extracts, and poring over them until they were fixed in his memory. He could not afford to waste paper upon his own original compositions. He would sit by the fire at night and cover the wooden shovel with essays and arithmetical exercises, which he would shave off and begin again. It is touching to think of this great-spirited child, battling year after year against his evil star, wasting his ingenuity upon devices and makeshifts, his high intelligence starving for want of the simple appliances of education which are now offered gratis to the poorest and most indifferent. He did a man's work from the time he left school; his strength and stature were already far beyond those of ordinary men. He wrought his appointed tasks ungrudgingly, though without enthusiasm; but when his employer's day was over, his own began.

John Hanks says: "When Abe and I returned to the house from work he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read."* The picture may be lacking in grace, but its truthfulness is beyond question. The habit remained with him always. Some of his greatest work in later years was done in this grotesque Western fashion,—"sitting on his shoulder-blades."

Otherwise his life at this time differed little from that of ordinary farm-hands. His great strength and intelligence made him a valu-

HODGEN'S MILL AND DAM ON MAIN NOLIN CREEK, THREE MILES FROM LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE; TOWN OF HODGENSVILLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

* Lamon, p. 37.

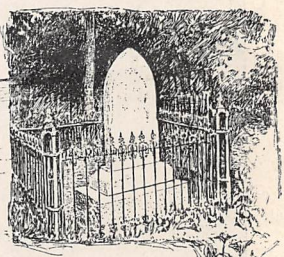


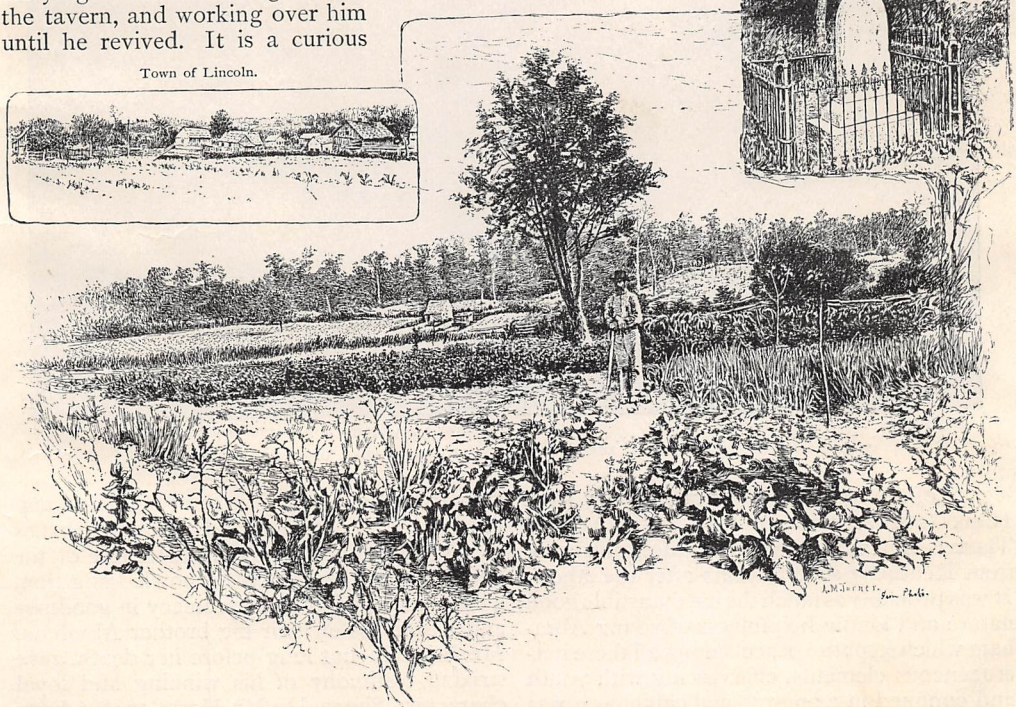
CABIN WHICH FORMERLY STOOD ON RACE STREET, NORTH OF THE BRIDGE OVER VALLEY CREEK, ELIZABETHTOWN. (DRAWN BY GEORGE L. FRANKENSTEIN FROM NATURE, IN 1865, WHEN TRADITION SAID IT WAS THE DWELLING OF THOMAS LINCOLN AFTER HIS FIRST MARRIAGE.)

able laborer, and his unfailing good temper and flow of rude rustic wit rendered him the most agreeable of comrades. He was always ready with some kindly act or word for others. Once he saved the life of the town drunkard, whom he found freezing by the roadside, by carrying him in his strong arms to the tavern, and working over him until he revived. It is a curious fact that this act of common humanity was regarded as something remarkable in the neighborhood; the grateful sot himself always said "it was mighty clever of Abe to tote me so far that cold night." It was also considered an eccentricity that he hated and preached against cruelty to animals. Some of his comrades remember still his bursts of righteous wrath, when a boy, against the wanton murder of turtles and other creatures. He was evidently of better and finer clay than his fellows, even in those wild and ignorant days. At home he was the life of the singularly assorted household, which consisted, besides his parents and himself, of his sister, Mrs. Lincoln's two girls and boy, Dennis Hanks, the

Town of Lincoln.

Grave of Lincoln's Mother.





THOMAS LINCOLN FARM, SPENCER COUNTY, INDIANA, NEAR THE TOWN OF LINCOLN AND GENTRYVILLE. THE FIGURE OF A MAN STANDS ON THE SITE OF THE CABIN.

Engraved by T. Johnson. After a photograph in possession of William H. Herndon, Esq.

SARAH BUSH LINCOLN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-SIX, STEPMOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

legacy of the dying Sparrow family, and John Hanks (son of the carpenter Joseph with whom Thomas Lincoln learned his trade), who came from Kentucky several years after the others. It was probably as much the inexhaustible good nature and kindly helpfulness of young Abraham which kept the peace among all these heterogeneous elements, effervescing with youth and confined in a one-roomed cabin, as it was the Christian sweetness and firmness of the woman of the house. It was a happy and united household: brothers and sisters and cousins living peacefully under the gentle rule of the good stepmother, but all acknowledging from a very early period the supremacy in goodness and cleverness of their big brother Abraham. Mrs. Lincoln, not long before her death, gave striking testimony of his winning and loyal character. She said to Mr. Herndon:* "I can

* Lamon, p. 39.

say, what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine — what little I had — seemed to run together. . . . I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see." Such were the beginnings of this remarkable career, sacred, as we see, from childhood to duty and to human kindliness.

We are making no claim of early saintship for him. He was merely a good boy, with sufficient wickedness to prove his humanity. One of his employers, undazzled by recent history, faithfully remembers that young Abe liked his dinner and his pay better than his work: there is surely nothing alien to ordinary mortality in this. It is also reported that he sometimes impeded the celerity of harvest operations by making burlesque speeches, or worse than that, comic sermons, from the top of some tempting stump, to the delight of the hired hands and the exasperation of the farmer. His budding talents as a writer were not always used discreetly. He was too much given to scribbling coarse satires and chronicles, in prose, and in something which had to him and his friends the air of verse. From this arose occasional heart-burnings and feuds, in which Abraham bore his part according to the custom of the country. Despite his Quaker ancestry and his natural love of peace, he was no non-resistant, and when he once entered upon a quarrel the opponent usually had the worst of it. But he was generous and placable, and some of his best friends were those with whom he had had differences, and had settled them in the way then prevalent,— in a ring of serious spectators, calmly and critically chewing their cuds under the shade of some spreading oak, at the edge of the timber.

Before we close our sketch of this period of Lincoln's life, it may not be amiss to glance for a moment at the state of society among the people with whom his lot was cast in these important years.

In most respects there had been little moral or material improvement since the early settlement of the country. Their houses were usually of one room, built of round logs with the bark on. We have known a man to gain the sobriquet of "Split-log Mitchell" by indulging in the luxury of building a cabin of square-hewn timbers. Their dress was still mostly of tanned deer-hide, a material to the last degree uncomfortable when the wearer was caught in a shower. Their shoes were of the same, and a good Western authority calls a wet moccasin "a decent way of going barefoot." About the time, however, when Lincoln grew to manhood, garments of wool and of tow began to be worn, dyed with the juice of the butternut or white walnut, and the hides of neat-cattle began to be tanned. But for a good while it was only the women who indulged in these novelties. There was little public worship. Occasionally an itinerant preacher visited a county, and the settlers for miles around would go nearly in mass to the meeting. If a man was possessed of a wagon, the family rode luxuriously; but as a rule the men walked and the women went on horseback with the little children in their arms. It was considered no violation of the sanctities of the occasion to carry a rifle and take advantage of any game which might be stirring during the long walk. Arriving at the place of meeting, which was some log cabin if the weather was foul, or the shade of a tree if it was fair, the assembled worshipers threw their provisions into a common store and picnicked in neighborly companionship. The preacher would then take off his coat, and go at his work with an energy unknown to our days.

There were few other social meetings. Men came together for "raisings," where a house was built in a day; for "log-rollings," where tons of excellent timber were piled together and wastefully burned; for wolf-hunts, where a tall pole was erected in the midst of a prairie or clearing, and a great circle of hunters formed around it, sometimes of miles in diameter, which, gradually contracting with shouts and yells, drove all the game in the woods together at the pole for slaughter; and for horse-races, which bore little resemblance to those magnificent exhibitions which are the boast of Kentucky at this time. In these affairs the women naturally took no part; but weddings, which were entertainments scarcely less rude and boisterous, were their own peculiar province. These festivities lasted rarely less than twenty-four hours. The guests assembled in the morning. There was a race for the whisky bottle; a midday dinner; an afternoon of rough games and outrageous practical jokes; a supper and dance at night, interrupted by the successive withdrawals of the bride and groom, attended with ceremonies and jests of more than Rabelaisian crudeness; and a noisy dispersal next day.

The one point at which they instinctively clung to civilization was their regard for law and reverence for courts of justice. Yet these were of the simplest character and totally devoid of any adventitious accessories. An early jurist of the country writes:* "I was Circuit Prosecuting Attorney at the time of the trials at the falls of Fall Creek, where

* O. H. Smith, "Early Indiana Trials," p. 285.

Pendleton now stands. Four of the prisoners were convicted of murder, and three of them hung for killing Indians. The court was held in a double log cabin, the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment, which I had prepared, upon his knee; there was not a petit juror that had shoes on; all wore moccasins, and were belted around the waist, and carried side-knives used by the hunters." Yet amidst all this apparent savagery we see justice was done, and the law vindicated even against the bitterest prejudices of these pioneer jurymen.

They were full of strange superstitions. The belief in witchcraft had long ago passed away with the smoke of the fagots from old and New England, but it survived far into this century in Kentucky and the lower halves of Indiana and Illinois,—touched with a peculiar tinge of African magic. The pioneers believed in it for good and evil. Their veterinary practice was mostly by charms and incantations; and when a person believed himself bewitched, a shot at the image of the witch with a bullet melted out of a half-dollar was the favorite curative agency. Luck was an active divinity in their apprehension, powerful for blessing or bane, announced by homely signs, to be placated by quaint ceremonies. A dog crossing the hunter's path spoiled his day, unless he instantly hooked his little fingers together, and pulled till the animal disappeared.* They were familiar with the ever-recurring mystification of the witch-hazel, or divining-rod; and the "cure by faith" was as well known to them as it has since become in a more sophisticated state of society. The commonest occurrences were heralds of death and doom. A bird lighting in a window, a dog baying at certain hours, the cough of a horse in the direction of a child, the sight, or worse still, the touch of a dead snake, heralded domestic woe. A wagon driving past the house with a load of baskets was a warning of atmospheric disturbance. A vague and ignorant astronomy governed their plantings and sowings, the breeding of their cattle, and all farm-work. They must fell trees for fence-rails before noon, and in the waxing of the moon. Fences built when there was no moon † would give way; but that was the proper season for planting potatoes and other vegetables whose fruit grows underground; those which bear their product in the air must be planted when the moon shone. The magical power of the moon was wide in its influence; it extended to the most minute details of life.

Among these people, and in all essential respects one of them, Abraham Lincoln passed his childhood and youth. He was not remarkably precocious. His mind was slow in acquisition, and his powers of reasoning and rhetoric improved constantly to the end of his life, at a rate of progress marvelously regular and sustained. But there was that about him, even at the age of nineteen years, which might well justify his admiring friends in presaging for him an unusual career. He had read every book he could find, and could "spell down" the whole county at their orthographical contests. By dint of constant practice he had acquired an admirably clear and serviceable handwriting. He occasionally astounded his companions by such glimpses of occult science as that the world is round and that the sun is relatively stationary. He wrote, for his own amusement and edification, essays on politics, of which gentlemen of standing who had been favored with a perusal said with authority, at the cross-roads grocery, "The world can't beat it." One or two of these compositions got into print and vastly increased the author's local fame. He was also a magnanimous boy, with a larger and kindlier spirit than common. His generosity, courage, and capability of discerning two sides to a dispute, were remarkable even then, and won him the admiration of those to whom such qualities were unknown. But perhaps after all the thing which gained and fixed his mastery over his fellows was to a great degree his gigantic stature and strength. He attained his full growth, six feet and four inches, two years before he came of age. He rarely met with a man he could not easily handle. His strength is still a tradition in Spencer County.‡ One aged man says that he has seen him "pick up and carry away a chicken-house weighing six hundred pounds." At another time, seeing some men preparing a contrivance for lifting some large posts, Abe quickly shouldered the posts and took them where they were needed. One of his employers says, "He could sink an axe deeper into wood than any man I ever saw." With strength like this and a brain to direct it, a man was a born leader in that country and at that time.

There are, of course, foolish stories extant that Abraham used to boast, and that others used to predict, that he should be President some day. The same thing is daily said of thousands of boys who will never be constables. But there is evidence that he felt too large for the life of a farm-hand on Pigeon Creek, and his thoughts naturally turned, after the manner of restless boys in the West, to the river, as the avenue of escape from the narrow life of the woods. He once asked an old friend to give him a recommendation to some steamboat on the Ohio, but desisted

* Lamon, p. 44. † Ib. ‡ Lamon, p. 52.

from his purpose on being reminded that his father had the right to dispose of his time for a year or so more. But in 1828 an opportunity offered for a little glimpse of the world outside, and the boy gladly embraced it. He was hired by Mr. Gentry, the proprietor of the neighboring village of Gentryville, to accompany his son with a flat-boat of produce to New Orleans and intermediate landings. The voyage was made successfully, and Abraham gained great credit for his management and sale of the cargo. The only important incident of the trip occurred at the plantation of Madame Duchesne, a few miles below Baton Rouge. The young merchants had tied up for the night and were asleep in the cabin, when they were aroused by shuffling footsteps, which proved to be a gang of marauding negroes, coming to rob the boat. Abraham instantly attacked them with a club, knocked several overboard and put the rest to flight; flushed with battle, he and Allen Gentry carried the war into the enemy's country, and pursued the retreating Africans some distance in the darkness. They then returned to the boat, bleeding but victorious, and hastily swung into the stream and floated down the river till daylight. Lincoln's exertions in later years for the welfare of the African race showed that this night battle had not led him to any hasty and hostile generalizations.

The next autumn, John Hanks, the steadiest and most trustworthy of the family, went to Illinois. Though an illiterate and rather dull man, he had a good deal of solidity of character and consequently some influence and consideration in the household. He settled in Macon County, and was so well pleased with the country, and especially with its admirable distribution into prairie and timber, that he sent repeated messages to his friends in Indiana to come out and join him. Thomas Lincoln was always ready to move. He had probably by this time despaired of ever owning any unencumbered real estate in Indiana, and the younger members of the family had little to bind them to the place where they saw nothing in the future but hard work and poor living. Thomas Lincoln handed over his farm to Mr. Gentry, sold his crop of corn and hogs, packed his household goods and those of his children and sons-in-law into a single wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen, the combined wealth of himself and Dennis Hanks, and started for the new State. His daughter Sarah or Nancy, for she was called by both names, who married Aaron Grigsby a few years before, had died in childbirth. The emigrating family consisted of the Lincolns, John Johnston, Mrs. Lincoln's son, and her daughters, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Hanks, with their husbands.

Two weeks of weary tramping through forest roads and muddy prairie, and the dangerous fording of streams swollen by the February thaws, brought the party to John Hanks's place near Decatur. He met them with a frank and energetic welcome. He had already selected a piece of ground for them a few miles from his own, and had the logs ready for their house. They numbered men enough to build without calling in their neighbors, and immediately put up a cabin on the north fork of the Sangamon River. The family thus housed and sheltered, one more bit of filial work remained for Abraham before assuming his virile independence. With the assistance of John Hanks, he plowed fifteen acres, and split, from the tall walnut-trees of the primeval forest, enough rails to surround them with a fence. Little did either dream, while engaged in this work, that the day would come when the appearance of John Hanks in a public meeting, with two of these rails on his shoulder, would electrify a State convention, and kindle throughout the country a contagious and unreasoning enthusiasm, whose results would reach to endless generations.

III.

ILLINOIS IN 1830.

THE Lincolns arrived in Illinois just in time to entitle themselves to be called pioneers. When, in after years, associations of "Old Settlers" began to be formed in Central Illinois, the qualification for membership agreed upon by common consent was a residence in the country before "the winter of the deep snow." This was in 1830–31, a season of such extraordinary severity that it has formed for half a century a recognized date in the middle counties of Illinois, among those to whom in those days diaries and journals were unknown. The snowfall began in the Christmas holidays and continued until the snow was three feet deep on level ground. Then came a cold rain, freezing as it fell until a thick crust of ice gathered over the snow. The weather became intensely cold, the mercury sinking to twelve degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, and remaining there for two weeks.* The storm came on with such suddenness that all who were abroad had great trouble in reaching their homes, and many perished. One man† relates that he and a friend or two were out in a hunting party with an ox-team. They had

* Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, "Address to Old Settlers of Morgan County."

† Thomas Buckles, of McLean County.

collected a wagon-load of game and were on their way home when the storm struck them. After they had gone four miles they were compelled to abandon their wagon; the snow fell in heavy masses "as if thrown from a scoop-shovel"; arriving within two miles of their habitation, they were forced to trust to the instinct of their animals and reached home hanging to the tails of their steers. Not all were so fortunate. Some were found weeks afterwards in the snow-drifts, their flesh gnawed by famished wolves; and the fate of others was unknown until the late spring sunshine revealed their resting-places. To those who escaped, the winter was tedious and terrible. It is hard for us to understand the isolation to which such weather condemns the pioneer. For weeks they remained in their cabins hoping for some mitigation of the frost. When at last they were driven out by the fear of famine, the labor of establishing communications was enormous. They finally made roads by "wallowing through the snow," as an Illinois historian expresses it,* and going patiently over the same track until the snow was trampled hard and rounded like a turnpike. These roads lasted far into the spring, when the snow had melted from the plains, and wound for miles like threads of silver over the rich black loam of the prairies. After that winter game was never again so plentiful in the State. Much still remained, of course, but it never recovered entirely from the rigors of that season and the stupid enterprise of the pioneer hunters, who, when they came out of their snow-beleaguered cabins, began chasing and killing the starved deer by herds. It was easy work; the crust of the snow was strong enough to bear the weight of men and dogs, but the slender hoofs of the deer would after a few bounds pierce the treacherous surface. This destructive slaughter went on until the game grew too lean to be worth the killing. All sorts of wild animals grew scarce from that winter. Old settlers say that the slow cowardly breed of prairie wolves, which used to be caught and killed as readily as sheep, disappeared about that time and none but the fleeter and stronger survived.†

Only once since then has nature shown such extravagant severity in Illinois, and that was on a day in the winter of 1836, known to Illinoisans as "the sudden change." At noon on the 20th of December, after a warm and rainy morning, the ground being covered with mud and slush, the temperature fell instantly forty degrees. A man riding into Springfield for a marriage license says a roaring and crackling wind came upon him and the rain drops dripping from his bridle-reins and beard changed in a second into jingling icicles. He rode hastily into the town and arrived in a few minutes at his destination; but his clothes were frozen like sheet iron, and man and saddle had to be taken into the house together to be thawed apart. Geese and chickens were caught by the feet and wings and frozen to the wet ground. A drove of a thousand hogs, which were being driven to St. Louis, rushed together for warmth, and became piled in a great heap. Those inside smothered and those outside froze, and the ghastly pyramid remained there on the prairie for weeks: the drovers barely escaped with their lives. Men killed their horses, disemboweled them, and crept into the cavity of their bodies to escape the murderous wind.‡

The pioneer period of Illinois was ending as Thomas Lincoln and his tall boy drove their ox-cart over the Indiana line. The population of the State had grown to 157,447. It still clung to the wooded borders of the water-courses; scattered settlements were to be found all along the Mississippi and its affluents, from where Cairo struggled for life in the swamps of the Ohio to the bustling and busy mining camps which the recent discovery of lead had brought to Galena. A line of villages from Alton to Peoria dotted the woodland which the Illinois River had stretched, like a green baldric, diagonally across the bosom of the State. Then there were long reaches of wilderness before you came to Fort Dearborn, where there was nothing as yet to give promise of that miraculous growth which was soon to make Chicago a proverb to the world. There were a few settlements in the fertile region called the Military Tract; the southern part of the State was getting itself settled here and there. People were coming in freely to the Sangamon country. But a grassy solitude stretched from Galena to Chicago, and the upper half of the State generally was a wilderness. The earlier emigrants, principally of the poorer class of Southern farmers, shunned the prairies with something of a superstitious dread. They preferred to pass the first years of their occupation in the wasteful and laborious work of clearing a patch of timber for corn, rather than enter upon those rich savannas which were ready to break into fertility at the slightest provocation of culture. Even so late as 1835, writes Mr. J. F. Speed, "no one dreamed the prairies would ever be occupied." It was thought they would be

*Power, "Early Settlers of Sangamon County," p. 62.
†"Old Times in McLean County," p. 414.

‡ Although all inhabitants of Sangamon County are acquainted with these facts, and we have often heard them and many others like them from the lips of eye-witnesses, we have preferred to cite only those which are given in the careful and conscientious compilation entitled "The Early Settlers of Sangamon County," by the Rev. John Carroll Power.

used perpetually as grazing-fields for stock. For years the long processions of "movers" wound over those fertile and neglected plains, taking no hint of the wealth suggested by the rank luxuriance of vegetable growth around them, the carpet of brilliant flowers spread over the verdant knolls, the strong, succulent grass that waved in the breeze, full of warm and vital odor, as high as the waist of a man. In after years, when the emigration from the Northern and Eastern States began to pour in, the prairies were rapidly taken up, and the relative growth and importance of the two sections of the State were immediately reversed. Governor Ford, writing about 1847, attributes this result to the fact that the best class of Southern people were slow to emigrate to a State where they could not take their slaves; while the settlers from the North, not being debarred by the State Constitution from bringing their property with them, were of a different class. "The northern part of the State was settled in the first instance by wealthy farmers, enterprising merchants, millers, and manufacturers. They made farms, built mills, churches, school-houses, towns, and cities, and constructed roads and bridges as if by magic; so that although the settlements in the southern part of the State are from twenty to fifty years in advance on the score of age, yet are they ten years behind in point of wealth and all the appliances of a higher civilization." *

At the time which we are specially considering, however, the few inhabitants of the south and the center were principally from what came afterwards to be called the border slave States. They were mostly a simple, neighborly, unambitious people, contented with their condition, living upon plain fare, and knowing not much of anything better. Luxury was, of course, unknown; even wealth, if it existed, could procure few of the comforts of refined life. But there was little or no money in circulation. Exchanges were effected by the most primitive forms of barter, and each family must rely chiefly upon itself for the means of living. The neighbors would lend a hand in building a cabin for a newcomer; after that he must in most cases shift for himself. Many a man coming from an old community, and imperfectly appreciating the necessities of pioneer life, has found suddenly, on the approach of winter, that he must learn to make shoes or go barefoot. The furniture of their houses was made with an axe from the trees of the forest. Their clothing was all made at home. The buckskin days were over to a great extent, though an occasional hunting-shirt and pair of moccasins were still seen. But flax and hemp had begun to be cultivated, and as the wolves were killed off the sheep-folds increased, and garments resembling those of civilization were spun and woven, and cut and sewed, by the women of the family. When a man had a suit of jeans colored with butternut-juice, and his wife a dress of linsey, they could appear with the best at a wedding or a quilting frolic. The superfluous could not have been said to exist in a community where men made their own buttons, where women dug roots in the woods to make their tea with, where many children never saw a stick of candy until after they were grown. The only sweetmeats known were those a skillful cook could compose from the honey plundered from the hollow oaks where the wild bees had stored it. Yet there was withal a kind of rude plenty; the woods swarmed with game, and after swine began to be raised, there was the bacon and hoe-cake which any south-western farmer will say is good enough for a king. The greatest privation was the lack of steel implements. His axe was as precious to the pioneer as his sword to the knight errant. Governor Reynolds speaks of the panic felt in his father's family when the axe was dropped into a stream. A battered piece of tin was carefully saved and smoothed, and made into a grater for green corn.

They had their own amusements, of course; no form of society is without them, from the anthropoid apes to the Jockey Club. As to the grosser and ruder shapes taken by the diversions of the pioneers, we will let Mr. Herndon speak — their contemporary annalist and ardent panegyrist: "These men could shave a horse's mane and tail, paint, disfigure, and offer it for sale to the owner. They could hoop up in a hogshead a drunken man, they themselves being drunk, put in and nail fast the head, and roll the man down hill a hundred feet or more. They could run down a lean and hungry wild pig, catch it, heat a ten-plate stove-furnace hot, and putting in the pig, could cook it, they dancing the while a merry jig." Wild oats of this kind seem hardly compatible with a harvest of civilization, but it is contended that such of these roysterers as survived their stormy beginnings became decent and serious citizens. Indeed, Mr. Herndon insists that even in their hot youth they showed the promise of goodness and piety. "They attended church, heard the sermon, wept and prayed, shouted, got up and fought an hour, and then went back to prayer, just as the spirit moved them." † The camp-meeting may be said, with no irreverent intention, to have been their principal means of intellectual

* "History of Illinois," p. 280.

† William H. Herndon's speech at Old Settlers' Meeting, Menard County.

excitement. The circuit preachers were for a long time the only circulating medium of thought and emotion that kept the isolated settlements from utter spiritual stagnation. They were men of great physical and moral endurance, absolutely devoted to their work, which they pursued in the face of every hardship and discouragement. Their circuits were frequently so great in extent that they were forced to be constantly on the route; what reading they did was done in the saddle. They received perhaps fifty dollars from the missionary fund and half as much more from their congregations, paid for the most part in necessaries of life.* Their oratory was suited to their longitude, and was addressed exclusively to the emotions of their hearers. It was often very effective, producing shouts and groans and genuflections among the audience at large, and terrible convulsions among the more nervous and excitable. We hear sometimes of a whole congregation prostrated as by a hurricane, flinging their limbs about in furious contortions, with wild outcries. To this day some of the survivors of that period insist that it was the spirit of the Almighty, and nothing less, that thus manifested itself. The minister, however, did not always share in the delirium of his hearers. Governor Reynolds tells us of a preacher in Sangamon County, who, before his sermon, had set a wolf-trap in view of his pulpit. In the midst of his exhortations his keen eyes saw the distant trap collapse, and he continued in the same intonation with which he had been preaching, "Mind the text, brethren, till I go kill that wolf!" With all the failings and eccentricities of this singular class of men, they did a great deal of good, and are entitled to especial credit among those who conquered the wilderness. The emotions they excited did not all die away in the shouts and contortions of the meeting. Not a few of the cabins in the clearings were the abode of a fervent religion and an austere morality. Many a traveler, approaching a rude hut in the woods in the gathering twilight, distrusting the gaunt and silent family who gave him an unsmiling welcome, the bare interior, the rifles and knives conspicuously displayed, has felt his fears vanish when he sat down to supper, and the master of the house, in a few fervent words, invoked the blessing of heaven on the meal.

There was very little social intercourse; a visit was a serious matter, involving the expenditure of days of travel. It was the custom among families, when the longing for the sight of kindred faces was too strong to withstand, to move in a body to the distant settlement where their relatives lived and remain with them for a month at a time. The claims of consanguinity were more regarded than now. Almost the only festivities were those which accompanied weddings, and these were, of course, of a primitive kind. The perils and adventures through which the young pioneers went to obtain their brides furnish forth thousands of tales by Western firesides. Instead of taking the rosy daughter of a neighbor, the enterprising bachelor would often go back to Kentucky, and pass through as many adventures in bringing his wife home as a returning crusader would meet between Beirut and Vienna. If she was a young woman who respected herself, the household gear she would insist on bringing would entail an Iliad of embarrassments. An old farmer of Sangamon County still talks of a feather-bed weighing fifty-four pounds with which his wife made him swim six rivers under penalty of desertion.

It was not always easy to find a competent authority to perform the ceremony. A justice in McLean County lived by the bank of a river, and his services were sometimes required by impatient lovers on the other bank when the waters were too torrential to cross. In such cases, being a conscientious man, he always insisted that they should ride into the stream far enough for him to discern their features, holding torches to their faces by night and by storm. The wooing of those days was prompt and practical. There was no time for the gradual approaches of an idler and more conventional age. It is related of one Stout, one of the legendary Nimrods of Illinois, who was well and frequently married, that he had one unfailing formula of courtship. He always promised the ladies whose hearts he was besieging that "they should live in the timber where they could pick up their own firewood."

Theft was almost unknown; property, being so hard to get, was jealously guarded, as we have already noticed in speaking of the settlement of Kentucky. The pioneers of Illinois brought with them the same rigid notions of honesty which their environment maintained. A man in Macoupin County left his wagon, loaded with corn, stuck in the prairie mud for two weeks near a frequented road. When he returned he found some of his corn gone, but there was money enough tied in the sacks to pay for what was taken. Men carrying bags of silver from the towns of Illinois to St. Louis rather made a display of it, as it enhanced their own importance, and there was no fear of robbery. There were of course no locks on the cabin doors, and the early merchants sometimes left their stores unprotected for days together when they went to the nearest city to replenish their

* "Old Times in McLean County," p. 194.

stocks. Of course there were rare exceptions to this rule, but a single theft alarmed and excited a whole neighborhood. When a crime was traced home, the family of the criminal were generally obliged to remove.

There were still, even so late as the time to which we are referring, two alien elements in the population of the State — the French and the Indians. The French settlements about Kaskaskia retained much of their national character, and the pioneers from the South who visited them or settled among them never ceased to wonder at their gayety, their peaceable industry and enterprise, and their domestic affection, which they did not care to dissemble and conceal like their shy and reticent neighbors. It was a daily spectacle, which never lost its strangeness for the Tennesseeans and Kentuckians, to see the Frenchman returning from his work greeted by his wife and children with embraces of welcome "at the gate of his door-yard, and in view of all the villagers."* The natural and kindly fraternization of the Frenchmen with the Indians was also a cause of wonder to the Americans. The friendly intercourse between them, and their occasional intermarriages, seemed little short of monstrous to the ferocious exclusiveness of the Anglo-Saxon.† The Indians in the central part of Illinois cut very little figure in the reminiscences of the pioneers; they occupied much the same relation to them as the tramp to the housewife of to-day. The Winnebago war in 1827 and the Black Hawk war in 1831 disturbed only the northern portions of the State. A few scattered and vagrant lodges of Pottawatomies and Kickapoos were all the pioneers of Sangamon and neighboring counties ever met. They were spared the heroic struggle of the advance-guard of civilization in other States. A woman was sometimes alarmed by a visit from a drunken savage; poultry and pigs occasionally disappeared when they were in the neighborhood; but life was not darkened by the constant menace of massacre. A few years earlier, indeed, the relations of the two races had been more strained, as may be inferred from an act passed by the territorial Legislature in 1814, offering a reward of fifty dollars to any citizen or ranger who should kill or take any depredating Indian.‡ As only two dollars was paid for killing a wolf, it is easy to see how the pioneers regarded the forest folk in point of relative noxiousness. But ten years later a handful only of the Kickapoos remained in Sangamon County, the specter of the vanished people. A chief named Machina came one day to a family who were clearing a piece of timber, and issued an order of eviction in these words: "Too much come white man. T'other side Sangamon." He threw a handful of dried leaves in the air to show how he would scatter the pale faces, but he never fulfilled his threats further than to come in occasionally and ask for a drink of whisky. That such trivial details are still related, only shows how barren of incident was the life of these obscure founders of a great empire. Any subject of conversation, any cause of sensation, was a godsend. When Vannoy murdered his wife in Springfield, whole families put on their best clothes and drove fifty miles through bottomless mud and swollen rivers to see him hanged.

It is curious to see how naturally in such a state of things the fabric of political society developed itself from its germ. The county of Sangamon was called by an act of the Legislature in 1821 out of a verdant solitude of half a million acres, inhabited by a few families. An election for county commissioners was ordered; three men were chosen; they came together at the cabin of John Kelly, at Spring Creek. He was a roving bachelor from North Carolina, devoted to the chase, who had built his hut three years before on the margin of this green-bordered rivulet, where the deer passed by in hundreds, going in the morning from the shady banks of the Sangamon to feed on the rich green grass of the prairie, and returning in the twilight. He was so delighted with this hunters' paradise § that he sent for his brothers to join him. They came and brought their friends, and so it came about that in this immense county of over eight hundred square miles in extent the settlement of John Kelly at Spring Creek was the only place where there was shelter for the commissioners; and thus it became the temporary county-seat, duly described in the official report of the commissioners as "a certain point in the prairie near John Kelly's field, on the waters of Spring Creek, at a stake marked Z and D (the initials of the commissioners) to be the temporary seat of justice for said county; and we do further agree that the said county-seat be called and known by the name of Springfield"; and in this manner the future capital received that hackneyed title, when the distinctive and musical name of Sangamon was ready to their hands. The same day they agreed with John Kelly to build them a court-house, for which they paid him

* Hall's "Sketches of the West."

† Michelet notices this exclusiveness of the English, and inveighs against it in his most lyric style. "Crime contre la nature! Crime contre l'humanité! Il sera expié par la stérilité de l'esprit."

‡ "Life and Times of Ninian Edwards," p. 163.

§ Power, "Early Settlers of Sangamon County," p. 33.

forty-two dollars and fifty cents. In twenty-four days the house was built — one room of rough logs, the jury retiring to any sequestered glade they fancied for their deliberation. They next ordered the building of a jail, which cost just twice as much money as the court-house, for obvious reasons. Constables and overseers of the poor were appointed, and all the machinery of government prepared for the population which was hourly expected. It was taken for granted that malefactors would come and the constables have employment, and the poor they would have always with them, when once they began to arrive. This was only a temporary arrangement, but when, a year or two later, the time came to fix upon a permanent seat of justice for the county, the resources of the Spring Creek men were equal to the emergency. When the commissioners came to decide on the relative merits of Springfield and another site a few miles away, they led them through brake, through brier, by mud knee-deep and by water-courses so exasperating that the wearied and baffled officials declared they would seek no further, and Springfield became the county-seat for all time; and greater destinies were in store for it through means not wholly dissimilar. Nature had made it merely a pleasant hunting-ground; the craft and the industry of its first settlers made it a capital.

The courts which were held in these log huts were as rude as might be expected; yet there is evidence that although there was no superfluity of law or of learning, justice was substantially administered. The lawyers came mostly from Kentucky, though an occasional New Englander confronted and lived down the general prejudice against his region and obtained preferment. The profits of the profession were inconceivably small. One early State's Attorney* describes his first circuit as a tour of shifts and privations not unlike the wanderings of a mendicant friar. In his first county he received a fee of five dollars for prosecuting the parties to a sanguinary affray. In the next he was equally successful, but barely escaped drowning in Spoon River. In the third there were but two families at the county-seat, and no cases on the docket. Thence he journeyed across a trackless prairie sixty miles, and at Quincy had one case and gained five dollars. In Pike County our much-enduring jurist took no cash, but found a generous sheriff who entertained him without charge. "He was one of nature's noblemen, from Massachusetts," writes the grateful prosecutor. The lawyers in what was called good practice earned less than a street-sweeper to-day. It is related that the famous S. A. Douglas once traveled from Springfield to Bloomington and made an extravagant speech, and having gained his case received a fee of five dollars.† In such a state of things it was not to be wondered at that the technicalities of law were held in somewhat less veneration than what the pioneer regarded as the essential claims of justice. The infirmities of the jury system gave them less annoyance than it gives us. Governor Ford mentions a case where a gang of horse-thieves succeeded in placing one of their confederates upon a jury which was to try them; but he was soon brought to reason by his eleven colleagues making preparations to hang him to the rafters of the jury room. The judges were less hampered by the limitations of their legal lore than by their fears of a loss of popularity as a result of too definite charges in civil suits, or too great severity in criminal cases. They grew very dexterous in avoiding any commitment as to the legal or moral bearings of the questions brought before them. They generally refused to sum up, or to comment upon evidence; when asked by the counsel to give instructions they would say, "Why, gentlemen, the jury understand this case as well as you or I. They will do justice between the parties."‡ One famous judge, who was afterwards governor, when sentencing a murderer, impressed it upon his mind, and wished him to inform his friends, that it was the jury and not the judge who had found him guilty, and then asked him on what day he would like to be hanged. It is needless to say that the bench and bar were not all of this class. There were even at that early day lawyers, and not a few, who had already won reputation in the older States, and whose names are still honored in the profession. Cook, McLean, Edwards, Kane, Thomas, Reynolds, and others, the earliest lawyers of the State, have hardly been since surpassed for learning and ability.

In a community where the principal men were lawyers, where there was as yet little commerce, and industrial enterprise was unknown, it was natural that one of the chief interests of life should be the pursuit of politics. The young State swarmed with politicians; they could be found chewing and whittling at every cross-roads inn; they were busy at every horse-race, arranging their plans and extending their acquaintance; around the burgoo-pot of the hunting party they discussed measures and candidates; they even invaded the camp-meeting and did not disdain the pulpit as a tribune. Of course there was no such thing as organization in the pioneer

* "History of Sangamon County," p. 83.

† "The Good Old Times in McLean County," p. 255.

‡ Ford's "History of Illinois," p. 83.

days. Men were voted for, to a great extent, independently of partisan questions affecting the nation at large, and in this way the higher offices of the State were filled for many years by men whose personal character compelled the respect and esteem of the citizens. The year 1826 is generally taken as the date which witnessed the change from personal to partisan politics, though several years more elapsed before the rule of conventions came in, which put an end to individual candidacy. In that year Mr. Cook, who had long represented the State in Congress with singular ability and purity, was defeated by Governor Duncan, the candidate of the Jackson men, on account of the vote given by Cook which elected John Quincy Adams to the Presidency. The bitter intolerance of the Jackson party naturally caused their opponents to organize against them, and there were two parties in the State from that time forward. The change in political methods was inevitable, and it is idle to deplore it; but the former system gave the better men in the new State a power and prominence which they have never since enjoyed. Such men as Governor Edwards, who came with the prestige of a distinguished family connection, a large fortune, a good education, and a distinction of manners and of dress,—ruffles, gold buttons, and fair-topped boots,— which would hardly have been pardoned a few years later; and Governor Coles, who had been private secretary to Madison, and was familiar with the courts of Europe, a man as notable for his gentleness of manners as for his nobility of nature, could never have come so readily and easily to the head of the government after the machine of the caucus had been perfected. Real ability then imposed itself with more authority upon the ignorant and unpretending politicians from the back timber; so that it is remarked by those who study the early statutes of Illinois that they are far better drawn up, better edited, than those of a later period,* when illiterate intriguants, conscious of the party strength behind them, insisted on shaping legislation according to their own fancy. The men of cultivation wielded an influence in the Legislature entirely out of proportion to their numbers, as the ruder sort of pioneers were naturally in a large majority. The type of a not uncommon class in Illinois tradition was a member from the South who could neither read nor write, and whose apparently ironical patronymic was Grammar. When first elected he had never worn anything but leather; but regarding his tattered buckskin as unfit for the garb of a lawgiver, he and his sons gathered hazelnuts enough to barter at the nearest store for a few yards of blue strouding such as the Indians used for breech-clouts. When he came home with his purchase and had called together the women of the settlement to make his clothes, it was found that there was only material enough for a very short coat and a long pair of leggins, and thus attired he went to Kaskaskia, the territorial capital. Uncouth as was his appearance, he had in him the raw material of a politician. He invented a system — which was afterwards adopted by many whose breeches were more fashionably cut — of voting against every measure which was proposed. If it failed, the responsibility was broadly shared; if it passed and was popular, no one would care who voted against it; if it passed and did not meet the favor of the people, John Grammar could vaunt his foresight. Between the men like Coles and the men like Grammar there was a wide interval, and the average was about what the people of the State deserved and could appreciate. A legislator was as likely to suffer for doing right as for doing wrong. Governor Ford, in his admirable sketch of the early history of the State, mentions two acts of the Legislature, both of them proper and beneficial, as unequaled in their destructive influence upon the great folks of the State. One was a bill for a loan to meet the honest obligations of the commonwealth, commonly called "the Wiggins loan"; and the other was a law to prevent bulls of inferior size and breed from running at large. This latter set loose all the winds of popular fury: it was cruel, it was aristocratic; it was in the interest of rich men and pampered foreign bulls; and it ended the career of many an aspiring politician in a blast of democratic indignation and scorn. The politician who relied upon immediate and constant contact with the people certainly earned all the emoluments of office he received. His successes were hardly purchased by laborious affability. "A friend of mine," says Ford, "once informed me that he intended to be a candidate for the Legislature, but would not declare himself until just before the election, and assigned as a reason that it was so very hard to be clever for a long time at once." Before the caucus had eliminated the individual initiative, there was much more of personal feeling in elections. A vote against a man had something of offense in it, and sometimes stirred up a defeated candidate to heroic vengeance. In 1827 the Legislature elected a State treasurer after an exciting contest, and before the members had left the house the unsuccessful aspirant came in and soundly thrashed, one after the other, four of the representatives who had voted against him.† Such energy was sure

* Ford's "History of Illinois," p. 31.

† Ford, p. 81.

to meet its reward, and he was soon after made clerk of the Circuit Court. It is related by old citizens of Menard County, as a circumstance greatly to the credit of Abraham Lincoln, that when he was a candidate for the Legislature a man who wanted his vote for another place walked to the polls with him and ostentatiously voted for him, hoping to receive his vote in return. Lincoln voted against him, and the act was much admired by those who saw it.

One noticeable fact is observed in relation to the politicians of the day — their careers were generally brief. Superannuation came early. In the latter part of the last century and the first half of this, men were called old whom we should regard as in the prime of life. When the friends of Washington were first pressing the Presidency upon him in 1788, he urged his "advanced age" as an imperative reason for declining it: he was fifty-six years old. When Ninian Edwards was a candidate for Governor of Illinois in 1826, he was only fifty-one, and yet he considered it necessary in his published addresses to refer to the charge that he was too old for the place, and, while admitting the fact that he was no longer young, to urge in extenuation that there are some old things,—like old whisky, old bacon, and old friends,— which are not without their merits. Even so late as 1848, we find a remarkable letter from Mr. Lincoln, who was then in Congress, bearing upon the same point. His partner, William H. Herndon, had written him a letter, complaining that the old men in Sangamon County were unwilling to let the young ones have any opportunity to distinguish themselves. To this Lincoln answers in his usual tone of grave kindness:

"The subject of your letter is exceedingly painful to me; and I cannot but think there is some mistake in your impression of the motives of the old men. I suppose I am now one of the old men, and I declare on my veracity, which I think is good with you, that nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home were doing battle in the contest and endearing themselves to the people and taking a stand far above any I have ever been able to reach in their admiration. I cannot conceive that other old men feel differently. Of course I cannot demonstrate what I say; but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back."

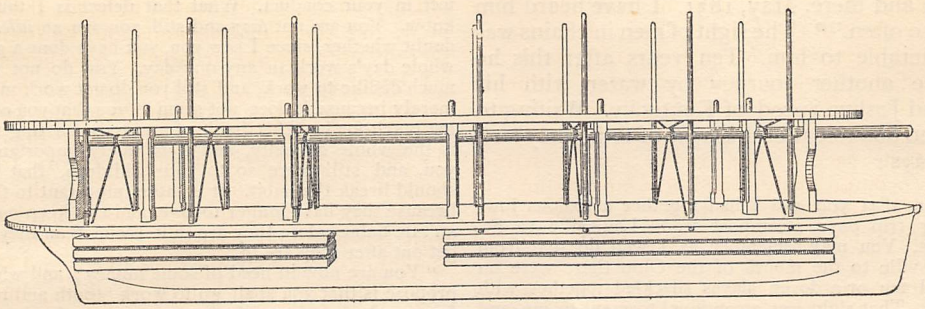
The man who thus counsels petulant youth with the experienced calmness of age was thirty-nine years old. A state of society where one could at that age call himself or be called by others an old man, is proved by that fact alone to be one of wearing hardships and early decay of the vital powers. The survivors of the pioneers stoutly insist upon the contrary view. "It was a glorious life," says one old patriarch; "men would fight for the love of it, and then shake hands and be friends; there is nothing like it now." Another says, "I never enjoy my breakfast now as I used to, when I got up and ran down a deer before I could have anything to eat." But they see the past through a rosy mist of memory, transfigured by the eternal magic of youth. The sober fact is that the life was a hard one, with few rational pleasures, few wholesome appliances. The strong ones lived, and some even attained great length of years; but to many age came early and was full of infirmity and pain. If we could go back to what our forefathers endured in clearing the Western wilderness, we could then better appreciate our obligations to them. It is detracting from the honor which is their due to say that their lives had much of happiness or comfort, or were in any respect preferable to our own.

IV.

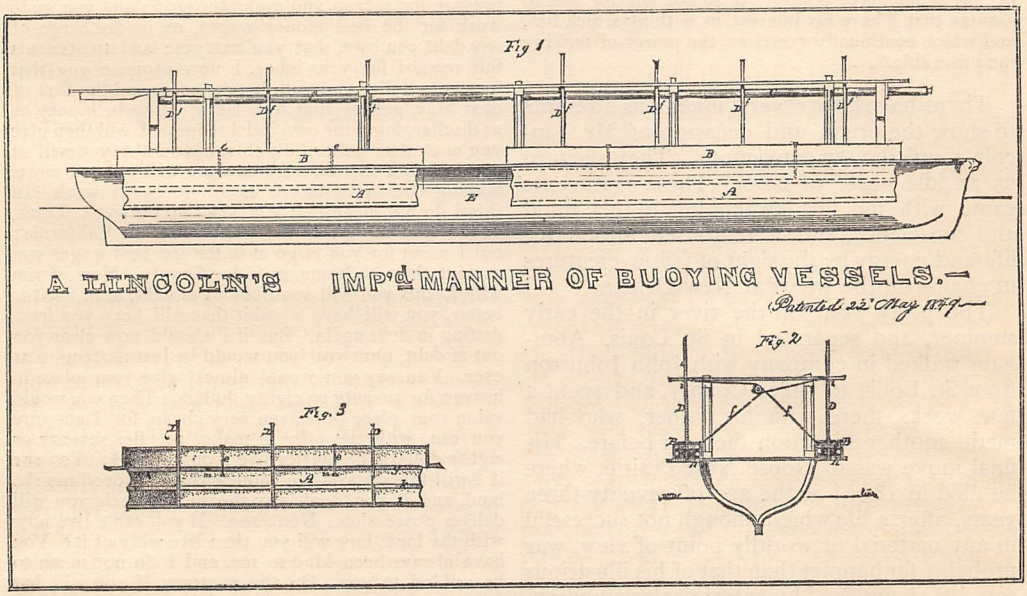
NEW SALEM.

DURING the latter part of "the winter of the deep snow," Abraham became acquainted with one Denton Offutt, an adventurous and discursive sort of merchant, with more irons in the fire than he could well manage. He wanted to take a flat-boat and cargo to New Orleans, and having heard that Hanks and Lincoln had some experience of the river, he insisted on their joining him. John Johnston was afterwards added to the party, probably at the request of his foster-brother, to share in the golden profits of the enterprise; for fifty cents a day, and a contingent dividend of twenty dollars apiece, seemed like a promise of immediate opulence to the boys. In the spring, when the rivers broke up and the melting snows began to pour in torrents down every ravine and gully, the three young men paddled down the Sangamon in a canoe to the point where Jamestown now stands; whence they walked five miles to Springfield, where Offutt had given them rendezvous. They met him at Elliott's tavern and far from happy. Amid the multiplicity of his engagements he had failed to procure a flat-boat, and the first work his new hands must do was to build one. They cut the timber, with frontier innocence, from "Congress land,"* and soon had a serviceable craft afloat, with which they descended the current of the Sangamon to New Salem, a little village which seems to have been born for the occasion, as it came into existence just before the arrival of Lincoln, flourished for seven years while he remained one of its citizens, and died soon after

* Lamon, p. 79.



MODEL OF LINCOLN'S INVENTION IN THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.



REDUCED FAC-SIMILES OF DRAWINGS IN PATENT OFFICE.

he went away. His introduction to his fellow-citizens was effected in a peculiar and somewhat striking manner. Offutt's boat had come to serious embarrassment on Rutledge's mill-dam, and the unwonted incident brought the entire population to the water's edge. They spent a good part of the day watching the hapless flat-boat, resting midships on the dam, the forward end in the air and the stern taking in the turbid Sangamon water. Nobody knew what to do with the disaster except "the bow-oar," who is described as a gigantic youth "with his trousers rolled up some five feet," who was wading about the boat and rigging up some undescribed contrivance by which the cargo was unloaded, the boat tilted and the water let out by boring a hole through the bottom, and everything brought safely to moorings below the dam. This exploit gained for young Lincoln the enthusiastic admiration of his employer, and turned his own mind in the direction of an invention which he afterwards patented "for lifting vessels over shoals." The model on which he obtained this patent,— a little boat whittled by his own hand in 1849, after he had become prominent as a lawyer and politician,—is still shown to visitors at the Department of the Interior. We have never learned that it has served any other purpose.

They made a quick trip down the Sangamon, the Illinois, and the Mississippi rivers. Although it was but a repetition in great part of the trip young Lincoln had made with Gentry, it evidently created a far deeper impression on his mind than the former one. The simple and honest words of John Hanks leave no doubt of this. At New Orleans, he said, they saw for the first time "negroes chained, maltreated, whipped, and scourged. Lincoln saw it; his heart bled; said nothing much, was silent, looked bad. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinions of slavery. It run its iron in him

then and there, May, 1831. I have heard him say so often."* The sight of men in chains was intolerable to him. Ten years after this he made another journey by water with his friend Joshua Speed, of Kentucky. Writing to Speed about it after the lapse of fourteen years, he says:

"In 1841 you and I had together a tedious low-water trip on a steamboat from Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio there were on board ten or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to assume that I have no interest in a thing which has, and which continually exercises, the power of making me miserable."

There have been several ingenious attempts to show the origin and occasion of Mr. Lincoln's anti-slavery convictions. They seem to us an idle waste of labor. These sentiments came with the first awakening of his mind and conscience, and were roused into active life and energy by the sight of fellow-creatures in chains on the wharf at New Orleans.

The party went up the river in the early summer, and separated in St. Louis. Abraham walked in company with John Johnston from St. Louis to Coles County, and spent a few weeks there with his father, who had made another migration the year before. His final move was to Goose Nest Prairie, where he died in 1851,† at the age of seventy-three years, after a life which, though not successful in any material or worldly point of view, was probably far happier than that of his illustrious son, being unvexed by enterprise or ambition. Abraham never lost sight of his parents. He continued to aid and befriend them in every way, even when he could ill afford it, and when his benefactions were imprudently used. He not only comforted their declining years with every aid his affection could suggest, but he did everything in his power to assist his stepbrother Johnston, a hopeless task enough. The following rigidly truthful and yet kindly letters will show how mentor-like and masterful, as well as generous, were the relations that Mr. Lincoln held to these friends and companions of his childhood:

"DEAR JOHNSTON: Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little, you have said to me, 'We can get along very well now,' but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is I think I know. You are not *lazy* and still you are an *idler*. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty, and it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it easier than they can get out after they are in.

"You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is that you shall go to work 'tooth and nail' for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of things at home, prepare for a crop, and make the crop; and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get; and to secure a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of next May, get for your own labor, either in money or as discharging your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California; but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home, in Coles County. Now, if you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you would value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I will furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back you will deliver possession. Nonsense. If you can't live now with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you."

Here is a later epistle, still more graphic and terse in statement, which has the unusual merit of painting both confessor and penitent to the life:

"SHELBYVILLE, Nov. 4, 1851.

"DEAR BROTHER: When I came into Charleston, day before yesterday, I learned that you are anxious to sell the land where you live and move to Missouri. I have been thinking of this ever since, and cannot but think such a notion is utterly foolish. What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do no good. You have raised no crop this year, and what you really want is to sell the land, get the money, and spend it. Part with the land you have, and, my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in. Half you will get for the land you will spend in moving to Missouri, and the other half you will eat and drink and wear out, and no foot of land will be bought. Now, I feel it is my duty to have no hand in such a piece

* Lamon, p. 83.

† His grave, a mile and a half west of the town of Farmington, Illinois, is surmounted by an appropriate monument erected by his grandson, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

of foolery. I feel that it is so even on your own account, and particularly on mother's account. The eastern forty acres I intend to keep for mother while she lives; if you will not cultivate it, it will rent for enough to support her; at least, it will rent for something. Her dower in the other two forties she can let you have, and no thanks to me. Now, do not misunderstand this letter. I do not write it in any unkindness. I write it in order, if possible, to get you to face the truth, which truth is, you are destitute because you have idled away all your time. Your thousand pretenses deceive nobody but yourself. Go to work is the only cure for your case."

A volume of disquisition could not put more clearly before the reader the difference between Abraham Lincoln and the common run of Southern and Western rural laborers. He had the same disadvantages that they had. He grew up in the midst of poverty and ignorance; he was poisoned with the enervating malaria of the Western woods, as all his fellows were, and the consequences of it were seen in his character and conduct to the close of his life. But he had, what very few of them possessed any glimmering notion of, a fixed and inflexible will to succeed. He did not love work, probably, any better than John Johnston; but he had an innate self-respect, and a consciousness that his self was worthy of respect, that kept him from idleness as it kept him from all other vices, and made him a better man every year that he lived.

(To be continued.)

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day,—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armèd strength: It was his mighty heart.

R. W. Gilder.

THE QUESTIONER OF THE SPHINX.

BEHOLD me! with swift foot across the land,
Where desert winds are sleeping, I am come
To wrest a secret from thee; O thou, dumb,
And careless of my puny lips' command.
Cold orbs! *mine* eyes a weary world have scanned.
Slow ear! in *mine* rings ever a vexèd hum
Of sobs and strife. Of joy, mine earthly sum
Is buried as thy form in burning sand.
The wisdom of the nations thou hast heard;
The circling courses of the stars hast known.
Awake! Thrill! By my feverish presence stirred,
Open thy lips to still my human moan,
Breathe forth one glorious and mysterious word,
Though I should stand, in turn, transfixed,— a stone!

M. Virginia Donaghe.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XXVIII.

LEMUEL went through the next day in that license of revolt which every human soul has experienced in some measure at some time. We look back at it afterwards, and see it a hideous bondage. But for the moment Lemuel rejoiced in it; and he abandoned himself boldly to thoughts that had hitherto been a furtive and trembling rapture.

In the afternoon, when he was most at leisure, he walked down to the Public Garden, and found a seat on a bench near the fountain where the Venus had shocked his inexperience the first time he saw her; he remembered that simple boy with a smile of pity, and then went back into his cloud of revery. There, safely hid from trouble and wrong, he told his ideal how dear she was to him, and how she had shaped and governed his life, and made it better and nobler from the first moment they had met. The fumes of the romances which he had read mixed with the love-born delirium in his brain: he was no longer low, but a hero of lofty line, kept from his rightful place by machinations that had failed at last, and now he was leading her, his bride, into the ancient halls which were to be their home, and the source of beneficence and hope to all the poor and humbly-born around them. His eyes were so full of this fantastic vision, the soul of his youth dwelt so deeply within this dream-built tabernacle, that it was with a shock of anguish he saw coming up the walk towards him the young girl herself. His airy structure fell in ruins around him; he was again common and immeasurably beneath her; she was again in her own world, where, if she thought of him at all, it must be as a squalid vagabond and the accomplice of a thief. If he could have escaped, he would, but he could not move; he sat still and waited, with fallen eyes, for her to pass him.

At sight of him she hesitated and wavered; then she came towards him, and at a second impulse held out her hand, smiling with a radiant pleasure.

"I didn't know it was you, at first," she said. "It seems so strange to see any one that I know!"

"I didn't expect to see you, either," he stammered out, getting somehow upon his feet and taking her hand, while his face burned, and he could not keep his eyes on hers; "I — didn't know you were here."

"I've only been here a few days. I'm drawing at the Museum. I've just got back. Have you been here all summer?"

"Yes — all summer. I hope you've been well — I suppose you've been away ——"

"Yes, I've just got back," she repeated.

"Oh, yes! I meant that!"

She smiled at his confusion, as kindly as the ideal of his day-dream. "I've been spending the summer with Madeline, and I've spent most of it out-of-doors, sketching. Have you been well?"

"Yes — not very; oh, yes, I'm well ——" She had begun to move forward with the last question, and he found himself walking with her. "Did she — has Miss Swan come back with you?" he asked, looking her in the eyes with more question than he had put into his words.

"No, I don't think she'll come back this winter," said the girl. "You know," she went on, coloring a little, "that she's married now?"

"No," said Lemuel.

"Yes. To Mr. Berry. And I have a letter from him for you."

"Was he there with you, this summer?" asked Lemuel, ignoring alike Berry's marriage and the letter from him.

"Oh, yes; of course! And I liked him better than I used to. He is very good, and if Madeline didn't have to go so far West to live! He will know how to appreciate her, and there are not many who can do that! Her father thinks he has a great deal of ability. Yes, if Madeline *had* to get married!"

She talked as if convincing and consoling herself, and there was an accent of loneliness in it all that pierced Lemuel's preoccupation; he had hardly noted how almost pathetically glad she was to see him. "You'll miss her here," he ventured.

"Oh, I don't dare to think of it!" cried the girl. "I don't know what I shall do! When I first saw you, just now, it brought up Madeline

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and last winter so that it seemed too much to bear!"

They had walked out of the Garden across Charles street, and were climbing the slope of Beacon street Mall, in the Common. "I suppose," she continued, "the only way will be to work harder, and try to forget it. They wanted me to go out and stay with them; but of course I couldn't. I shall work, and I shall read. I shall not find another Madeline Swan! You must have been reading a great deal this summer, Mr. Barker," she said, in turning upon him from her bereavement. "Have you seen any of the old boarders? Or Mrs. Harmon? I shall never have another winter like that at the poor old St. Albans!"

Lemuel made what answer he could. There was happiness enough in merely being with her to have counterbalanced all the pain he was suffering; and when she made him partner of her interests and associations, and appealed to their common memories in confidence of his sympathy, his heavy heart stirred with strange joy. He had supposed that Berry must have warned her against him; but she was treating him as if he had not. Perhaps he had not, and perhaps he had done so, and this was her way of showing that she did not believe it. He tried to think so; he knew it was a subterfuge, but he lingered in it with a fleeting, fearful pleasure. They had crossed from the Common, and were walking up under the lindens of Chestnut street, and from time to time they stopped in the earnestness of their parley, and stood talking, and then loitered on again, in the summer security from oversight which they were too rapt to recognize. They reached the top of the hill, and came to a door where she stopped. He fell back a pace. "Good-bye—" It was eternal loss, but it was escape.

She smiled in timorous hesitation. "Won't you come in? And I will get Mr. Berry's letter."

She opened the door with a latch-key, and he followed her within; a servant girl came half-way up the basement stairs to see who it was, and then went down. She left him in the dim parlor a moment, while she went to get the letter. When she returned, "I have a little room for my work at the top of the house," she said, "but it will never be like the St. Albans. There's no one else here yet, and it's pretty lonesome — without Madeline."

She sank into a chair, but he remained standing, and seemed not to heed her when she asked him to sit down. He put Berry's letter into his pocket without looking at it, and she rose again.

She must have thought he was going, and she said, with a smile of gentle trust, "It's been like having last winter back again to see you. We thought you must have gone home right after the fire; we didn't see anything of you again. We went ourselves in about a week."

Then she did not know, and he must tell her himself.

"Did Mr. Berry say anything about me — at the fire — that last day?" he began bluntly.

"No!" she said, looking at him with surprise; there was a new sound in his voice. "He had no need to say anything! I wanted to tell you — to write and tell you — how much I honored you for it — how ashamed I was for misunderstanding you just before, when ——"

He knew that she meant when they all pitied him for a coward.

Her voice trembled; he could tell that the tears were in her eyes. He tried to put the sweetness of her praise from him. "Oh, it wasn't that that I meant," he groaned; and he wrenched the words out. "That fellow who said he was a friend of mine, and got into the house that way, was a thief; and Mr. Berry caught him robbing his room the day of the fire, and treated me as if I knew it, and was helping him on ——"

"Oh!" cried the girl. "How cruel! How could he do that?"

Lemuel could not suffer himself to take refuge in her generous faith now.

"When I first came to Boston I had my money stolen, and there were two days when I had nothing to eat; and then I was arrested by mistake for stealing a girl's satchel; and when I was acquitted, I slept the next night in the tramps' lodging-house, and that fellow was there, and when he came to the St. Albans I was ashamed to tell where I had known him, and so I let him pass himself off for my friend."

He kept his eyes fixed on hers, but he could not see them change from their pity of him, or light up with a sense of any squalor in his history.

"And I used to think that *my* life had been hard!" she cried. "Oh, how much you have been through!"

"And after that," he pursued, "Mr. Sewell got me a place, a sort of servant's place, and when I lost that I came to be the man-of-all-work at the St. Albans."

In her eyes the pity was changing to admiration; his confession which he had meant to be so abject had kindled her fancy like a boastful tale.

"How little we know about people and what they have suffered! But I thank you for telling me this — oh, yes! — and I shall always think of myself with contempt. How easy and pleasant my life has been! And you ——"

She stopped, and he stood helpless against

her misconception. He told her about the poverty he had left at home, and the wretched circumstance of his life, but she could not see it as anything but honorable to his present endeavor. She listened with breathless interest to it all, and, "Well," she sighed at last, "it will always be something for you to look back to, and be proud of. And that girl — did she never say or do anything to show that she was sorry for that cruel mistake? Did you ever see her afterwards?"

"Yes," said Lemuel, sick at heart, and feeling how much more triumphantly he could have borne ignominy and rejection than this sweet sympathy. She seemed to think he would say something more, but he turned away from her, and after a little silence of expectance she let him go, with promises to come again which she seemed to win from him for his own sake.

In the street he took out Berry's letter and read it.

"DEAR OLD MAN: I've been trying to get off a letter to you almost any time the last three months, but I've been round so much, and upside down so much since I saw you — out to W. T. and on my head in Western Mass.— that I've not been able to fetch it. I don't know as I could fetch it now, if it wasn't for the prospective Mrs. A. W. B., Jr., standing over me with a revolver, and waiting to see me do it. I've just been telling her about that little interview of ours with Williams, that day, and she thinks I ought to be man enough to write and say that I guess I was all wrong about you; I had a sneaking idea of the kind from the start almost, but if a fellow's proud at all, he's proud of his mistakes, and he hates to give them up. I'm pretty badly balled up, now, and I can't seem to get the right words about remorse, and so forth; but you know how it is yourself. I *am* sorry, there's no two ways about that; but I've kept my suspicions as well as my regrets to myself, and now I do the best thing I can by way of reparation. I send this letter by Miss Carver. She hasn't read it, and she don't know what it's all about; but I guess you'd better tell her. Don't spare yours truly,

"A. W. BERRY, JR."

The letter did not soften Lemuel at all towards Berry, and he was bitterly proud that he had spoken without this bidding, though he had seemed to speak to no end that he had expected. After a while he lost himself in his day-dreams again, and in the fantastic future which he built up this became a great source of comfort to him and to his ideal. Now he parted with her in sublime renunciation, and now he triumphed over all the obstacles between them; but, whatever turn he willed his fortunes to take, she still praised him, and he prided himself that he had shown himself at his worst to her of his own free impulse. Sewell praised him for it in his revery; Mr. Corey and Mr. Bellingham both made him delicate compliments upon his noble behavior, which he feigned had somehow become known to them.

XXIX.

AT the usual hour he was at Mr. Corey's house, where he arrived footsore and empty from supperless wanderings, but not hungry and not weary. The serving-man at the door met him with the message that Mr. Corey had gone to dine at his club and would not be at home till late. He gave Lemuel a letter, which had all the greater effect from being presented to him on the little silver tray employed to bring up the cards and notes of the visitors and correspondents of the family. The envelope was stamped in that ephemeral taste which configured the stationery of a few years ago with the lines of alligator leather, and it exhaled a perfume so characteristic that it seemed to breathe Statira visibly before him. He knew this far better than the poor, scrawly, uncultivated handwriting which he had seen so little. He took the letter, and, turning from the door, read it by the light of the next street lamp.

"Dear Lemuel — Manda Grier has told me what she said to you and Ime about crazy about it dear Lem I want you should come and see mee O Lem you dont Suppose i could of let Manda Grier talk to you that way if I had of none it but of course you dident only do Say so I give her a real good goen over and she says shes sory she done it i dont want any body should care for mee without itse there free will but I shall alwayes care for you if you dont care for me dont come but if you do Care I want you should come as soon as ever you can I can explane everything Manda Grier dident mean anything but for the best but sometimes she dont know what she is sayin O Lem you mussent be mad But if you are and you dont want to come ennymore dont come But O i hope you wouldent let such a thing set you againste mee recollect that I never done or Said anything to set you against me.

"STATIRA."

A cruel disgust mingled with the remorse that this letter brought him. Its illiteracy made him ashamed, and the helpless fondness it expressed was like a millstone hanged about his neck. He felt the deadly burden of it drag him down.

A passer-by on the other side of the street coughed slightly in the night air, and a thought flashed through Lemuel, from which he cowered as if he had found himself lifting his hand against another's life.

His impulse was to turn and run, but there was no escape on any side. It seemed to him that he was like that prisoner he had read of, who saw the walls of his cell slowly closing together upon him, and drawing nearer and nearer till they should crush him between them. The inexperience of youth denies it perspective; in that season of fleeting and unsubstantial joys, of feverish hopes, despair wholly darkens a world which after years find full of chances and expedients.

If Mr. Sewell had been in town there might have been some hope through him; or if Mr. Evans were there; or even if Berry were at hand, it would be some one to advise with, to open his heart to in his extremity. He walked down into Bolingbroke street, knowing well that Mr. Sewell was not at home, but pretending to himself, after the fashion of the young, that if he should see a light in his house it would be a sign that all should come out right with him, and if not, it would come out wrong. He would not let himself lift his eyes to the house front till he arrived before it. When he looked his heart stood still; a light streamed bright and strong from the drawing-room window.

He hurried across the street and rang; and after some delay, in which the person coming to the door took time to light the gas in the hall, Mr. Sewell himself opened to him. They stood confronted in mutual amazement, and then Sewell said, with a cordiality which he did not keep free from reluctance, "Oh — Mr. Barker! Come in! Come in!" But after they had shaken hands, and Lemuel had come in, he stood there in the hall with him, and did not offer to take him up to his study. "I'm so glad to have this glimpse of you! How in the world did you happen to come?"

"I was passing and saw the light," said Lemuel.

Sewell laughed. "To be sure! We never have any idea how far our little candle throws its beams! I'm just here for the night, on my way from the mountains to the sea; I'm to be the 'supply' in a friend's pulpit at New Bedford; and I'm here quite alone in the house, scrambling a sermon together. But I'm *so* glad to see you! You're well, I hope? You're looking a little thin, but that's no harm. Do you enjoy your life with Mr. Corey? I was sure you would. When you come to know him, you will find him one of the best of men — kindly, thoughtful, and sympathetic. I've felt very comfortable about your being with him, whenever I've thought of you, and you may be sure that I've thought of you often. What about our friends of the St. Albans? Do you see Mrs. Harmon? You knew the Evanses had gone to Europe."

"Yes; I got a letter from him yesterday."

"He didn't pick up so fast as they hoped, and he concluded to try the voyage. I hear very good accounts of him. He said he was going to write you. Well! And Mr. Corey is well?" He smiled more beamingly upon Lemuel, who felt that he wished him to go, and stood haplessly trying to get away.

In the midst of his own uneasiness Sewell noted Lemuel's. "Is there anything — something — you wished to speak with me about?"

"No. No, not anything in particular. I just saw the light, and ——"

Sewell took his hand and wrung it with affection. "It was so good of you to run in and see me. Don't fancy it's been any disturbance. I'd got into rather a dim place in my work, but since I've been standing here with you — ha, ha, ha! those things do happen so curiously! — the whole thing has become perfectly luminous. I'm delighted you're getting on so nicely. Give my love to Mr. Corey. I shall see you soon again. We shall all be back in a little over a fortnight. Glad of this moment with you, if it's *only* a moment! Good-bye!"

He wrung Lemuel's hand again, this time in perfect sincerity, and eagerly shut him out into the night.

The dim place had not become so luminous to him as it had to the minister. A darkness, which the obscurity of the night faintly typified, closed round him, pierced by one ray only, and from this he tried to turn his face. It was the gleam that lights up every labyrinth where our feet wander and stumble, but it is not always easy to know it from those false lights of feeble-hearted pity, of mock-sacrifice, of sick conscience, which dance before us to betray to worse misery yet.

Some sense of this, broken and faltering, reached Lemuel where he stood, and tried to deal faithfully with his problem. In that one steadfast ray he saw that whatever he did he must not do it for himself; but what his duty was he could not make out. He knew now, if he had not known before, that whatever his feeling for Statira was, he had not released himself from her, and it seemed to him that he could not release himself by any concern for his own advantage. That notion with which he had so long played, her insufficiency for his life now and for the needs of his mind hereafter, revealed itself in its real cruelty. The things that Mr. Sewell had said, that his mother had said, that Berry had said, in what seemed a fatal succession, and all to the same effect, against throwing himself away upon some one inadequate to him at his best, fell to the ground like withered leaves, and the fire of that steadfast ray consumed them.

But whom to turn to for counsel now? The one friend in whom he had trusted, to whom he had just gone ready to fling down his whole heart before him, had failed him, failed him unwittingly, unwillingly, as he had failed him once before, but this time in infinitely greater stress. He did not blame him now, fiercely, proudly, as he had once blamed him, but again he wandered up and down the city streets, famished and outcast through his defection.

It was late when he went home, but Mr. Corey had not yet returned, and he had time

to sit down and write the letter which he had decided to send to Statira, instead of going to see her. It was not easy to write, but after many attempts he wrote it.

"DEAR STATIRA: You must not be troubled at what Amanda said to me. I assure you that, although I was angry at first, I am entirely willing to overlook it at your request. She probably spoke hastily, and I am now convinced that she spoke without your authority. You must not think that I am provoked at you.

"I received your letter this evening; and I will come to see you very soon.

"LEMUEL BARKER."

The letter was colder than he meant to make it, but he felt that he must above all be honest, and he did not see how he could honestly make it less cold. When it came to Statira's hands she read it silently to herself, over and over again, while her tears dripped upon it.

'Manda Grier was by, and she watched her till she could bear the sight no longer. She snatched the letter from the girl's hands, and ran it through, and then she flung it on the ground. "Nasty, cold-hearted, stuck-up, shameless thing!"

"Oh, don't, 'Manda; don't, 'Manda!" sobbed Statira, and she plunged her face into the pillows of the bed where she sat.

"Shameless, cold-hearted, stuck-up, nasty thing!" said 'Manda Grier, varying her denunciation in the repetition, and apparently getting fresh satisfaction out of it in that way. "Don't? St'ira Dudley, if you was a woman — if you was *half* a woman — you'd never speak to that little corpse-on-ice again."

"Oh, 'Manda, don't call him names! I can't bear to have you!"

"Names? If you was anybody at all, you wouldn't *look* at him! You wouldn't *think* of him!"

"Oh, 'Manda, 'Manda! You know I can't let you talk so," moaned Statira.

"Talk? I could talk my *head* off! 'You must not think I was provoked with you,'" she mimicked Lemuel's dignity of diction in mincing falsetto. "'I will come to see you very soon.' Miserable, worthless, conceited whipper-snapper!"

"Oh, 'Manda, you'll break my heart if you go on so!"

"Well, then, give him up! He's goin' to give you up."

"Oh, he ain't; you know he ain't! He's just busy, and I know he'll come. I'll bet you he'll be here to-morrow. It'll kill me to give him up."

She had lifted herself from the pillow, and she began to cough.

"He'll kill you anyway," cried 'Manda Grier, in a passion of pity and remorse. She ran across the room to get the medicine which Statira had to take in these paroxysms. "There, there! Take it! I sha'n't say anything more about him."

"And do you take it all back?" gasped Statira, holding the proffered spoon away.

"Yes, yes! But *do* take your med'cine, St'ira, 'f you don't want to die where you set."

"And do you think he'll come?"

"Yes, he'll come."

"Do you say it just to get me to take the medicine?"

"No, I really do believe he'll come."

"Oh, 'Manda, 'Manda!" Statira took her medicine, and then wildly flung her arms round 'Manda Grier's neck, and began to sob and to cry there. "Oh, how hard I *am* with you, 'Manda! I should think if *I* was as hard with everybody else, they'd perfectly hate me."

"*You* hard!"

"Yes, and that's why he hates me. He does hate me. You said he did."

"No, St'ira, I didn't. You never was hard to anybody, and the meanest old iceberg in creation couldn't hate you."

"Then you think he does care for me?"

"Yes."

"And you know he'll come soon?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Oh, 'Manda, oh, 'Manda!"

XXX.

LEMUEL had promised himself that if he could gain a little time he should be able better to decide what it was right for him to do. His heart lifted as he dropped the letter into the box, and he went through the chapters which Mr. Corey asked him to read, after he came in, with an ease incredible to himself. In the morning he woke with a mind that was almost cheerful. He had been honest in writing that letter, and so far he had done right; he should keep his word about going soon to see Statira, and that would be honest too. He did not look beyond this decision, and he felt as we all do more or less vaguely when we have resolved to do right, that he had the merit of a good action.

Statira showed herself so glad to see him that he could not do less than seem to share her joy in their making-up, as she called it, though he insisted that there had been no quarrel between them; and now there began for him a strange double life, the fact of which each reader must reject or accept according to the witness of his own knowledge.

He renewed as far as he could the old

warmth of his feeling for Statira, and in his compunction experienced a tenderness for her that he had not known before, the strange tenderness that some spirits feel for those they injure. He went oftener than ever to see her, he was very good to her, and cheered her with his interest in all her little interests; he petted her and comforted her; but he escaped from her as soon as he could, and when he shut her door behind him he shut her within it. He made haste to forget her, and to lose himself in thoughts that were never wholly absent even in her presence. Sometimes he went directly from her to Jessie, whose innocent Bohemianism kept later hours, and who was always glad to see him whenever he came. She welcomed him with talk that they thought related wholly to the books they had been reading, and to the things of deep psychological import which they suggested. He seldom came to her without the excuse of a book to be lent or borrowed; and he never quitted her without feeling inspired with the wish to know more and to be more: he seemed to be lifted to purer and clearer regions of thought. She received him in the parlor, but their evenings commonly ended in her little studio, whither some errand took them, or some intrusion of the other boarders banished them. There he read to her poems or long chapters out of the essayists or romancers; or else they sat and talked about the strange things they had noticed in themselves that were like the things they found in their books. Once when they had talked a long while in this strain, he told how when he first saw her he thought she was very proud and cold.

She laughed gayly. "And I used to be afraid of you," she said. "You used to be always reading there in your little office. Do you think I'm very proud now?"

"Are you very much afraid of me now?" he retorted.

They laughed together.

"Isn't it strange," she said, "how little we really know about people in the world?"

"Yes," he answered. "I wonder if it will ever be different. I've been wrong about nearly every one I've met since I came to Boston."

"And I have too!" she cried, with that delight in the coincidence of experience which the young feel so keenly.

He had got the habit with his growing ease in her presence, of walking up and down the room, while she sat, forgetful of everything but the things they were saying, and followed him with her eyes. As he turned about in his walk, he saw how pretty she was, with her slender form cased in the black silk she wore. Her eyes were very bright, and her soft lips, small and fine, were red.

He faltered, and lost the thread of his speech. "I forgot what I was going to say!"

She clasped her hands over her laughing face a moment. "And I don't remember what you were saying!" They both laughed a long time at this; it seemed incomparably droll, and they became better comrades.

They spent the rest of the evening in laughing and joking.

"I didn't know you were so fond of laughing," he said, when he went away.

"And I always supposed you were very solemn," she replied.

This again seemed the drollest thing in the world.

"Well, I always was," he said.

"And I don't know when I've laughed so much before!" She stood at the head of the stairs, and held her lamp up for him to find his way down.

Again looking back, he saw her in the grace that had bewildered him before.

When he came next they met very seriously, but before the evening was past they were laughing together; and so it happened now whenever he came. They both said how strange it was that laughing with any one seemed to make you feel so much better acquainted. She told of a girl at school that she had always disliked till one day something made them laugh, and after that they became the greatest friends.

He tried to think of some experience to match this, but he could not; he asked her if she did not think that you always felt a little gloomy after you had been laughing a great deal. She said, yes; after that first night when they laughed so, she felt so depressed that she was sure she was going to have bad news from Madeline. Then she said she had received a letter from Madeline that morning, and she and Mr. Berry had both wished her to give him their regards if she ever saw him. This, when she had said it, seemed a very good joke too; and they laughed at it a little consciously, till he boldly bade her tell them he came so very seldom that she did not know when she could deliver their message.

She answered that she was afraid Madeline would not believe that; and then it came out that he had never replied to Berry's letter.

She said, "Oh! Is that the way you treat your correspondents?" and he was ashamed to confess that he had not forgiven Berry.

"I will write to him to-night, if you say so," he answered hardily.

"Oh, you must do what you think best," she said, lightly refusing the responsibility.

"Whatever you say will be best," he said with a sudden, passionate fervor that surprised himself.

She tried to escape from it. "Am I so infallible as that?"

"You are for me!" he retorted.

A silence followed, which she endeavored to break, but she sat still across the little table from him where the shaded lamp spread its glow, leaving the rest of the room, with its red curtains and its sketches pinned about, in a warm, luxurious shadow. Her eyes fell, and she did not speak.

"It must sound very strange to you, I know," he went on; "and it's strange to me too; but it seems to me that there isn't anything I've done without my thinking whether you would like me to do it."

She rose involuntarily. "You make me ashamed to think that you're so much mistaken about me! I know how we all influence each other — I know I always try to be what I think people expect me to be — I can't be myself — I know what you mean; but you — you must be yourself, and not let ——" She stopped in her wandering speech, in strange agitation, and he rose too.

"I hope you're not offended with me!"

"Offended? Why? Why do you — go so soon?"

"I thought you were going," he answered stupidly.

"Why, I'm at *home!*"

They looked at each other, and then they broke into a happy laugh.

"Sit down again! I don't know what I got up for. It must have been to make some tea. Did you know Madeline had bequeathed me her tea-kettle — the one we had at the St. Albans?" She bustled about, and lit the spirit-lamp under the kettle.

"Blow out that match!" he cried. "You'll set your dress on fire!" He caught her hand, which she was holding with the lighted match in it at her side, after the manner of women with lighted matches, and blew it out himself.

"Oh, thank you!" she said indifferently. "Can you take it without milk!"

"Yes, I like it so."

She got out two of the cups he remembered, and he said, "How much like last winter that seems!"

And "Yes, doesn't it?" she sighed.

The lamp purred and fretted under the kettle, and in the silence in which they waited, the elm tree that rose from the pavement outside seemed to look in consciously upon them.

When the kettle began to sing, she poured out the two cups of tea, and in handing him his their fingers touched, and she gave a little outcry. "Oh! Madeline's precious cup! I thought it was going to drop!"

The soft night-wind blew in through the elm leaves, and their rustling seemed the expression of a profound repose, an endless content.

XXXI.

THE next night Lemuel went to see Statira, without promising himself what he should say or do, but if he were to tell her everything, he felt that she would forgive him more easily than 'Manda Grier. He was aware that 'Manda always lay in wait for him, to pierce him at every undefended point of conscience. Since the first break with her, there had never been peace between them, and perhaps not kindness for long before that. Whether or not she felt responsible for having promoted Statira's affair with him, and therefore bound to guard her to the utmost from suffering by it, she seemed always to be on the alert to seize any advantage against him. Sometimes Statira accused her of trying to act so hatefully to him that he would never come any more; she wildly blamed her; but the faithful creature was none the less constant and vigilant on that account. She took patiently the unjust reproaches which Statira heaped upon her like a wayward child, and remitted nothing of her suspicion or enmity towards Lemuel. Once, when she had been very bitter with him, so bitter that it had ended in an open quarrel between them, Statira sided with him against her, and when 'Manda Grier flounced out of the room she offered him, if he wished, to break with her, and never to speak to her again, or have anything more to do with such a person. But at this his anger somehow fell; and he said no, she must not think of such a thing; that 'Manda Grier had been her friend long before he was, and that, whatever she said to him, she was always good and true to her. Then Statira fell upon his neck and cried, and praised him, and said he was a million times more to her than 'Manda Grier, but she would do whatever he said; and he went away sick at heart.

When he came now, with his thoughts clinging to Jessie, 'Manda Grier hardly gave him time for the decencies of greeting. She was in a high nervous exaltation, and Statira looked as if she had been crying.

"What's become o' them art-students you used to have 't the St. Albans?" she began, her whopper-jaw twitching with excitement, and her eyes glaring vindictively upon Lemuel.

He had sat down near Statira on the lounge, but she drew a little away from him in a provisional fashion, as if she would first see what came of 'Manda Grier's inquisition.

"Art-students?" he repeated aimlessly, while he felt his color go.

"Yes!" she snapped. "Them girls 't used to be 't the St. Albans, 't you thought so wonderful!"

"I didn't know I thought they were very wonderful."

"Can't you answer a civil question?" she demanded, raising her voice.

"I haven't heard any," said Lemuel with sullen scorn.

"Oh! Well!" she sneered. "I forgot that you've b'en used to goin' with such fine folks that you can't bear to be spoken to in plain English."

"'Manda!" began Statira, with an incipient whimper.

"You be still, S'tira Dudley! Mr. Barker," said the poor foolish thing in the mincing falsetto which she thought so cutting, "have you any idea what's become of your young lady artist friends,—them that took your portrait as a Roman youth, you know?"

Lemuel made no answer whatever, for a time. Then, whether he judged it best to do so, or was goaded to the defiance by 'Manda Grier's manner, he replied, "Miss Swan and Miss Carver? Miss Swan is married, and lives in Wyoming Territory now." Before he had reached the close of the sentence he had controlled himself sufficiently to be speaking quite calmly.

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Barker! And may I ask where Miss Carver is? She merried and livin' in Wyoming Territory too?"

"No," said Lemuel quietly. She's not married. She's in Boston."

"Indeed! Then it *was* her I see in the Garden to-day, S'tira! She b'en back long, Mr. Barker?"

"About a month, I think," said Lemuel.

"Quite a spell! *You* seen her, Mr. Barker?"

"Yes, quite often."

"I want to know! She still paintin' Roman Boys, Mr. Barker? Didn't seem to make any great out at it last winter! But practice makes perfect, they say. I s'pose *you* seen her in the Garden too?"

"I usually see her at home," said Lemuel. "*You* probably receive your friends on the benches in the Garden, but young ladies prefer to have them call at their residences." He astonished himself by this brutality, he who was all gentleness with Miss Carver.

"Very well, Mr. Barker! That's all right. That's all I wanted to know. Never mind about where I meet my friends. Wherever it is, they're *gentlemen;* and they ain't generally goin' with three or four other girls 't the same time."

"No, one like you would be enough," retorted Lemuel.

Statira sat cowering away from the quarrel, and making little ineffectual starts as if to stay it. Heretofore their enmity had been covert if not tacit, in her presence.

Lemuel saw her wavering, and the wish to show 'Manda his superior power triumphed over every other interest and impulse in him. He got upon his feet. "There is no use in this sort of thing going on any longer. I came here because I thought I was wanted. If it's a mistake, it's easy enough to mend it, and it's easy not to make it again. I wish you good-evening."

Statira sprang from the lounge, and flung her arms around his neck. "No, no! You sha'n't go! You mustn't go, Lem! I know you're all right, and I won't have you talked to so! I ain't a bit jealous, Lem; indeed I ain't. I know you wouldn't fool with me, any more than I would with you; and that's what I tell 'Manda Grier, I'll leave it to her if I don't. I don't care who you go with, and I hain't, never since that first time. I know you ain't goin' to do anything underhanded. Don't go, Lem; oh, *don't* go!"

He was pulling towards the door; her trust, her fond generosity drove him more than 'Manda Grier's cutting tongue: that hurt his pride, his vanity, but this pierced his soul; he had only a blind, stupid will to escape from it.

Statira was crying; she began to cough; she released his neck from her clasp, and reeled backward to the lounge, where she would have fallen, if 'Manda Grier had not caught her. The paroxysm grew more violent; a bright stream of blood sprang from her lips.

"Run! Run for the doctor! Quick, Lemuel! Oh, quick!" implored 'Manda Grier, forgetting all enmity in her terror.

Statira's arms wavered towards him, as if to keep him, but he turned and ran from the house, cowed and conscience-stricken by the sight of that blood, as if he had shed it.

He did not expect to see Statira alive when he came back with the doctor whom he found at the next apothecary's. She was lying on the lounge, white as death, but breathing quietly, and her eyes sought him with an eagerness that turned to a look of tender gratitude at the look they found in his.

The doctor bent over her for her pulse and her respiration; then when he turned to examine the crimson handkerchief which 'Manda Grier showed him, Lemuel dropped on his knees beside her, and put his face down to hers.

With her lips against his cheek, she made, "Don't go!"

And he whispered, "No, I'll not leave you now!"

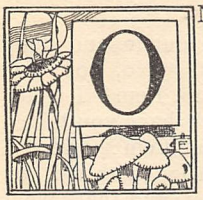
The doctor looked round with the hand-

kerchief still in his hand, as if doubting whether to order him away from her. Then he mutely questioned 'Manda Grier with a glance which her glance answered. He shrugged his shoulders, with a puzzled sigh. An expression of pity crossed his face, which he hardened into one of purely professional interest, and he went on questioning 'Manda Grier in a low tone.

Statira had slipped her hand into Lemuel's, and she held it fast, as if in that clasp she were holding on to her chance of life.

(To be continued.) *W. D. Howells.*

OLD CHELSEA.



ONE of my earliest London surprises came to me as I walked from Apsley House at Hyde Park corner towards the residence of Charles Reade at Knightsbridge, along the length of Piccadilly, and thence watched and wondered at the traffic of the frequent turbulent streets turning from that thoroughfare down into Chelsea. It was hard to realize that, only fifty years before, Chelsea was a rustic and retired village far from London; even as was Islington when Charles Lamb, pensioned and set free from his desk in the India House, retired to that rural spot with his sister to live "in a cottage, with a spacious garden," as he wrote, with "the New River, rather elderly by this time, running in front (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed)"; even as was Kensington, "the old court suburb pleasantly situated on the great Western Road," just fifty years ago, when wits and statesmen drove between fields to the rival courts of Gore and of Holland House, and N. P. Willis delighted our grandmothers with his gossip, in the "New York Mirror," about his visits to Lady Blessington and the celebrities who bowed before her. To-day all these villages, along with many more remote, are one with London. Yet, more than any of them, has Chelsea kept its old village character, albeit saving but few of its old village features. Of the many magnificent mansions that once gave it the name of the Village of Palaces, five alone still stand,— Blacklands, Gough, Lindsey, Stanley, and Walpole houses. Blacklands is now a private madhouse, Walpole House the infirmary of Chelsea Hospital, and all are greatly altered. In between them, and away beyond them, streets have been cut and new quarters built,—in part of "genteel" villas and rows of respectable residences, but in great part, also, of cheap dwellings, of small and shabby shops. These extremes go to make much of modern Chelsea utterly uninteresting except mayhap to the collector of rents or to the inspector of nuisances. Yet that which is truly ancient and honorable has been fondly kept untouched, and not ignobly cleaned, as in next-door Kensington. Alongside this artistic squalor we have the curious contrast of artistic splendor in a blazing, brand-new quarter, of which the sacred center is Tite street. Here, amid much that is good and genuine in our modern manner, there is an aggressive affectation of antiquity, in the little houses and studios on the street, in the grandiose piles of mansions on the embankment front; all in raging red brick, and in the so-called Queen Anne style. The original article, deadly dull and decorous as it may be, has yet its own dignity as a real relic. But this painful pretense of ancient quaintness is a right fashionable quarter; mighty swells dwell here, and here pose some famous *farceurs* in art and literature; here, too, work many earnest men and women, in all walks of life.

Planted at intervals on the slope which rises from the river, as we see it in the olden days, stand the great mansions, set in trim gardens. Back from these isolated houses and between them stretch fair fields and fertile meadows and wooded slopes; and along the river bank runs a row of fishermen's thatched cottages. Here and there on the shore are nestled noted taverns and pleasure-gardens, much frequented by town visitors, coming up the river on excursions — like Pepys, "to make merry at the Swan." The low river shore, planted with lime and plane trees, is protected by a slight embankment, broken here and there by carved gateways, giving entrance to the grand houses, and by water staircases, from which a few country lanes — such as Church lane and Lawrence street of our own time — lead from the river front to the King's Road. This road has been first a foot-path, following the windings of the river a little inland,— worn first, perhaps, by the wandering tribes of Trinobantes,— and had gradually enlarged itself as the country around got cultivated. It led from the village of Whitehall, through the woods and fields, across the tidal swamps and the marsh lands west of Westminster — where now stretches graceful St. James's Park, and

where Belgravia is built so bravely — to the slopes of Chelsea, the first good land alongside the river, and rising fairly above it.

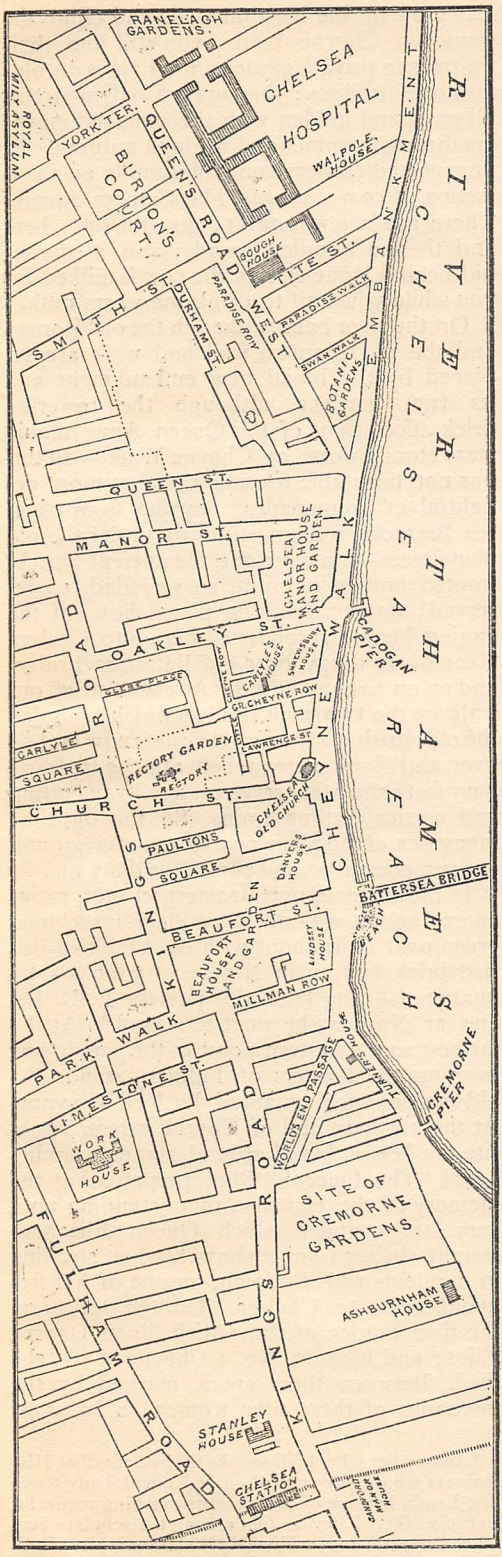
This was the secret of the speedy settlement of this secluded suburb. It was high and healthy, and had easy access to town by the safe, swift, silent highway of the river, when few cared to go by this land road, bad enough at its best, unsafe even in daylight by reason of the foot-pads. It was at last made wide and smooth for his coach by Charles II., who used it as the royal route to Hampton Palace, and called it the King's Private Road. But even that name did not serve to make it safe, and long after Chelsea Hospital was built, its guard nightly patrolled, as an escort for honest travelers, from where Buckingham Palace now stands, across Bloody Bridge,— at the edge of present Pimlico,— and through the Five Fields, "where robbers lie in wait," as the *Tatler* puts it; for Richard Steele often went by this road to Chelsea, where he had a little house. Sometimes his friend Addison was with him; sometimes the latter walked this way alone to his own home, at the farther end of Chelsea, and once on a moonlight night he strolled out here with Colonel Esmond, you may remember. A few years later, this same walk was frequently taken by Mr. Jonathan Swift, from Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house in Suffolk street, Pall Mall,— where he used to leave his "best gown and periwig," as he tells Stella,—"and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the Church."

"King's Road," as we see it to-day, in dingy letters on the old brick or plaster-fronted houses, makes us almost look for the Merry Monarch — as history has misnamed one of her saddest figures — driving past, on his way to Hampton Court, in company with some of those beauties who still lure our senses from out their canvases on the walls of the old palace. As we pass on, here and there a long, low brick house, with old-time porch and square windows and flagged front yard, looks drearily out from behind its rusty railings, as if tired of waiting for its owner to come home from the Dutch wars. Through narrow archways we catch glimpses of trees and of gardens. Turning down a rural lane, we stroll into "The Vale," and find a clump of cottages, covered with vines, grown about with greenery; flowers blow, cocks crow, an air of country unconcern covers the place. The French gardeners who came here in crowds in 1685, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and set all Chelsea abloom with their nurseries, have left to their heirs but a diminished domain. Yet although Butterfly Alley, sought by sauntering swells, is gone, King's Road is still countrified by its florists: their famous wistarias grow on the hospital walls and climb the houses of Cheyne Walk; you still find their fig-trees in private gardens, their vines on old-fashioned trellises; they make Chelsea streets all green and golden with their massed creepers through summer and through autumn. In unexpected corners you will stumble on a collection of cozy cottages, like Camera Square. There are a few rural nooks still left; here and there a woodland walk; and in dairies hid behind stone streets the cow is milked for you while you wait to drink the warm milk.

On the river bank, although the old Roman and the old Norman wall and walk are replaced by the broad new embankment and its trim gardens, although the towering brick affectations of the Queen Anne mania stare stonily down on Cheyne Walk,—all this has not been able to vulgarize that most delightful of promenades. Starting from Chelsea Barracks, we can still walk under the old plane-trees — on our right, the ancient Dutch-fronted houses, so prim, so secluded, so reserved; on our left, the placid flow of the storied Thames, broadened here into Chelsea Reach — to dingy, dear old Battersea Bridge, and so on to Sand's End. At each end of our walk are the two small rivulets which bounded the old parish east and west: one is now arched over and flows unseen beneath the tread of busy feet; the other serves as a railway cutting and carries rattling trains. So the old-time memories of the place now flow under ground or are modernized and part of its daily life.

In the extreme north-eastern corner, as we enter Chelsea, we find Hans Place, a secluded green oval built about with old-time two-storied brick houses, in No. 25 of which — still unaltered — was born the poetess L. E. L.; and at No. 22 she went to school.* At the farthest south-western point of the parish, just over on the borders of Fulham, stands the old house once tenanted by Nell Gwynne. At the northern end of Church street, opposite the Jewish burial-ground, stands a public-house, The Queen's Elm, perpetuating the memory of the elm-tree, there standing until very lately, under which Queen Elizabeth sought shelter from a shower, when strolling in the fields with Burleigh, on one of her frequent visits to Chelsea. On the southern, the river border of the parish, lived George Eliot; and here, at No. 4 Cheyne Walk, she died. Between these spots, marked by the memories of these four women, so far apart

*Among her school-fellows, by the bye, was that Miss Roberts who wrote so well on India, and Lady Caroline Lamb, heroine of the scissors-stabbing scene for Byron's sake. Later we find among the scholars here other famous names: Miss M. R. Mitford, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Lady Bulwer.—B. E. M.



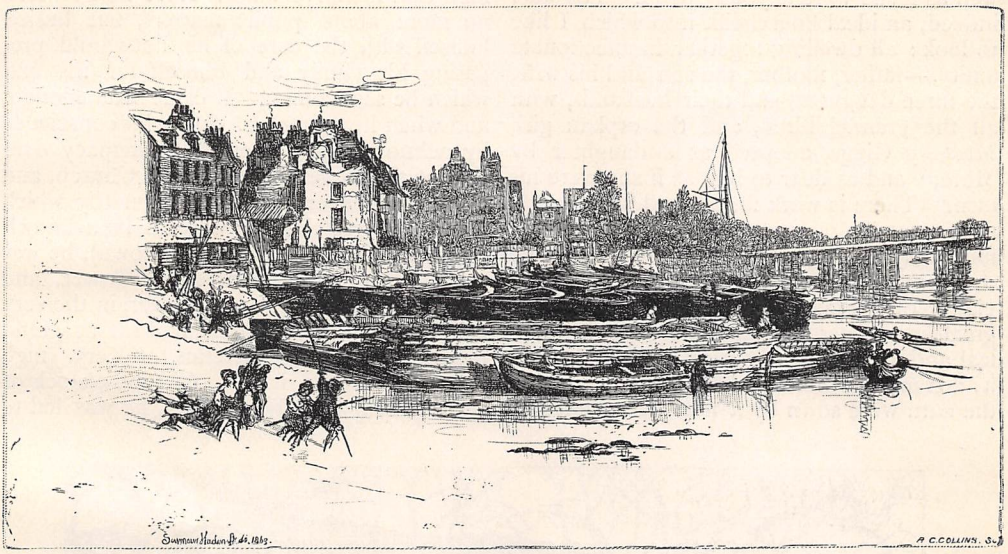
THE RIVER FRONT OF CHELSEA.

in time, rank, and character, how much of history and romance do we traverse!

In taking you for a stroll to-day through Old Chelsea, we will not stop to puzzle over the etymology of the name, whether it came from the Saxon *Chelchythe*, or from *Chesel*, meaning gravel, and *ea*, meaning a bank; nor trace it back to its earliest appearance in Saxon chronicles, in 745, as the Hundred of Ossulston, Middlesex. You may see, if you choose, in the British Museum, the Charter of Edward the Confessor giving the "Manor of Chelsey to the Abbot and Brothers of the Ministers of the West," and by them it was rented for four pounds yearly. But it will not interest us in our stroll to-day to learn that when it was a residence of Offa, King of the Mercians, "there was a 'Geflitfullic' held here"; nor that they had "a contentious synod." We do not partake of the joy of one Maitland, sounding up and down the river, and at last finding, on the eighteenth of September, 1732, the very ford between Chelsea and Battersea traversed by Cæsar's army in pursuit of the flying Britons.

Among the archives of Chelsea there is the will, dated in 1369, of the Earl of Warwick; and we know that long before that year he had come here with the prestige of his prowess at Poictiers, his courage at Cressy, and built himself a house — the first great nobleman's house erected here. But we do not know where it stood, nor anything more of it than that it was afterwards leased by Richard III. to the widowed Duchess of Norfolk for the yearly rental of one red rose.

Sir Thomas More's house is the first, as well as the fullest of human interest, of which there is any authentic record in Chelsea; and it was he who laid the foundations of the prosperity of the place. He built it for himself in 1520, glad to go from narrow Bucklersbury in the city to sweet sights and sounds and air for his young children. For more than two centuries his house stood there, tenanted by many illustrious families, until it was pulled down in 1740. It is not a difficult labor of love to reconstruct it, as Bowack saw it: "this house is between two hundred and three hundred feet in length, has a stately ancient front towards the Thames, also two spacious courtyards, and behind it are *very fine gardens*. It is so pleasantly situated that the late Queen Mary had a great desire to purchase it before King William built Kensington Palace, but was prevented by some secret obstacles." An old view signed "L. Knyff del: 1699," which I have seen, shows us a projecting porch in the center, a dozen or more generous windows on each floor, four of them oriel, with many gables,

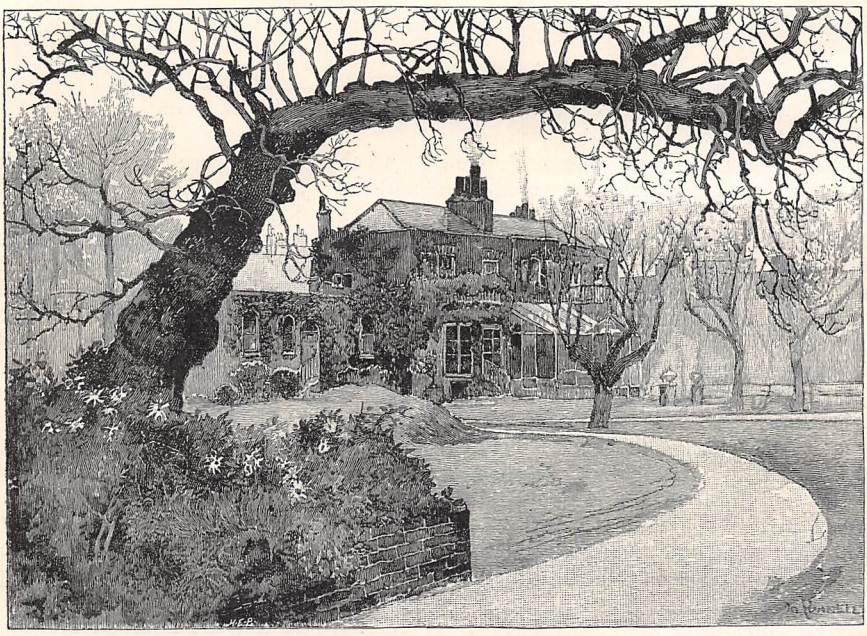


A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA REACH. AFTER THE ETCHING BY PERMISSION OF SEYMOUR HAYDEN.

turrets, and a small tower. The back view crowds together in picturesque confusion a mass of casements, jutting pent-houses, crowded gables. Such was "this pore howse in Chelchith," as More dated one of his letters; and Erasmus wrote of it that it was "neither mean nor invidiously grand, and so subject to envy." It stood on the slope a little back from the river, half-way up to the King's Road, about where Beaufort street now runs up; a spacious garden lay in front, wherein the great chancellor was wont to walk, as well as on the gate-house, "which was flatt on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond," in the words of Aubrey. Sometimes he walked with his guest Holbein, sometimes with his friend Ellis Heywood, poet and playwright, who wrote warmly about "this enchanting spot"; sometimes with his king, Henry VIII., who, still posing as a good Catholic and defender of the Faith, used to come up the river, drop in to dinner, and walk afterwards in the garden, his arm about More's neck; More's son-in-law, Roper, records it with delight, "never having seen the King so familiar with any one else, except Wolsey." More knew just what all this was worth, and that his head would count, with the king, for nothing against a French city or citadel, say. But Wolsey's fate, the fate of so many others, warned none of the rest; else could they not have forgotten that to every neck on which had hung that royal ruffian's arm the ax soon came; and that to be his friend was only a little less dangerous than to be his wife.

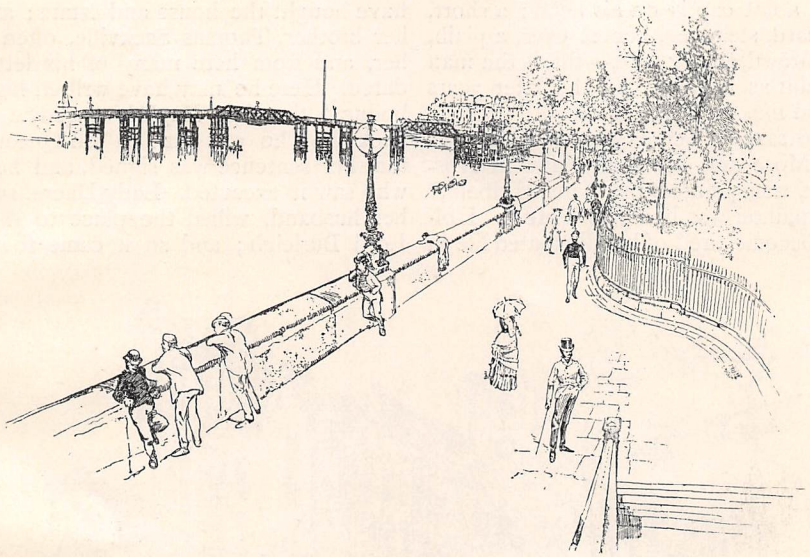
In this garden were the stocks for heretics and the "Jesus tree," or tree of troth, whereat they were flogged; for More was fond of suppressing heresy, and failing that, he used to suppress the heretics by flinging them into prison. The resolute old Catholic denied that he had ever laid hands on a heretic, but it is certain that some one did so by his orders. Near his house he had built the "newe buildinge" "for the entertainment of distressed old men and women"; and therein was a small chapel, where he spent much time, praying and scourging himself with a knotted cord. The hair shirt which he wore next his skin is still preserved in the convent of Spilsberg. He was fond of assisting in the service at the old church, carrying the cross in the procession, and doing divers duties, "like a parish clerk." One day the Duke of Norfolk, coming out to dine with him, "fortuned to finde him in the quier with a surplisse on his backe, singinge"; at the sight of which servile service the good worldly duke was moved to wrathful remonstrance. Yet this rigidity in religion was but the natural stand of a strong character against the drift of the times and the current that was carrying crowds down with the king, and it narrowed not at all this man's broad spirit, nor touched for the worse his quaint, gentle humor, his fine wit, his sweet and wholesome nature. It was he who had said, in better-balanced days, that "a man might live for the next world, yet be merry withal"; and it is of him that Erasmus writes these beautiful words: "There was not any man living who was so affectionate to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as

well as if she were a young maid." His was, indeed, an ideal household, into which I like to look: all dwelling together in affectionate amity,—father, mother, the son and his wife, the three daughters and their husbands, with all the grandchildren, and the orphan girl, Margery Giggs, adopted as a daughter by More, "and as dear to him as if she were his own." There is work for all, and "idleness is never seen," Erasmus tells us. All the female folk study too,—a rare thing then, for More was centuries ahead of his time in his larger views of woman's education, as he—the greatest minister of humanism—was in political and in mightier matters. Pithily he put it: "It mattereth not, in harvest time, whether the corn were sown by a man or a woman."



THE CHELSEA RECTORY.

Around their table met the "best society" of England, and famous foreign guests. Perhaps it was here that Erasmus visited him; and Linacre, Tunstal, Grocyn, Dean Colet—he who founded St. Paul's School, and to listen to whom was to hear Plato talk, said Erasmus—were all frequent guests of More. From this home he was taken to a prison by his good king. He had refused to debase his great office by countenancing the king's divorce, and had stepped down from it on May 16, 1533, with even greater joy than he had stepped up to it, on Wolsey's disgrace, four years previously, and retired to this Chelsea mansion with but one hundred pounds a year income left to him, after so many years of high and lucrative office. Here he bothered no more about public matters, but busied himself with the care of his household, preparing his family and himself for the end which he saw coming. It came soon enough, and when he refused to violate his conscience by acknowledging Henry's supremacy over that of the Pope as head of the Church, and by taking the oath of succession (by which Anne Boleyn's children were to be acknowledged the lawful heirs to the crown), he was carried down the river to the Tower, and there imprisoned for a whole year, in the very cell, it is said, wherein he had sat as grand inquisitor racking heretics. "Very nigh heaven," he said it was. At nine o'clock of the morning of July 16, 1535, he was led to the block on Tower Hill and there beheaded. His courage and his constancy had never once failed him, save when taken back to his cell after his trial in Westminster Hall, when his favorite daughter, Margaret Roper, waiting among the crowd on Tower Wharf,—learning his sentence by the token of the blade of the headsman's ax turned towards him,—broke through the guards and clung to his neck, kissing him and sobbing, "Oh, my father!" with no other words uttered. Then for a moment the father in him was unmanned, as he moaned "My Meg," and kissed her for the last time. On the last morning he was cheerful and even jocular. "I pray you, master lieutenant," said he, at the scaffold-



THE EMBANKMENT.

steps, "see me safe up, and for my coming down I can shift for myself." He put aside his beard out of the ax's reach, "for *it* has never committed treason"; and so he laid his reverend head on the block—too noble a head to drop in so worthless a cause.

"A dauntless soul erect, who smiled at death," is Thomson's fitting phrase. And Erasmus wrote: "How many souls hath that ax wounded which cut off More's head!"

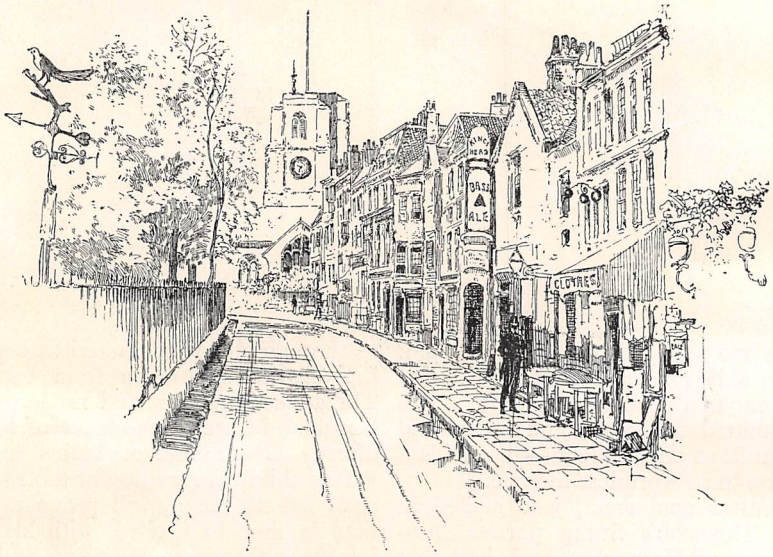
His burial-place was long a matter of conjecture. In a record, printed in 1726, his great-grandson says: "His trunke was interred in Chelsey Church, near the middle of the south wall"; but other records tell us that the body was buried in the Tower Chapel, and it is certain that no one really knows the truth about this. We do know, however, that his head was exposed on a spike above London Bridge, "where as traytors' heads are sett upon poles; having remained some moneths there, being to be cast into the Thames, because roome should be made for diverse others, who in plentiful sorte suffered martyrdome for the same supremacie"; it was taken away by Margaret Roper, by bribery or stealth, and by her buried "where she thought fittest." This was found to be, in 1835, after just three centuries of doubt, in the vault of the Roper family in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury; and there it remains to-day, "in a leaden box something in the shape of a bee-hive, open in the front, and with an iron grating before it."

And, amid all the thronging shadows which people Chelsea's shore, there walks no more vivid personality than his, as it moves before us through all his characteristic career: from the day he was taken from his school in Threadneedle street, and made page-boy to Cardinal Morten, who said of him, seeing already his promise of brains and of wit, "This child here waiting at table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous man"; then to Oxford, with his scanty allowance; thence to New Inn and Lincoln's Inn, studying law for his father's sake, albeit he longed for the pulpit; then law-reader of Furnival's Inn, whence he was called to the bar, lived in the old Charter House, patiently practicing his profession, taking "no fees of poor folks, widows, or pupils," becoming known for his capacity, learning, integrity; elected to the House of Commons when only twenty-three, and soon made Speaker; finally rising to the highest place in the realm, that of Lord High Chancellor; and then, as he passed daily to his place on the woolsack, he would stop always before his aged father, who sat as judge of the Court of the King's Bench in William Rufus's Hall at Westminster, and, "reverently kneeling down in the sight of all, ask his blessing."

In the Gallery of Old Masters at Brussels, I found last year, after long searching, a diminutive dark canvas set in a small black frame, six by eight inches, on each side a small gilt column. On its tiny tablet is the inscription: "Holbein le jeune, 1497–1543. Thomas Morus." This most attractive canvas shows a table on which lies a small dog peering at his master, who sits behind; in his right hand, one finger between the leaves, he holds a book; his left hand grips his dark gown at

the neck; a flat cap is on his head; a short, curling beard, steadfast, honest eyes, a plain, resolute, shrewd, strong face,—this is the man "in his habit as he lived" in the later years of his good life.

This portrait, as well as the more famous group of More and his family, now in Nostell Priory, was painted by Hans Holbein,* while the painter was living with More. Holbein had become tired of his dissipated life in Basle and of his wife, and came to England with a letter of introduction to More from Erasmus, whose portrait Holbein had just finished in Basle; and More was so pleased with the man that he gave him a home with him. Here were passed three of the happiest years of the great painter's life, during which he did much good work. His stay here ended only with the murder of his good friend and patron. He then entered the king's service, and there remained until his own death, in 1543.



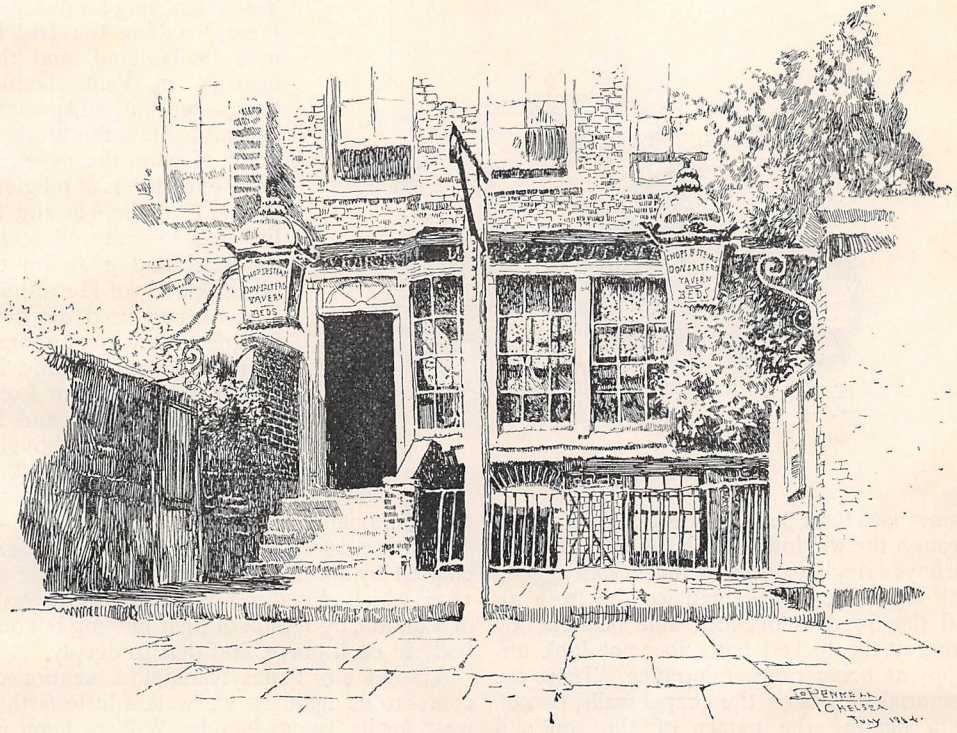
CHEYNE WALK.

After More's execution and the confiscation of his property —which is a tautological way of speaking of any of Henry's murders — the house passed through many hands, noble and base, clean and dirty; and while everything is of interest concerning walls which, in Cicero's words, "could give such good reasons for their fame," it would be but dry detail to follow their forlorn fortunes fully. Of the noblemen and courtiers who dwelt here, few are worthy of notice; but as early as 1586 we find that Lord and Lady Dacre have bought the house and estate; and here her brother, Thomas Sackville, often visited her, and from here many of his letters are dated. Here he may have written his "Gorboduc," the first English tragedy. It was Sackville who was sent to tell Queen Mary that her sentence was signed, and he it was who saw it executed. Lady Dacre, surviving her husband, willed the place to the great Lord Burleigh; and so it came to his son, Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who rebuilt the house and improved the place in 1619, so that even then it was "the greatest house in Chelsea,"—so great that, later, James I. found it just the place he wanted for his favorite "Steenie," first Duke of Buckingham, giving its owner, then Craufield, Earl of Middlesex, snug lodgings in the Tower in exchange. Charles I., as much infatuated with the duke as his royal father had been, gave the estate out and out to him, in 1627; and his it remained until the commonwealth seized on it.

His son, George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, a man worthy of, and worse even than his sire, regained the property on the Restoration; but in 1664 it was sold, along with all the other estates of this poor and profligate scoundrel, the lowest and last of the Villiers.

In 1682 the Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, became its owner, and from him it was named Beaufort House

* The painting in the National Portrait Gallery is a copy, by an unknown, withal a skillful, hand, of Holbein's crayon sketch, now in Windsor Castle. Its most striking feature is More's mouth; these lips seem to speak to us at once with sweetness and with sternness.—B. E. M.



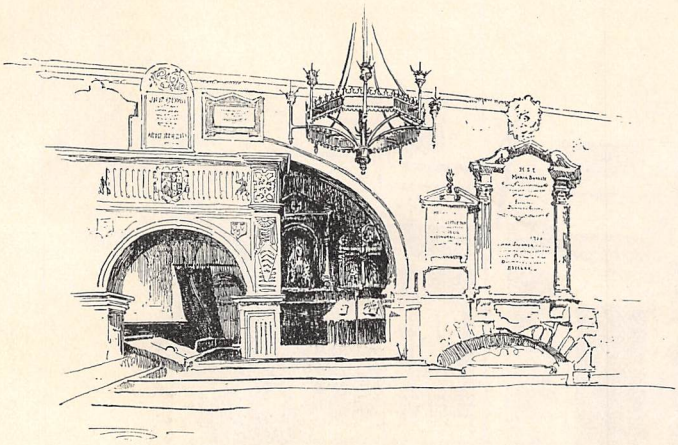
DON SALTERO'S, CHEYNE WALK.

and thereafter always called so. He selected this place that he might live, says Strype, "in an air he thought much healthier, and near enough to the town for business." In 1738 Sir Hans Sloane bought the house and soon after pulled it down, giving the famous Inigo Jones gateway to the Earl of Burlington, who removed it to his gardens at Chiswick, where it stands to-day. It was on meeting its disjointed stones, as they were carted down, that Alexander Pope wrote his well-known lines upon them:

"I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone;
Burlington brought me hither."

But this gateway is not the only relic of More's mansion; and the persevering prowler may find still another, well worth the search. Where King's Road curves about to Millman Row,— known in the old days as the Lover's Walk, on the old maps a "Way to Little Chelsea," — an ancient gateway gave entrance to More's back garden and stables, and through it we now pass into the Moravian burial-ground. Here, in the most peaceful spot in all London, lie in rows, men and women on opposite sides, our Moravian brothers and sisters, "departed," as their little headstones tell us, in their touching simplicity. Grass grows above them, great trees guard them — trees perhaps planted by More himself. For this was part of the "very fine gardens" which Bowack speaks of; and the massive wall at the farther end was built in the century which saw the Armada. In among the gardens of the houses beyond may be found other bits of wall, all built of very narrow bricks, such as we trace in More's chapel in Chelsea Old Church — bricks made only then, peculiar to that period, not seen since. This largest piece we are looking at is still solid enough, though bulging here and there with its weight of over three hundred years, its bricks black with age and smoke. There are traces of beams set in it, here is a bit of an archway, there the remains of a fireplace. Thomas More's arm rested on this wall; it is part of him, and he mutely bequeaths it to our care. It is well that we should claim salvage for this bit of him thrown upon the beach of Time, with his mark upon it.

The little brick cottage of the keeper of the graveyard is overrun with vines, and answers to the assurance of antiquity of all within the inclosure. The long, low building of one room, formerly serving as the Moravian chapel,



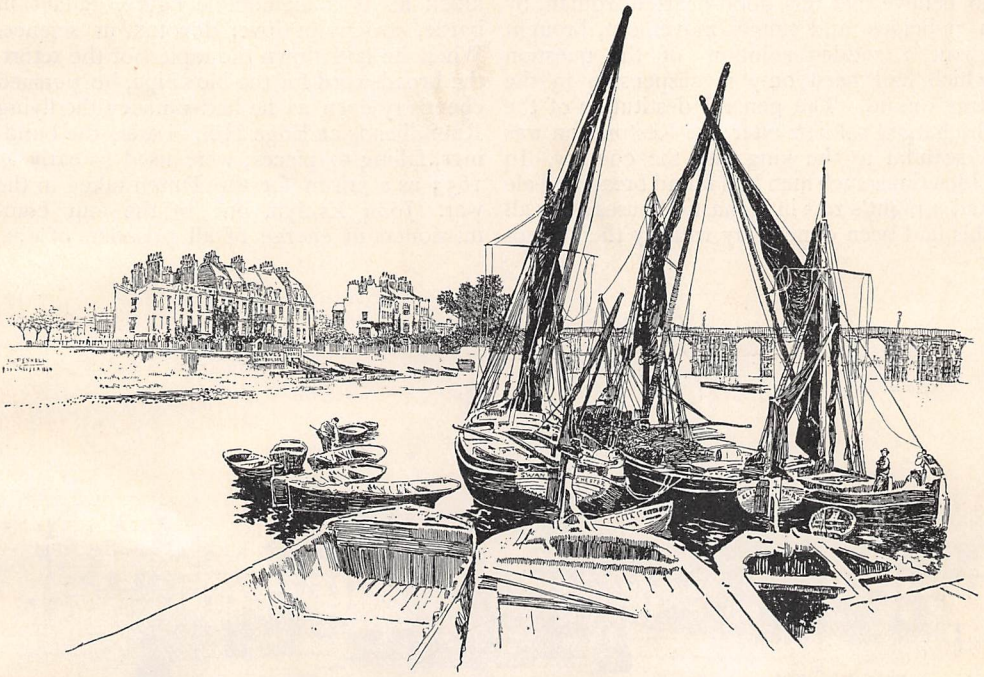
A VIEW IN CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

is now used for a Sunday-school. As I glance through the windows in this Sunday sunset, I see boys wriggling on board benches, struggling with big Bible names, mad for the fresh air and the freedom outside; one belated boy trying at the locked gate does not look unhappy at being refused entrance. There are memorial tablets on the chapel walls, two of them bearing the names of the son and daughter of the great Zinzendorf. To tell how these came here I must give you the story of another great Chelsea mansion, Lindsey House.

It still stands diagonally to the river road, just west of the quaint group of houses on the corner of Cheyne Walk and Beaufort street. Its front has been stuccoed and it has been otherwise modernized, but it has not been entirely robbed of its old-fashioned stateliness. The five separate dwellings into which it was long ago divided have harbored some famous tenants,— Martin the painter lived in the center one, which still inherits the old name of Lindsey House; here, too, lived Brunel, the great engineer; Bramah, famous for his locks, in another. It was the Earl of Lindsey who, about 1674, built this grand new mansion on the site of a former house — between Beaufort House, you see, and the river. It remained in his family until 1750, when it was bought by Count Zinzendorf as a residence for himself and the Moravian Brethren, of which he was the head; and at the same time he bought from Sir Hans Sloane the stables of More's mansion, to be used as a chapel, and the garden for a graveyard. Zinzendorf was a man of a rare nature, lifted above all that is petty and paltry in ordinary life; a spiritual knight, he had founded in his youth, at Halle, a sort of knighthood, "The Slaves of Virtue," and also the "Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed," teaching his disciples there, teaching the Dutchmen in Holland, and the negroes in Pennsylvania, later,—teaching and preaching, all his life, the brotherhood of man, the essential unity of all forms of religion. A true Catholic, his aim in life was to unite all sects. As head and guardian of his little body of Herrn-hutters, he had used his own fortune to buy one hundred thousand acres of land in North Carolina from Lord Granville, in 1749, and in the following year he bought this property at Chelsea. But no part of it now belongs to the Moravians, except this burial-ground,— still in use, as we have seen, having been exempted by special provision from the Act of 1855, which closed the intermural graveyards of London, by reason of their burying but one body in each grave, and that so deeply.

The name of Pennsylvania, just mentioned, comes to us again as we walk a little farther west, for its famous founder, William Penn, is, oddly enough, associated with the notorious Cremorne Gardens, which lay just here. The very name of this haunt, by a peculiar irony, was derived from the Viscount Cremorne, its former owner, "this most excellent man," known, even as plain Thomas Dawson, before his peerage, as a model of all that was steady and sedate. His second wife was the granddaughter of William Penn, named Philadelphia, from the city of her birth — a good woman, whose "character it was difficult to delineate," her funeral sermon assures us. She, becoming Lady Cremorne, and outliving her husband, inherited this charming villa and grounds, called Chelsea farm, and left it at her death, in 1825, to her nephew, Granville Penn, "one of the Hereditary Governors and Proprietaries of the late Province of Pennsylvania." He soon sold it, and it became a place of drinking and dancing.

Past the prim and proper brick cottages, past the innocent nursery garden, which cover wicked old Cremorne, through new streets and crescents built on the site of the famous Ashburnham estate, out beyond a high brick wall, studded with reserve and respectability, concealing old Stanley House,— once visited by Queen Elizabeth,— we come to the westernmost edge of Chelsea. Standing on the little bridge which carries King's Road across this deep railway cutting into Sand's End, Fulham, we look over to an old plaster-fronted

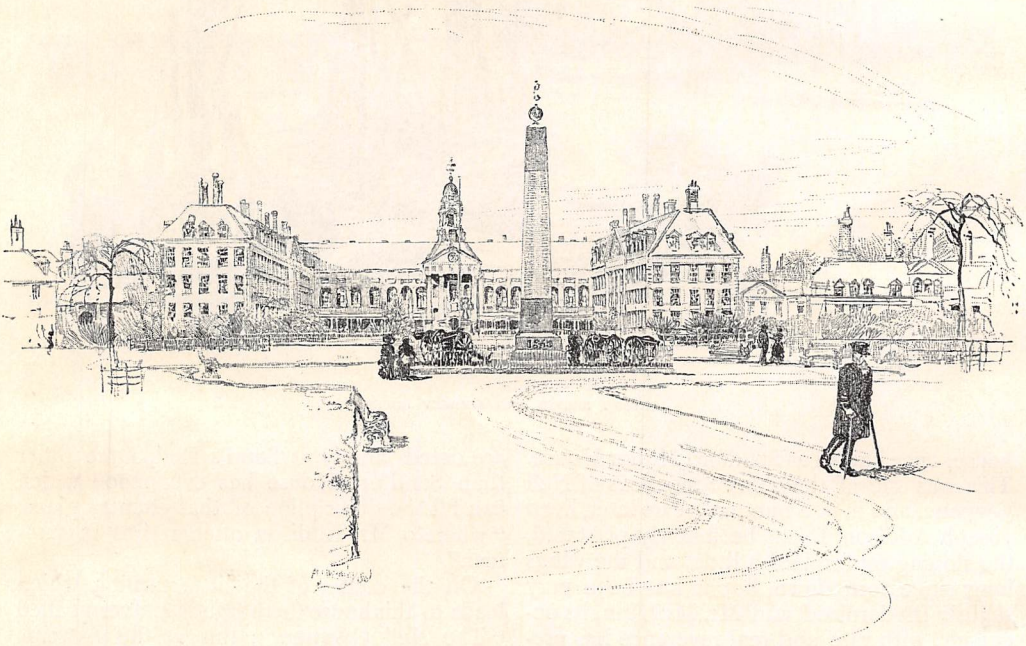


CHELSEA BRIDGE AND LINDSEY HOUSE.

house, once known as Sandford Manor House. This was one of the many residences of Nell Gwynne, and in it, a hundred years later, lived Joseph Addison. It has been newly plastered, the sloping roof raised a little, and the wings long since torn down, but it has been very slightly modernized, and Mr. McMinn, its occupant, with rare and real reverence has preserved its antique features, the more marked as they stand out against the great gasometers beyond. Within, its square hall retains the old wainscoting, and the staircase remains as when Charles II. rode up on his pony, in a freak. The delightful little back garden is perhaps hardly altered since those days, but the four walnut-trees which Charles is said to have planted in the front garden have gone to decay and have recently been uprooted. At its foot, where now the railway cuts through, once ran "the creek with barges gliding deep, beside the long grass," on the banks of which Addison went bird-nesting for eggs for the young Earl of Warwick. This was when he was thinking of marrying the lad's mother, and the letters — still in existence — which he wrote from here to the little ten-year-old earl are as genuine and charming as anything we have from his pen. One of them begins, "The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music which I have found out in the neighboring wood." I wish space allowed me to quote more of these letters. Although they are dated simply at Sand's End, none other than Sandford House has ever stood which can fill the description of that country place, "whereto Mr. Addison often retires in summer."

On the corner of the little turning which leads to this house there stands a tavern called "The Nell Gwynne"; this, at the extreme western end of the parish, is matched by another of the same name on its easternmost edge, and between these two public-houses we may track many other foot-prints of this fair lady, "with whom, for all her frailties, the English people can never be angry," as Peter Cunningham well says. She has left her trace on Chelsea, as she left it in her time on the light-minded monarch,—both shown even yet in Chelsea Hospital, according to tradition and popular belief, which credit her with its founding. It is true that Louis XIV. had probably given the notion to the king by his foundation, a few years before, of the *Invalides* as a retreat for French veterans. It is true that as early as 1666 Evelyn had sent to Pepys, as Clerk of Admiralty, a scheme for an infirmary for disabled English sailors; and, in his diary, 1681–82, he says, "This evening Sir Stephen Fox acquainted me again with his Majesty's resolution of proceeding in the erection of a Royal Hospital for emerited soldiers." This may well be, but it is at least plausible and certainly pleasant

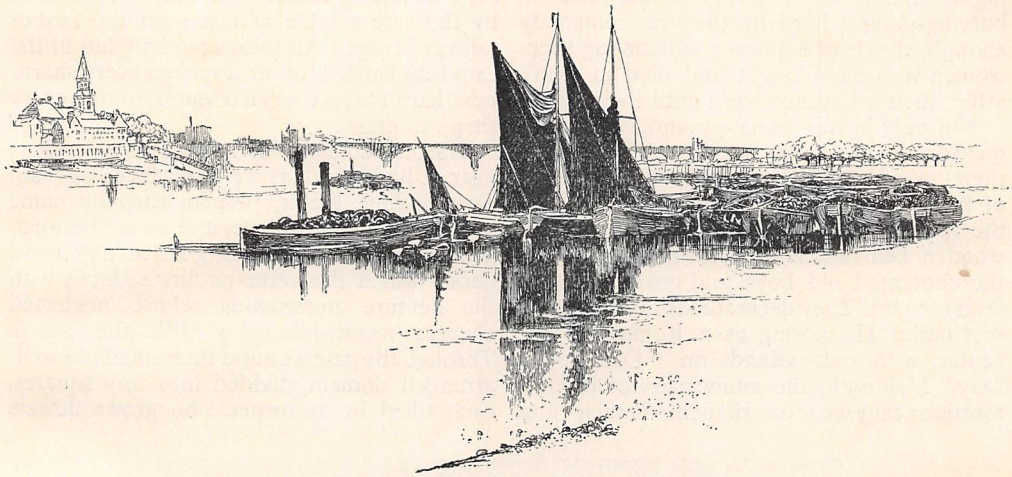
to believe that this good-hearted woman, by a judicious and timely movement, brought about a sudden solution of the question which had been only in suspension in the king's mind. The general destitution of the discharged soldiers after the Restoration was a scandal to the king and the country. In olden times such men had found bread and ale and a night's rest in monastic houses; but all this had been done away with by their dissolution. Nell Gwynne had been poor herself, yet, strangely enough, in her prosperity she was always prone to pity poverty. They say that one day a shabby soldier just escaped from Tangiers—probably an impostor—begged at her carriage door, and she drove home and urged the king to do something for these disabled servants of the state.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL, RIVER FRONT.

There was already a building on the ground, then nearly in ruins, and the foundation walls of which may still be seen in the cellar of the chaplain's house. This was King James's college of polemic divinity—"A College of Divines and other Learned Men at Chelsea." It was a failure, for nobody would subscribe, and only one-eighth of the plan was ever built. The Royal Society used the building for a while; in one of its outhouses Prince Rupert invented the drops, which, in Macaulay's words, "have long amused children and puzzled philosophers"; and by which, absurdly enough, his name is still kept alive; albeit his is a memorable figure, gallant in battle, ardent in love, devoted in science. When he laid down the rapier for the retort, the broadsword for the blowpipe, he pursued chemistry even as he had pursued the flying Roundheads at Edge Hill. Later, the buildings, falling to pieces, were used as early as 1653 as a prison for the Dutch taken in the war. John Evelyn, one of the four commissioners in charge of all prisoners of war, visits his charges on Ash Wednesday, 1665, and writes: "They only complained that their bread was too fine!"

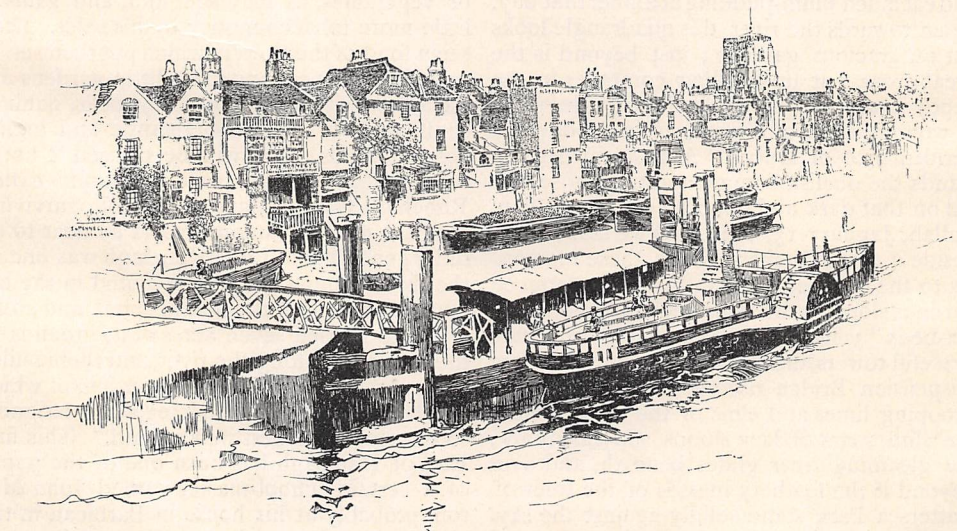
This was the site fixed on for the new infirmary; and in the "Monthly Recorder" of February 17, 1682, you may read: "His Majesty went to Chelsey Colledge to lay the first stone, with several of the nobility, which is a place designed to be built and endowed by His Majesty for the relief of Indigent officers, and Incouragement to serve His Majesty." William and Mary finished the edifice; and it stands — an impressive monument of that union of proportion and fitness by which Christopher Wren gave beauty to the plainest designs — in stately solidity in the midst of its thirty acres of ground. It is handsomely supported, not only by government aid, but by valuable donations. There are nearly eighty thousand out-pensioners and over five hundred inmates, who are divided into companies and do mimic garrison duty



BATTERSEA BRIDGE AND CHURCH, FROM TURNER'S HOUSE.

in memory of their active days. Prints of their popular commanders hang all round the walls of the great hall west of the grand entrance, once a dining-room, now used for reading and smoking. In glass cases are the war medals left by veterans dying with no surviving relatives to claim them. In this hall the body of the great duke lay in state amid the memorials of his victories, guarded by his own veterans, successors of those other veterans, exultant over the news of Waterloo, whom Wilkie had painted, years before, for the duke himself.

Framed on the wall is a record of the battles, sieges, marches of the Coldstream Guards, which tells us that this famous body is the sole surviving representative of the force which placed Charles II. on the throne, and thus became the nucleus of the standing army of England. The regiment had been formed in 1650 by General George Monk, by drafts of picked men from the various Cromwellian regiments, and made that famous march on the first day of the year 1660 from Coldstream to London, which saved the monarchy and gave the guard its historic name. In the chapel under the tattered battle-flags, drooping, faded, and forlorn, you may see on any Sunday Hubert Herkomer's picture, in life. It is a touching scene, this entry of the veterans into their chapel, preceded by their fife and drum; still more touching, the funeral of one of their dead, as they march painfully from the infirmary, the solitary drummer and fifer play-

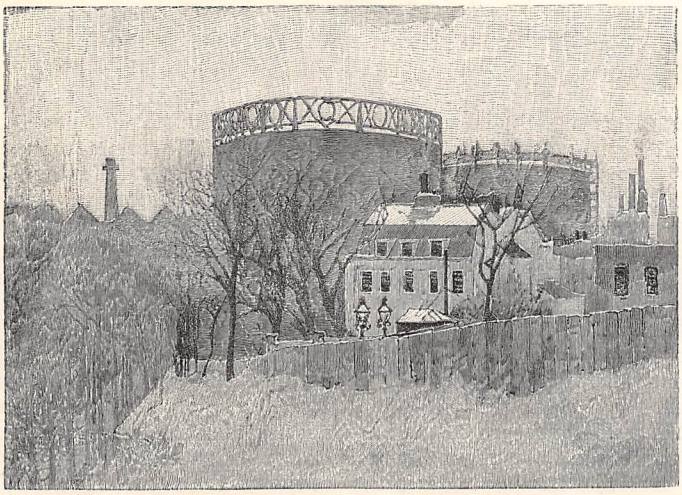


STEAMBOAT PIER, OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE, TWENTY YEARS AGO.

ing the Dead March in Saul. In the quiet old burying-ground hard by they lie compactly enough, the dead soldiers; and among them women who have fought and died in men's attire, their sex unsuspected until their burial.

Not only in this burial-ground, but in the quadrangles and courts, and everywhere about, there rests an air of repose, of forgetfulness of the turbulent world without. Here, about the spacious central quadrangle, on massive wooden benches, loaf and smoke and chat the contented old boys, and growl withal in their content. They decorate the marble statue of Charles II., posing as a Roman, in the center, with oak-garlands on "Oak-Apple-Day," May 29th, the anniversary of his restoration; they wear oak branches in their caps, and eat much plum-pudding at dinner that day. Open towards the river, this quadrangle looks out on gracious gardens; just beyond is the great cross, put up for their comrades in the Sepoy mutiny; "some died in battle, some of wounds, some of disease, *all* in the devoted performance of Duty." A little farther out stands the obelisk commemorating those who fell on that dark and doubtful day at Chillianwallah, January 13, 1849. As we stand here, beside a quiet Quaker cannon, these memorials to the devoted dead in front, the terraced gardens slope to the river beyond, their "carpet-beds" yellow with autumnal flowers; the graceful towers and swaying chains of Chelsea Suspension Bridge rise on the left; over the drooping limes and elms of the embankment the slim spars of lazy sloops slip slowly by; the gleaming river glides beneath, and over beyond it the feathery masses of the trees of Battersea Park stand solidly against the sky. The mellow autumn sun floods the scene, and an enchanting stillness broods, broken only by the rare rumble of trains on the farther railway-bridge. All things are half hid in the exquisite English haze; it softens every sharpness, harmonizes every harshness, rounds every shape to grace.

The old soldiers have their own gardens near at hand, and as we stroll there we shall pass College Fields, perpetuating the name of King James's College, and so on between double rows of lime-trees, gnarled and bent, under which the veterans flirt sedately with the demure nursemaids, whose neglected charges meanwhile play with the sheep. Through the gate we enter their small but well-arranged domain, divided into tiny squares, each tilled by its owner, who grows flowers or vegetables, as may suit him, and gains a little more tobacco-money by his sales. They seem fond of the flowers which put themselves most in evidence, and their little gardens are all aglow with gorgeous hollyhocks, dahlias, sunflowers, of the most gigantic and highly colored kinds. You will be pleased, I hope, to learn that this little piece of ground is called Ranelagh Gardens, and is the sole surviving remnant of that famous resort so dear to an older generation. Lord Ranelagh was one of the three commissioners appointed in the beginning to manage the new hospital, and so he leases to himself seven acres of its grounds on the east, lying along the river, and there builds a grand mansion in 1691, the gardens of which are "curiously kept and elegantly designed, so esteemed the best in England." This first Earl of Ranelagh has been one of the pupils of a certain school-master named John Milton, probably at his house in Barbican in the city, so recently torn down. The earl becomes



SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE.

a famous man, in a different line from his school-teacher, and dying in 1712 leaves Ranelagh House and gardens to his son, who sold the place in 1733 to Lacy, Garrick's partner in the Drury Lane theater patent, to be made by him a place of open-air amusement, after the manner of the favorite Vauxhall; but "it quite eclipses Vauxhall," writes Horace Walpole. Of course he has his sneer at the "rival mobs" of the two places; but he did not disdain to show himself a very swell mob's man, in his famous carouse at Ranelagh with Miss Ashe and Lady Caroline Petersham. The manners and morals of this place and this time have never been so pithily presented as in George Selwyn's *mot*, on hearing that one of the waiters had been convicted of robbery: "What a horrid idea he'll give of us to those fellows in Newgate!"

At this distance, however, the fêtes, frolics, fireworks, and all the fashionable frivolity of the place, look bright and attractive. Nor did grave and reverend men disdain to spend their evenings in the gardens, "to give expansion and gay sensation to the mind," as staid old Dr. Johnson asserted it did! Goldsmith found it so, when he came here to forget the misery of his lodging in Green Arbor Court, where now stands the Holborn Viaduct Station. Laurence Sterne, fresh from his Yorkshire parsonage, finding himself the fashion in town, and plunging into all its gayeties, came to Ranelagh more often than was considered seemly. Smollett sometimes emerged from out his Chelsea solitude for a sight of this festive world; and Fielding came here to study the scenes for his "Amelia"; and Addison, who chats about the place in his "Spectator." It is spoken of in the "Connoisseur" and the "Citizen of the World," the poet Bloomfield introduces it, and Fanny Burney places here a scene in her "Evelina." She was then — just one hundred years ago — a little past twenty-six, living with her father, Dr. Burney, recently made organist of the hospital chapel, next door. Ranelagh had then begun to "decline and fall off," in Silas Wegg's immortal phrase. Having been open since 1742, it finally closed at the beginning of this century, its artificial moon paling before the rising radiance of the new Cremorne.

On an old tracing of the hospital boundaries in its archives, I read: "To answer the Earl of Ranelagh's house on the east side of the college, an house was builded in the Earl of Orford's garden on the west side." This was the house into which Sir Robert Walpole moved from his lodgings near by, where now Walpole street runs: the same lodgings in which the Earl of Sandwich had lived long before — the Edward Montague who, as commander of the fleet, brought Charles II. back to England, was made Earl of Sandwich for this service, and in 1663 he came to live in Chelsea, "to take the ayre."

Crossing through court and quadrangle and gardens to the western side of the hospital, we are allowed to enter the infirmary, and pass into Ward No. 7. Here we stand in Sir Robert Walpole's dining-room, unchanged since he left it, except that the array of fine Italian pictures has gone from the walls, and that decrepit soldiers lie about on cots, coughing and drinking gruel from mugs. But for all this, perhaps by reason of all this, this room, with its heavily molded ceiling, its stately marble mantel — all in severe white — is one of the most impressive relics of by-gone grandeur in all London. The house, grand in its day, grand still, was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, whose architecture — florid and faulty, but with a dignity of its own — was as heavy as his comedies were light, and brought on him Swift's epitaph:

> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Hath laid many a heavy load on thee."

The old red-brick mansion has been raised a story, but otherwise stands almost as when Walpole lived here, from 1723 to 1746, and from its chambers ruled England through his subjects George I. and George II., whom he allowed to reign. Here came Bolingbroke on his return from his exile in France, to dine at the invitation of his great rival, whom he hated and envied. It was not a festive dinner for him, and Horace Walpole tells us that "the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from the table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more." Here Swift used to stride in to dinner, studying his host for the rôle of Flimnap, in his "Gulliver," which he was then writing. Here Gay, then secretary or steward to Lady Monmouth, a little farther on in Chelsea, swaggered in his fine clothes, and, being snubbed by his cynical host, put him on the stage as Macheath in his "Beggar's Opera." Pope used to drive over in his little trap from Twickenham, before his friend Bolingbroke's return, and entertain Sir Robert with the details of his row about Lady Mary Wortley Montague with that be-rouged fop, Lord Hervey.

(To be concluded.)

Benjamin Ellis Martin.

Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote. Engraved by C. J. A. State.

ON THE BRINK.

THE FATE OF A VOICE.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

THERE are many loose pages of the earth's history scattered through the unpeopled regions of the Far West, known but to few persons, and these unskilled in the reading of Nature's dumb records. One of these unread pages, written over with prehistoric inscriptions, is the cañon of the Wallula River.

An ancient lava stream once submerged the valley. Its hardening crust, bursting asunder in places, left great crooked rents, through which the subsequent drainage from the mountain slopes found a way down to the desert plains. In one of these furrows, left by the fiery plowshare, a river, now called the Wallula, made its bed. Hurling itself from side to side, scouring out its straitened boundaries with tons of sand torn from the mountains, it slowly widened and deepened, and wore its ancient channel into the cañon as it may now be seen.

No one knows how long the river has been making the bed in which it lies so restlessly. Riding towards it across the sunburnt mountain pastures, its course may be traced by the black crests of the lava bluffs which line its channel, showing in the partings of the hills. From a distance the bluffs do not look formidable; they seem but a step down from the high sunlit slopes, an insignificant break in the skyward sweep of their long, buoyant lines. But ride on to the brink and look down. The bunch-grass grows to the very edge, its slight spears quivering in light against the cañon's depths of shadow. The roar of the river comes up to your ears in a continuous volume of sound, loud and low, as the wind changes. Here and there, where the speed of the river has been checked, it has left a bit of white sand beach, the only positive white in the landscape. The faded grasses of the hills look pale against the sky; it is a country of cloudless skies and long rainless summers —only the dark cañon walls dominate the intensity of its deep, unchanging blue. The broad light rests, still as in a picture, on the fixed black lines of the bluffs, on the slopes of wild pasture whose curves flatten and crowd together as they meet the horizon. A few black dots of cattle, grazing in the distance, may appear and then stray out of sight over a ridge, or a broad-winged bird may slowly mount and wheel and sink between the cañon walls. Meanwhile, your horse is picking his way, step by step, along the bluffs, cropping the tufts of dry bunch-grass, his hoofs clinking now and then on a bit of sunken rock, which, from the sound, might go down to the foundations of the hills; there are cracks, too, which look as if they went as deep. The basalt walls are reared in tiers of columns with hexagonal cleavage. A column or a group of columns becomes dislocated from the mass, rests so, slightly apart; a girl's weight might throw it over. At length the accumulation of slight, incessant propelling causes overcomes its delicate poise; it topples down; the jointed columns fall apart, and their fragments go to increase the heap of débris which has found its angle of repose at the foot of the cliff. A raw spot of color shows on the weather-worn face of the cliff, and beneath a shelf is left, or a niche, which the tough sage and the scented wild syringa creep down to and fearlessly occupy in company with straggling tufts of bunch-grass.

One summer a party of railroad engineers made their camp in the river cañon, along the side of a gulch lined with willows and wild roses, up the first hill above it, and down on the white sand beach below. There were the quarters of the division engineer, who had ladies with him in camp that summer; the tents of the younger members of the corps, the cook-tent, and the dining-shed were on the hill, and the camp of the "force" was lower down the gulch. Work on that division of the new railroad was temporarily suspended; the engineer in charge, having finished his part of the line to its junction with the valley division, was awaiting orders from his chief.

It was September, and the last week of the ladies' sojourn in camp. They were but two, the division engineer's wife and the wife's younger sister, a girl with a voice. No one who knew her ever thought of Madeline Hendric without thinking of her voice, a fact she herself would have been the last to resent. At that time she was ordering her life solely with reference to the demands of that imperious organ. An obstinate huskiness that had changed it since the damp, late Eastern spring, and veiled its brilliancy, was the mo-

tive which had sent her, with her sister, to the dry, pure air of the foot-hills. In the autumn she would go abroad for two or three years' final study.

It was Sunday afternoon in camp. Since work on the line had ceased there was little to distinguish it from any other afternoon, except that the little Duncan girls wore white dresses and broad ribbons at lunch instead of their play frocks, and were allowed to come to the six o'clock dinner in the cook-tent. Mrs. Duncan had remarked to her husband that Madeline and young Aldis seemed to be making the most of their farewells. They had spent the entire afternoon together on the river beach, not in sight of the camp, but in a little cove secluded by willows, where the brook came down. Mrs. Duncan could see them now returning with lagging steps along the shore, not looking at each other and not speaking, apparently. The rest of the camp was on its way to dinner.

"I told you how it would be, if you brought her out here, you know," Mr. Duncan said, waiting for his wife to pass him, with her skirts gathered in one hand, along the foot-bridge that crossed the brook to the cook-tent.

"Oh, Madeline is all right," she replied.

But Aldis was missing at table, and Madeline came down late, though without having changed her dress, and during dinner avoided her sister's eye.

"You're not going out with him again, Madeline!" Mrs. Duncan found a chance to say to the girl after dinner, as she was hurrying up the trail with a light shawl on her arm. "*All* the afternoon, and now again! What can you be thinking of?"

Mrs. Duncan could see Aldis walking about in front of the tents on the hill, evidently on the watch for Madeline.

"I must," she said hurriedly. "It is a promise."

"Oh, if it has come to *that* ——"

"It hasn't come to anything. You need not be troubled. To-night will be the last of it."

"Madeline, you must not go. Let me excuse you to Aldis. I can't let you go till I've had a chance to talk with you."

"That is what I have promised *him* — one more chance. You cannot help us, Sallie. Go back, dear, and don't worry about me."

These words were hastily whispered on the trail, Aldis walking about and gloomily awaiting the result of this flying conference between the sisters. Mrs. Duncan went back to the house only half-satisfied that she had done her duty. It was not the first time she had found it difficult to do her duty by Madeline, when it happened to conflict with the inclinations of that imperative youngest daughter of the house of Hendric. Besides, it was not for Madeline she was troubled.

The path leading to the bluffs was one of the many cattle-trails that wind upward with an even grade from base to summit of every grass-covered hill on the mountain ranges. Madeline and Aldis shortened the way by leaving the trail and climbing the side of the bluff where it jutted out above the river. It was a steep and breathless struggle upward, and Madeline did not refuse the accustomed help of her companion's hand, offered in silence with a look which she ignored. Mechanically they sought the place where it had been their custom to sit on other evenings of the summer they had spent together,— one of those ledges a few feet from the summit of the bluff where part of a row of columns had fallen. Cautiously they stepped down to it along a crevice slippery with dried grasses, he keeping always between her and the brink.

The sun had already set to the camp, but from their present height they could see it once more, drifting down the flaming west. Suddenly, as a fire-ship burns to the water's edge and sinks, the darkening line of the distant plains closed above that intolerable splendor. All the cool subdued tones of the cañon sprang into life; the river took a steely gleam. Up through the gate of the cañon rolled the tide of hazy glory from the valley, touched the topmost crags, and mounted thence to fade in the evening sky. The two on the bluffs still sat in silence, their faces pale in the deepening glow, but Madeline had crept forward on the ledge, nearer to Aldis, to look down. It was the first confiding natural movement she had made towards him since the shock of this new phase of their friendship had startled her. Aldis was grateful for it, while resolved to take all possible advantage of it. At his first words she drew back, and he knew, before her answer came, that she had instantly resumed the defensive.

"Everything has been said, except things it would be unkind to say. Why need we go over it all again?"

"That is what we came up here for, isn't it? To go over it all once more, and get down to the very dregs of your argument."

"It isn't an argument. It's a decision, and it is made. There is nothing more I can say, except to indulge in the meanness of recrimination."

"Go on and recriminate, by all means! That is what I want,— to make you say everything you have on your mind. Then I want you to listen to me. What is it you are keeping back?"

"Well, then, was it quite honest of you to seem to accept the conditions of our — being

together this summer, as we have been, and all the while to be nursing this — hope,— for me to have to kill? Do you think I like to?"

"The conditions?" he repeated. "What conditions do you mean? I knew you intended yourself for a public singer."

The girl blushed hotly. "Why do you say 'intended myself'? I did not choose my fate. It has chosen me. You must have known that marrying" — the word came with a kind of awkward violence from her lips — "anybody was the last thing I should be likely to think of. A voice is a vocation in itself."

"I did not propose marriage to you as a vocation. As for that hope you accuse me of secretly harboring, I have never held you responsible for it. I took all the risks deliberately when I gave myself up to being happy with you and trying to make you happy with me. You have been happy sometimes, haven't you?"

"Yes," she confessed; "too happy, if this is the way it is to end."

"But it isn't? Perhaps I ought to thank you for being sorry for me, but that isn't what I want. I want to make you sorry for yourself and for the awful mistake you are making."

"Oh, the whole summer has been a mistake! And this place and everything have been fatal! But if you had only been honest with me, it would all have been different. I should have been on my guard."

"Thank Heaven you were not! Do you suppose the man lives who would put a girl on her guard, as you say, and endure her company on such terms?"

"You know what I mean. I am not free; I am not — eligible. I thought you understood that and admitted it. We were friends on that basis."

"I never admitted anything of the kind, or accepted any basis but the natural one. When you make your own conditions for a man and assume that he accepts them, you should ask yourself what sort of an animal he is. Most of us believe we have an inalienable right to try to win the woman we have chosen, if she is not bespoken or married to another man."

"I am bespoken then. Thank you for the word. My life is pledged to a purpose as serious as marriage itself. You need not smile. Love is not the only inspiration a woman's life can know. I shall reach far more people through my art than I could by just living for my own preferences."

"You still have preferences, then?"

"Why should I deny it? I don't call it being strong to be merely indifferent. I can care for things and yet give them up. I don't expect to have a very good time these next three years. I dare say I shall have foolish dreams like other girls, and look back and count the time spent. But what I truly believe I was meant to do, that I will do, no matter what it costs. There is no other way to live. Listen!" — she stopped him with a gesture as he was about to speak. She raised her head. Her gray eyes, which had more light than color in them, were shining with something that looked like tears, as she gave voice to one long, heart-satisfying peal of harmony, prolonging it, filling the silence with its rich cadences, and waking from the rocks across the cañon a faint eerie repetition, an echo like the utterance of a voice imprisoned in the cliff. "There," she said, "are the two me's, the real me and what you would make of me — the ghost of a voice — an echo of other voices from the world I belonged to once, calling in the wild places where you would have me buried alive."

He smiled drearily at this girlish hyperbole. "I think there is room here even for a voice like yours. It need not perish for want of breath."

"No, but for want of listeners. I could not sing in an empty world."

"You would have one listener. I could listen for ten thousand."

"Oh, but I don't want you. I want the ten thousand. There are plenty of women with sweet voices meant for only one listener. You ought to find one of those voices and listen to it the rest of your life." There was a tremulous, insistent gayety in her manner which met with no response. "As for me," she continued, "I want to sing to multitudes. I want to lean my voice on the waves of great orchestras. I want to feel myself going crazy in the choruses, and then sing all alone in a hush. Oh, don't you know that intoxicating silence? It takes hundreds to make it. And can't you hear the first low notes, and feel the shudder of joy? I can. I can hear my own voice like a separate living thing. I love it better than I love myself! It isn't myself. I feel sometimes that it is a spirit that has trusted itself to my keeping. I will not betray it, even for you."

This little concession to the weakness of human preference escaped her in the ardor of her resolve. It was not lost upon Aldis.

"Do you think I wish to silence you?" he protested. "I love your voice, but not as a separate thing. If it is a spirit, it is your spirit. But I could dispense with it easily!"

"Of course you could. You don't care for me as I am. You have never admitted that I have a gift which is a destiny in itself. If you did, you would respect it; you could not think of me, mutilated, as I should be, if you took away my one means of expression."

"Oh, nobody who has anything to express is so limited as that. Besides, I wouldn't take

it away. I would enlarge it, not force it into one channel. I would have the woman possess the voice, not the voice possess the woman. I should be the last to deny that you have a destiny; but I have one too. My destiny is to love you and to make you my wife. There is nothing in that that need conflict with yours."

"I should think there was everything!"

"You have never let me get so far as a single detail, but if you will listen."

"I thought I had listened pretty well for one who assumes it is her mission to be heard," Madeline said again, with a piteous attempt at lightness, which her hot cheeks and anxious eyes belied.

"Granting that it is your mission, this part of the world is not so empty as it looks. The people who would make your audiences here are farther apart than in the cities, but they have the enthusiasm that makes nothing of distance. They would make pilgrimages to hear you — whole families in plains-wagons with the children packed in bed-quilts. And the cowboys! they would gather as they do to a grand round-up. It would be a unique career for a singer," he continued, ignoring an interruption from Madeline, asking who would involve this wide-spread enthusiasm, and would he have her advertised in the "Wallula News Miner."

"There would be no money in it for us" (Madeline winced at the pronoun); "I would not have your lovely gift peddled about the country. There would be no floral tributes or press notices you would care for, or interviews with reporters or descriptions of your dresses in the papers. You might never have the pleasure of seeing your picture in the back of the monthlies, advertising superior toilet articles; but to a generous woman who believes in the regenerating influence of her art, I should think there would be a singular pleasure in giving it away to those who are cut off from all such joys. I know there are singers who boast of their five-thousand-dollar-a-night voices; I would rather boast that mine was the one free voice that could not be bought."

"There are no such vagrant, prodigal voices. A beautiful, trained voice is one of the highest products of civilization; it takes the most civilized listeners to appreciate it. It needs the stimulus of refined appreciation. It needs the inspiration of other voices and the spur of intelligent criticism. I know you have been making fun of my ambitions, but I choose to take you seriously. My standard would come down to the level of my audiences — the cowboys and the children in bed-quilts."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't. Your genius is its own standard, is it not? You would be like the early poets and the troubadours. They sang in rather an empty world, did they not, and not always to critical audiences? The knights and barons couldn't have been much above our cowboys."

"Oh, how absurd you are! No, not absurd, but unkind; you are making desperate fun of me and of my voice too, because I make so much of it — but you force me to. It is my whole argument."

"I'm desperate enough for anything, but I'm hardly in a position to make fun of any rival. Madeline, sometimes I hate your voice, and yet I love it too. I understand its power better than you think. It has just the dramatic quality which should make you the singer of a new people. Oh, how blind you are to a career so much finer, so much broader, so much sweeter, and more womanly! Your mission is here, in the camps of the Philistines. You are to bring a message to the heathen; to sing to the wandering, godless peoples,— to the Esaus and the Ishmaels of the Far West."

"That is all very fine, but you know perfectly well that your Esaus and your Ishmaels would prefer a good clog-dancer to all the 'messages' in the world."

"Oh, you don't know them,— and if they did, it would be the first part of your mission to teach them a higher sort of pleasure."

"And I am to go to Munich and study for the sake of coming out here to regenerate the cowboys?"

"That isn't the part of your destiny *I* insist upon," Aldis said, letting the weariness of discouragement show in his tones. "But you say you must have an audience. And I must have you ——"

"But does it occur to you," Madeline interrupted quickly, "what a tremendous waste of effort and elaboration there would be between the means and the effect?"

"*I* don't ask for the effort and the elaboration. That is the part *you* insist upon. All I want is you, just as you are, voice or no voice. You need not go to Munich on my account."

"You expect me to give up everything."

"You would have to give up a good deal; I don't deny it. But is there any virtue in woman that becomes her better?"

"Perhaps not, from a man's point of view. But it is no use listening to you. You haven't the faintest conception of what my future is to me, as I see it, and all this you have been talking is either a burlesque on my ambition, or else it is the insanity of selfishness — masculine selfishness. I don't mean anything personal. You want to absorb into your own life a thing that was meant to have a life of its own, for all the world to share and enjoy. Yes, why not? I won't pretend to depreciate

my gift! I am only the tenement in which a precious thing is lodged. You would drive out the divine tenant, or imprison it, for the sake of possessing the poor house it lives in."

"Good Heavens!" Aldis exclaimed, with a sort of awe of what seemed to him an almost blasphemous absurdity. "What nonsense you young geniuses can talk! I wish the precious tenant would evacuate and leave you to your sober senses, and to me."

"And this is what a man calls love!"

Aldis laughed fiercely. "Has there been any new kind of love invented lately? This is the kind that came into the world before art did."

"Art is love, without its selfishness," said Madeline, with innocent conclusiveness.

"Where the deuce do you girls learn this sort of talk?" Aldis demanded of the girl beside him.

She answered him with unexpected gentleness. She leaned towards him, and looked entreatingly in his face. "This is our last evening together. Don't let us spoil it with this wretched squabbling."

"She calls it squabbling—a man's fight for his life!" He turned and gave her back her look, with more fire than entreaty in his eyes.

"There is the moon," she said hurriedly. "It is time to go home."

The fringe of grasses above their heads was touched with silver light, and the shadow of the bluff lay broad and distinct across the valley.

"We must go home," Madeline urged. Aldis did not move.

"Madeline, would you marry me if I had a lot of money?"

"Oh, hush!"

"No, but would you? Answer me."

"Yes, I would." She was tired of choosing her words. "For then you would not have to earn a living in these wild places."

"You would take me then as a sort of appendage? You don't want a man with work of his own to do?"

"Not if it interferes with mine."

"That is your answer?"

"Can I make it any plainer?"

"You have not said you do not love me."

"I don't need to say it. It is proved by what I do—I might have been nicer to you, perhaps, but you are so unreasonable."

"Never mind if I am. Be nice to me now!"

"I meant to be. But it is too late. We must go home." She felt that she was losing command of herself through sheer exhaustion; it could only mislead him and prolong the struggle if she should now betray any signs of weakness. "Come," she said, "you will have to get up first."

He did not move.

"Oh, sit still a little longer," he pleaded. "I will not bother you any more. Let us have one half hour of our old times together—only a little better, because it is the last."

"No, not another minute." She rose quickly to her feet, tripped in her skirt, and tottered forward. Aldis had risen too. As she reeled and threw out her hands, he sprang between her and the brink, thrusting her back with the whole force of his sudden spring. The rock upon which he had leaped, regardless of his footing, gave its final quake and dropped into the abyss. It was the uppermost segment of a loosened column. The whole mass went down, narrowing the ledge so that Madeline, by turning her head, could look into the depths below. She did not move or cry; she lay still, but for the deep gasping breaths that would not cease, though all the life had seemed to go out from her when he went down. The relief of unconsciousness did not come to her. She was aware of the soft, dry night wind growing cool, of the river's soughing, of the long grasses fluttering wildly against the moon above her head. The perfume of wild syringa blossoms, hidden in some crevice of the rock, came to her with the breeze. There were crackling, rustling noises from the depth of shadow into which she dared not look; then silence, except the wind and the river's roar, borne strongly upwards, as it freshened—— And all the words they had said to each other in their long, passionate argument kept repeating themselves, forcing themselves upon her stunned, passive consciousness, she lying there, not caring if she never stirred again, and he on the rocks below—and between them the sudden, awful silence. She might have crept to the brink and called, but she could not call to the dead.

Gradually it came to her that she must get herself back somehow to the camp with her miserable story. It would be easier, it seemed, to turn once over and drop off the cliff, and let some one else tell the story for them both. But the fascination of this impulse could not prevail over the awakening shuddering fact of her physical being. She despised herself for the caution with which she crept along the ledge and up the grass-grown crevice. If he had been cautious she would be where he was lying now. It was her own rash girl's fancy for getting on the brink of things and looking over that had brought them first to that fatal place. But these thoughts were but pin-pricks following the shock of that benumbing horror she was carrying with her back to the camp.

As she looked down upon its lights she felt

like one already long estranged from the life she had been the gay center of but two hours before. She knew how her sister's little girls were asleep, the night wind softly stirring the leaves outside their bedroom window; how still the house was; how empty and white in the moonlight the tents on the hill; how the camp was assembled on the beach, waiting for her return with Aldis and for the evening singing. Sing! She could have shrieked, sobbed, and cried aloud at the thought of this home-coming—she alone with the burden of her sorrow, and by and by Aldis, borne in his comrades' arms and laid on his bed in that empty tent on the hill.

But there was a hard constriction, a dumb, convulsive ache in her throat. She felt as if no sound could ever be uttered by her again.

If Aldis had been lying dead at the foot of the bluffs, as Madeline believed, this story would never have been told in print, except in a cold-blooded newspaper paragraph which would have omitted to mention one curious fact connected with the accident, that a young girl who was the companion of the unfortunate young man, when it occurred, suffered a shock of the nerves from the sight of his fall that deprived her entirely of her voice, so that she could not speak except in whispers.

It was not Aldis who was the victim of this tragedy of the bluffs, but Aldis's successful rival, the voice. It was hushed at the very moment of its triumph. A blow from the brain upon those nerve-chords which were its life! Love shook the house in which music dwelt, jarred it to its center, and the imperious but frail tenant had fled.

At the moment when Madeline's tortured fancy was bringing home a mangled heap and laying him in the last of that row of tents on the hill, Aldis was getting himself home, by the lower trail, as fast as his bruises would let him.

He had fallen into a scrubby growth of wild syringa that flung its wax-white blossoms out from a cranny in the cliff less than half-way down. As he crashed into it, its tough and springy mass checked his fall enough to enable him to get a firm grasp with his hands. He hung dangling at arm's length against the cliff, groping for a temporary lodgment for his feet. In the darkness he dimly perceived something like a ledge, not too far below him, towards which the face of the bluff sloped slightly outwards.

Flattening himself against the rock he let go his hold and slid, clutching and grinding downward till his feet struck the ledge. From this vantage, after getting his breath and taking a deliberate view of his situation, it was not a difficult feat to reach the slope of broken rock below. He sat there while the trembling in his strained muscles subsided, scarcely conscious as yet of his torn and scratched and bruised condition. He was about to raise his voice in a shout to assure Madeline of his safety when the thought turned him sick, that, unnerved as she must be with the sight of his fall, she might mistake the call for a cry for help, and venture too near that treacherous edge to look down. He kept still, while the horror grew upon him of what might happen to Madeline alone on the ledge or trying to climb the slippery crevice in the shadow of the bluff. He knew that a mass of rock had fallen when he fell; was there space enough left on the ledge by which she could safely reach the crevice? He could not resist giving one low call, speaking her name as distinctly and quietly as he could, and bidding her not move but listen. There was no answer; the roar of the rapids, borne on the wind that nightly drew down the cañon, drowned his voice. Madeline did not hear him. He waited until the silence convinced him that she was no longer there; then he took his way toilsomely back to the camp.

A light showed in the window of the office, which in the evening was usually dark. He found the family assembled there in the light of a single kerosene lamp, the flame of which was streaming up the chimney unobserved, while all eyes were bent upon Madeline, seated in one of the revolving office chairs, with her back to the desk. She leaned shivering and whispering towards her sister, who knelt on the floor before her, holding her hands and staring, with a fearful interest, into the girl's colorless face.

The men who stood nearest the door turned and started as Aldis entered.

"Why, good God, Aldis!" Mr. Duncan exclaimed. "Why, man, we thought you were dead—you don't mean to say it's you—all of you?"

"I'm all here," said Aldis.

"He's all here, Madeline," Mrs. Duncan shouted hysterically to the girl, as if she were deaf as well as dumb.

The fateful voice was undoubtedly gone. Madeline could no longer plead ineligibility when the common destiny of woman was offered her. But if Aldis had thought to profit immediately by her release from the claims of art he was disappointed.

What was the new obstacle? Only some more of Madeline's high-flown nonsense, as her sister called it. She was always making a heroic situation out of everything that hap-

pened to her, and expecting her friends to bear her out in it.

She had been put to bed the night of the adventure on the cliff shaking with a nervous chill. Next day's packing had been suspended, and the eastward journey postponed. But in a day or two she was sufficiently recovered to be walking again with Aldis on the shore, and the old argument was resumed on a new basis. Madeline, pale and wistful, with Aldis's head very close to her's, that the river's intruding roar might not drown her whispers, protesting — sometimes with sobs, sometimes with sudden, tremulous laughter that shook her with dumb convulsions hardly more mirthful than the sobs — that she could not and she would not burden his life with the wreck she now passionately proclaimed herself to be.

But would she not give him what he wanted, had wanted, should continue to want and to try for so long as they both should live?

No, he didn't— he couldn't possibly want a ridiculous muttering shadow of a woman beside him all the days of his life. It was only his magnanimity. She wondered he could believe her capable of the meanness of taking advantage of it.

Aldis did not despair, but it was certainly difficult, with happiness almost within his reach, with the girl herself sometimes sobbing in his arms, to be obliged to treat this obstacle as seriously as Madeline insisted it should be treated. He appealed to Mrs. Duncan, who scolded and laughed at her sister alternately, and quoted with elaborate particulars a surprising number of similar cases of voices lost and found again by means of care and skillful treatment. But hers was *not* a similar case, Madeline vehemently declared. It was *not* from a cold, like Mrs. So and So's; it had not come on gradually, beginning with a hoarseness, like some one's else. It was; the girl believed in her heart that she had been made a singular and impressive example of the folly and wickedness of pride in an exceptional gift, and triumph in its corresponding destiny. The spirit she had boasted of harboring had deserted her. She deserved her punishment, but she would not permit another's life to be shadowed by it, especially one so generous — who, so far from resenting her refusal of the whole loaf, was content, or pretended to be, with the broken and rejected fragments. But all this Madeline was careful to keep from the cheerful irreverence of her sister's comments. She faltered something like it to Aldis in one of their long talks by the river; his low tones answering briefly, and at long intervals, her piercing whispers that sometimes almost shrieked her trouble in his ear. He could feel that she was still thrilling with the double shock she had suffered; he was infinitely tender with her, and patient with her extravagant expositions of the situation between them. He longed to heap savage ridicule upon them, but he forbore. He listened and waited and let her talk until she was worn out, and then they were happiest together. For a few moments each day it seemed that she might drift back to him on the ebb of that overstrained tide of resistance and be at rest.

Madeline was always impatient of any discussion of the chances of her recovery, but one day, just before the time of their parting, Aldis surprised and captured an admission from her that there might be such a chance. Would she, then, on the strength of that possibility, consent to be engaged to him and treat him as her accepted lover, since nothing but her pride now kept them apart?

"Pride," Madeline repeated; "I don't know what I have left to be proud of."

"There is a kind of stiff-necked humility that is worse than pride," said Aldis, smiling at the easy way in which she shirked the logic of the conclusion he was forcing upon her. "You won't consent to the meanness, as you call it, of giving me what you are pleased to consider a damaged article, a thing with a flaw in it; as if a woman would be more lovable if she could be warranted proof against all wear and tear. But if the flaw can be healed, if there is a possibility that the voice may come back, why should we not be engaged on that hope?"

"And if it never does, will you promise to let me release you?"

"You can release me any time — now, if you like."

"But will you promise to take your release when I give it to you?"

"We will see about that. Perhaps by the time your voice doesn't come back I shall have been able to make you believe that it isn't the voice I care for."

"And if it should come back," cried Madeline with sudden enthusiasm, "I shall have my triumph! I am done forever with all that nonsense about Art and Destiny. If my voice ever should come back, I shall not let it bully me. It shall not decide my fate. You will see. Oh, how I wish you *might* see! I have learned my lesson in the true, awful values of things. Thank Heaven it has cost no more! There is one less singer in the world, perhaps, but there is not one less life. Your life. If you had lost it that night, and I had kept my voice, do you think I should ever have had any joy in it again — even lifted it up, as I boasted to you I would some day, before crowds of listeners? Could I have gone before the footlights, bowing and smiling,

with my arms full of flowers, and remembered your face and your last look as you went down ? "

" Then it is settled at last, voice or no voice ? "

" Yes,— but I am so sorry for you ! It will not come back ; I know it never will, and I shall go on whispering and gibbering to the end of my days, and all your friends will pity you ; it is such a painfully conspicuous thing ! "

" I want to be pitied. I am just pining to be an object of general compassion. Only I want to choose what I shall be pitied for."

" Choose ? " said Madeline stupidly. " What *do* you mean ? "

" I *have* chosen. Now be as sorry for me as you like. And we'll ask for the sympathy of the camp to-night. It will be a blow to the boys — my throwing myself away like this ! "

" How ridiculous you are ! " sighed Madeline. It was a luxury, after all, to yield. And perhaps in the depths of her consciousness, bruised and quivering as it was, there lingered a faint image of herself, as a charming girl sees herself reflected in those flattering mirrors, the eyes of friends, kindred, and adorers. Voiceless, futureless, spoiled as was the budding prima donna, the girl remained : eighteen years old and fair to look upon, with perfect health, and all the mysterious, fitful but unquenchable joy of youth thrilling through her pulses. Perhaps she was not so sorry for Aldis after all, in the innocent joy of her own intentions towards him. The sobs, the frantic whispers died away, and were hushed in a blissful acquiescence. She was not less fascinating to her lover — half amazed at his own sudden triumph — in her blushing, starry-eyed silences, than she had been in all the eager redundance of her lost utterance. That was a wonderful last day for the young man to dream over in the long months before they should meet again !

THE camp had moved out of the cañon and down upon the desert plains. It was an open winter; up to the first of January the contractors had been able to keep their men at work, following closely the locating party.

Aldis rode up and down the line, putting in fresh stakes for the contractors, keeping them true to the line, and watching incidentally that they did not pod their embankments with sage-brush. His summer camp-dress of broad-shouldered, breezy, flannel shirt, and slender-waisted trousers, was changed to a reefing-jacket, double-buttoned to the chin, long boots, and helmet-shaped cap, pulled low down to keep the wind out of his eyes. Strong wintry reds and browns replaced, on his thin cheek, the summer's pallor.

Madeline Hendric, dressing for dinner at the Sutherland in New York, where she and her sister were spending the winter, would stand before her toilet-glass fastening her laces, her eyes fixed alternately on her own reflection in the mirror and on a dim photograph that leaned against the frame. It was not a bad specimen of amateur photography; it represented a young man on horseback in a wide and windy country, with an expression of sadness and determination in the dark eyes that looked steadfastly out of the gray, toneless picture.

They were the most beautiful eyes in the world, Madeline thought to herself, and sinking on her knees before the low table, with her arms crossed on the lace, rose-lined cover, she would brood in a fond, luxurious melancholy over the picture — over the somber line of plain and distant mountain, and the chilly little cluster of tents huddled close together by the river's dark, swift flood, flowing between icy beaches, below barren shores where a few leafless willows shivered, and the wild-twisted clumps of sage defied the cold.

A moment later she would be rustling softly down the corridor at her sister's side, passing groups of ladies who looked after them with that comprehensive but impersonal scrutiny which is a woman's recognition of anything unusual in another's dress or appearance. Mrs. Duncan looked her sister over with a quick, intelligent side glance, for those silent eye comments were all turned upon Madeline. She could see nothing amiss with the girl; she was looking very lovely, a trifle absent; Madeline had a way lately of looking as if she were alone with her own thoughts, on occasions when other women's faces took on habitually a neutral and impassive expression. It made her conspicuous, as if hers were the only sensitive human countenance exposed in a roomful of masks.

" Why do you never wear your light dresses, Madeline? " said Mrs. Duncan, with the intention of rousing the girl from her untimely dream. " You are very effective in black, with your hair, but I should think you would like once in a while to vary the effect."

" Do you suppose I am studying effects for the benefit of these people ? I am *saving* my light dresses."

" Saving them ! What for ? "

" Do you never save up a pretty dress that Will likes, when you are away from him ? "

" No, indeed I don't. It would get out of style, and he would see there was something wrong with it, though he might not know what it was. Dresses *won't* keep ! Besides — do you think you are never to have any new ones, now you are engaged to an engineer? "

"I shall not need many, if I go West, and a year or two behind won't matter to—*my* engineer!"

"Oh, you poor innocent! You don't know your engineer yet—and you don't know your West, either. And one is always having to pack up and come East at short notice, and I know of nothing more insupportable than finding one's self dumped off an overland train in New York, in the middle of winter, for instance, with a veteran outfit one hasn't had the strength of mind to 'give to the poor,' as Will says. You never know how your clothes look till you have packed them up on one side of the continent and unpacked them on the other. And let me tell you it pays to dress well in camp. Nothing is too good for them, poor things, so long as it's not inappropriate. Do you suppose a man ever forgets how a woman *ought* to look? Wear out your things, my dear, and take the good of them before they get *passé*, and let the future take care of itself."

Madeline was laughing, and the dreamy, soft abstraction had vanished. A stranger might look into her liquid, half-averted eyes, and see no more there than was meant for the passing glance.

Aldis had the promise of a month's leave of absence in March, but soon after the 1st of January the weather turned suddenly cold. The contractors took their men off the work, and the time of Aldis's leave was thus anticipated by two months.

He telegraphed to Mrs. Duncan that he would be in New York by the 15th, allowing for all contingencies.

Madeline's joy over the telegram was increased by one small item of relief, from the necessity of delaying a communication which she dreaded making by letter.

With rest and skillful treatment her voice had come back, as her sister had prophesied, in its full compass and purity. Her musical instructor had urged her to try it once upon an audience, in a not too conspicuous rôle, before she went abroad to study; for Madeline had not yet found courage to confess her apostasy.

The temptation to sing once as she had so often dreamed of singing, with the support of a magnificent orchestra, the longing to know just how much she was resigning in turning her back upon a musical career, were overmastering.

Moreover, her music was the sole dowry with which she could enrich her husband's life. She had a curious, persistent humility about herself, apart from the gift, which she had grown to consider the essential quality of her being. She desired intensely to know just how much it was in her power to endow her lover with over and above what his generosity, as she insisted upon calling it, demanded. For Madeline did nothing by halves; she could abandon herself to a passion of surrender as completely as she had done to the fire of resistance; and while she was about it, she wished to feel that it was no paltry thing she was giving up. But she was wise enough in her love to feel that possibly Aldis might not be able fully to enter into the joy of her magnificent renunciation. There might be a pang, an uneasiness to him, so far away from her, in the thought that his old enemy was again in the field. So Aldis only knew this much of her recovery, that she could speak once more in her natural voice. She would reserve her triumph, if so it should prove, until his home-coming, when she could lay it at his feet with a joyous humility and such assurances of her love as no letter could convey.

On the 13th of January she was to be the soloist at one of a series of popular concerts to be given that evening, where the character of the music and of the audience was exceedingly good, and the orchestral support all that a singer's heart could desire. On the 15th Aldis would come home.

It was all delightfully dramatic; and Madeline was not yet so in love with obscurity as to be quite indifferent to the scenic element in life.

In his telegram Aldis had allowed for a two days' delay on business at Denver. Arriving at that city, however, he found that, in the absence of one of the principal parties concerned, his business would have to be deferred. He was therefore due in New York on the 13th. He had not telegraphed again to his Eastern friends; it had seemed like making too much of a ceremony of his home-coming. He dropped off the train from the North at the Grand Central depot in the white early dusk of a snowy afternoon, when the quiet up-town streets were echoing to the sound of snow-shovels, and the muffled tinkle of car-bells came at long intervals from the neighboring avenues. He hurried ahead of the long line of passengers, jumped on the rear platform of a crowded car that was just moving off, and in twenty minutes was at his hotel. He tried to master his great but tremulous joy, to dine deliberately, to do his best for his outer man, before presenting himself to Madeline, but his lonely fancy had dwelt so long and with such intensity on this meeting that now he was almost unnerved by the nearness of the reality.

The reality was after all only a neat maid, who said, as he offered his card at the door of Mrs. Duncan's apartment, that the ladies were both out. It was impossible to accept the

statement simply and go away. Were the ladies out for the evening? he asked. Yes, they had gone to a concert or the opera, or something at the Academy of Music. Mrs. Duncan always left word where she was going when she and Miss Madeline both went out, on account of the children. The maid looked at him with intelligent friendliness. She was perfectly aware of the significance of the name on the card she held. She waited while Aldis scribbled a few words on another card which she was to give to Mrs. Duncan when the ladies returned, in case he missed them at the concert. In the street he debated briefly whether to endure a few more hours of waiting, or hasten on to the mixed joy of a meeting in a crowd. Yet such meetings were not always infelicitous. Delicious moments of isolation might come to two in a great assembly, hushed, driven together in a storm of music. There seemed a peculiar fascinating fitness in the situation. Music, that had threatened to part them, should celebrate, like a hireling, their reunion. The violins were in full cry, mingled with the clear, terse notes of a piano, behind the green baize doors, as he passed into the lobby of the Academy. While he waited for the concerto to end, his eyes rested mechanically upon the portraits of prima donnas, whose names were new to him, in smiles and low corsages and wonderful coiffures of the latest fashion; and he said to himself that well it was for those fair dames but not for his lady—his little girl, she was safe among the listeners, unknown, unpublished. *For* her, not *of* her, the loud instruments were speaking, in that vast, hushed, resounding temple of music.

He would see her first, with her rapt face turned towards the stage. He would know her by her cheek, her little ear, and the soft light tangle of curls hiding her temples. She would not be exalted above him in the Olympian circle of the boxes; she would be in the balcony, not in full-dress, but with some marvel of a little bonnet framing the color and light and sweetness of her face. Her cloak would have slipped down from her smooth, silken arms and shoulders. In his restless, waiting dream he could see her with distracting vividness, while the music sank and swelled in endless cadences behind the barriers: her listening attitude, her lifted, half-averted face, her slender, passive hands in her lap, her soft, deep, joyous breathing stirring the fall of lace or ribbons at her throat.

He was prepared to find her very dainty and unapproachably elegant; there had been a hint of such formidable but delightful possibilities in the cut of her simple camp dresses and in the very way she wore them. He glanced disconsolately at his own modestly dressed person, with which he was so monotonously familiar, and wondered if Madeline would find him "Western."

The concerto was over at last. He passed down the aisle and along the rear wall of the balcony, keeping under the shadow of the first tier of boxes, while he took a survey of the house. It seemed bewilderingly brilliant to Aldis, seeing it, for the first time in three years, in a setting of frontier life; a much more complex emotion to one born to the life around him, and estranged from it, than to him who sees it for the first time as a spectacle in which he has never had a part. It was with rather a heart-sick gaze he searched the rows and rows of laughing women's faces, banked like flowers against the crimson and white and gold of the partitions.

Suddenly the murmur pervading the house sank into an expectant silence—the musicians' chairs were filling up; but only the gray-headed first violins were leaning to their instruments and fingering their music. The leader's music-stand had been moved to one side to make room for the soloist, a young débutante, so the whispers around him announced, who was now coming forward, winding her silken train past the musicians' stands, her hand in that of the leader. Now she sank before the hushed crowd, dedicating to it, as it were, herself, her beauty, her song, her whole blissful young presence there.

Aldis crushed the unfolded programme he held in his hand. He did not need to consult it for the name of the fair young candidate. The blood rushed into his face, and then left it deadly white. His heart was pounding with a raging excitement, but he did not move or take his eyes from Madeline's face. She stood, faintly smiling down upon the crowd, folding and unfolding the music in her hands, while the orchestra played the prelude. Then on the deepening silence came the first notes of her voice. Aldis had never imagined anything like the pang of delicious pain it gave him. Its personality pierced his very soul. Every word of the recitative, in the singer's pure enunciation, could be heard. The song was Heine's "Lorelei," with Liszt's music, and the orchestration was worthy of the music.

"I know not what it presages,"—the recitative began,—"This heart with sadness fraught." Aldis took a deep, hard breath. He knew the story that was coming. The rocks, the river, the evening sky, he knew them all. Had she forgotten? Did the great god Music deprive a woman of her memory, her tender womanly compunction, as well as her heart? Was this beautiful creature with eyes alight and soft throat swelling to the notes of

her song merely a voice, after all, celebrating its own triumph and another's allurement and despair? Was the heart that beat under the laces that covered that white bosom merely a subtle machine for setting free those wonderful sounds that floated down to him and seemed to bid him farewell?

Now, in a wild crescendo, with a hurry of chords in the accompaniment, the end has come; the boat and man are lost. Then an interlude, and the pure, pitiless voice again lamenting now, not triumphing — "And this, with her magic singing, the Lorelei hath done — the Lorelei hath done." The song died away and ceased in mournful repetitions, and the audience gave itself up to a transport of applause. It had won — a new singer; and he had lost — only his wife. He stood there, unknown and unheeded, a pitiful minority of one, and accepted his defeat.

The frantic clappings continued. They were demanding an encore; the friendly old fellows in the orchestra were looking back across the stage to welcome the singer's return. They had assisted at the triumph of so many young aspirants and queens of the hour. This one was coming back, flushed and smiling, her face beautiful in its new joy, as she sank down again with her arms full of flowers, gratefully, submissively, before the audience at whose command she was there. The great house was enchanted with her and with its own unexpected enthusiasm. A joyous thrill and murmur, the very breath of that adulation which is dearest to the goddess of the foot-lights, floated up to the intoxicated girl, wrapt in the wonder of her own success. Aldis could bear no more. He made his way out, pursued by the furious clappings, by the silence, by the first thrilling notes of the encore. He walked the streets for hours, then he went to his room, and threw himself, face downward, on his bed. The lace curtains of his window let in a pallid glimmer from the electric lights in the square, — a ghastly fiction of a moon that never waxes nor wanes. The night spent itself, the tardy winter morning crept slowly over the city wrapt in chill sea fog.

Mrs. Duncan woke with a hoarse feverish cold, and wished she had given Aldis's card and message to Madeline the night before. She had kept them from her, sure that the excited girl would lose what was left of her night's sleep in consequence. Now she felt too ill to make the disclosure and face Madeline's alarm. She waited, with cowardly procrastination until the late breakfast was over, and her little girls had been hurried off to school. She and Madeline had drawn their chairs close to the soft coal fire to talk over the concert, Madeline with a heap of morning papers in her lap, through which she was looking for the musical notices, when Mrs. Duncan gave her Aldis's note. It needed no explanation or comment. It said that he hoped to find them at the Academy of Music, but if he failed to do so, this was to prepare them for an early call; he was coming as early as he could hope to see them, — nine o'clock, he suggested, with insistence that made itself felt even in the careless words of the note. It was now nearly ten o'clock; he had not come. The gray morning turned a sickly yellow, and the streets looked wet and dirty; the papers were tossed into a corner of the sofa where Mrs. Duncan had taken refuge from Madeline's restless wanderings about the room.

A mass of hot-house roses, trophies of the evening's triumph, were displayed on the closed piano, shedding their languid sweetness unheeded, except once when Madeline stopped near them, and exclaimed to her sister:

"Oh, do tell Alice to take those flowers away!" and the next moment seemed to forget they were still there.

The ladies breakfasted and lunched in their own rooms, dining only in the restaurant below. When lunch was announced, Mrs. Duncan rose from her heap of shawls and sofa-cushions and went to the window where Madeline stood gazing out into the yellow mist that hid the square.

"Come, girlie, come out and keep me company. A watched pot never boils, you know."

"Do you *want* any lunch?" Madeline asked incredulously.

Mrs. Duncan did not want any, but she was willing to pretend she did for the sake of interrupting the girl's unhappy watch.

The two women sat down opposite each other in the little dark dining-room, the one window of which looked into a dingy well inclosed by the many-storied walls of the house. The gas was burning, but enough gray daylight mingled with it to give a sickly paleness to the faces it illumined.

There was a letter lying by Madeline's plate.

"When did this come?" she demanded of Alice, the maid.

"They sent it up, miss, with the lunch-tray."

"Oh!" cried Madeline. "It may have been lying there in the office for hours!"

She read a few words of the letter, got up from the table, and left the room. Mrs. Duncan gave her a few moments to herself, and then followed her. She was in the parlor, turning over the heap of papers in a distracted search for something which she could not seem to find.

"Oh, Sallie," she exclaimed, looking up piteously at her sister, "won't you find when

the Boston shore-line train goes out? I think it is two o'clock, and it's after one now."

"Why do you want to know about the Boston trains?"

"Read that letter — I'm going to try to see him before he starts — read the letter!" she repeated, in answer to her sister's amazed expostulatory stare. She ran out of the room while Mrs. Duncan was reading the letter, and in her own chamber tore off her wrapper and began dressing for the street. Mrs. Duncan heard bureau-drawers flying open and hurried footsteps as she read. This was Aldis's letter:

"Wednesday morning.

"DEAR MADELINE: I saw you at the Academy last night when the verdict was given that separates us.

"The destiny I would not believe in has become a reality to me at last. I must stand aside, and let it fulfill itself.

"Last night I accused you of bitter things, you can imagine what, seeing you so, without any forewarning; but I am tolerably sane this morning. I know that nothing of all that maddened me is true, except that I love you and must give you back to your fate that claims you. You were never mine except by default.

"I am going on to Boston this afternoon. I cannot trust myself to see you. I could not bear your compassion or your remorse, and if you were to offer me more than that, God knows what sacrifice I might not be base enough to accept, face to face with you again.

"Good-bye, my dearest, my only one. I think nothing can ever hurt me much after this. But do not grieve over what neither of us could have helped.

"The happiness of one man should not stand in the way of the free exercise of a divine gift like yours, and the memory of our summer in the cañon — of our last days there together, when my soul set itself to the music of those silences between us — that is still mine. Nothing can take that from me. Yours always,

"HUGH ALDIS."

"Madeline, you are not going after him!" Mrs. Duncan protested, looking up from the letter with tears in her eyes, as her sister entered the parlor, in cloak and bonnet.

Madeline heard the protest; she did not see the tears.

"Don't *talk* to me,—help me, Sallie! Can't you see what I have done? Find me that Boston train, won't you? I know there is one in the evening, but he said afternoon. Where *is* it?" she wailed, turning over with trembling hands sheet after sheet of bewildering columns which mocked her with advertisements of musical entertainments, and even with her own name, staring at her in print.

"The *train* goes at two o'clock, but you shall not go racing up there after him, you crazy girl! I'd go myself, only I'm too sick. I'm awfully sorry for him, but he'll come back — they always do — and give you a chance to explain."

"Explain! I'm going to see him for one instant if I can. I've got just twenty minutes, and nothing on earth shall stop me!"

"Alice," Mrs. Duncan called down the passage, as Madeline shut the outer door, "put on your things and go after Miss Madeline, quick — Third Avenue Elevated to the Grand Central; you'll catch her if you hurry before she gets up the steps."

Mistress and maid reached the Grand Central station together, a few minutes before the train moved out. The last of the line of passengers, ticket in hand, were filing past the door-keeper. It needed but a glance to see that Aldis was not among them. It would be safer, Madeline decided quickly, to get out upon the platform in broadside view from the windows of the train. If Aldis were already on the train, or, better still, on the platform, and saw her, Madeline felt sure he would instantly know why she was there.

"I only want to see a friend who is going by the Boston train," she said to the door-keeper. "I'm not going myself." He hesitated, and said something about his orders. "If I must have a ticket, my maid will get me one, but I cannot wait; you must let me through!" She handed her purse to Alice; the man at the gate said he guessed it was no matter about a ticket; he looked curiously after her as she sped along the platform, such a pretty girl, her cheeks red, and her hair all out of crimp with the dampness, but with a sob in her voice, and eyes strained wide with trouble!

"Last train down on the right!" he called after her. "You'll have to hurry." Ominous clouds of steam were puffing out of a smoke-stack far ahead of her; men were swinging themselves aboard from the platform where they had been walking up and down.

"Boston Shore-line, miss?" a porter lounging by his empty truck called to Madeline as she came panting up to the rear car.

"Oh, yes!" she sobbed. "Is it gone?"

The train gave one heavy, clanking lurch forward. The porter laughed, caught her by the arms, and swung her lightly up to the platform of the last car. The brakeman seized her and shunted her in at the door. The train was in motion. She clung wildly to the door-handle a moment, looking back, and then sank into the nearest seat and burst into tears. Curious glances were cast at her from the neighboring seats, but Madeline was oblivious of everything but the grotesque misery of her situation. What would Alice think, and what would poor, frantic Sallie think, what even would the man at the gate think, who had taken her word instead of a ticket! The conductor came round after a while, and Madeline appealed to him. She had been put on the train by mistake. She had no money and no ticket, but there was, she thought, a friend of hers aboard — would the conductor kindly

find out for her if a Mr. Aldis were in any of the forward cars, and tell him a lady, a friend of his, wished to see him?

The conductor had a broad, purple, smooth-shaven cheek, which overflowed his stiff shirt-collar; he stroked the tuft of coarse beard on the end of his chin, as he assured the young lady that she need not distress herself. He would find the gentleman if he were on the train. Was he a young gentleman, for instance?

"Yes, he was young and tall, and had dark eyes——" and suddenly Madeline stopped and blushed furiously, meeting the conductor's small and merry eye fixed upon her in the abandonment of her trouble.

The door banged behind him; the car swayed and leaped on the track as the motion of the train increased. A long interval, then a loud crash of noise from the wheels as the door opened again at the forward end of the car. A gentleman was coming down the aisle, looking from side to side as if in search of some one.

Madeline squeezed herself back into the corner of her seat next the window. The blood dropped out of her hot cheeks and stifled her breathing. She turned away her face, and buried it in her muff as some one stopped at her seat, and said, leaning with one hand on the back of it, "Is this the lady who wished to see me?"

Aldis's face was as white as her own; his hand gripped the seat to hide its shaking. Madeline swept back her skirts, and he took the seat beside her. A long silence; Madeline's cheek and profile emerged from the muff and became visible in rosy silhouette against the blank white mist outside the window. Her color had come back.

"Did you get my letter?"

"Yes. That is what brought me here."

Another silence. Madeline slid the hand next to Aldis out of her muff. He took no notice of it at first, then suddenly his own closed over it, and crushed it hard.

"You must not go to Boston to-night," she whispered.

"Why not?"

"Because I am in such trouble!—I had to see you, after that letter. I ran after the train, and they caught hold of me and put me on before I knew what they were doing; and here I am without a ticket or a cent of money—and all because you would not come and let me—tell you——" She had hidden her face again in her muff.

"Tell me—what?" His head was close to hers, his arm against her shoulder. He could feel her long, shuddering sobs.

"How *could* I come?" he said.

She did not answer. The roar and rattle of the train went sounding on. It was very interesting to the people in the car; but Madeline had forgotten them, and Aldis cared no more for the files of faces than if they had been the rocky fronts of the bluffs that had kept a summer's watch over him and the girl beside him, and the noise of the train had been the far-off river's roar. He was in a dream which could not last too long.

Madeline lifted her head, and through the lulling din he heard her voice, saying:

"Oh, the river! I seemed to hear it last night when I was singing,—and the light on the rocks—do you remember? And I was so glad the rest was not true. And then your letter came——"

"Never mind; nothing is true—only this," he roused himself to say.

The crowded train went roaring and swaying on, as it had during all the days and nights of his journey home, mingling its monotone with the dream that was coming true at last.

SOMEWHERE in that vague and rapidly lessening region known as the frontier, there disappeared, a few years ago, a woman's voice. A soprano with a wonderful mezzo quality, those who knew it called it, and the girl, besides her beauty, had quite a distinct promise of dramatic power. But, they added, she seemed to have no imagination, no conception, of the value of her gifts. She threw away a charming career, just at its outset, and went West with a husband—not anybody in particular. It was altogether a great pity. Perhaps she had not the artistic temperament, or was too indolent to give the time and labor required for the perfecting of her rare gift—at all events the voice was lost.

But in the camps of engineers, within sound of unknown waters, on mountain trails, or crossing the windy cattle-ranges, or in the little churches of the valley towns, or at a lonely grave, perhaps, where his comrades are burying some unwitting, unacknowledged hero, dead in the quiet doing of his duty, a voice is sometimes heard, in ballad or gay roulade, anthem or requiem,—a voice those who have heard it say they will never forget.

Like the hermit-thrush, it sings in the deep woods and the solitudes. Lost it may be to the history of famous voices, but the treasured, self-prized gifts are not those which always carry a blessing with them; and the soul of music, wherever it is purely uttered, will find its listeners, though it be a voice singing in the wilderness, in the dawn of the day of art and beauty which is coming to a new country and a new people.

Mary Hallock Foote.

MACHINE POLITICS IN NEW YORK CITY.

IN New York city, as in most of our other great municipalities, the direction of political affairs has been for many years mainly in the hands of a class of men who make politics their regular business and means of livelihood. These men are able to keep their grip only by means of the singularly perfect way in which they have succeeded in organizing their respective parties and factions; and it is in consequence of the clock-work regularity and efficiency with which these several organizations play their parts, alike for good and for evil, that they have been nicknamed by outsiders "machines," while the men who take part in and control, or, as they would themselves say, "run" them, form now a well-recognized and fairly well-defined class in the community, and are familiarly known as machine politicians. It may be of interest to sketch in outline some of the characteristics of these men and of their machines, the methods by which and the objects for which they work, and the reasons for their success in the political field.

The terms machine and machine politician are now undoubtedly used ordinarily in a reproachful sense; but it does not at all follow that this sense is always the right one. On the contrary, the machine is often a very powerful instrument for good; and a machine politician really desirous of doing honest work on behalf of the community is fifty times as useful an ally as is the average philanthropic outsider. Indeed, it is of course true that any political organization (and absolutely no good work can be done in politics without an organization) is a machine; and any man who perfects and uses this organization is himself, to a certain extent, a machine politician. In the rough, however, the feeling against machine politics and politicians is tolerably well justified by the facts, although this statement really reflects most severely upon the educated and honest people who largely hold themselves aloof from public life, and show a curious incapacity for fulfilling their public duties.

The organizations that are commonly and distinctively known as machines are those belonging to the two great recognized parties, or to their factional subdivisions; and the reason why the word machine has come to be used, to a certain extent, as a term of opprobrium is to be found in the fact that these organizations are now run by the leaders very largely as business concerns to benefit themselves and their followers, with little regard to the community at large. This is natural enough. The men having control and doing all the work have gradually come to have the same feeling about politics that other men have about the business of a merchant or manufacturer; it was too much to expect that if left entirely to themselves they would continue disinterestedly to work for the benefit of others. Many a machine politician who is to-day a most unwholesome influence in our politics is in private life quite as respectable as any one else; only he has forgotten that his business affects the state at large, and, regarding it as merely his own private concern, he has carried into it the same selfish spirit that actuates the majority of the mercantile community. A merchant or manufacturer works his business, as a rule, purely for his own benefit, without any regard whatever for the community at large; the merchant uses all his influence for a low tariff, and the manufacturer is even more strenuously in favor of protection, not at all from any theory of abstract right, but because of self-interest. Each views such a political question as the tariff, not from the stand-point of how it will affect the nation as a whole, but merely from that of how it will affect him personally; and private business is managed still less with a view to the well-being of the people at large. If a community were in favor of protection, but nevertheless permitted all the governmental machinery to fall into the hands of importing merchants, it would be small cause for wonder if the latter shaped the laws to suit themselves, and the chief blame, after all, would rest with the supine and lethargic majority which failed to have enough energy to take charge of their own affairs. Our machine politicians, in actual life, act in just this same way; their actions are almost always dictated by selfish motives, with but little regard for the people at large; they therefore need continually to be watched and opposed by those who wish to see good government. But, after all, it is hardly to be wondered at that they abuse power which is allowed to fall into their hands owing to the ignorance or timid indifference of those who by rights should themselves keep it.

In a society properly constituted for true democratic government — in a society such as that seen in many of our country towns, for

example — machine rule is impossible. But in New York, as well as in most of our other great cities, the conditions favor the growth of ring or boss rule. The chief causes thus operating against good government are the moral and mental attitudes towards politics assumed by different sections of the voters. A large number of these are simply densely ignorant, and, of course, such are apt to fall under the influence of cunning leaders, and even if they do right, it is by hazard merely. The criminal class in a great city is always of some size, while what may be called the potentially criminal class is still larger. Then there is the great class of laboring men, mostly of foreign birth or parentage, who at present both expect too much from legislation and yet at the same time realize too little how powerfully though indirectly they are affected by a bad or corrupt government. In many wards the overwhelming majority of the voters do not realize that heavy taxes fall ultimately upon them, and actually view with perfect complacency burdens laid by their representatives upon the tax-payers, and, if anything, approve of a hostile attitude towards the latter — having a vague feeling of hostility towards them as possessing more than their proper proportion of the world's good things, and sharing with most other human beings the capacity to bear with philosophic equanimity ills merely affecting one's neighbors. When powerfully roused on some financial, but still more on some sentimental, question, this same laboring class will throw its enormous and usually decisive weight into the scale which it believes inclines to the right; but its members are often curiously and cynically indifferent to charges of corruption against favorite heroes or demagogues, so long as these charges do not imply betrayal of their own real or fancied interests. Thus an alderman or assemblyman representing certain wards may make as much money as he pleases out of corporations without seriously jeopardizing his standing with his constituents; but if he once, whether from honest or dishonest motives, stands by a corporation when the interests of the latter are supposed to conflict with those of "the people," it is all up with him. These voters are, moreover, very emotional; they value in a public man what we are accustomed to consider virtues only to be taken into account when estimating private character. Thus, if a man is open-handed and warm-hearted, they consider it as a fair offset to his being a little bit shaky when it comes to applying the eighth commandment to affairs of state. I have more than once heard the statement, "He is very liberal to the poor," advanced as a perfectly satisfactory answer to the charge that a certain public man was corrupt. Moreover, working-men, whose lives are passed in one unceasing round of narrow and monotonous toil, not unnaturally are inclined to pay heed to the demagogues and professional labor advocates who promise if elected to try to pass laws to better their condition; they are hardly prepared to understand or approve the American doctrine of government, which is that the state has no business whatever to attempt to better the condition of a man or a set of men, but has merely to see that no wrong is done him or them by any one else, and that all alike are to have a fair chance in the struggle for life — a struggle wherein, it may as well at once be freely though sadly acknowledged, very many are bound to fail, no matter how ideally perfect any given system of government may be.

Of course it must be remembered that all these general statements are subject to an immense number of individual exceptions; there are tens of thousands of men who work with their hands for their daily bread and yet put into actual practice that sublime virtue of disinterested adherence to the right, even when it seems likely merely to benefit others, and those others better off than they themselves are; for they vote for honesty and cleanliness, in spite of great temptation to do the opposite, and in spite of their not seeing how any immediate benefit will result to themselves.

REASONS FOR THE NEGLECT OF PUBLIC DUTIES.

THIS class is composed of the great bulk of the men who range from well-to-do up to very rich; and of these the former generally and the latter almost universally neglect their political duties, for the most part rather pluming themselves upon their good conduct if they so much as vote on election day. This largely comes from the tremendous wear and tension of life in our great cities. Moreover, the men of small means with us are usually men of domestic habits; and this very devotion to home, which is one of their chief virtues, leads them to neglect their public duties. They work hard, as clerks, mechanics, small tradesmen, etc., all day long, and when they get home in the evening they dislike to go out. If they do go to a ward meeting, they find themselves isolated, and strangers both to the men whom they meet and to the matter on which they have to act; for in the city a man is quite as sure to know next to nothing about his neighbors as in the country he is to be intimately acquainted with them. In the country the people of a neighborhood, when they assemble in one of their local conventions, are

already mutually well acquainted, and therefore able to act together with effect; whereas in the city, even if the ordinary citizens do come out, they are totally unacquainted with one another, and are as helplessly unable to oppose the disciplined ranks of the professional politicians as is the case with a mob of freshmen in one of our colleges when in danger of being hazed by the sophomores. Moreover, the pressure of competition in city life is so keen that men often have as much as they can do to attend to their own affairs, and really hardly have the leisure to look after those of the public. Indeed, the general tendency everywhere is towards the specialization of functions, and this holds good as well in politics as elsewhere.

The reputable private citizens of small means thus often neglect to attend to their public duties because to do so would perhaps interfere with their private business. This is bad enough, but the case is worse with the really wealthy, who still more generally neglect these same duties, partly because not to do so would interfere with their pleasure, and partly from a combination of other motives, all of them natural but none of them creditable. A successful merchant, well dressed, pompous, self-important, unused to any life outside of the counting-room, and accustomed because of his very success to be treated with deferential regard, as one who stands above the common run of humanity, naturally finds it very unpleasant to go to a caucus or primary where he has to stand on an equal footing with his groom and day-laborers, and indeed may discover that the latter, thanks to their faculty for combination, are rated higher in the scale of political importance than he is himself. In all the large cities of the North the wealthier, or, as they would prefer to style themselves, the "upper" classes, tend distinctly towards the bourgeois type; and an individual in the bourgeois stage of development, while honest, industrious, and virtuous, is also not unapt to be a miracle of timid and short-sighted selfishness. The commercial classes are only too likely to regard everything merely from the stand-point of "Does it pay?" and many a merchant does not take any part in politics because he is short-sighted enough to think that it will pay him better to attend purely to making money, and too selfish to be willing to undergo any trouble for the sake of abstract duty; while the younger men of this type are too much engrossed in their various social pleasures to be willing to give their time to anything else. It is also unfortunately true, especially throughout New England and the Middle States, that the general tendency among people of culture and high education has been to neglect and even to look down upon the rougher and manlier virtues, so that an advanced state of intellectual development is too often associated with a certain effeminacy of character. Our more intellectual men often shrink from the raw coarseness and the eager struggle of political life as if they were women. Now, however refined and virtuous a man may be, he is yet entirely out of place in the American body politic unless he is himself of sufficiently coarse fiber and virile character to be more angered than hurt by an insult or injury; the timid good form a most useless as well as a most despicable portion of the community. Again, when a man is heard objecting to taking part in politics because it is "low," he may be set down as either a fool or a coward; it would be quite as sensible for a militiaman to advance the same statement as an excuse for refusing to assist in quelling a riot. Many cultured men neglect their political duties simply because they are too delicate to have the element of "strike back" in their natures, and because they have an unmanly fear of being forced to stand up for their own rights when threatened with abuse or insult.

Such are the conditions which give the machine men their chance; and they have been able to make the most possible out of this chance,—first, because of the perfection to which they have brought their machinery, and, second, because of the social character of their political organizations.

ORGANIZATION AND WORK OF THE MACHINES.

THE machinery of any one of our political bodies is always rather complicated; and its politicians invariably endeavor to keep it so, because, their time being wholly given to it, they are able to become perfectly familiar with all its workings, while the average outsider becomes more and more helpless in proportion as the organization is less and less simple. Besides some others of minor importance, there are at present in New York three great political organizations, viz., those of the regular Republicans, of the County Democracy, and of Tammany Hall, that of the last being perhaps the most perfect, viewed from a machine stand-point. Although with wide differences in detail, all these bodies are organized upon much the same general plan; and one description may be taken, in the rough, as applying to all. There is a large central committee, composed of numerous delegates from the different assembly districts, which decides upon the various questions affecting the party as a whole in the county

and city; and then there are the various organizations in the assembly districts themselves, which are the real sources of strength, and with which alone it is necessary to deal. There are different rules for the admission to the various district primaries and caucuses of the voters belonging to the respective parties; but in almost every case the real work is done and the real power held by a small knot of men, who in turn pay a greater or less degree of fealty to a single boss.

The mere work to be done on election day and in preparing for it forms no slight task. There is an association in each assembly district, with its president, secretary, treasurer, executive committee, etc.; these call the primaries and caucuses, arrange the lists of the delegates to the various nominating conventions, raise funds for campaign purposes, and hold themselves in communication with their central party organizations. At the primaries in each assembly district a full set of delegates are chosen to nominate assemblymen and aldermen, while others are chosen to go to the State, county, and congressional conventions. Before election day, many thousands of complete sets of the party ticket are printed, folded, and put together, or, as it is called, "bunched." A single bundle of these ballots is then sent to every voter in the district, while thousands are reserved for distribution at the polls. In every election precinct — there are probably twenty or thirty in each assembly district — a captain and from two to a dozen subordinates are appointed. These have charge of the actual giving out of the ballots at the polls. On election day they are at their places long before the hour set for voting; each party has a wooden booth, looking a good deal like a sentry-box, covered over with flaming posters containing the names of their nominees, and the "workers" cluster around these as centers. Every voter as he approaches is certain to be offered a set of tickets; usually these sets are "straight," that is, contain all the nominees of one party, but frequently crooked work will be done, and some one candidate will get his own ballots bunched with the rest of those of the opposite party. Each captain of a district is generally paid a certain sum of money, greater or less according to his ability as a politician or according to his power of serving the boss or machine. Nominally this money goes in paying the subordinates and in what are vaguely termed "campaign expenses," but as a matter of fact it is in many instances simply pocketed by the recipient; indeed, very little of the large sums of money annually spent by candidates to bribe voters actually reaches the voters supposed to be bribed. The money thus furnished is procured either by subscriptions from rich outsiders, or by assessments upon the candidates themselves; formerly much was also obtained from office-holders, but this is now prohibited by law. A great deal of money is also spent in advertising, placarding posters, paying for public meetings, and organizing and uniforming members to take part in some huge torchlight procession — this last particular form of idiocy being one peculiarly dear to the average American political mind. Candidates for very lucrative positions are often assessed really huge sums, in order to pay for the extravagant methods by which our canvasses are conducted. Before a legislative committee of which I was a member, the Register of New York county blandly testified under oath that he had forgotten whether his expenses during his canvass had been over or under fifty thousand dollars. It must be remembered that even now — and until recently the evil was very much greater — the rewards paid to certain public officials are out of all proportion to the services rendered; and in such cases the active managing politicians feel that they have a right to exact the heaviest possible toll from the candidate, to help pay the army of hungry heelers who do their bidding. Thus, before the same committee mentioned above, the County Clerk testified that his income was very nearly eighty thousand a year, but with refreshing frankness admitted that his own position was practically merely that of a figure-head, and that all the work was done by his deputy, on a small fixed salary. As the County Clerk's term is three years, he should nominally receive nearly a quarter of a million dollars; but as a matter of fact two-thirds of the money probably goes to the political organizations with which he is connected. The enormous emoluments of such officers are, of course, most effective in debauching politics. They bear no relation whatever to the trifling quantity of work done, and the chosen candidate readily recognizes what is the exact truth,— namely, that the benefit of his service is expected to enure to his party allies, and not to the citizens at large. Thus, one of the county officers who came before the same committee above mentioned, with a naïve openness which was appalling, testified, in answer to what was believed to be a purely formal question as to whether he performed his public duties faithfully, that he did so perform them whenever they did not conflict with his political duties! — meaning thereby, as he explained, attending to his local organizations, seeing politicians, fixing primaries, bailing out those of his friends (apparently by no means few in number) who got hauled up before a justice of the peace, etc.,

etc. This man's statements were valuable because, being a truthful person and of such dense ignorance that he was at first wholly unaware his testimony was in any way remarkable, he really tried to tell things as they were; and it had evidently never occurred to him that he was not expected by every one to do just as he had been doing,—that is, to draw a large salary for himself, to turn over a still larger fund to his party allies, and conscientiously to endeavor, as far as he could, by the free use of his time and influence, to satisfy the innumerable demands made upon him by the various small-fry politicians.

"HEELERS."

THE "heelers," or "workers," who stand at the polls, and are paid in the way above described, form a large part of the rank and file composing each organization. There are, of course, scores of them in each assembly district association, and, together with the almost equally numerous class of federal, State, or local paid office-holders (except in so far as these last have been cut out by the operations of the civil-service reform laws), they form the bulk of the men by whom the machine is run; the bosses of great and small degree chiefly merely oversee the work and supervise the deeds of their henchmen. The organization of a party in our city is really much like that of an army. There is one great central boss, assisted by some trusted and able lieutenants; these communicate with the different district bosses, whom they alternately bully and assist. The district boss in turn has a number of half subordinates, half allies, under him; and these latter choose the captains of the election districts, etc., and come into contact with the common heelers. The more stupid and ignorant the common heelers are, and the more implicitly they obey orders, the greater becomes the effectiveness of the machine. An ideal machine has for its officers men of marked force, cunning and unscrupulous, and for its common soldiers men who may be either corrupt or moderately honest, but who must be of low intelligence. This is the reason why such a large proportion of the members of every political machine are recruited from the lower grades of the foreign population. These henchmen obey unhesitatingly the orders of their chiefs, both at the primary or caucus and on election day, receiving regular rewards for so doing, either in employment procured for them or else in money outright. Of course it is by no means true that these men are all actuated merely by mercenary motives. The great majority entertain also a real feeling of allegiance towards the party to which they belong or towards the political chief whose fortunes they follow; and many work entirely without pay and purely for what they believe to be right. Indeed, an experienced politician always greatly prefers to have under him men whose hearts are in their work and upon whose unbribed devotion and intelligence he can rely; but unfortunately he finds in most cases that their exertions have to be seconded by others which are prompted by motives far more mixed.

All of these men, whether paid or not, make a business of political life and are thoroughly at home among the obscure intrigues that go to make up so much of it; and consequently, they have quite as much the advantage when pitted against amateurs as regular soldiers have when matched against militiamen. But their numbers, though absolutely large, are, relatively to the entire community, so small that some other cause must be taken into consideration in order to account for the commanding position occupied by the machine and the machine politicians in public life. This other determining cause is to be found in the fact that all these machine associations have a social as well as a political side, and that a large part of the political life of every leader or boss is also identical with his social life.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF MACHINE POLITICS.

THE political associations of the various districts are not organized merely at the approach of election day; on the contrary, they exist throughout the year, and for the greater part of the time are to a great extent merely social clubs. To a large number of the men who belong to them they are the chief social rallying-point. These men congregate in the association building in the evening to smoke, drink beer, and play cards, precisely as the wealthier men gather in the clubs whose purpose is avowedly social and not political—such as the Union, University, and Knickerbocker. Politics thus becomes a pleasure and relaxation as well as a serious pursuit. The different members of the same club or association become closely allied to one another, and able to act together on occasions with unison and *esprit de corps;* and they will stand by one of their own number for reasons precisely homologous to those which make a member of one of the upper clubs vote for a fellow-member if the latter happens to run for office. "He is a gentleman, and I'll support him," says the swell club man. "He's one of the boys, and I'm for him," replies the heeler from the district party association. In each case the feeling is social rather than

political, but where the club man influences one vote the heeler controls ten. A rich merchant and a small tradesman alike find it merely a bore to attend the meetings of the local political club; it is to them an irksome duty which is shirked whenever possible. But to the small politicians and to the various workers and hangers-on, these meetings have a distinct social attraction, and attendance is a matter of preference. They are in congenial society and in the place where by choice they spend their evenings, and where they bring their friends and associates; and naturally all the men so brought together gradually blend their social and political ties, and work with an effectiveness impossible to the outside citizens whose social instincts interfere, instead of coinciding, with their political duties. If an ordinary citizen wishes to have a game of cards or a talk with some of his companions, he must keep away from the local headquarters of his party; whereas, under similar circumstances, the professional politician must go there. The man who is fond of his home naturally prefers to stay there in the evenings, rather than go out among the noisy *habitués*, whose pleasure it is to see each other at least weekly, and who spend their evenings discussing neither sport, business, nor scandal, as do other sections of the community, but the equally monotonous subject of ward politics.

The strength of our political organizations arises from their development as social bodies; many of the hardest workers in their ranks are neither office-holders nor yet paid henchmen, but merely members who have gradually learned to identify their fortunes with the party whose hall they have come to regard as the headquarters in which to spend the most agreeable of their leisure moments. Under the American system it is impossible for a man to accomplish anything by himself; he must associate himself with others, and they must throw their weight together. This is just what the social functions of the political clubs enable their members to do. The great and rich society clubs are composed of men who are not apt to take much interest in politics anyhow, and who never act as a body. The immense effect produced by a social organization for political purposes is shown by the career of the Union League Club; and equally striking proof can be seen by every man who attends a ward meeting. There is thus, however much to be regretted it may be, a constant tendency towards the concentration of political power in the hands of those men who by taste and education are fitted to enjoy the social side of the various political organizations.

THE LIQUOR-SELLER IN POLITICS.

It is this that gives the liquor-sellers their enormous influence in politics. Preparatory to the general election of 1884, there were held in the various districts of New York ten hundred and seven primaries and political conventions of all parties, and of these no less than six hundred and thirty-three took place in liquor-saloons,— a showing that leaves small ground for wonder at the low average grade of the nominees. The reason for such a condition of things is perfectly evident; it is because the liquor-saloons are places of social resort for the same men who turn the local political organizations into social clubs. Bar-tenders form perhaps the nearest approach to a leisure class that we have at present on this side of the water. They naturally are on semi-intimate terms with all who frequent their houses. There is no place where more gossip is talked than in bar-rooms, and much of this gossip is about politics,— that is, the politics of the ward, not of the nation. The tariff and the silver question may be alluded to, but the real interest comes in discussing the doings of the men with whom they are personally acquainted: why Billy so-and-so, the alderman, has quarreled with his former chief supporter; whether "old man X" has really managed to fix the delegates to a given convention; the reason why one faction bolted at the last primary; and if it is true that a great down-town boss who has an intimate friend of opposite political faith running in an up-town district has forced the managers of his own party to put up a man of straw against him. The bar-keeper is a man of much local power, and is, of course, hail-fellow-well-met with his visitors, as he and they can be of mutual assistance to one another. Even if of different politics, their feelings towards each other are influenced by personal considerations purely; and, indeed, this is true of most of the smaller bosses as regards their dealings among themselves, for, as one of them once remarked to me with enigmatic truthfulness, "there are no politics in politics" of the lower sort — which, being interpreted, means that a professional politician is much less apt to be swayed by the fact of a man's being a Democrat or a Republican than he is by his being a personal friend or foe. The liquor-saloons thus become the social headquarters of the little knots or cliques of men who take most interest in local political affairs; and by an easy transition they become the political headquarters when the time for preparing for the elections arrives; and, of course, the good-will of the owners of the places is thereby propitiated,—

an important point with men striving to control every vote possible.

The local political clubs also become to a certain extent mutual benefit associations. The men in them become pretty intimate with one another; and in the event of one becoming ill, or from any other cause thrown out of employment, his fellow-members will very often combine to assist him through his troubles, and quite large sums are frequently raised for such a purpose. Of course, this forms an additional bond among the members, who become closely knit together by ties of companionship, self-interest, and mutual interdependence. Very many members of these associations come into them without any thought of advancing their own fortunes; they work very hard for their party, or rather for the local body bearing the party name, but they do it quite disinterestedly, and from a feeling akin to that which we often see make other men devote their time and money to advancing the interests of a yacht club or racing stable, although no immediate benefit can result therefrom to themselves. One such man I now call to mind who is by no means well off, and is neither an office-seeker nor an office-holder, but who regularly every year spends about fifty dollars at election time for the success of the party, or rather the wing of the party, to which he belongs. He has a personal pride in seeing his pet candidates rolling up large majorities. Men of this stamp also naturally feel most enthusiasm for, or animosity against, the minor candidates with whom they are themselves acquainted. The names at the head of the ticket do not, to their minds, stand out with much individuality; and while such names usually command the normal party support, yet very often there is an infinitely keener rivalry among the smaller politicians over candidates for local offices. I remember, in 1880, a very ardent Democratic ward club, many of the members of which in the heat of a contest for an assemblyman coolly swapped off quite a number of votes for President in consideration of votes given to their candidate for the State Legislature; and in 1885, in my own district, a local Republican club that had a member running for alderman, performed a precisely similar feat in relation to their party's candidate for Governor. A Tammany State senator openly announced in a public speech that it was of vastly more importance to Tammany to have one of her own men Mayor of New York than it was to have a Democratic President of the United States. Very many of the leaders of the rival organizations, who lack the boldness to make such a frankly cynical avowal of what their party feeling really amounts to, yet in practice, both as regards mayor and as regards all other local offices which are politically or pecuniarily of importance, act exactly on the theory enunciated by the Tammany statesman; and, as a consequence, in every great election not only is it necessary to have the mass of the voters waked up to the importance of the principles that are at stake, but it also unfortunately is necessary to see that the powerful local leaders are convinced that it will be to their own interest to be faithful to the party ticket.

Often there will be intense rivalry between two associations or two minor bosses; and one may take up and the other oppose the cause of a candidate with an earnestness and hearty good-will arising by no means from any liking to the man himself, but from the desire to score a triumph over the opposition. It not unfrequently happens that a perfectly good man, who would not knowingly suffer the least impropriety in the conduct of his canvass, is supported in some one district by a little knot of politicians of shady character, who have nothing in common with him at all, but who wish to beat a rival body that is opposing him, and who do not for a moment hesitate to use every device, from bribery down, to accomplish their ends. A curious incident of this sort came to my knowledge while happening to inquire how a certain man became a Republican. It occurred a good many years ago, and thanks to our election laws it could not now be repeated in all its details; but affairs similar in kind occur at every election. I may preface it by stating that the man referred to, whom we will call X, ended by pushing himself up in the world, thanks to his own industry and integrity, and is now a well-to-do private citizen and as good a fellow as any one would wish to see. But at the time spoken of he was a young laborer, of Irish birth, working for his livelihood on the docks and associating with his Irish and American fellows. The district where he lived was overwhelmingly Democratic, and the contests were generally merely factional. One small politician, a saloon-keeper named Larry, who had a good deal of influence, used to enlist on election day, by pay and other compensation, the services of the gang of young fellows to which X belonged. On one occasion he failed to reward them for their work, and in other ways treated them so shabbily as to make them very angry, more especially X, who was their leader. There was no way to pay him off until the next election; but they determined to break his influence utterly then, and as the best method for doing this they decided to "vote as far away from him" as possible, or, in other words, to strain every

nerve to secure the election of all the candidates most opposed to those whom Larry favored. After due consultation, it was thought that this could be most surely done by supporting the Republican ticket. Most of the other bodies of young laborers, or, indeed, of young roughs, made common cause with X and his friends. Everything was kept very quiet until election day, neither Larry nor the few Republicans having an inkling of what was going on. It was a rough district, and usually the Republican booths were broken up and their ballot-distributers driven off early in the day; but on this occasion, to the speechless astonishment of everybody, things went just the other way. The Republican ballots were distributed most actively, the opposing workers were bribed, persuaded, or frightened away, all means fair and foul were tried, and finally there was almost a riot,—the outcome being that the Republicans actually obtained a majority in a district where they had never before polled ten per cent. of the total vote. Such a phenomenon attracted the attention of the big Republican leaders, who after some inquiry found it was due to X. To show their gratitude and to secure so useful an ally permanently (for this was before the days of civil-service reform), they procured him a lucrative place in the New York Post-office; and he, in turn, being a man of natural parts, at once seized the opportunity, set to work to correct the defects of his early education, and is now what I have described him to be.

BOSS METHODS.

A POLITICIAN who becomes an influential local leader or boss is, of course, always one with a genuine talent for intrigue and organization. He owes much of his power to the rewards he is able to dispense. Not only does he procure for his supporters positions in the service of the state or city,— such as the custom-house, sheriff's office, etc.,— but he is also able to procure positions for many on horse railroads, the elevated roads, quarry works, etc. Great corporations are peculiarly subject to the attacks of demagogues, and they find it greatly to their interest to be on good terms with the leader in each district who controls the vote of the assemblyman and alderman; and therefore the former is pretty sure that a letter of recommendation from him on behalf of any applicant for work will receive most favorable consideration. The leader also is continually helping his henchmen out of difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise; he lends them a dollar or two now and then, helps out, when possible, such of their kinsmen as get into the clutches of the law, gets a hold over such of them as have done wrong and are afraid of being exposed, and learns to mix bullying judiciously with the rendering of service.

But in addition to all this, the boss owes very much of his commanding influence to his social relations with various bodies of his constituents; and it is his work as well as his pleasure to keep these relations up. No *débutante* during her first winter in society has a more exacting round of social duties to perform than has a prominent ward politician. In every ward there are numerous organizations, primarily social in character, but capable of being turned to good account politically. The Amalgamated Hack-drivers' Union, the Hibernian Republican Club, the West Side Young Democrats, the Jefferson C. Mullin Picnic Association,—there are twenty such bodies as these in every district, and with, at any rate, the master spirits in each and all it is necessary for the boss to keep on terms of intimate and, indeed, rather boisterous friendship. When the Jefferson C. Mullin society goes on a picnic, the average citizen scrupulously avoids its neighborhood; but the boss goes, perhaps with his wife, and, moreover, enjoys himself heartily, and is hail-fellow-well-met with the rest of the picnickers, who, by the way, may be by no means bad fellows; and when election day comes round, the latter, in return, no matter to what party they may nominally belong, enthusiastically support their friend and guest on social, not political, grounds. The boss knows every man in his district who can control any number of votes: an influential saloon-keeper, the owner of a large livery stable, the leader among a set of horse-car drivers, a foreman in a machine-shop who has a taste for politics,— with all alike he keeps up constant and friendly relations. Of course this fact does not of itself make the boss a bad man; there are several such I could point out who are ten times over better fellows than are the mild-mannered scholars of timorous virtue who criticise them. But on the whole the qualities tending to make a man a successful local political leader under our present conditions are not apt to be qualities that make him serve the public honestly or disinterestedly; and in the lower wards, where there is a large vicious population, the condition of politics is often fairly appalling, and the boss is generally a man of grossly immoral public and private character, as any one can satisfy himself by examining the testimony taken by the last two or three legislative committees that have investigated the affairs of New York city. In these wards many of the social organizations with which the leaders are obliged to keep on good terms are composed of criminals,

or of the relatives and associates of criminals. The testimony mentioned above showed some strange things. I will take at random a few instances that occur to me at the moment. There was one case of an assemblyman who served several terms in the Legislature, while his private business was to carry on corrupt negotiations between the excise commissioners and owners of low haunts who wished licenses. The president of a powerful semi-political association was by profession a burglar; the man who received the goods he stole was an alderman. Another alderman was elected while his hair was still short from a term in State prison. A school trustee had been convicted of embezzlement, and was the associate of criminals. A prominent official in the police department was interested in disreputable houses and gambling-saloons, and was backed politically by their proprietors.

BEATING THE MACHINE.

In the better wards the difficulty comes in drilling a little sense and energy into decent people; they either do not care to combine or else refuse to learn how. In one district we did at one time and for a considerable period get control of affairs and elect a set of almost ideal delegates and candidates to the various nominating and legislative bodies, and in the end took an absolutely commanding although temporary position in State and even in national politics.

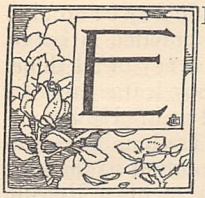
This was done by the efforts of some twenty or thirty young fellows who devoted a large part of their time thoroughly to organizing and getting out the respectable vote. The moving spirits were all active, energetic men, with common sense, whose motives were perfectly disinterested. Some went in from principle; others, doubtless, from good-fellowship or sheer love of the excitement always attendant upon a political struggle. Our success was due to our absolute freedom from caste spirit. Among our chief workers were a Columbia College professor, a crack oarsman from the same institution, an Irish quarryman, a master carpenter, a rich young merchant, the owner of a small cigar store, the editor of a little German newspaper, and a couple of employees from the post-office and custom-house, who worked directly against their own seeming interests. One of our important committees was composed of a prominent member of a Jewish synagogue, of the son of a noted Presbyterian clergyman, and of a young Catholic lawyer. We won some quite remarkable triumphs, for the first time in New York politics, carrying primaries against the machine, and as the result of our most successful struggle completely revolutionizing the State convention held to send delegates to the National Republican Convention of 1884, and returning to that body, for the first and only time it was ever done, a solid delegation of Independent Republicans. This was done, however, by sheer hard work on the part of a score or so of men; the mass of our good citizens, even after the victories which they had assisted in winning, understood nothing about how they were won. Many of them actually objected to organizing, apparently having a confused idea that we could always win by what one of their number called a "spontaneous uprising," to which a quiet young fellow in our camp grimly responded that he had done a good deal of political work in his day, but that he never in his life had worked so hard and so long as he did to get up the "spontaneous" movement in which we were then engaged.

CONCLUSIONS.

In conclusion, it may be accepted as a fact, however unpleasant, that if steady work and much attention to detail are required, ordinary citizens, to whom participation in politics is merely a disagreeable duty, will always be beaten by the organized army of politicians to whom it is both duty, business, and pleasure, and who are knit together and to outsiders by their social relations. On the other hand, average citizens do take a spasmodic interest in public affairs; and we should therefore so shape our governmental system that the action required by the voters should be as simple and direct as possible, and should not need to be taken any more often than is necessary. Governmental power should be concentrated in the hands of a very few men, who would be so conspicuous that no citizen could help knowing all about them; and the elections should not come too frequently. Not one decent voter in ten will take the trouble annually to inform himself as to the character of the host of petty candidates to be balloted for, but he will be sure to know all about the mayor, comptroller, etc. It is not to his credit that we can only rely, and that without much certainty, upon his taking a spasmodic interest in the government that affects his own well-being; but such is the case, and accordingly we ought, as far as possible, to have a system requiring on his part intermittent and not sustained action.

Theodore Roosevelt.

THE NEED OF TRADE SCHOOLS.

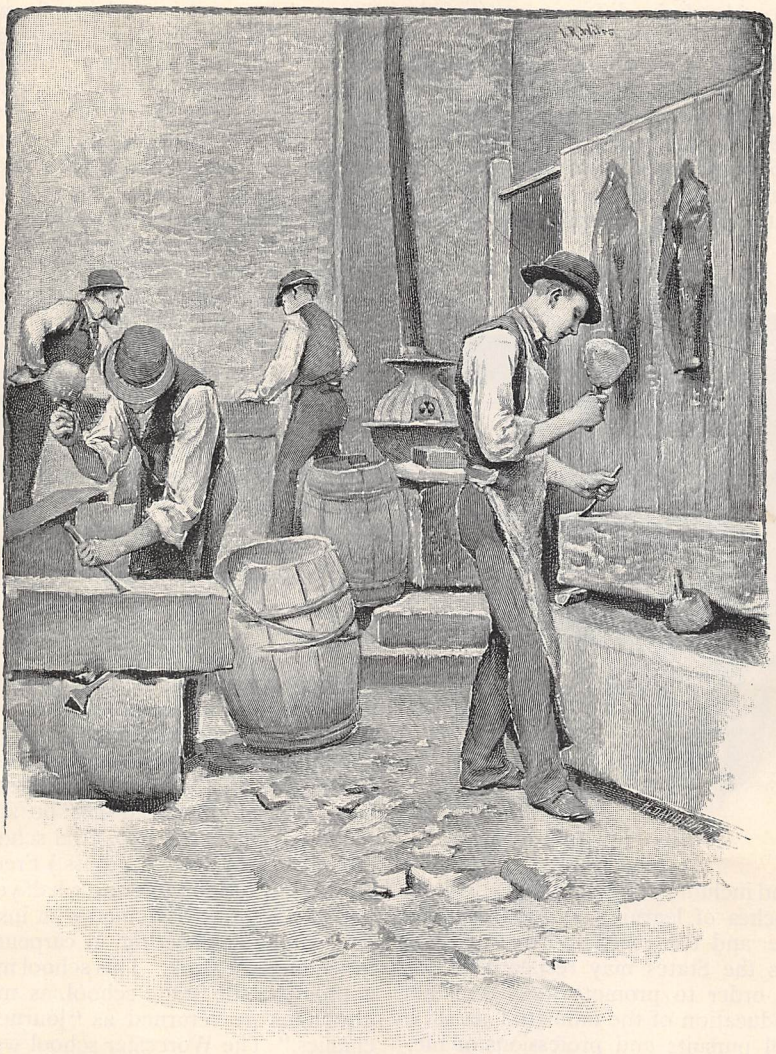


DUCATION is in a transition state. Systems that have come down to us from past ages are found incapable of meeting the wants of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Especially is this the case in the way in which the young are taught how to work. Silently the old plan has passed away, and as yet no definite scheme has taken its place. Neither in this country nor in Europe can the apprenticeship system be said to exist. It became the custom in the middle ages to bind a lad who wished to learn a trade by a written agreement to some master mechanic, for a specified number of years. In consideration of the lad's labor, the master was to care for him and teach him a handicraft. This custom continued until modern times. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth a law was passed forbidding any person to work at a trade without having first served an apprenticeship of seven years. Although this law was denounced by Adam Smith as tending to form labor monopolies, and the courts had decided it did not apply to any trade not practiced at the time of its enactment, it was not repealed until the year 1814. The English and American apprentice laws still provide for indenturing a lad to a master mechanic, but such indentures are seldom made except by the overseers of the poor for pauper lads. An indenture between a master plumber of New York and three of his "helpers" was recently published in trade journals as a curiosity. The old apprenticeship system perished, not because the indenture was looked upon as a species of slavery, nor because its results were unsatisfactory. It perished because the conditions of society under which it was possible no longer exist. The apprentice in former times lived with his master, sat at his table, and worked under his eye. For his conduct during his term of service and his skill when he became a journeyman, his master was responsible. The modern apprentice is merely a hired boy, who, while making himself useful about a workshop, learns what he can by observation and practice. If he sees the interior of his master's house, it is to do some work in no way connected with his trade, and which may not increase the idea of the dignity of labor in the minds of such of his associates as are employed in stores or offices. In old times skill more than capital made the journeyman into a master. The master worked with his men. The more apprentices he could employ and the more thoroughly he could teach them, the greater his profit. The act of Elizabeth was intended to secure the lad's labor to the employer, not to be a law, as it afterwards became, to limit the number of workers. The master now rarely works at his trade. His time is more profitably spent in seeking for customers, purchasing material, or managing his finances. The workshop is put in charge of a foreman whose reputation and wages depend on the amount of satisfactory work that can be produced at the least cost. The foreman has no time to teach lads, and as there is but little profit in their untrained labor, does not usually want them. There still survives from the old apprentice system of former days the idea that a lad employed in a workshop shall, when he becomes a man, be a skilled workman and capable of earning a journeyman's wages. This theory fixes a certain amount of responsibility upon an employer, which he is not always willing to incur. Business may increase or diminish. At one time many workmen may be wanted; at other times few or none. If lads are employed with the understanding that at the expiration of a certain time they are to be converted into skilled workmen, there may be times during the customary four years of service when there will be nothing for them to do. If retained they will be a burden on the employer; if discharged the lad will not unreasonably feel that an agreement has been broken. It is not, however, with the employer that all the difficulty of learning how to work is to be found. The different trades are organized into trades-unions, and one of the accepted theories of the unions is the advantage to be derived from limiting the number of workers. Instead of the fact that work makes work, that one busy class gives employment to other classes, it is assumed that there is a certain amount of work to be done, and the fewer there are to do it the higher wages will be. It is, therefore, sought to make each trade into a monopoly, and although these efforts have been uniformly unsuccessful, they have marred the lives of thousands of young men, and still continue to do so. Such monopolies are not possible, because foreign mechanics, attracted by wages several times greater than they could earn at home, with living but little, if any, dearer, can-

not be prevented from crossing the ocean to better their condition in life; neither can mechanics be prevented from coming to the cities from country towns, and as the strength of a union depends upon the enrollment of nearly all the workmen in the trade the union represents, these mechanics are not only invited to join, but pressure is used to force them to do so. Thus, as the exclusive policy of the unions is powerless against the stranger, its force is directed against city-born young men. This term is used because in country towns there are no unions, and consequently no opposition is made to a lad's learning a trade, if he can find some master workman who is willing to employ him. In the country, however, the standard of workmanship is not so high as it is in cities, and country mechanics cannot usually compete on even terms with city workmen. Under union rules the employer is usually allowed from two to four lads, the term of service being from four to five years. This does not allow an employer to graduate under the most favorable circumstances more than one skilled workman each year. As there are not many employers even in the largest cities in any one trade, and, as already stated, some do not want young men, it becomes a matter of no small difficulty to learn how to work. So it often happens that although a lad may be willing to work and may have strong predilections for certain kinds of work, he is more likely to meet with rebuff than encouragement. His first lesson in life teaches him that he has been born into a world where there is nothing for him to do. This lesson as he grows older he will unlearn. He will discover he was standing in a busy market-place, importuning the crowds to buy when he had nothing to sell. He was willing to do anything; there was nothing he knew how to do.

The old apprentice system is not likely to be revived. The life of the system was the personal supervision of the master, which the lad cannot have again. It may be for the interest of the master mechanic to train good workmen, but it is not his duty. The attempt to teach any large number of lads would be troublesome, even if permission could be obtained from the unions. The workmen of the future must learn how to work before they seek employment. All professional men do this. What scientific schools are to the engineer and architect, what the law school and the medical college are to the lawyer and the physician, or what the business college is to the clerk, the trade school must be to the future mechanic.

Manual instruction in schools especially designed for the purpose is not a new thing. Its rapid development in modern times is due less to the decay of the apprenticeship system than to the discovery that without such instruction the trades themselves were deteriorating. Transmitting a handicraft from man to boy carries with it wrong as well as right ideas. The practice of a trade may be taught; the theory on which that practice is based may be forgotten. The tendency of all shops is to subdivide work. A boy learns how to do one thing, and is kept at it. He has no chance to learn his trade. Trade schools first came to be regarded as important to the welfare of the state on the continent of Europe about the middle of the last century. In England, as in this country, they are of more recent origin. The report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction, London, 1884, shows not only the extent of technical instruction in European countries, but the value that is placed upon it by the people. This report gives descriptions of schools for the building trades, for weaving in wool and silk, for iron-work, furniture, clock and watch making, pottery, for the making of beer and sugar, indeed for almost every industry in which men and women are engaged. Many of these European schools, both those for general instruction in the mechanic arts and for special trades, are on a magnificent scale. At the Imperial Technical School at Moscow the annual expenses are $140,000 per annum. The Technical School at Verviers, in Belgium, chiefly a school for weaving and dyeing, was built at a cost of $100,000, the annual expenses being upwards of $13,000. The Chamber of Commerce of Crefeld, in Prussia, a town of 83,000 inhabitants, having reported that the silk industry was languishing because of the superiority of the French training-schools, an establishment costing $210,000 was begun, to which the state contributed $137,000 and the municipality $60,000, the remainder being raised by subscription. This town exports upwards of twenty millions of dollars of silk products, nearly all of which goes to England and the United States. At Chemnitz, in Saxony, now the rival of Nottingham in the hosiery business, and also the center of an iron industry, is a technical school which costs $400,000. The report referred to says there is not a manufacturer in Chemnitz whose son, assistant, or foreman has not attended this school. At Hartman's locomotive works in the same town, employing nearly three thousand men, all the boys between fourteen and sixteen years of age are obliged to attend the technical school. To allow sufficient time to do so, their hours of labor terminate at four o'clock in the afternoon twice each week.

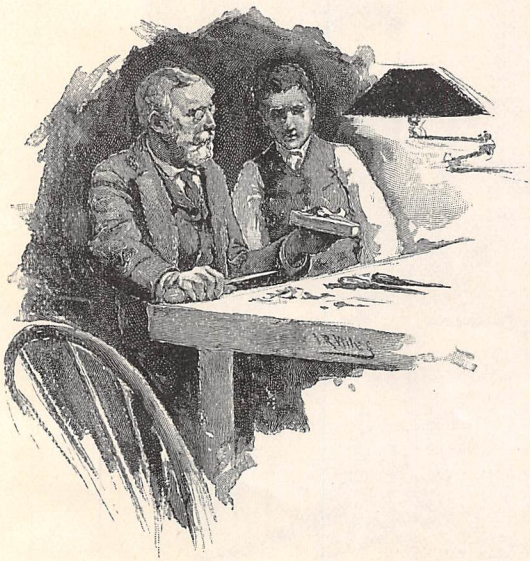


IN THE STONE-CUTTING ROOM.

At Arco, in the Austrian Tyrol, the founding of a small school with one teacher to give instruction in the manufacture of those articles in olive-wood which find so ready a sale to travelers, developed an important industry, orders being now filled from all parts of Northern Italy and from America. The city of Paris maintains a school on the Boulevard de la Villette for workers in wood and iron. Full wages are obtained, it is claimed, by the graduates from this school. A similar school is maintained in Paris by the Roman Catholic Church, with the idea of combating the irreligious sentiments of Parisian workmen. Besides the technical schools in various parts of France, free evening lectures are given in the large towns on scientific subjects connected with the trades. In Sweden, according to a report made by Professor Ordway to the Massachusetts State Board of Education, there are about three hundred schools where manual instruction in the use of tools for wood and iron work is given. As a curiosity of technical education, it may be mentioned that in Ireland the Royal Agricultural Society maintains a model perambulating dairy, which, mounted on wheels, is drawn from village to village, the inhabitants being invited to witness the most approved methods of making butter and managing a dairy. In England the subject of technical education is now attracting much attention. A very fine school for apprentices has recently been completed by the city and guilds of London, and these

guilds also encourage technical education by subsidies to schools in different parts of the kingdom.

Some idea of the need of instruction in the mechanic arts in the United States was probably present in the minds of the Senators and Representatives when the Land Grant Act of 1862 was passed. A clause in this act reads as follows: "The leading object shall be, without excluding scientific and classical



TEACHER AND PUPIL.

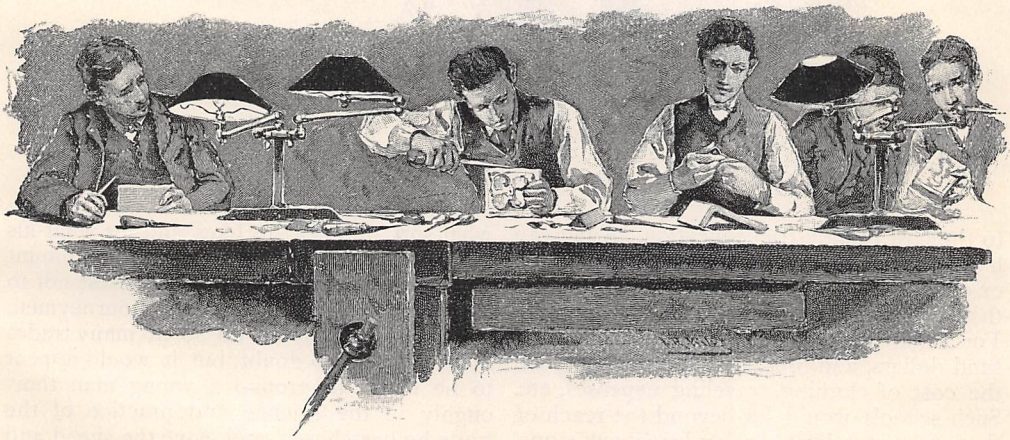
studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts in such manner as the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." The report of the Secretary of the Interior, on Industrial Education, 1882, gives a list of forty-two different schools and colleges in various parts of the union which owe their existence to this land grant. Most of these are agricultural and engineering colleges. The words in the act in regard to teaching such branches of learning as are related to the mechanic arts being usually interpreted to mean instruction in the use of carpenter's and machinist's tools. Of these land grant schools, the best known are the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston and the Hampton Institute at Hampton, Virginia. Each of these illustrates an interesting experiment in industrial education. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology might properly be called a school for foremen, as its graduates can be found superintending industrial establishments all over the United States. The pupil in weaving, for instance, is required to design or copy a pattern, and then work it out on the loom. In molding he makes a drawing, models the wooden pattern from it, and casts the pattern in the metal. The course of instruction is four years,—mathematics, chemistry, history, and the modern languages forming a part of the educational scheme. Hampton Institute was founded by General S. C. Armstrong as a normal school for colored teachers. General Armstrong, while serving as a staff-officer at Fort Monroe, during the war, was brought in contact with the fugitive slaves who took refuge at the fort. When slavery was abolished, and four millions of men, women, and children became the wards of the nation, General Armstrong conceived the idea that they could best be educated and civilized by the aid of their own people. It was as necessary to teach this vast multitude who had never been beyond the sound of a master's voice how to work for themselves, and how to care for themselves, as it was to teach them to read and write. Manual instruction was therefore a necessity at the Hampton Institute. The male graduates were to be leaders on the farm or in the workshop as well as teachers. The female graduates were to be capable of cooking, sewing, or caring for the sick. How thoroughly and successfully this scheme has been carried out need not be stated here. Another type of the industrial school is to be found in the Worcester (Mass.) Free Institute. At this institution three and a half years of general education is combined with instruction in mechanical engineering, in carpentering, and in machinist's work. This school more nearly approaches the trade school, as many of its graduates are returned as "journeymen mechanics." The Worcester school was founded by private liberality. Without such aid, it may be added, neither the Massachusetts Institute of Technology nor Hampton Institute could have reached its present usefulness. In the European technical schools provision is made for instructing young men already in the trades by a course specially adapted to their wants. In this country this important branch of industrial education has received but little attention. The Carriage Makers' Association in this city maintain a school in designing and construction for the young men in their trade. The Master Plumbers of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago have plumbing schools for their "helpers." The Cambria Iron Works in Pennsylvania, and several private firms like R. Hoe & Co. of this city, give scientific instruction to their lads, while two railroad companies, the Pennsylvania and

the Baltimore and Ohio, have shown not only what it is possible to do, but how much can be done at a trifling cost for the young men in the employ of great corporations. Beyond this short list, little has been done to supplement shop-work with systematic instruction. In the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Company's shops at Baltimore five hundred young men are employed. They are placed in charge of a graduate of the Stevens Institute whose duty it is to see that they are not employed too long at one kind of work. He can change their work as often as it may seem desirable for their future interests. He can also take parties of them from their work at any time to explain to them the machinery they may be engaged upon or may see around them. A neat building has been erected for their use, which contains a library and class-rooms for instruction in mechanics and drawing. The lads are required to wear a uniform, which, besides giving them a jaunty appearance, tends to habits of personal neatness. What is done by the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. could be done in any manufacturing town by the union of a few large employers.

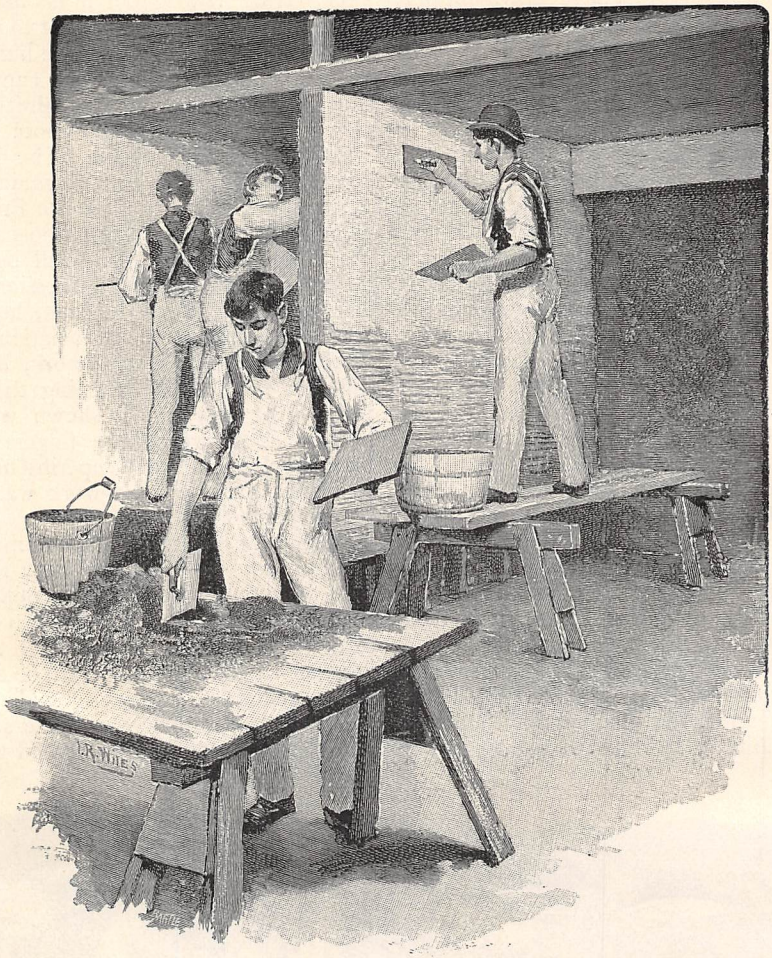
The difference between manual instruction and trade instruction is not always clear in the public mind. By manual instruction is meant teaching a lad how to handle certain tools, usually carpenter's and blacksmith's tools, for the purpose of developing his hands and arms, precisely as other lessons are given to develop his observation or his memory. This is not teaching a trade, although it would render the work of the trade school much easier. A lad who has gone through a course of manual instruction at a school would be more likely to be a better mechanic than one who had reached seventeen or eighteen years of age without ever having held a tool in his hands. Manual training-schools are meant to make a lad handy; trade schools to make him proficient in some one art by which he can earn a living. Manual instruction has already been incorporated in the public school systems of Boston and Philadelphia. The New York Board of Education has maintained for several years a workshop at the Free College. It now proposes to open schools all over the city where boys and girls will be taught to use their hands. A great impression was made last spring by the exhibition, held by the Industrial Education Association of New York, of children's handiwork, and of the different methods of teaching them how to work. Not only was it shown what varied and excellent work little fingers could do, but school-teachers and superintendents came to testify that the brain-work was benefited by the hand-work.

Admitting that trade education is practicable and that it is advisable both for the purpose of giving young men an opportunity to learn how to work and to keep the trades from deteriorating, it may be well to consider how such education can best be adapted to the wants of the American people.

In most of the foreign trade schools the technical instruction is combined with a general education, the course extending over several years. This system is also followed at the Hampton Institute, at the Indian school at Carlisle Barracks, at the Worcester Free Institute, and at the reformatories and asylums in this country where trades are taught. Except in special cases there seems no need of combining instruction in the trades with a general education. It is duplicating the work of the public schools and adding greatly

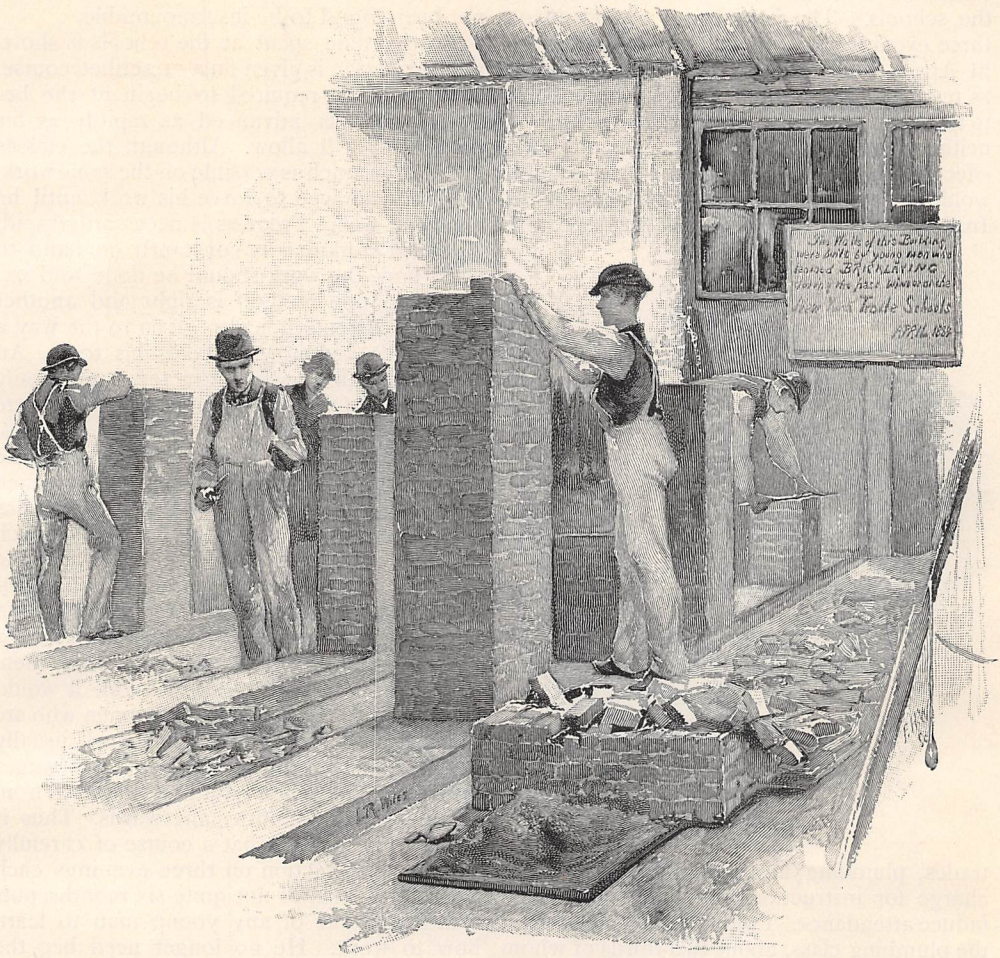


WOOD-CARVING.



PLASTERING.

to the cost of industrial education. A lad can hardly be taught and boarded, even at a school or college which is liberally endowed, for less than two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. For a four-years' course this would be a thousand dollars, and to this sum must be added the cost of clothing, traveling expenses, etc. Such schools would be beyond the reach of those who are likely to lay brick, cut stone, or work at any of the mechanic arts. A simpler, shorter, more economical course of instruction is wanted for the future mechanic. It must be remembered that although the law requires the parent to support the child, it is an established custom that after a certain age the child shall in some way contribute to the family support. No system of trade instruction will be successful that does not recognize this fact. From eighteen to twenty years would seem to be the best age to enter a trade school. The lad is then old enough to know what sort of work he likes and for what his strength is adapted. As regards the amount of instruction given, it would be wisest not to attempt to graduate first-class journeymen. That it is possible to do so in many trades there need be no doubt, but it would appear to be better to ground a young man thoroughly in the science and practice of the trade he has chosen, and leave the speed and experience that comes from long practice to be acquired at real work after leaving the school. Such a system would be more economical, as by it the cost of teaching and the waste of material would be greatly lessened. This probation course, as the time spent between leaving the trade school and becoming a skilled workman might be called, need not be long. Six months will suffice in most trades. Young men who begin work in this way are likely to get on better with their fellow-workmen than if taught entirely at a school,



BUILDING PIERS IN THE BRICKLAYING ROOM.

and they will understand better how to accommodate themselves to different situations. Trade schools should not be free. They will be best appreciated when an entrance fee is required. Lawyers, physicians, engineers, architects, and clerks are expected to pay for their instruction, and there is no need to treat mechanics as objects of charity; neither do they desire it.

At the Hampton and Worcester schools the work of the pupil yields a revenue. At Hampton, contrary to the usual experience, a student's labor has been found to be of sufficient value to pay for his board and tuition. When the course of instruction at a trade school is short, it is best not to seek for any return from the pupil's work. The same temptation, otherwise, will exist as in the shop, of putting a lad at what he can do best instead of teaching him what he knows least about. The pupil's future is of more consequence than the material that may be wasted. In a well-organized trade school the waste is not a serious item, as the same material can be used many times.

In the belief that the most practical system was a combination of the trade school and the shop, of grounding young men thoroughly in the science and practice of a trade at the school, and leaving them to acquire speed of workmanship and experience at real work after their course of instruction was finished, the New York Trade Schools on First Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets, from which the accompanying engravings were made, were opened in the autumn of 1881. The schools were designed to aid those who were in the trades by affording them facilities to become skilled workmen not possible in the average workshop, and to enable young men not in the trades to make their labor of sufficient value to secure work and to become

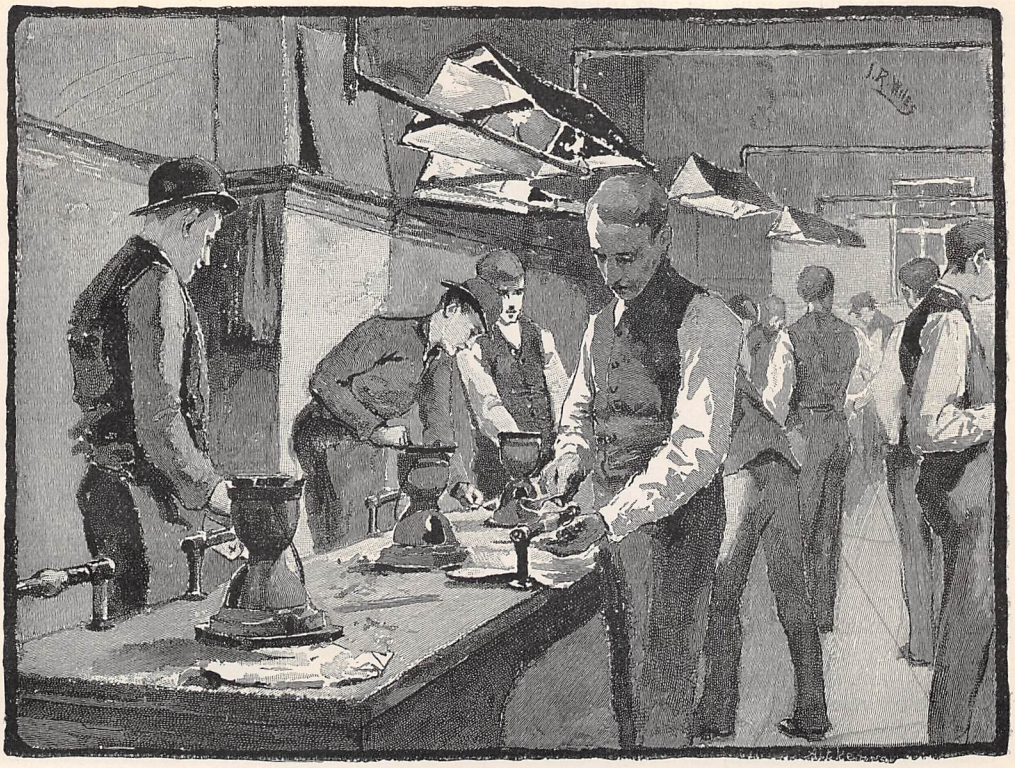
skilled workmen in a short period after leaving the schools. The instruction was given on three evenings each week from November until April. Skilled mechanics were employed as teachers. How much it would be possible to teach during that limited time was unknown, neither were there any means to ascertain what effect the instruction received at the schools would have on the young man's success in life. Instruction was given the first season in two

A FRESCO-PAINTER.

trades, plumbing and fresco-painting. The charge for instruction was made nominal to induce attendance. Twenty young men joined the plumbing class, about two-thirds of whom were in the trade as plumbers' "helpers," and thirteen joined the fresco class. Of this number one-third dropped off during the winter. The schools have now completed their fifth season. The attendance has increased from thirty-three the first season to three hundred and four the fifth season. The charges have been increased to a sum which it is hoped will ultimately meet the expenses of the schools. Instruction is now given in plumbing, fresco-painting, bricklaying, stone-cutting, plastering, carpentry, wood-carving, and gas-fitting. A class in pattern-making was abandoned for lack of support. Those who came to the schools from workshops surprised their employers and comrades by their suddenly acquired skill. Those who came to learn a trade have usually found work. There is a record at the schools of many of this latter class, who, to use the expression of more than one of them, owe their success in life to having joined the schools. Serious difficulties have to be encountered in obtaining work on account of trades-union rules, but these difficulties have not been found to be insurmountable.

As the time spent at the schools is short, the instruction is given on a prescribed course. Each pupil is required to begin at the beginning and is advanced as rapidly as his proficiency will allow. Although the classes are kept as much as possible on the same work, no one is allowed to leave his work until he can do it well. Progress is necessarily rapid. A skilled workman is constantly on hand to show how the work should be done and explain why one method is right and another wrong. Attention is also given to the way a lad stands and how he holds his tools. An awkward habit once contracted is not easily overcome. On two occasions additions were made to the schools by the bricklaying class. The work was done at the termination of the regular course of instruction, the young men being paid in proportion to the number of bricks laid. This practice was found to be of so much value that the evening instruction for the bricklayers is now supplemented by two weeks' day work. The brick-work of three stores and a large apartment-house has also been almost entirely done by trade school young men. Better or more conscientious work it would be difficult to find. Those young men who are old enough to do a full day's work usually get from one-third to one-half a day's wages on leaving the schools, and full wages in from six to eighteen months afterwards. Thus it seems to be proved that a course of carefully arranged instruction on three evenings each week for a term of not quite six months, puts it in the power of any young man to learn how to work. He no longer need beg the employer to teach him. He stands in the labor market with something to sell.

Although the system followed at the New York Trade Schools could perhaps be improved, it has the merit of giving those who are likely to attend such schools what they want. Many well-meant schemes have failed because this point was overlooked. A longer course would be better; indeed, some young men lengthen their term of instruction by laboring two seasons, but to many, and often to the best, even a single season is a heavy tax on their strength. To work all day for a present living, and then to begin again and work during the evening to acquire the skill necessary to obtain a living in the future, requires no small amount of energy and self-denial. Work in the shop ceases at six o'clock. Work at the school can hardly begin later than seven. This leaves one hour only for food, for rest, and for travel. The young men at the New York Trade Schools come from all parts of New York, from Brooklyn, Hobo-



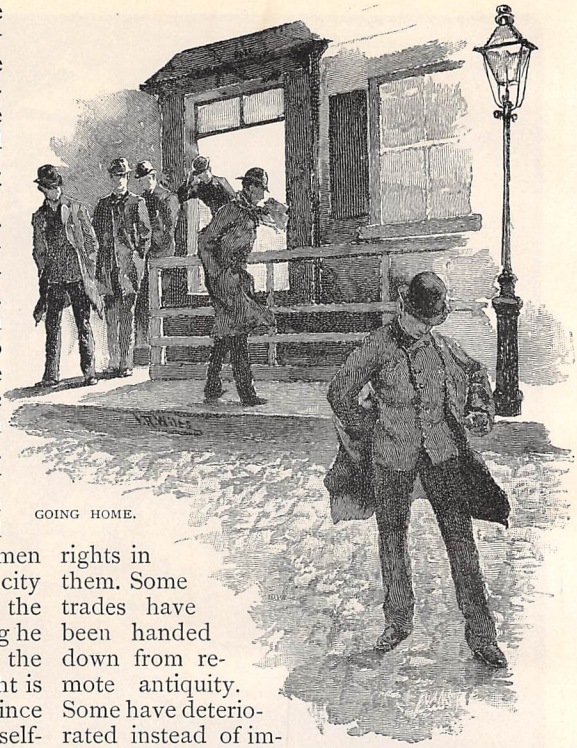
PLUMBING.

ken, and Jersey City. Some have come from Staten Island, Newark, and Orange. Between two and three hundred young men thus assembled to learn how to work, and who have paid their hard-earned money for the privilege, may almost be said to form an impressive sight. These young men are employed in offices and stores, in mills and workshops, and at the various occupations for which boy labor is needed, but which have no future for the man. During the five winters the schools have been open, no rude or profane word has been heard within their walls. The young men are attentive to their instructors, and although often inconveniently crowded, are courteous to each other. Costly tools are scattered about, but they are cared for as if they belonged to those who use them. If they are fair specimens of a class which comprises fully two-thirds of the young men of this city, New York has reason to be proud of her sons.

It is often said that American parents are not desirous of having their children learn trades. The mothers, perhaps, may be responsible for this idea. The present custom of requiring a lad to work for four or five years before becoming a journeyman necessitates his beginning at an early age. Placing boys during ten hours a day with men of whose antecedents nothing is known is undoubtedly objectionable. Although less evil comes from it than is usually supposed, still injury may be done which a careful parent would guard against. A trade school not only avoids any danger of this kind, but it gives the parent an opportunity to ascertain for what sort of work the boy is suited. As it is now, the lad may work for several years at a trade and then find he has no taste for it. New places are not easily found; to change his trade may be impossible. He becomes a poor workman without interest or heart in his work. Six months at a trade school would be time well spent if it only taught the lad for what work he is fitted.

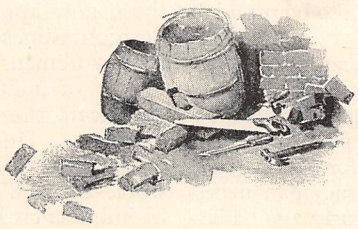
Could the opposition of the trades-unions to young men learning trades be overcome, a great source of wealth would be opened to those now approaching manhood. This opposition comes almost entirely from foreign-born workmen. The effect of their policy is a matter of indifference to them. Unlike the American, the foreigner cares but little for the future. He looks only to the number of dollars it is possible to extract for a day's work. He willingly surrenders his liberty and his judgment to his union officers. To keep their

places, these officers must be able to force the employers to obey the union rules. They not only believe in the advantages to be derived from limiting the number of workers, but they fear that if many lads are allowed to work, the employer, with the aid of his apprentices, can withstand a strike. This fear is as groundless as the theory of the benefit of trade monopolies is mistaken. Skilled work can only be done economically by skilled workmen. The master mechanics put but a small value on boy labor. Even the Chicago Master Plumbers, in their effort to educate their "helpers," do not make it easier to enter the trade. The Journeymen Stone-cutters' Union is the only union in New York which has shown any interest in the welfare of young men. The Journeymen Plumbers' Union lately passed a resolution which, if acquiesced in by the Master Plumbers' Association, will prevent three out of every four of the young men now learning the plumbing trade in this city from becoming mechanics. Until lately, the right of a man to follow any honest calling he may see fit, provided he does not violate the laws, has not been questioned. This right is now being reasserted. It is not the province of any body of men, certainly not of any self-constituted organization, to decide who or how many shall be allowed to work. No legislature is intrusted with such power. If a trade needs protection, it can be obtained in a legal manner. Lawyers and physicians seek to guard their professions and the public from incompetent men by legal enactments. The law requiring the examination and licensing of journeymen plumbers in the cities of New York and Brooklyn was intended to protect the public from ignorant workmen. Its provisions, with slight alterations, could be made to apply to any trade. The higher the standard of workmanship is made by which admission to a trade could be procured, the better for the trade and the public. Such a system would be better than "cards of protection" obtained by favor or by purchase. "An equal chance and no favor" are not idle words to the American mind. Mechanics did not invent their trades, they have no proprietary rights in them. Some trades have been handed down from remote antiquity. Some have deteriorated instead of improving. Roman masonry was better than our own. In metal-work we do not excel the mechanics of the middle ages. Furniture of the time of Louis XVI. is preserved in art collections for its elegance and the beauty of its workmanship. The demand for skilled labor all over the United States far exceeds the supply. To such work city-born young men are admirably adapted. They are handy, quick, and generally well educated. They should not only supply the home demand, but the demand which comes from villages that are becoming towns, and towns that in a few years will be cities. A thorough knowledge of a trade often yields its possessor, if he works but two hundred days in the year, an income equal to that received from twenty thousand dollars invested in government bonds. Is this harvest to be reaped by the stranger and the foreigner, or are our own people to have a share?



GOING HOME.

Richard T. Auchmuty.



THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," etc.

I.

IN one of the liveliest portions of a very lively metropolitan street was situated the popular resort known as Vatoldi's. It was a restaurant which owed its extensive patronage to the inducements it offered to persons of refined tastes and moderate purses. It was in a shopping district, and from early breakfast-time until a very late dinner or supper hour, Vatoldi's seemed never to be without customers, and John People seemed always to be behind the little desk near the entrance of the long and handsome room. In fact he was not always there, because his manifold duties required his presence in a great many places, but if a customer looked up from his meal and did not see John at his ordinary post, he would be very likely to see him there the next time he looked up, and thus an impression was produced on the minds of patrons similar to the impression given by the juggler who makes one believe that because an object has been in one place a great many times it is always there.

John People was a young man of a vigorous and rotund figure, with a slightly upturned nose, very light-brown hair brushed smoothly on his well-rounded head, and a general expression of sad good humor combined with sleepless perspicacity. Dutiful resignation to his lot raised his eyebrows and slightly wrinkled his forehead, but his wide open eyes gazed steadily on the business in hand as if they had nothing to do with the future or with retrospection, no matter how the brow might choose to occupy itself.

There was about John an air of strong independence associated with a kindly willingness, which made it a pleasant thing to watch him as he attended to his varied duties. He was the chief man and manager at Vatoldi's, and although the cooks cooked, the waiters waited, and the little boy opened the door for the ladies, as they had been taught to cook, wait, and open, they all appeared to act under John's personal direction, as if they had been an orchestra moved by a conductor's baton. He was not the owner of the establishment, and yet he was the only visible head. Early in the morning he went to the markets and selected the most desirable meats and vegetables. He personally inspected the commodities of grocers and fruiterers, and he brought a keen investigation to bear upon the necessary supplies of wines and malt liquors. All expenditures were made by him, and all receipts went into his money drawer, and were daily deposited by him in a neighboring bank. But, although he thus stood at the head of affairs, there seemed to be nothing which John was unwilling to do. If a truck arrived with some heavy merchandise, John would put his hat upon his smoothly brushed locks, and, with a slightly rolling yet energetic step, would proceed to the sidewalk and give what directions might be needed, even sometimes lending a very strong hand to a piece of difficult lifting or lowering. The moment this duty was done he would step vigorously back to his post, hang up his hat, leaving his locks as smoothly brushed as ever, and be ready again to receive the money of his customers. There was a young man who acted as cashier during his superior's occasional absences from the desk, but nearly all the money that went into the till passed directly through John People's hands.

Vatoldi's was a remarkably well-ordered establishment; its viands, its service, and its general equipment were all of the best; and yet its prices were extremely reasonable. To combine the advantages of the two classes of restaurants generally found in American cities seemed to be the moving principle of John People's mind. To dine or lunch well at Vatoldi's, one did not need to bring a friend with him to share the expense and help eat a supply of food over-abundant for one person. Instead of that, one had enough, paid not too much, and went away with pocket and stomach equally satisfied. There was nothing, however, in the aspect of Vatoldi's to suggest the ordinary cheap American restaurant. There were no shelves filled with tin cans and bottles, no tables spread with pies and cakes. Everything was in tasteful order, and placards of any kind were totally tabooed. Even on the outer front one read but the words, above the plate-glass door:

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"VATOLDI
BREAKFAST AND DINING ROOMS."

Yet there was not a total absence of display of viands. After the fashion common to English hostelries, a large round table stood near the center of the room, on which were set out huge cold joints, poultry, and game, in order that such persons who knew, or supposed they knew, exactly what they liked to eat, could say to the waiter, "Cut me a slice from here, or there," or, "Let me have the liver wing of that fowl." It was surprising with what faithfulness the clear eyes of John People, looking out from under his resigned brow, kept themselves upon these details.

It was towards the end of May, and the weather was getting to be very pleasant for outdoor life, and it was about one o'clock in the day,— an hour at which the thought of Vatoldi's began to be very pleasant to a great many people,— when there walked into the already well-filled room a tall gentleman, who took his seat at a small table at the extreme upper end of the room. As he walked slowly up the whole extent of the apartment, his glossy hat held carefully in one hand, while the other carried his silver-mounted cane, most of the people seated at the tables looked up at him as he passed; and he, in turn, gazed from side to side with such particularity that his eyes fell upon every person in the room, to many of whom he bowed, or rather nodded, with a certain stiffened graciousness that was peculiarly a manner of his own. This gentleman was a regular habitué of Vatoldi's, and was a personage so very well known in the metropolis that he seldom entered an assembly of any size in which he did not meet some one with whom he was acquainted. His name was Mr. Stull, or, as signed by himself, J. Weatherby Stull. He was not only tall, but large, bony, and heavy. His clothes were of a costly quality, and had the appearance of being quite new. He had a good deal of watch-chain, and wore several heavy rings. His manner was grave and even solemn, but, when occasion required it, he would endeavor to produce upon the minds of his inferiors the impression that there were moments when they need not look up to J. Weatherby Stull. This was a concession which he deemed due from himself to mankind.

Mr. Stull was a very rich man, and his business operations were of various kinds. He was president of a bank; he was a large owner and improver of real estate, and it was generally understood that he had money invested in several important enterprises. He lived with his family, in a handsome house, in a fashionable quarter of the city, and his household affairs were conducted with as much state as he considered compatible with republican institutions.

In addition to his other occupations, Mr. Stull was the proprietor of Vatoldi's, but this fact was known to no one in the world but himself and John People.

This establishment, which he had owned for many years, had been placed, upon the death of the former manager, in the charge of John People. John was a young man to hold such a responsible position, but Mr. Stull had known him from a boy and felt that he could trust him. Mr. Stull was a very good judge of the quality of subordinates, especially in a business of this kind. Those who gave John People credit for keeping such an excellent restaurant, and even those who supposed that the never-to-be-seen Vatoldi might sometimes help him with advice, gave the young man entirely too much credit. He was capable, quick-sighted, willing, and honest, but he seldom did anything of importance which had not been planned and ordered by Mr. Stull.

This gentleman was, in fact, one of the best restaurant keepers in the world. His habits of thought, his qualities of mind, all combined to make him nearly perfect in this vocation. Every day, after John had made his deposit at Mr. Stull's bank, he went into the president's private room and had a talk with him. If anybody noticed his entrance it was supposed that the young man was consulting with Mr. Stull in regard to the investment of his profits. But nothing of this kind ever took place. John had no share in the business and no profits, and the conversation turned entirely upon beef, lamb, mutton, early shad, and vegetables, and the most minute details of the management of Vatoldi's kitchen and dining and breakfast room. Every afternoon John received careful directions as to what he was to buy, what dishes he was to have prepared, and, in general, what he was to do on the following day. On the following day he did all this, and Vatoldi's was the most popular resort of its kind in the city.

But, notwithstanding the fact that in the management of his restaurant Mr. Stull showed a talent of the highest order, and notwithstanding the fact that his present wealth was founded on the profits of this establishment, and that its continued success was the source of higher pride and satisfaction than the success of any other of his enterprises, he would not, on any account, have it known that he was the proprietor of Vatoldi's. His sense of personal dignity and the position of himself and family in society positively forbade that the world should know that J. Weatherby Stull

was the keeper of a restaurant. He had thought, at times, of cutting loose from this dangerous secret and selling Vatoldi's; but there were many objections to this plan. He did not wish to lose the steady income the business gave him, an income that could always be depended upon, no matter what the condition of stocks and real estate; he did not wish to give up the positive pleasure which the management of the establishment afforded him; and he felt that it would be a hazardous thing to attempt to sell the business without betraying his connection with it.

So Vatoldi's went on, and Mr. Stull's position went up, and John People's honor and vigilance, the rock on which they both rested, were always to be depended upon.

Mr. Stull always took his luncheon at Vatoldi's, and he believed that the fact of his being a constant patron of the establishment was one cause of its popularity. If a man in his high position took his meals there, other people of fashion and position would be likely to do the same.

"I like Vatoldi's," he would say to his friends, "because you can get as good a meal there as at any of the high-priced fancy places, without having to pay for any nonsense and frippery. Of course the extra cost of taking my meals at one of these fashionable restaurants would make very little difference to me now, but I should never have reached the position in which I at present find myself if I had not always made it a point to get the worth of my money. And, besides, it's a sensible place. They give you steel knives for your meats, and keep the silvered ones for fish and fruit, just as it's done in high-toned English society. And you are waited on by men who look like clean waiters, and not like dirty gentlemen."

As on this fine May afternoon Mr. Stull sat at his meal, which was the best the place afforded, for in every way he liked to set a good example to those around him, his eyes continually traversed the length and breadth of the room; and had there been anything out of the way John People would have heard of it that afternoon when he came to the bank. While he was thus engaged, a coupé, drawn by a pair of small sorrel horses, with tails trimmed in English fashion, stopped before Vatoldi's, and a handsomely dressed young lady got out and entered the restaurant. Mr. Stull's eyes brightened a little at this incident, and he looked about to see if other people had noticed the entrance of the new-comer. The young lady was his oldest daughter, and he had always encouraged his family to come to Vatoldi's whenever they happened to be shopping at lunch time. He did not think it wise to say so, but he liked them to come in a carriage. Whenever bad weather gave him an excuse, he always came in a carriage himself. Nothing would have pleased him better than to have the street in front of Vatoldi's blocked by waiting carriages.

The entrance of Miss Stull had not been more quickly and earnestly noticed by her father than by John People. The eyes of that young man were fixed upon her from the moment she leaned forward to open the carriage door until she had been conducted to an advantageous vacant table. This was not near the one occupied by her father, for the young lady did not care to walk so far into the room as that.

In a refrigerator, near his little desk, John kept, under his own charge, certain cuts of choice meats which he handed out to be cooked for those customers who had specific tastes in regard to such things. In one corner of this refrigerator John kept a little plate on which always reposed a brace of especially tender lamb chops, a remarkably fine sweetbread, or some other dainty of the kind. When Miss Stull happened to come in, the waiter was always immediately instructed to say that they had that day some very nice chops or sweet-bread, as the case might be; and the young lady being easily guided in matters of taste of this kind generally ordered the viand which John had kept in reserve for her. Sometimes, when she did not come for several days, John was obliged to give to some one else the delicacy he had reserved for her, but he always did this with a sigh which deepened the lines of dutiful resignation on his brow.

Miss Stull was a young lady of rather small dimensions, quite pretty, of a bright mind and affable disposition, and entirely ignorant that there was a man in the world who for three days would keep for her a brace of lamb chops in a corner of a refrigerator. John's secret was as carefully kept as that of his employer, but the conduct of Vatoldi's was no greater pleasure to Mr. Stull than were the visits to that establishment of Mr. Stull's daughter to John People.

When Mr. Stull had finished his meal, he walked slowly down the room and stopped at the table where his daughter still sat. That young lady thereupon offered to finish her meal instantly, and take her father to the bank in the coupé.

"No, my dear," said Mr. Stull, "there is no occasion for that. Never hurry while you eat, and be sure to eat all you want. Do you continue to like Vatoldi's?"

"Oh, yes, papa," said Miss Stull, "everything is very nice here, and I am sure the place is respectable."

"It is more than respectable," said Mr. Stull a little warmly. Then, toning down his voice, he continued: "If it were not everything it ought to be, I should not come here myself, nor recommend you and your mother to do so. I always find it well filled with the best class of people, many of them ladies. Bye-bye until dinner-time."

Then he walked to the desk and paid the amount of his bill to John People, with never a word, a gesture, or a look which could indicate to the most acute observer that he was putting the money into his own pocket.

Mr. Stull had scarcely creaked himself out of Vatoldi's when there entered an elderly man dressed in a suit of farmer's Sunday clothes. His trousers were gray and very wide, his black frock-coat was very long, and his felt hat, also black, had a very extensive brim. Deep set in his smooth-shaven face were a pair of keen gray eyes which twinkled with pleasure, as, with outstretched hand, he walked straight up to the desk behind which John People stood. John cordially grasped the hand which was offered him, and the two men expressed their satisfaction at seeing each other in tones much louder than would have been thought proper by Mr. Stull, had he been present.

"I am glad to see you, Uncle Enoch," said John. "How did you leave mother?"

"She's as lively and chipper as ever," said the other. "But I didn't come here only to see you, I came to get somethin' to eat. I want my dinner now, and I'll stop in in the afternoon, when people have thinned out, and have a talk with you."

As he said this, Mr. Enoch Bullripple moved towards the only vacant place which he saw, and it happened to be on the opposite side of the little table at which Miss Stull still sat, slowly eating an ice. At first John seemed about to protest against his uncle's seating himself at this sacred table, although, indeed, it afforded abundance of room for two persons; but then it shot into his mind that it would be a sort of bond of union between himself and the young lady to have his uncle sit at the same table with her. This was not much of a bond, but it was the only thing of the kind that had ever come between Miss Stull and himself.

When Mr. Bullripple had taken his seat, and had ordered an abundant dinner of meat and vegetables, he pushed aside the bill of fare, and his eyes fell upon Miss Stull, who sat opposite to him. After a steady gaze of a few moments, he said: "How d'ye do?"

Miss Stull, who had thrown two or three glances of interest at her opposite neighbor, which were due to his air of countrified spruceness, now gave him a quick look of surprise, but made no answer.

"Isn't this Matilda Stull?" said the old man. "I'm Enoch Bullripple, and if I'm not a good deal mistaken your father had a farm that he used to come out to in summer-time that was pretty nigh where I lived, which is a couple of miles from Cherry Bridge."

Miss Stull, who at first had been a little shocked at being addressed by a stranger, now smiled and answered: "Oh, yes, I remember you very well, although I never saw you before dressed in this way. You always wore a straw hat, and went about in your shirt sleeves. And you would never let us walk across your big grass field."

"It wasn't on account of your hurtin' the grass," said Mr. Bullripple, "for you couldn't do that, but I don't like to see young gals in pastur' fields where there's ugly cattle. I hope you don't bear me no grudge for keepin' you out of danger."

"Oh, no," said Miss Stull. "In fact I'm much obliged to you."

When John People looked over the desk and saw his uncle talking to Miss Stull, he turned pale. This was a bond of union he had not imagined possible. He felt that his duty called upon him to protest, but when he saw the young lady entering into the conversation with apparent willingness he made no motion to interfere, but stood staring at the two with such wide-eyed earnestness that a gentleman coming up to pay his bill had to rap twice on the desk before he gained John's attention.

"How's your father?" said Mr. Bullripple.

Miss Stull replied that he was quite well, and the other continued: "That's my sister's son over there, behind the desk. He pretty much runs this place as far as I can make out, for whenever I come here I never see nothin' of Vatoldi, who must do his work in the kitchen if he does any. John's mother used to have the farm that your father owned afterwards, and he was born there. But I guess you don't know nothin' about all that."

"Was that young man born at our farm?" said Miss Stull, looking over towards John with the first glance of interest she had ever bestowed upon him.

"Yes, that's where he was born," said Mr. Bullripple; "but he lived with me when you was out there, and his mother, too, which she does yet; and I wish John could get a chance to come out there sometimes for a little country air. But Vatoldi keeps him screwed tight to his work, and it's only now and then of a Sunday that we get sight of him, unless we come to town ourselves."

"That is very mean of Vatoldi," said Miss

Stull, rising, "for I am sure everybody ought to have a holiday now and then. Good-morning, Mr. Bullripple."

As Miss Stull advanced towards the desk John People knew that she was going to speak to him. He felt this knowledge coming hot up into his cheeks, tingling among the resignation lines on his brow, and running like threads of electricity down his back and into his very knees, which did not seem to give him their usual stout and unyielding support. Whether it was from the manner of her walk, or the steady gaze of her eyes, or the expression of her mouth, that this knowledge came to him, it came correctly, for she had no sooner reached the desk and laid her money and her bill upon it, than she said:

"Your uncle tells me, sir, that you were born on the farm where we used to live, near Cherry Bridge."

"Yes, miss," said John, "I was born there."

"Of course, there is no reason why this should not have been so," said Miss Stull, pushing her money towards John; "but, somehow or other, it seems odd to me. What is your name, please?"

John told her, and as she slowly dropped her change into her pocket-book Miss Stull began to think. Had her father been there he would not have been slow to take her aside and inform her that, for a young lady in her position, with a coupé and pair waiting at the door, it was highly improper to stand and think by the desk in a restaurant, with a person like John People behind it. But Miss Stull was a young woman of a very independent turn of mind. She placed a good value on fashion and form and all that sort of thing, but she did not allow her social position to interfere too much with her own ideas of what was good for her.

"There was an old—lady," she said, presently, "whom I used to see very often, and her name was Mrs. People. I liked her better than your uncle. Was she your mother?"

"Yes," said John, "she is my mother."

"That is very nice," remarked Miss Stull, and with a little nod she said "Good-morning, Mr. People," and went out to her coupé.

John smoothed out the bank-note which she had given him, and on the back of it he wrote "M. S.," and put the day of the month and the year beneath it. He left a space between the two initials so he could put in the middle one when he found out what it was. Then he took a note of the same value from his pocket, and put it in the money drawer, and folding carefully the one he had received from Miss Stull, he placed it tenderly in an inner receptacle of his pocket-book.

II.

MR. BULLRIPPLE returned to Vatoldi's about the middle of the afternoon to have a talk with his nephew, but the young man who had charge of the desk during this period of comparative inactivity told him that Mr. People had gone to the bank.

Mr. Bullripple reflected for a moment.

"Well, then," said he, "I would like to see Mr. Vatoldi."

The young man behind the desk laughed. "There isn't any such person," said he. "That's just the name of the place."

Mr. Bullripple looked at him fixedly. "I'd like to know, then," he said, "who is at the head of this establishment."

"Mr. People is. If you want to sell anything, or if you have got a bill to collect, you must go to him."

Mr. Bullripple was about to whistle, but he restrained himself, his eyes sparkling as he put on his mental brakes. "Well, then," he said, "I suppose I must wait till I can see Mr. People." And, without further words, he left the place.

"I suppose I might have waited," said Enoch Bullripple, as he slowly strode up the street, "but, on the whole, I'd as lief not see John jus' now. No Vatoldi, eh? That's a piece of news I must say!"

Mr. Bullripple did not try again to see his nephew that day. He spent the rest of the afternoon in attending to the business that brought him to the city; and, about eight o'clock, he found himself in one of the uptown cross-streets, walking slowly with a visiting card in his hand, looking for a number that was printed thereon. He discovered it before long, but stopped surprised.

"It looks like a hotel," he said, "but eighty-two is the number. There can't be no mistake about that."

So saying, he mounted the few broad steps which led to the front door, and looked for a bell. The house was one of those large apartment-houses, so popular in New York, but with mansions of this kind the old man was totally unfamiliar. He did not know that it was necessary to touch the button by the side of the doorway; but, while he was peering about, the hall-boy saw him from within, and admitted him. The house was not one of the largest and finest of its class, but its appointments were of a high order. The floor was inlaid with different colored marbles, and the walls and ceiling were handsomely decorated.

"Does Mr. Horace Stratford live here?" asked Mr. Bullripple.

"Yes," said the boy, who was attired in a

neat suit of brown clothes with brass buttons, "fifth floor. There's the elevator."

The old man looked in at the door of the brightly lighted elevator, and then he glanced wistfully at the broad stairway which wound up beside it. But, repeating to himself the words "fifth floor," he entered the elevator. Thereupon a second boy in brown clothes with brass buttons stepped in after him, closed the door, pulled the wire rope, and Enoch Bullripple made his first ascent in a machine of this kind. He did not like it. "I'll come down by the stairs," he said to himself; "that is, if they run up that far." Arrived at the fifth floor, the door was opened, and Enoch gladly stepped out, whereupon the elevator immediately descended to the depths below. To the right of the hall in which he now found himself was a door on which was a small brass plate bearing the name "H. Stratford." On this door Mr. Bullripple knocked with his strong, well-hardened knuckles.

The door was opened by an elderly serving-man, who came very quickly to see who it could be who would knock on the door instead of touching the electric bell-knob. Mr. Stratford was at home, and when the visitor had sent in his name he was, without delay, conducted to a large and handsome room, at the door of which Mr. Stratford met him with extended hand.

"Why, Enoch," he said, "I am glad to see you. How do you do? And how is Mrs. People?"

"Spry as common," said Enoch. And, putting down his hat and umbrella, he seated himself in a large easy-chair which Mr. Stratford pushed towards him, and gazed around.

The floor was covered with rich heavy rugs; furniture of antique beauty and modern luxury stood wherever it could find an inviting place; the walls were hung with water-colors and etchings; here and there appeared a bas-relief or a bit of old tapestry; some book-shelves of various shapes and heights were crowded with volumes in handsome bindings; larger books stood upon the floor; while portfolios of engravings and illustrated books were piled up on a table in one corner of the room; articles of oddity or beauty, picked up by a traveler in his wanderings, were scattered about on mantel-piece or cabinet shelf; a wood fire blazed behind polished andirons and fender; and, near by, a large table held a shaded lamp, some scattered books and journals, a jar of tobacco, and the amber-tipped pipe which Mr. Stratford had just laid down. Through a partly drawn portière, which covered a wide doorway at one side of the room, could be caught a glimpse of another apartment, lighted and bright-walled; and beyond the still open door by which the visitor had entered he saw across the handsome hall, with its polished floor and warm-hued rugs, other doors and glimpses of other rooms. Only the apartment in which he sat was open to view, but at every side there came suggestions of light, color, and extent. Everything was bright, warm, and akin to life and living.

Mr. Bullripple put his broad hands upon his knees and gave his head a little jerk. "Well, this beats me!" he said.

Mr. Stratford laughed. "You seem surprised, Enoch," he said. "What is it that 'beats' you?"

"It isn't the fine things," said the old man, "nor the rooms, without no end to 'em as far as I can see, for, of course, if you've got money enough you can have 'em, but it's the idee that a man, with a top-sawyer palace like this of his own, should come up-country to Mrs. People and me, with our scrubbed floors and hard chairs, and nothin' prettier than a tea company's chromo in our best room."

"Now, come," said Mr. Stratford, "that won't do, Enoch, that won't do. Your house is a very pleasant old farm-house, and I am sure that Mrs. People makes my room as comfortable and as cozy as a fisherman and country stroller should need. And, besides, I don't come to your house for things like these," waving his hand before him as he spoke; "I can buy them with money; but what I get when I come up to your country can't be bought."

"That's true as to part of it," said Mr. Bullripple. "The victuals and the lodgin' you do pay for, but the takin' in as one of us, and the dividing up our family consarns with you, just as free as we quarter a pie and give you one of the pieces, is somethin' that's not for sale neither by me nor Mrs. People. And if you can stand our hard boards and country fixin's after all this king and queen furnitur', we'll be mighty glad to have you keep on comin'. And that's one of the things that brought me here to-night. I wanted to ask you if we was to expect you when the summer shows signs of bein' on hand?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Stratford, "I certainly expect to be with you this summer, and as early as usual. Has anybody caught that old trout in the meadow brook?"

"No, sir," said Enoch. "I have seen him already this year, an' he's jes' as smart and knowin' as ever. Now I take you into the family, Mr. Stratford, jus' the same as to that trout as to any of our other consarns. If you ketch him, he's your'n, if I ketch him, he's mine. It'll be fair play between us, and I'll

wait till you come. I wouldn't do more'n that for no man."

"No, I don't believe you would," said Mr. Stratford earnestly.

"There's another thing I want to ask you about," said Enoch, "and I will get through with it as soon as I can, for I don't want to keep you up too late talkin' about my affairs."

"Up too late!" said Mr. Stratford. And he smiled as he looked at the clock.

"I suppose you don't mind," said Mr. Bullripple, "settin' up till ten or eleven, but I do; and so I'll get right at it. What I want to say is about my nephew, John People."

"Your sister's son?" said Mr. Stratford. "Is he still cashier at Vatoldi's?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bullripple. "He's that, and pretty much everythin' besides, as far as I can see. I don't know that he washes the dishes, but I'm sure he sees that it's done. You don't happen to know Vatoldi?"

"No," said Mr. Stratford. "I seldom go there, as the place is generally crowded with ladies about the middle of the day, the only time I would be likely to drop in; and I don't suppose I should ever see the man, if I did go. Is your nephew in any trouble?"

"No," said the other, "he don't seem to be. It's me and his mother that's in the trouble. It's our opinion he works too hard, and gets too little. We like to see him come out to the farm sometimes to take some sniffs of the air he was born in, but he never gets no time for that, and as for makin' money, I'm sure he's not doin' it. Now I thought that perhaps you might know Mr. Vatoldi, and could tell me what sort of man he is, so I could know what sort of ground I 'm standin' on when I go to speak to him. Perhaps you might have heard somethin' about him that would help to put me on the right tack?"

Mr. Stratford reflected for a moment before answering. "No," said he, "I know nothing about the man whatever. But let me give you a piece of advice, friend Enoch. If it is considered well to say anything to your nephew's employer about the young man's duties and his pay, let him say it himself. You can talk to him about it, and then let him speak to Vatoldi. It is a bad thing, for all parties, for mothers and uncles to undertake to arrange the business affairs of persons as old as your nephew. He must be twenty-five."

"He's all of that," said Enoch, "and it's time he was doin' better. But I won't trouble you no more about him. Since you don't know Vatoldi, there's nothin' more for us to say about that. I've found out that you're comin' to the farm this summer, and that's enough business for one night, an' pretty nigh bed-time too." And Mr. Bullripple arose, and took up his hat and umbrella. "Now, I come to think of it," he said, "have you found your hundredth man yet?"

"No," answered Mr. Stratford, with a smile, "I can't say that I have; but I have a fancy that I'm on his track and that I may come up with him before very long."

"I often ketch myself laughin' out loud," said Mr. Bullripple, "an' I hope I won't never do it in church, when I think of your chasin' after that hundredth man. You make a dive at a feller, an' ketch him by the leg, an' hold him up, an' look at him, an' then you say: 'No, he's not the one,' an' drop him, an' go after somebody else. I don't believe you'll ever get him."

"I suppose the idea seems very odd to you, Enoch," said Mr. Stratford, "but when I find my man I'll tell you all about him."

"When they told me downstairs that you lived on the fifth floor," said Mr. Bullripple, as he stepped into the private hall and gazed about him at the tall clock, the antique chairs, the trophy-covered walls, the many-hued glass of the great lantern which hung above him, and the partly curtained doorways here and there, "I had a sort o' pity for you for havin' to lodge up so near the top of the house. But it don't appear to me now that you're in need of pity."

"No," said Mr. Stratford, "not in that regard, at any rate. As I own the whole house I might have had any floor I chose, but this one seemed to suit me better than the others, being high and airy, and yet not quite at the top of the house. There are two floors above me."

"You own this whole house!" exclaimed Mr. Bullripple. "Well, upon my word!" For a moment he stood still, and then he resumed: "I was thinkin', as I was sittin' in there, that I'd get Mrs. People to buy some bits of fancified carpets, and to hang up some more picters an' things about the house. But I guess now we'd better pull up an' take down everything of the sort we've got. I should say that after all this you'd like us better in bare boards than with any sort of fixin's we could rig up."

"Now listen to me, friend Enoch," said Mr. Stratford. "If you and your sister make any changes in that delightful old farm-house which I know so well, I'll get up in the middle of the night and catch your big trout, and never give you a chance to measure or weigh him."

"All right," said old Enoch, with a grin. "I guess you'll find us jes' as you left us."

"Are you not going to take the elevator?" said Mr. Stratford, as his visitor, after

shaking hands with him, stepped briskly towards the stairway.

"No," said the old man, "I like my legs better." And down-stairs he went.

"Now," said Mr. Bullripple to himself, when he was out upon the sidewalk, "I think I'll follow that advice Mr. Stratford give me not to speak to old Vatoldi, for I don't believe there's any such man, but I won't let on to John that I've got any idee of that kind. I'll look into things a little more before I do that."

Horace Stratford returned to his library, his study, or his parlor, whatever one might choose to call the room in which he took his ease, or did his work, as the case might be, and, resuming his seat by the table, he lighted his pipe. He was a man of thirty years, or something more; young enough to do what he pleased, and old enough to think what he pleased. To these two pursuits he devoted his life. Possessed of a fair fortune, he invested nearly the whole of it in this apartment-house, which had been built according to his own ideas, and which yielded him a satisfying income. He was not a foolishly eccentric man, nor a selfish one, but he lived for himself, and in his own way. However, if a time came for him to live for other people, he did so cheerfully, but he always did it in his own way.

There were those who looked upon him as an old bachelor; others thought of him as a good match; and others again considered him as a hard-headed fellow whom it would be very unpleasant to live with. But the latter were persons who had never lived with him.

Horace Stratford was not an idler. He was a man of ideas, and his principal business in life was to work out these ideas, either to please or benefit himself, or for the pleasure or benefit of others.

At present he was engaged in the study of a character, or, it might be better said, in the search for a character. It had come to him, in the course of his reading and thought, that in every hundred books on a kindred subject, in every hundred crimes of a similar kind, in every hundred events of a like nature, and in every hundred men who may come within one's cognizance, there is one book, crime, circumstance, or man, which stands up above and distinct from the rest, preëminent in the fact that no one of the others is or could have been like it.

Horace Stratford's immediate occupation was the discovery of a hundredth man among his present friends and associates. This man, when found, was to be the central figure in a piece of literary work he had in mind. As the tests he applied were severe ones, he already had had several disappointments. No one of the persons he had selected had been able to maintain against his ninety-nine competitors the position in the regard of the investigator to which he had been temporarily exalted.

Mr. Stratford sat reading and smoking until about ten o'clock, when he was called upon by a young man, in full evening dress, with an overcoat on his arm, and a crush hat in his hand. This gentleman had just descended in the elevator from the seventh, or top, floor; and he had dropped in upon Mr. Stratford for a few minutes' conversation before going out. He was a younger man than Stratford, moderately good-looking, somewhat slight in figure, and a little careworn in expression. His dress was extremely correct, according to the fashion of the day; his collar was very high, and his patent leather boots were observably pointed in the region of the toes.

Stratford was glad to see his visitor. "Will you have a pipe or cigar?" he asked.

"Neither, thank you," said the other. "I have given up smoking."

"Thorne, you astonish me!" exclaimed Stratford. "Do you find it injurious to you?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Thorne. "You know I never smoked very much."

"You were the most moderate smoker I ever knew," exclaimed Stratford, "with remarkably good taste in regard to tobacco, and smoking always seemed to give you so much actual pleasure."

"That is all very true," said Mr. Thorne, "but, in thinking of the matter, I have come to the conclusion that a man who goes into the society that I go into should not smoke. A cigar after dinner is sure to leave some scent upon one, and one should not carry that into a lady's drawing-room."

"If I were you," said Stratford, "I'd give up the society rather than the cigar; but I think it is not necessary to do either. I smoke as much as I like and I go into society whenever I please, and I have no reason to believe that I am found objectionable."

"It is the right thing to do," persisted Mr. Thorne. "I came to that conclusion day before yesterday, and gave up smoking from that date, with a box of cigars on my shelf that I had just opened."

Mr. Stratford made no answer, but for a few moments gazed steadily at the fire. If almost any young man of his acquaintance had told him that two days before he had given up smoking, he would have paid little attention to the statement, and would have expected to see that young man in a week or two with a cigar in his mouth. But if Arthur Thorne said he had given up this indulgence he believed that he would never smoke again.

"Going out?" presently remarked Stratford.

"I should think you'd get dreadfully tired of that sort of thing."

"I do," said Mr. Thorne, "but, of course, it has to be done. Have you been buying anything lately?" he said, looking around the room.

"Nothing but experience," said Stratford, "and that is not on exhibition."

Mr. Thorne now put on his overcoat and departed. He had had nothing particular to say to Stratford, and had called merely because he considered it his duty to look in occasionally on his friend.

Mr. Arthur Thorne occupied apartments on the upper floor of this house. His rooms were not so extensive as those of Stratford, nor so richly furnished; but every detail of their appointments had been carefully studied by Thorne, and executed or arranged under his own supervision. The floors were stained a dull red, and upon them were spread Kensington rugs of the most somber green and unimpassioned yellow, mingled here and there with a streak of rusty black. The walls were clay color; some red clay, some yellow clay, and some of an ashen-gray hue, such as you find in very poor sections of the country where farms are cheap. The doors and wood-work were also colored in various shades of mud and clay. At the windows were heavy curtains of sad browns or yellows. Some of his furniture was antique, consisting of pieces which he had "picked up" after long and anxious searches. But much of it was modern, and invariably of that class in which the construction is plainly visible. He had a large rocking-chair, the back formed of narrow rods and the bottom of a polished board. Other chairs stood up, as strong, as right-angled, and as hard as the character of the Puritans who used the chairs from which these were copied. On his mantel-piece stood a vase of white roses which had been dead a month or more, but which were kept with great care, because Mr. Thorne knew that there was a certain harmony in their tones which they had never possessed while living. There were etchings on the walls, most of them tacked up without frames, and some with a loose corner carefully curled, so as to give the appearance of conventional ease. There were Japanese fans, but all of a subdued tone, and over the corners of pictures and by the sides of shelves hung pieces of drapery, all of them suggesting the idea that they had once been used by Arabs, and had never since been washed.

Along one side of the room was a row of book-shelves, to which easy access could be had by getting down on one's knees. These shelves were mostly filled with courses of reading, many of which Mr. Thorne had begun, and some were nearly finished. His apartments consisted of several rooms, and throughout all of these, one perceived the same harmony of tone. Nowhere was there a single touch or point of bright color to break in upon the lugubrious unison of the saddened hues which Mr. Thorne believed to be demanded by true art.

Unless it happened to be very cold or stormy, Mr. Thorne walked every morning to his office, a distance of some three miles, wearing no overcoat, and carrying a heavy cane in his hand. He was not a very strong man, and this morning exercise frequently interfered with that freshness of mind and body with which he liked to apply himself to his work, but he knew it was the right kind of thing to do, and he did it. On certain afternoons in the week he hired a horse and rode in the Park; and this he did with a serious earnestness which showed that he was conscientiously endeavoring to do his duty by his physical self. Abstractly he cared little for dancing, preferring much a partner on a chair by his side to whom he could quietly talk; but he had devoted a great deal of attention and hard work to the study of the "german," believing that a knowledge of that complicated dance was essential to the education of a gentleman of his age and position in society.

To the requirements of what he believed to be the spirit of the nineteenth century, Arthur Thorne gave zealous heed. He was fond of novels and the ballads of Macaulay, but he read Spencer and Huxley and Ruskin, and was a steady student of Rossetti and Browning. The Proper, in his eyes, was a powerful policeman, leading by the collar a weeping urchin, who represented the personal inclinations of Arthur Thorne.

There were times when Mr. Stratford believed that he would yet find his hundredth man in Enoch Bullripple or in Arthur Thorne. "Neither of them," he said to himself, "has yet done anything which entitles him to pre-eminence among his fellows, but I believe they possess qualities which, under favoring circumstances, would send one or the other of them to that unique position, which becomes every day more interesting to me."

III.

THE village of Cherry Bridge was little more than a hamlet, lying on the banks of Cherry Creek, which came down from the mountains some five or six miles behind the village, and twisted itself, often very picturesquely, between the hills and through the

woodlands of the lower country. Three miles from the village, between the creek and the mountain, lay the farm of Enoch Bullripple; and about four o'clock on the afternoon of a June day, Mr. Horace Stratford stood on the farm-house porch, with Mrs. People, Enoch's sister, by his side. He had arrived at the place the day before, and was now going out for his first drive. His horse, a large, well-formed chestnut, with good roadster blood in him, stood near the porch, harnessed to a comfortable vehicle for two persons. This was, apparently, an ordinary buggy, but had been constructed, with a number of improvements of Mr. Stratford's own designing, for use on the diversified surface of the country about Cherry Bridge. The equipage had been sent from the city a day or two before, but this was the first time Mrs. People had seen it in its entirety, and she gazed at it with much interest.

Mrs. People was a pleasant-faced personage of about forty-five, whose growth had seemed to incline rather more towards circumference than altitude. She was dressed neatly, but with a decided leaning towards ease in the arrangement of her garments.

"That's a better horse than you had last year, Mr. Stratford," she said; "and I expect you'll get tired of a day's driving as soon as he does. He stands well without hitchin' too; but you'd better take a tie-strap along with you to-day, for Mrs. Justin has got one of them little dust-brush dogs that seems to have been born with a spite against horses. She brought him from town with her, and he even started old Janet when I drove there last Saturday."

"Why do you think I am going to Mrs. Justin's?" asked Mr. Stratford.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. People, suddenly turning the plenitude of her countenance upon him, "you don't mean to say that you've quarreled?"

"Of course not," answered Mr. Stratford, "but it seems odd that you should take it as a matter of course that I should go there the first time I drive out."

"I'm sure I never thought of anything else," said Mrs. People; "and besides, you'll be obliged to go because I told her you were comin'. I was at the store in the village yesterday mornin', when she drove up, and says I to her, 'Mrs. Justin, you'll have another visitor to-morrow, for Mr. Stratford sent up his horse and buggy yesterday, and he'll be here himself to-night, and he'll drive over to your house to-morrow afternoon. I'm not dead sure that he won't come in the mornin', but I don't think he will, because the afternoon is his time for goin' to see people, and not disturbin' 'em before dinner when they're busy with their own concerns.' So, you see, she'll be expectin' you, Mr. Stratford. And, knowin' that, I never doubted you'd go."

Mr. Stratford smiled. "I shall certainly go now, Mrs. People," he said, "even if I had not intended to go before. But what did you mean when you said that Mrs. Justin would have another visitor?"

"I meant, she's got two now. They was in the carriage with her. One was a young girl, not twenty, I should say, settin' on the back seat with her. The other was a gentleman of some kind; young, I think, but I couldn't see him very well, havin' his back turned to me, lookin' at Mr. Pritchett with the hind wheel of his hay-wagon broke and a rail tied under. From the way his back moved I think he wanted to tell Mr. Pritchett what to do, but he didn't, and Mrs. Justin she said she'd be glad to see you mornin' or afternoon. And then that hare-lipped young man that David Betts has hired to help him in his store came out to get her orders, and I left without bein' made acquainted with her company, for, of all things, I think its the meanest to stop and listen to what your neighbor is orderin' at the store, and then go about wonderin' why they don't order more of one thing, and get it cheaper, or go without some other thing, or else make it themselves at home, which, ten to one, they couldn't, not knowin' how, and even if they did know, it would cost 'em more to make it than buy it, they knowin' their own business, anyhow, better'n anybody else."

"Well," said Mr. Stratford, going down the porch steps, "I am not sure that I am glad to hear that Mrs. Justin has strangers with her; and I shall remember what you said, Mrs. People, about tying my horse."

Mrs. Justin owned the only house in the region of Cherry Bridge which could rightly be termed a country mansion. It was spacious and handsome, surrounded by well-kept grounds, gardens, and great trees, and the prettiest part of Cherry Creek, or, as Mrs. Justin always persisted in calling it, Cherry River, flowed tranquilly at the bottom of the lawn. A mile away on the other side of the creek lay the farm on which John People was born, and which now belonged to Mr. Stull. The house had been remodeled and enlarged, but the Stull family had ceased to come there in the summer-time. The constantly increasing elevation of their social position rendered the fashionable watering-places much more suitable summer residences than this out-of-the-way country place, which was now leased to a farmer.

Mrs. Justin had no neighbors on whom she could depend for social intercourse. There

was a clergyman at the railroad town, eight miles away, and a doctor's family in the village, and she saw a good deal of Mr. Stratford, who usually spent a portion of his summer at the Bullripple farm. But when Mrs. Justin wanted company, she invited her friends to her house, and thus, during her residence in this summer home, she held the reins of her social relations in her own hands. She came here every year because she loved the place for its own sake, and because it was the home in which her late husband had taken such pride and delight. This husband, a good deal older than Mrs. Justin, had died some four years ago; and, although the world was now obliged to look upon Mrs. Justin as a widow, she did not consider herself in that light. To her it was as if she had married again — married the memory of her husband — and to this memory she was as constant as she had been to the man himself. She was still young and charming to look upon, and there had been those who had ventured to hint at the possibility that she might marry again, but the freezing sternness with which the slightest of these hints had been received had warned all who wished to continue to be her friends not to put their feet upon her sacred ground. There was not a man who knew her well enough to like her well, who now would have dared to tell her he loved her any more than he would have dared to tell her so during the lifetime of her husband.

Mrs. Justin had her life-work, in which she took a warm and enduring interest. The object of her thought and labor, especially during that part of the year which she spent in the city, was the higher education of woman; and her plans for carrying out this purpose were very effectual, but of a simple and quiet nature. She belonged to a society which did not have for its object the establishment of colleges or similar institutions for young women, but aimed solely to assist, in the most private and unobtrusive way, those who wished to enjoy the advantages of such institutions as already existed, and were not able to do so. Many a girl who had gone through college with high honors would never have been able to touch the hem of a freshman's dress had it not been for the unseen but entirely sufficient support afforded by the association of which Mrs. Justin was the head and front.

In this enterprise Horace Stratford had long been a hearty fellow-worker, and many of its best results were due to his interest in its object, and knowledge of men and things. He had known Mrs. Justin's husband, and it was on his account that he had first come into this region; and now, for some years, he had made a home in the Bullripple house, which stood in the midst of a country which especially suited his summer moods.

Mrs. Justin and Stratford had been sitting on her piazza for about ten minutes when he remarked: "I thought you had visitors here."

"So I have," said Mrs. Justin, "but they have gone for a walk. One of them is Gay Armatt. You remember her, don't you?"

"I remember the name, but not the person."

"You ought to remember her," said Mrs. Justin. "I expect her to be the brightest jewel in my crown, if I ever get one. She is the girl we sent to Astley University, and she has just been graduated ahead of everybody — young men, as well as her sister students."

"What are her strong points?" asked Stratford.

"Mathematics and classics," answered Mrs. Justin, and the present ambition of her life is to continue her studies, and get the degree of Ph.D.; and, knowing her as well as I do, I believe she will succeed."

"I now remember hearing of the girl," said Stratford. "But who is your other visitor?"

"That is Mr. Crisman, to whom Gay is engaged to be married."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Stratford, "I must say the young lady does not seem to be idling away any of her time. How old is she? And was this man her fellow-student?"

"She is over twenty," said Mrs. Justin; "and Mr. Crisman is not a student at all. He is in business in the city. They have been engaged for more than a year, and will be married next winter. And now, how much more do you want to know? I see by your looks that you are not satisfied."

"I like to know as much as possible about people with whom I am going to associate," said Stratford, "and I cannot help wondering why you have those young persons here."

"Gay's family live in Maryland," said Mrs, Justin, "but I did not want her to go down there this summer. I think her relatives have an idea that she has studied enough, and I am afraid of their influence upon her. Here she will have every opportunity to work as much as any one ought to in the summertime; and I flatter myself that my influence will be good for her. I believe that Gay has an exceptionally fine future before her, and I don't intend to drop her until I see her enter upon it. And I couldn't invite her here without asking Mr. Crisman to come and spend his Sundays with her, and his vacation, when he gets it, which will be in August, I think. He would have done all that if she had gone to Maryland."

"But haven't you any fears," asked Stratford, "that the girl's marriage will be an

effectual extinguisher to this brilliant future that you talk of?"

"Not a bit of it," answered Mrs. Justin warmly. "That has all been settled. Gay and I have talked it over, and we have planned out everything. The marriage is not to interfere in the least with her studies and her future vocation in life. There is no earthly reason why it should, and I shall be very glad to see another proof in support of the fact that a woman need not remain a spinster in order to become eminent in art, science, or anything else. Here they are now." And the young couple coming up the steps of the piazza, Mr. Stratford was made acquainted with them.

After a few minutes' conversation Miss Armatt and her companion went into the house; and Mr. Stratford, as he arose to take leave of Mrs. Justin, remarked: "Did I understand you to say that girl is over twenty? She doesn't look it."

"She was nearly seventeen when I first met her, four years ago," said Mrs. Justin, "and she was then better grounded in mathematics than most students of twenty. How do you like her?"

"As far as looks go I think she is charming," said Mr. Stratford.

"And you will like her just as much in every other way," said Mrs. Justin, as she shook hands with him. "Don't forget that you are to dine with us to-morrow."

Mrs. Justin's country dinner-hour was three o'clock; and after that meal was over the next day, Stratford and Mr. Crisman sat together for an hour, smoking and talking. Mr. Crisman did most of the talking, and he told his companion a great deal about himself and his business, and also stated a good many opinions he had formed in regard to the public questions of the day. Mr. Stratford did not say much, but he smoked very steadily, and was an admirable listener.

"Well," said Crisman, when, at last, he rose and whisked away with his handkerchief some fallen ashes from his coat, "I am going to look up Miss Armatt, and see if we can't have a row on that little river, as Mrs. Justin calls it, although I should say it would have to grow a great deal before it would have a right to that name. I have got to make the most of my time, you know, as I start back to town early to-morrow morning."

"You will find the navigation of the creek rather difficult," said Mr. Stratford, "until you understand its windings and its shallows."

"Oh, I don't mind that sort of thing!" exclaimed Crisman. "If we stick fast anywhere, I'll roll up my trousers, jump out, and push her off. I'm used to roughing it."

Stratford said no more, but he noticed that shortly afterwards Miss Armatt and her *fiancé* started for a stroll in the woods, and did not go upon the water.

Early on the Monday Mr. Crisman went away to resume his weekly business career in the city; and on Tuesday morning Mr. Stratford found himself again at Mrs. Justin's house. He came this time on business, as the lady wished to consult him in regard to some plans she was making for future work. Miss Gay, being left to her own companionship, concluded to take a walk along the shaded banks of Cherry River. There was no doubt in her mind as to the propriety of this designation. Her affection for Mrs. Justin was so warm that if that lady had called the little stream a lake, Gay Armatt would have thought of it only as Cherry Lake.

No one who did not know Miss Gay, and who now saw her strolling by the waterside, would have connected her in his mind with differential calculus or Sophocles in the original. In coloring she somewhat resembled Mrs. Justin, having light hair and dark eyes, but there the similarity ceased, for one was somewhat tall, with the grace of a woman, and the other was somewhat short, with the grace of a girl.

Miss Gay was in a very cheery mood, as she slowly made her way under the trees and the sometimes too familiarly bending bushes which bordered the banks of the stream; and stopping now and then in some open space, where the glorious sun of June sprinkled his gold on the leaves and the water, and filled the petals of the wild flowers that moved their fragile stems in the gentle breeze with a warm purple light. She had a secret this morning; it was not much of a secret, but it was too much for her to keep to herself; she must tell it to some one or something. A little bird sat on the twig of a tree, which still swayed on account of the youthful haste with which he had alighted upon it. Gay stood still, and looked at him.

"Little bird," she said, "I will tell you my secret. I must tell it to somebody, and I know it will be safe with you. This is my birthday, and I am twenty-one years old. I wouldn't tell Mrs. Justin because she would have been sure to make me a present, or do something for me on account of the day, and she has done so much for me already that I wouldn't have her do that. But I can tell you, little bird, and be quite sure that you won't think that I expect you to give me anything."

The little bird bobbed his head around and looked at her with one eye; then he bobbed it again and looked at her with the other; after which he fluffed up his breast-feathers with an air as though he would say:

"So old as that! I am sure you don't look it!" And then he pressed his feathers down over the secret and flew away.

Miss Gay walked on. "This is the most charming birthday I ever had," she said. "I think it is because I feel so free, and so glad that I have got through with all that hard study. And now I am going to breathe a little before I begin again, and I want every one of you to know — birds over there on the other side of the river, butterflies on the bank, and dragon-flies skimming about over the surface of the water, yes, and even the fish which I can see whisking themselves around down there, and you, whatever you were who flopped into the water just ahead of me without letting me see you, as if I would hurt you, you foolish thing — I want you all to know what a charming thing it is to breathe a little before you begin again; though I don't believe any of you ever do begin again, but just keep on always with what you have to do."

And so she walked on until the stream made a sudden bend to the left, and then she took a path which led through the trees to the right, into the open fields, where she strolled over the grass and by the hedgerows, inhaling, as she went, all the tender odors of the youth of summer. Her course now turned towards the house and the farm buildings; and after clambering over a rail fence she soon saw before her a large barn-yard, in the midst of which stood a towering straw-stack, glistening in the sun. Unlatching the wide gate, she entered the yard, and stood upon the clean straw which had been spread over its surface, gazing upon the stack.

This little mountain of wheat-stalks had probably stood there all winter, but fresh straw from the barn had recently been thrown out upon it, and it looked as sweet and clean and bright as though it had just been piled up fresh from the harvest field.

Then spoke up the happy soul of the girl, and said to her: "What a perfectly lovely straw-stack for a slide!" It had been years since Gay had slidden down a stack, but all the joys of those rapturous descents came back to her as she stood and gazed. Then her eyes began to sparkle, and the longings of youth held out their arms, and drew her towards the stack.

She looked here, and she looked there, she looked towards the barn; all the windows and doors were closed. She looked towards the fields and the house; not a person was in sight. Not a living creature did she see, save two gray pullets scratching in a corner of the yard. It is not an easy thing to climb the slippery sides of a straw-stack, but Gay had once been proficient in that art, and her hands and feet had not lost their cunning. There was some difficult scrambling and some retrogressions, but she was full of vigor and strong intent, and she soon stood upon the summit, her cheeks and lips in fullest bloom, and her whole body beating with the warm pride of success. Her hat had fallen off in the ascent, but she tossed back her ruffled hair, and thought nothing of this mishap. She looked up to the blue sky, and out upon the green fields, and then down upon the smooth sides of the stack, which sloped beneath her.

Now a little cloud spread itself over her countenance. "Gabriella Armatt," she said to herself, "is it proper for you to slide down this stack? That was all very well when you were a girl, but think of it now." Then she thought for a moment, and the cloud passed away, and she spoke for herself: "Yes, I am really and truly a girl yet," she said, "this is my birthday and only the morning of it; I shall never have such a chance as this again, and I oughtn't to take it if it comes. Yes, I will have one slide down this stack! And that will be the very end of my existence as a girl!"

Mrs. Justin and Mr. Stratford had finished their business and were walking across the lawn towards the barn. Suddenly Stratford stopped as they were passing under the shade of a wide-spreading tree.

"Is that Miss Armatt on the top of that straw-stack?" he asked.

Mrs. Justin also stopped. "Why, surely, it is!" she said. "And how in the world did she get up there?"

"Climbed up, I suppose," said Mr. Stratford, "after the fashion of boys and girls. Doesn't she look charming standing up there in the bright sunlight?"

"Her pedestal is too insecure," said Mrs. Justin. "If she steps too much to one side or the other that straw will give way beneath her, and she will have a fall."

Mrs. Justin was just about to call out in a voice of warning, but she suddenly checked herself. At that moment Miss Gay sat down on the extreme edge of the top of the stack, and then, as a gull makes its swift downward swoop through the clear morning air to the glittering ocean crests, so Gay slid down the long side of that straw-stack from girlhood into womanhood.

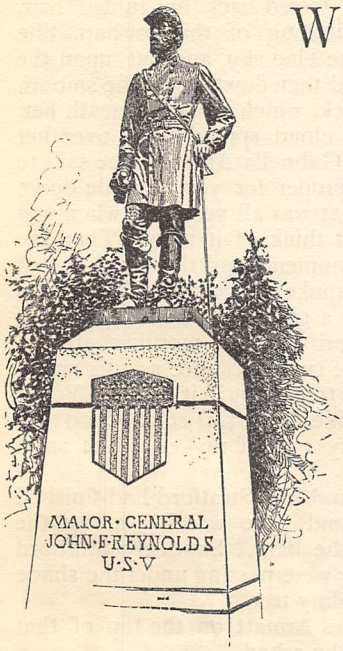
As she arrived at the bottom, a mass of pink and white, and tumbled hair, Mrs. Justin ejaculated, "Well!" But Horace Stratford said nothing; and the two walked on.

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

HOOKER'S APPOINTMENT AND REMOVAL.

BY AN OFFICER WHO OCCUPIED RESPONSIBLE AND CONFIDENTIAL POSITIONS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, AND IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



MONUMENT IN THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

WHEN, after the Mud March that succeeded the disaster of Fredericksburg, General Burnside, in a fit of humiliation, telegraphed to Washington requesting, for the second time, to be relieved, the question of his successor was already being considered as a probability. Though stung by the loud roar that went up for McClellan from the army that had twice met disaster after parting with him, the cabinet were not shaken in the conclusion that McClellan must not be restored, for the jocund Seward, equally with the patient Lincoln, drew the line at a military dictatorship, such as would be practically implied by a second restoration, under such pressure. But while firm, the authorities were circumspect, and concluded that it would not be prudent to increase the tension between themselves and a possible pretorian camp by sending an outsider to take the command from Burnside. Subject to this conclusion, General Halleck and Secretary Stanton favored the transfer of Rosecrans, for whom McClellan might be expected to pass around a good word to supplement his inherent strength as a repeatedly victorious commander.

The choice being narrowed to the Army of the Potomac, a process of exclusion began. Franklin was under a cloud and decidedly out of the question; Sumner had many qualifications, but his age and growing feebleness were beyond remedy; Couch was a possible second, and still more likely third choice, and, briefly, the selection was found to lie among Hooker, Reynolds, and Meade.* The first-named had a strong, popular lead, but General Halleck, backed up by the Secretary of War, contended that there were reasons of an imperative character why he should not be intrusted with an independent command of so high a degree of responsibility. Stress was laid upon the fact that in his dispositions for the attack on Marye's Heights, General Burnside, who could at that time have had no valid motive for jealousy of Hooker, had intrusted him with no important part, although he was present on the field and of equal rank with Sumner and Franklin, to whom the active duties of the battle were assigned. President Lincoln apparently yielded to the views of those in charge of the military department of affairs, and thereupon Halleck confidentially inquired of Reynolds if he was prepared to accept the command. Reynolds replied that he expected to obey all lawful orders coming to his hands, but as the communication seemed to imply the possession of an option in himself, he deemed it his duty to say frankly that he could not accept the command in a voluntary sense, unless a liberty of action should be guaranteed to him considerably beyond any which he had reason to expect. He was thereupon dropped, and the choice further and finally restricted to Hooker and Meade, with the chances a hundred to one in favor of the latter by reason of the fixed conviction of the Secretary of War that the former ought not, in any contingency, to be chosen.

Hooker and Meade were in camp, attending to such military duties as the lull of action gave occasion for, neither having taste nor talent for intrigue, each aware that "something" was afoot, but both supposing that the ferment concerned Hooker and Reynolds, and, pos-

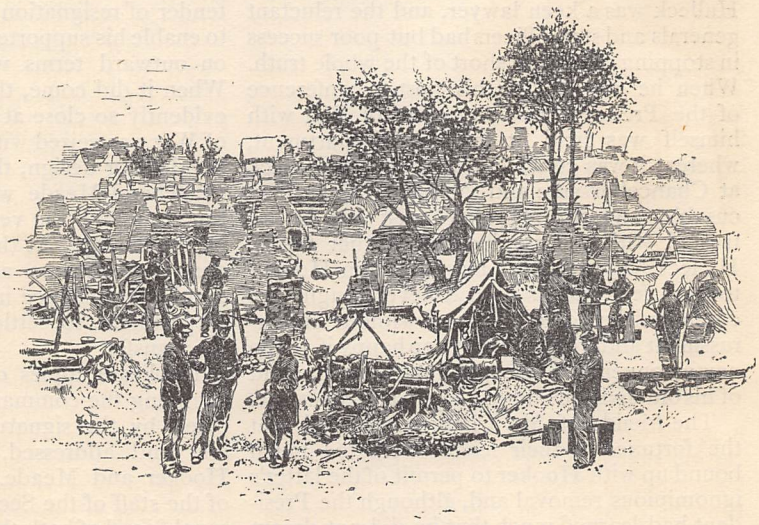
* I have been told recently, on hearsay testimony, that Sedgwick was sounded and said he ought not to be appointed because he was a McClellan man. I never heard that Sedgwick was ever proposed as successor to Burnside, and I cannot believe it, knowing the *limited* though warm regard of Secretary Stanton for him. Stanton always spoke of Sedgwick as a brave, thorough-going soldier, who staid in camp, gave Washington a wide berth, and did not intrigue against his superiors; but I never heard him attribute to Sedgwick such high qualities for a great command as he imputed to some other officers of that army.

sibly, some third man beyond the lines of the army. But there were men about Hooker who believed in, and hoped to rise with him, and who, at all events, could afford to take the chances of success or failure with him; and these men were rich in personal and external resources of the kinds needed for the combination of political, financial, and social forces to a common end. By their exertions, such influences had been busy for Hooker ever since the recent battle, greatly aided by the unselfish labor of earnest men who believed that Hooker's military reputation (the pugnacious disposition implied in his popular cognomen of "Fighting Joe"), and his freedom from suspicion of undue attachment to the fortunes of General McClellan, pointed him out as the man for the occasion by the unerring processes of natural selection. The attitude and character of the Secretary of War, however, justified nothing but despair until connection was made with a powerful faction which had for its object the elevation of Mr. Chase to the Presidency at the end of Mr. Lincoln's term. Making every allowance for the strength and availability of Mr. Chase, as against Mr. Lincoln or any other civilian candidate, his friends did not conceal from themselves that the conqueror of the rebellion would have the disposal of the next Presidency, and they were on the lookout for the right military alliance when they came into communication with Hooker's friends and received their explanations, that, if it should be his good fortune to bring the war to a successful close, nothing could possibly induce him to accept other than military honors in recognition of his services. General Hooker thereupon became the candidate of Mr. Chase's friends.

As soon as Burnside's tenure of the command had become a question rather of hours than of days, new efforts were made to win over the Secretary of War, but necessarily without avail, because, apart from any personal considerations that may have had place in his mind, he had certain convictions on the subject of a kind which strong men never abandon when once formed. At this critical moment the needed impulse in the direction of Hooker was supplied by a person of commanding influence in the councils of the administration, and Mr. Lincoln directed the appointment to be made.

Mr. Stanton's first conclusion was that he should resign; his second, that duty to his chief and the public forbade his doing so; his third, that Hooker must be loyally supported so long as there was the least chance of his doing anything with the army placed in his keeping. This latter resolution he faithfully kept, and General Hooker, who soon had occasion to know the facts connected with his appointment, was both surprised at and touched by the generous conduct of his lately implacable opponent.

Mr. Chase found his situation as sponsor for the new commander embarrassing. As a member of the cabinet he could freely express his views with reference to any military question coming up for cabinet discussion, or, upon any matter introduced to him by the President he had fair opportunity of making a desired impression; but further than this he could not directly go without disclosing a personal interest inconsistent with his place and duty. Yet the circumstances connected with the appointment of Hooker made it imperatively necessary that the influence of Mr. Chase should be exerted in respect of matters which could not formally come to him for consideration, although, on the other hand, they could not safely be intrusted wholly to the keeping of a suspicious and probably hostile War Department. Fortunately for the perplexed statesman, the influence which had proved sovereign when the balance had hung in suspense between Hooker and Meade was safely



BREAKING UP THE UNION CAMP AT FALMOUTH.

and wholly at his service, and, being again resorted to, provided a *modus vivendi* so long as one was needed. Out of all these anomalies a correspondence resulted between Mr. Chase and General Hooker, the publication of which is historically indispensable to the saying of the final word in respect of the leading events of Mr. Lincoln's administration.

When General Hooker telegraphed to Washington that he had brought his army back to the north side of the river, because he could not find room for it to fight at Chancellorsville, President Lincoln grasped General Halleck and started for the front post-haste. He would likewise have taken the Secretary of War, in his anxiety, but for the obvious indelicacy of the latter's appearance before Hooker at such a moment. Mr. Lincoln went back to Washington that night, enjoining upon Halleck to remain till he knew "everything." Halleck was a keen lawyer, and the reluctant generals and staff-officers had but poor success in stopping anywhere short of the whole truth. When he got back to his post, a conference of the President and Secretary of War with himself was held at the War Department, whereat it was concluded that both the check at Chancellorsville and the retreat were inexcusable, and that Hooker must not be intrusted with the conduct of another battle. Halleck had brought a message from Hooker to the effect that as he had never sought the command he could resign it without embarrassment and would be only too happy if, in the new arrangement, he could have the command of his old division and so keep in active service.

The friends of Mr. Chase considered that the fortunes of their leader were too much bound up with Hooker to permit of the latter's ignominious removal and, although the President had learned much that he did not dream of at the time he parted company with the War Department in the matter of appointing a successor to Burnside, the Treasury faction had grown so powerful that he could not consent to a rupture with it, and a temporizing policy was adopted all around, which General Couch, commander of the Second Corps, all unconsciously, nearly spoiled by contemptuously refusing to serve any longer under Hooker, despite the latter's abject appeal to him not to leave the army.

Mr. Stanton was for having it out with the Chase party at once, and a disposition on the part of Hooker to arrange for a further movement against Lee presenting an opportunity, he caused Halleck, in his character of General-in-Chief, to notify Hooker that he must make no movement, nor changes in the dispositions of his army, without obtaining prior approval from himself. Hooker was greatly annoyed by the receipt of this relentless dispatch, but he had parted with his freedom of action, and those who had made themselves responsible for him had not yet found a way of letting him go without falling with him. Their dilemma became that of the nation, and so the army lay idle while the campaign season was at its height.

General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania broke up the nearly intolerable situation, and Hooker's diligent and skillful management of his army rapidly brought matters back to the hopeful state they were in before the late battle. But Mr. Stanton was determined that the deliberate decision of the council of war, held after Halleck's return from the front, should not be set aside, and he was now the master of the situation. Hooker was so full of hope and energy that severe measures had to be resorted to in order to wring from him that tender of resignation deemed to be necessary to enable his supporters at Washington to keep on outward terms with the administration. When it did come, the impending battle was evidently so close at hand that the Secretary of War was seized with the fear that, either by accident or design, the change of command to General Meade would not be effected in time to avoid the very contingency aimed at by the change. At the last moment the President too became alarmed, and there was another conference in the council-room at the Department to settle the means of insuring the transfer.

Duplicate copies of the President's order changing the command were made, authenticated by the signature of the adjutant-general and addressed, severally, to Generals Hooker and Meade. Colonel Hardie, chief of the staff of the Secretary of War and a personal friend of both the officers concerned, was then called into the conference room and directed to start at once for Frederick City and, without disclosing his presence or business, make his way to General Meade and give him to understand that the order for him to assume the command of the army immediately was intended to be as unquestionable and peremptory as any which a soldier could receive. He was then, as the representative of the President, to take General Meade to the headquarters of General Hooker and transfer the command from the latter to the former. Colonel Hardie manifested some reluctance to doing his appointed task in the prescribed manner, but Mr. Stanton sententiously remarked that in this case the manner was of the substance of the matter, to which Mr. Lincoln added that he would take the responsibility upon himself for any wound to the feelings of the two generals, or of the bearer of the order.

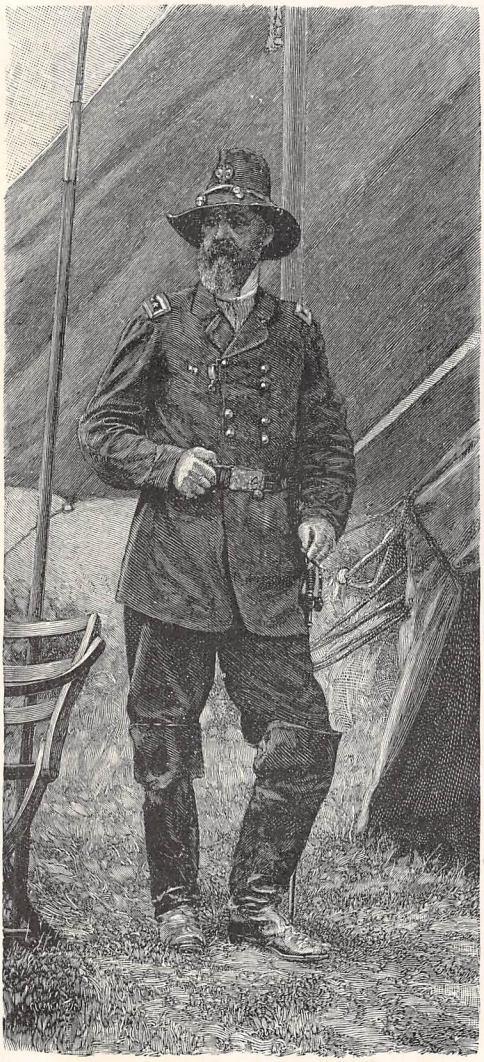
MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Colonel Hardie was supplied with passes and orders to facilitate his progress, and with money to buy his way through to his destination if delayed or obstructed on the road. If compelled by the imminency of capture by Stuart's raiders to destroy his papers, and he could still make his way through, he was to deliver verbally the order for the changing of the command and supervise its execution.

Colonel Hardie got safely to Frederick, and by diligent inquiry ascertained the whereabouts of General Meade's headquarters, several miles from town. By some oversight at headquarters, no governor or provost marshal had been appointed for the town, and the streets and all the roads leading to the camps were thronged with boisterous soldiers, more or less filled with Maryland whisky, and many of them ripe for rudeness or mischief. By liberal use of money he at last obtained a buggy and a driver who knew the roads, but his progress through straggling parties of soldiers and trains of wagons was so slow, and he was so often obliged to appeal to officers to secure passage and safety from one stage to another that the night was far spent when he reached General Meade's headquarters and, after some wrangling, penetrated to his tent.

Meade was asleep, and when awakened was confounded by the sight of an officer from

the War Department standing over him. He afterwards said that, in his semi-stupor, his first thought was that he was to be taken to Washington in arrest, though no reason occurred to him why he should be. When he realized the state of affairs he became much agitated, protesting against being placed in command of an army which was looking towards Reynolds as the successor, if Hooker should be displaced; referring to the personal friendship between Reynolds and himself which would make the President's order an instrument of injustice to both; urging the heaviness of the responsibility so suddenly placed upon him, in presence of the enemy and when he was totally ignorant of the positions and dispositions of the army he was to take in charge; and strenuously objecting to the requirement that he should go to Hooker's headquarters to take over the command without being sent for by the commanding-general as McClellan had sent for Burnside and the latter for Hooker. It was a mental relief to the stern Secretary of War, when General Meade's spontaneous utterances were reported to him, to note that he had uttered no protest against Hooker's being relieved of the command, even in what might almost be called the presence of the enemy. This silence on the part of a man so regardless of himself, so regardful of others, Mr. Stanton accepted as being, in itself, his complete vindication.



GENERAL MEADE IN THE FIELD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

After taking Colonel Hardie's opinion, as a professional soldier, that he had no lawful discretion to vary from the orders given, horses and an escort were ordered out and the party proceeded to general headquarters, some miles distant. Hardie undertook to break the news to Hooker, who did not need to be told anything after seeing who his visitors were. It was a bitter moment to all, for Hooker had construed favorably the delay in responding to his tender of resignation, and could not wholly mask the revulsion of feeling. General Butterfield, the chief of staff, between whom and General Meade much coldness existed, was called in, and the four officers set themselves earnestly to work to do the state some service by honestly transferring the command and all that could help to make it available for good. Tension was somewhat eased by Meade's insisting upon being regarded as a guest at headquarters while General Hooker was present, and by his requesting General Butterfield, upon public grounds, not to exercise his privilege of withdrawing with his chief; but Hooker's chagrin and Meade's overstrung nerves made the lengthy but indispensable conference rather trying to the whole party.

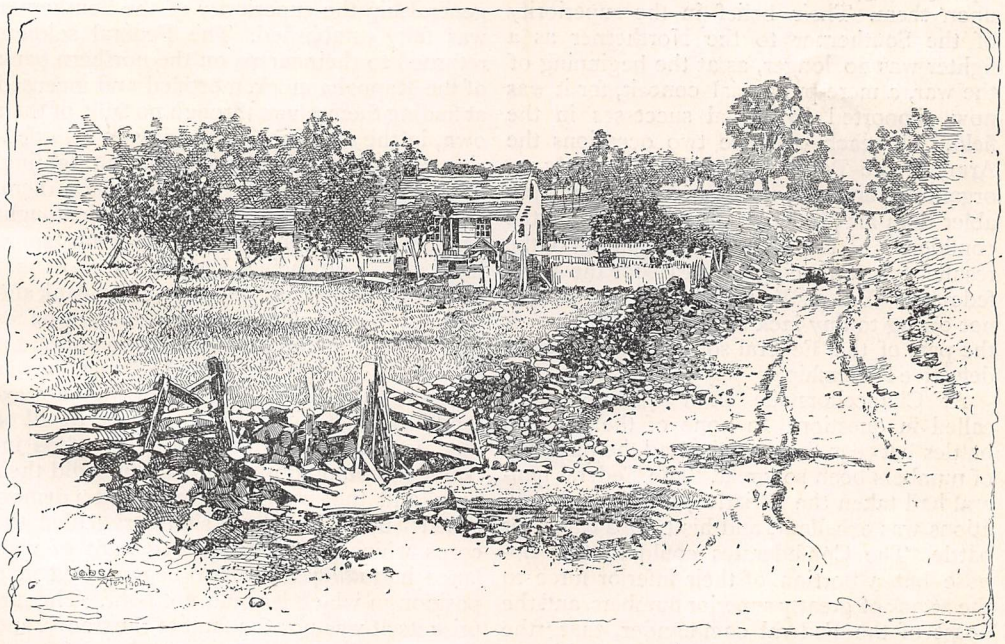
When Reynolds heard the news, he dressed himself with scrupulous care and, handsomely attended, rode to headquarters to pay his respects to the new commander. Meade, who looked like a wagon-master in the marching clothes he had hurriedly slipped on when awakened in his tent, understood the motive of the act, and after the exchange of salutations all around, he took Reynolds by the arm, and, leading him aside, told him how surprising, imperative, and unwelcome were the orders he had received; how much he would have preferred the choice to have fallen on Reynolds; how anxious he had been to see Reynolds and tell him these things, and how helpless he should hold himself to be did he not feel that Reynolds would give him the earnest support which he would have given to Reynolds in a like situation. Reynolds

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. HUNT,
CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

answered that, in his opinion, the command had fallen where it belonged, that he was glad that such a weight of responsibility had not come upon him, and that Meade might count upon the best support he could give him. Meade then communicated to Reynolds all that he had learned from Hooker and Butterfield concerning the movements and positions of the two armies, and hastily concerted with him a plan of coöperation which resulted in the fighting of the battle of Gettysburg upon ground selected by Reynolds.

During the afternoon the consultations were ended and, with the aid of the representative of the War Department, the two generals drew up the orders which were to announce formally the change of command. In the evening, standing in front of the commanding general's tent, General Hooker took leave of the officers, soldiers, and civilians attached to headquarters, and amid many a "God bless you, General!" got into the spring wagon that was to convey him and Colonel Hardie to the railroad station *en route* to Washington. When all was ready for the start, the throng about the vehicle respectfully drew back as Meade approached with uncovered head; the two men took each other by the hand, some words passed between them in a low tone, the wagon moved off, and Meade walked silently into the tent just vacated by his predecessor.

Z.



GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE TANEYTOWN ROAD. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Meade arrived at Cemetery Hill at one o'clock in the morning of July 2d, and after daylight established his headquarters in a small farm-house on the Taneytown road, little more than an eighth of a mile east of Hancock's line of battle, which was the Union center. In the afternoon of July 2d, headquarters became the center of a heavy artillery fire which caused a scattering of officers and staffs and the headquarters signal corps. During the terrific cannonade which preceded Pickett's charge on July 3d, Meade's headquarters received a still greater storm of shot and shell, with the same result.— EDITOR.

BUFORD'S CAVALRY OPPOSING THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE UPON GETTYSBURG.

THE BATTLE OF THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY THE CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

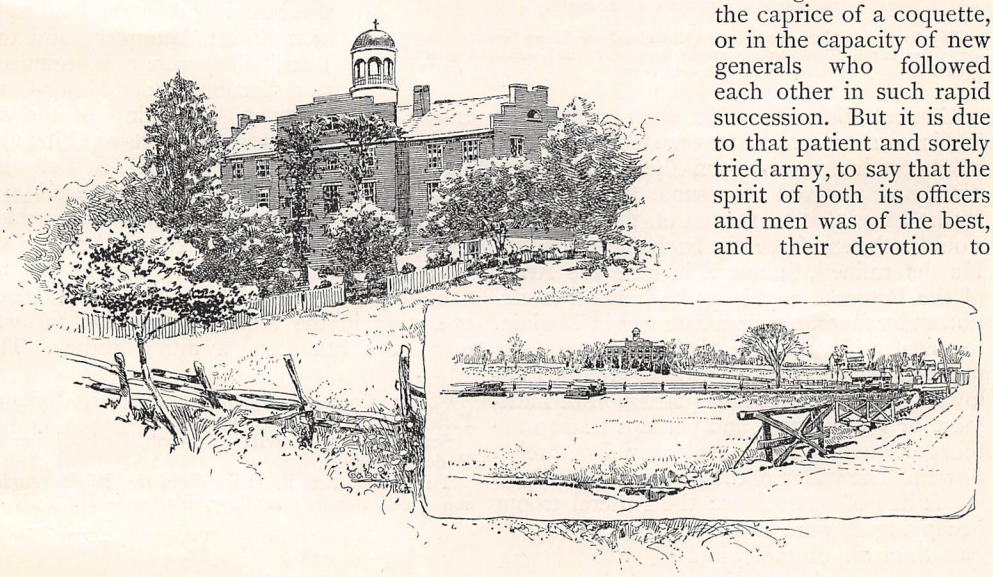
THE battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville raised the confidence of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia to such a height as to cause its subordinate officers and soldiers to believe that, as opposed to the Army of the Potomac, they were equal to any demand that could be made upon them. Their belief in the superiority of the Southerner to the Northerner as a fighter was no longer, as at the beginning of the war, a mere provincial conceit, for it was now supported by signal successes in the field. On each of these two occasions the Army of the Potomac had been recently reorganized under a new general, presumably abler than his predecessor and possessing the confidence of the War Department, and the results were crowning victories for the Confederates. Yet at Fredericksburg defeat was not owing to any lack of fighting qualities on the part of the Federal soldier, but rather to defective leadership.

At Chancellorsville both qualities were called in question. In none of the previous battles between these armies had the disparity of numbers been so great. The Federal general had taken the initiative, his plan of operations was excellent, and his troops eager for battle. The Confederates could at first oppose but a portion of their inferior force to the attack of greatly superior numbers, and the boast of the Federal commander, that "the Army of Northern Virginia was the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac," seemed in a fair way to be justified, when at the first contact the advantages already gained were thrown away, and a timid defensive attitude assumed. Lee's bold offensive which followed immediately on this exhibition of weakness, the consequent rout of a Federal army-corps, and the subsequent retreat of the whole army, a large portion of which had not been engaged, confirmed the exultant Confederates in their conviction — which now became an article of faith — that both in combat and in generalship the superiority of the Southerner was fully established. The Federal soldiers returned to their camps on the northern bank of the Rappahannock, mortified and incensed at finding themselves, through no fault of their own, in the condition of having in an offensive campaign lost a battle without fighting, except when the enemy forced it upon them.

Yet in this battle the Northern soldier fought well. No men could under the circumstances have withstood such a sudden attack as that made by "Stonewall" Jackson on the flank and rear of the Eleventh Corps; but as soon as Jackson encountered troops in condition for action, his pursuit was checked and he was brought to a stand. The panic did not extend beyond the routed corps, nor to all of that, for its artillery and so much of its infantry as could form a proper line did their duty, and the army, far from being "demoralized" by this mishap, simply ridiculed the corps which from its supposed want of vigilance had allowed itself to be surprised in a position in which it could not fight. The surprise itself was not the fault of the troops, and the corps redeemed its reputation in subsequent battles. Both armies were composed in the main of Americans, and there was little more difference between their men than might be found between those of either army at different periods, or under varying circumstances; for

although high bounties had already brought into the Federal ranks an inferior element which swelled the muster rolls and the number of stragglers, "bounty jumping" had not as yet become a regular business.

The morale of the Confederate army was, however, much higher at this time than that of its adversary. It was composed of men not less patriotic, many of whom had gone into the war with reluctance, but who now felt that they were defending their homes. They were by this time nearly all veterans, led by officers having the confidence of their government, which took pains to inspire its soldiers with the same feeling. Their successes were extolled and magnified; their reverses palliated or ignored. Exaggerations as to the relative numbers of the troops had been common enough on both sides, but those indulged in at the South had been



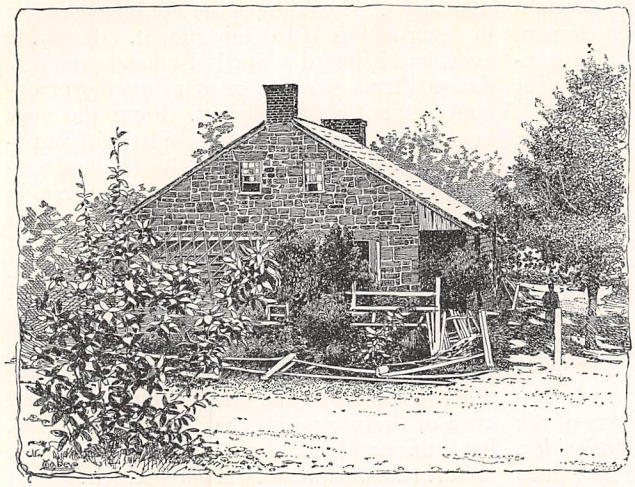
THE LUTHERAN SEMINARY. (THE UPPER PICTURE FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

Both pictures show the seminary as facing the town, and in the right-hand view is seen the Chambersburg Pike. On the first day, Buford, Reynolds, and Howard used the cupola for observations; thereafter it was the chief signal-station and observatory for the Confederates.—EDITOR.

difficulties. The Army of the Potomac was not in favor at the War Department. Rarely, if ever, had it heard a word of official commendation after a success, or of sympathy or encouragement after a defeat. From the very beginning its camps had been filled with imputations and charges against its leaders, who were accused on the streets, by the press, in Congress, and even in the War Department itself, and after victories as well as after defeats, not only of incapacity or misconduct, but sometimes of "disloyalty" to their superiors, civil and military, and even to the cause for which they fought. These accusations were followed or accompanied by frequent changes of commanders of the army, army-corps, and even of divisions. Under such circumstances, but little confidence could be felt by the troops, either in the wisdom of a war office which seemed to change its favorites with the caprice of a coquette, or in the capacity of new generals who followed each other in such rapid succession. But it is due to that patient and sorely tried army, to say that the spirit of both its officers and men was of the best, and their devotion to duty unconquerable. The army itself had originally been so admirably disciplined and tempered, that there always remained to it a firm self-reliance and a stern sense of duty and of honor that was proof against its many discouragements. In battle it always acquitted itself well, and displayed the highest soldierly qualities, no matter who commanded it nor whence he came. Chancellorsville furnishes no exception to this assertion, nor evidence of inferiority of the Northern to the Southern soldier, but it does furnish striking illustrations of Napoleon's well-known saying, "In war *men* are nothing, *a man* is everything."

echoed, sometimes suggested, in the North by a portion of the press and people, so that friends and enemies united in inspiring in the Confederate soldier a belief in himself and a contempt for his enemy.

In the Army of the Potomac it was different; the proportion of veterans was much smaller; a cessation of recruiting at the very beginning of active operations, when men were easily obtainable to supply losses in existing regiments, had been followed, as emergencies arose, by new levies for short periods of service, and in new organizations which could not readily be assimilated by older troops. And there were special



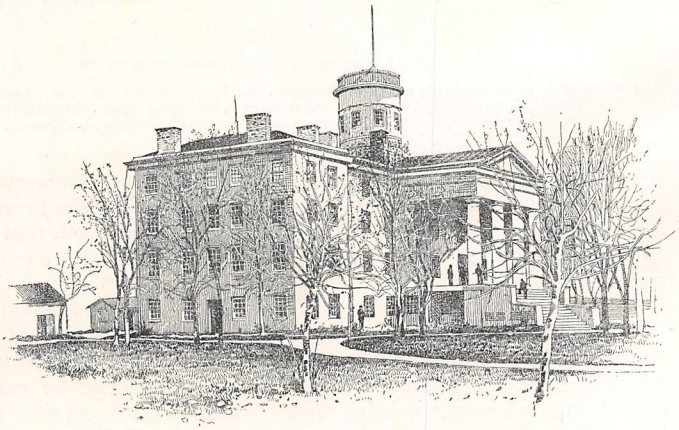
GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE CHAMBERSBURG PIKE. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

This dwelling, which stands on the Chambersburg Pike where it crosses Seminary ridge, is called Lee's headquarters; the tents of the Confederate general were pitched in the yard behind the house.—EDITOR.

General Lee, who felt great confidence in his own troops, and overrated the effects of successive reverses on the Federal soldiers, now resolved to assume the offensive, for he knew that to remain on the defensive would in the end force him back on Richmond. He determined, therefore, in case the Army of the Potomac could not be brought to action under favorable circumstances in Virginia, to transfer, if permitted, the field of operations to Northern soil, where a victory promptly followed up would give him possession of Baltimore or Washington, and perhaps lead to the recognition of the Confederacy by foreign powers. The valley of the Shenandoah offered a safe line of operations; the Federal troops occupying it were rather a bait than an obstacle, and to capture or destroy them seemed quite practicable to one who controlled absolutely all Confederate troops within the sphere of his operations. The sharp lesson he had administered the previous year had not been heeded by the Federal War Office; an opportunity now offered to repeat it, and he took his measures accordingly. In case his government would not consent to a bolder offensive, he could at least clear the valley of Virginia of the enemy,—a distinct operation, yet a necessary preliminary to an invasion of the North. This work was assigned to Lieutenant-General Ewell, an able officer, in every way qualified for such an enterprise.

In anticipation of the new campaign, Lee's army was strengthened and reorganized into three army corps* of three divisions each. Each division consisted of four brigades, except Rodes's and Anderson's, which had five each, and Pickett's, which had three at Gettysburg,—in all, thirty-seven infantry brigades. The cavalry were the select troops of the Confederacy. Officers and men had been accustomed all their lives to the use of horses and arms, "and to the very end the best blood in the land rode after Stuart, Hampton, and the Lees." They were now organized as a division, under Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, consisting of the six brigades of Hampton, Robertson, Fitzhugh Lee, Jenkins, Jones, and W. H. F. Lee, and six batteries of horse-artillery under Major R. F. Beckham. To these should be added Imboden's command, a strong brigade of over two thousand effective horsemen, and a battery of horse-artillery, which had been operating in the mountain country and was now near Staunton, awaiting orders. The

* First Corps, Longstreet: divisions, McLaws, Pickett, Hood; artillery, Walton.
Second Corps, Ewell: divisions, Early, Johnson, Rodes; artillery, Brown.
Third Corps, A. P. Hill: divisions, R. H. Anderson, Heth, Pender; artillery, Walker.—H. J. H.



PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, GETTYSBURG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

During the withdrawal of the First and Eleventh Corps through the town to Cemetery Hill, there was hard fighting in the college grounds.—EDITOR.

artillery had recently received an excellent organization under its commandant-in-chief, General Pendleton. It consisted, besides the horse-artillery, of fifteen so-called "battalions," each of four batteries, with one lieutenant-colonel and a major. To each army-corps were attached five battalions, one for each division and two as a reserve, the whole under a colonel as chief of artillery. The total number of batteries was sixty-nine, of guns two hundred and eighty-seven, of which thirty were with the cavalry. With few exceptions the batteries were of four guns each. The army was commanded by a full general, each army-corps, except the artillery, by a lieutenant-general, each division by a major-general, each brigade, except two, by brigadier-generals. Nearly all these officers were veterans of proved ability and many had served in the Mexican war.

GETTYSBURG FROM OAK HILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

Oak Hill is a mile north-west of Gettysburg, and the view here is south-east, showing the county almshouse on the left, then Culp's Hill, then the college, and, to the right of its cupola, the observatory on Cemetery Hill.— EDITOR.

In the Army of the Potomac the discharge of fifty-eight regiments had reduced its strength since Chancellorsville by twenty-five thousand effectives, partly replaced by five brigades numbering less than twelve thousand men. At the battle of Gettysburg the seven army-corps* consisted of nineteen infantry divisions, seven of which had two brigades, eleven had three, and one had four: in all fifty-one brigades. The army and army-corps were commanded by major-generals, the divisions by three major- and sixteen brigadier-generals, the infantry brigades by twenty-two brigadier-generals and twenty-nine colonels. The average strength of army corps and divisions was about half that of the Confederates, a fact that should be kept in mind, or the terms will be misleading. The cavalry had been raised under disadvantages. Men accustomed to the use of both horses and arms were comparatively few in the North and required training in everything that was necessary to make a trooper. The theater of war was not considered favorable for cavalry, and it was distributed to the various headquarters for escort duty, guards, and orderlies. It was not until 1863 that it was united under General Pleasonton in a corps consisting of three weak divisions, Buford's, D. McM. Gregg's, and Duffié's, afterwards consolidated into two, Stahel's cavalry, which joined at Frederick, June 28th, becoming the third division. The corps was then organized as follows: First Division, Buford: brigades, Gamble, Devin, Merritt; Second Division, Gregg: brigades, McIntosh, Huey, J. Irvin Gregg; Third Division, Kilpatrick: brigades, Farnsworth, Custer. The divisions and three of the brigades were commanded by brigadier-generals, the other five brigades by colonels. To the cavalry were attached Robertson's and Tidball's brigades of horse-artillery. Under excellent chiefs and the spirit created by its new organization, the Federal cavalry soon rivaled that of the Confederates.

The field-artillery was in an unsatisfactory

*First Corps, J. F. Reynolds: divisions, Wadsworth, Robinson, Doubleday; artillery, Wainwright. Second Corps, Hancock: divisions, Caldwell, Gibbon, Alexander Hays; artillery, Hazard. Third Corps, Sickles: divisions, Birney, Humphreys; artillery, Randolph. Fifth Corps, Sykes: divisions, Barnes, Ayres, Crawford; artillery, A. P. Martin. Sixth Corps, Sedgwick: divisions, Wright, Howe, Wheaton; artillery, Tompkins. Eleventh Corps, Howard: divisions, Barlow, Steinwehr, Schurz; artillery, Osborn. Twelfth Corps, Slocum: divisions, A. S. Williams, Geary; artillery, Muhlenberg.

Engineers, commandant-in-chief, G. K. Warren; Engineer brigade, Benham.

Artillery, commandant-in-chief, Hunt; artillery reserve, Tyler: brigades of Ransom, McGilvery, Taft, Huntington, Fitzhugh.

General Headquarters, Chief of Staff Butterfield, Adjutant-General Williams, Inspector-General Schriver, Provost-Marshal General Patrick.— H. J. H.

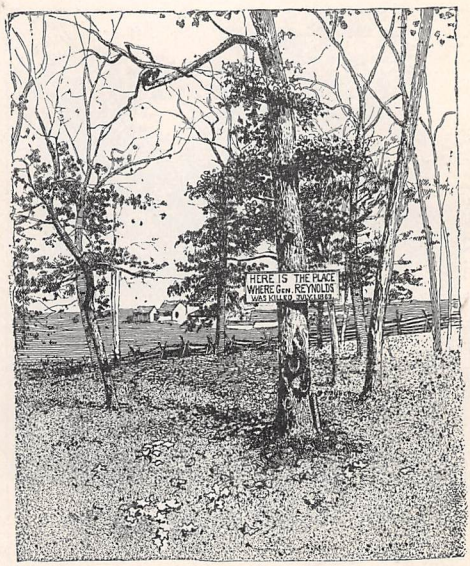
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

condition. The high reputation it had gained in Mexico was followed by the active and persistent hostility of the War Department, which almost immediately dismounted three-fourths of its authorized batteries. Congress in 1853 made special provision for remounting them as schools of instruction for the whole arm, a duty which the War Department on shallow pretexts evaded. Again in 1861, Congress amply provided for the proper organization and command of the artillery in the field, but as there was no chief nor special administration for the arm, and no regulations for its government, its organization control and direction were left to the fancies of the various army commanders. General officers were practically denied it, and in 1862 the War Department announced in orders that field-officers of artillery were an unnecessary expense and their muster into service forbidden. Promotion necessarily ceased, and such brilliant artillerists as Hays, DeRussy, Getty, Gibbon, Griffin, and Ayres could only receive promotion by transfer to the infantry or cavalry. No adequate measures were taken for the supply of recruits, and the batteries were frequently dependent on the troops to which they were attached for men enough to work their guns in battle. For battery-draft they were often glad to get the refuse horses after the ambulance and quartermasters' trains were supplied. Still, many of the batteries attained a high degree of excellence, due mainly to the self-sacrifice, courage, and intelligence of their own officers and men.

On taking command of the army, General Hooker had transferred the military command of the artillery to his own headquarters, to be resumed by the chief of artillery only under specific orders and for special occasions, which resulted in such mismanagement and confusion at Chancellorsville that he consented to organize the artillery into brigades. This was a decided improvement, which would have been greater if the brigade commanders had held adequate rank. As it was, there was no artillery commandant-in-chief for months before the battle of Gettysburg, and of the fourteen brigades four were commanded by field-officers, nine by captains, and one by a lieutenant, taken from their batteries for the purpose. The number of field batteries at Gettysburg was sixty-five, of guns three hundred and seventy, of which two hundred and twelve were with the infantry, fifty with the cavalry, one hundred and eight in the reserve. The disadvantages under which the artillery labored all through the war, from want of proper regulations, supervision, and command, were simply disgraceful to our army administration from the close of the Mexican to that of the Civil War, and caused an unnecessary expenditure of both blood and treasure.

It will be perceived by comparison that the organization of the Army of the Potomac was at this period in every way inferior to that of its adversary. The army-corps and divisions were too numerous and too weak. They required too many commanders and staffs, and this imposed unnecessary burdens on the general-in-chief, who was often compelled to place several army-corps under the commander of one of them, thus reproducing the much abused "grand divisions" of Burnside, under every possible disadvantage. Had the number of infantry corps been reduced to four at most, and the divisions to twelve, the army would have been more manageable and better commanded, and the artillery, without any loss, but rather a gain of efficiency, could have been reduced by a dozen or fifteen batteries.

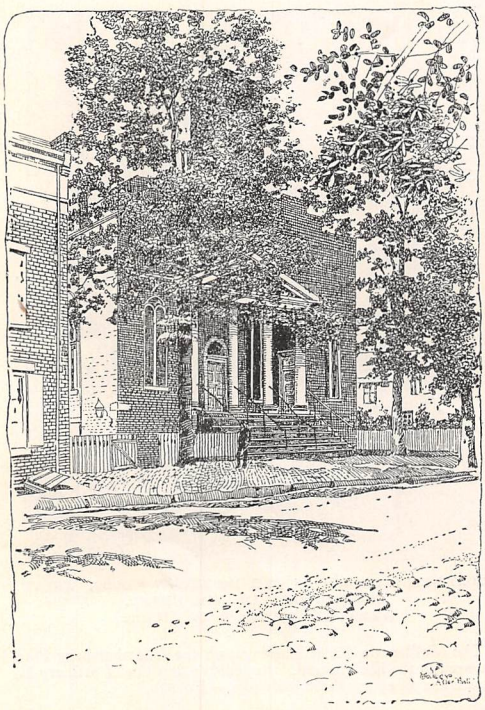


NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE McPHERSON WOODS, WHERE GENERAL REYNOLDS WAS KILLED.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

The McPherson Farm buildings, on the Chambersburg Pike, are seen in the background. Reynolds's first line of artillery lay across the pike near these buildings.—EDITOR.

EARLY in June Lee's army began to move, and by the 8th, Longstreet's and Ewell's corps had joined Stuart's cavalry at Culpeper. A. P. Hill's corps was left in observation at Fredericksburg; and so skillfully were the changes concealed that Hooker, believing that all the enemy's infantry were still near that town, ordered Pleasonton to beat up Stuart's camps at Culpeper, and get information as to the enemy's position and proposed movements. For these purposes he gave

Pleasonton two small brigades of infantry, 3000 men under Generals Ames and Russell, which carried his total force to 10,981. They were echeloned along the railroad which crosses the river at Rappahannock Station, and runs thence ten miles to Culpeper. About midway is Brandy Station, a few hundred yards north of which is Fleetwood Hill. Dividing his force equally, Pleasonton ordered Buford and Ames to cross at Beverly's, and

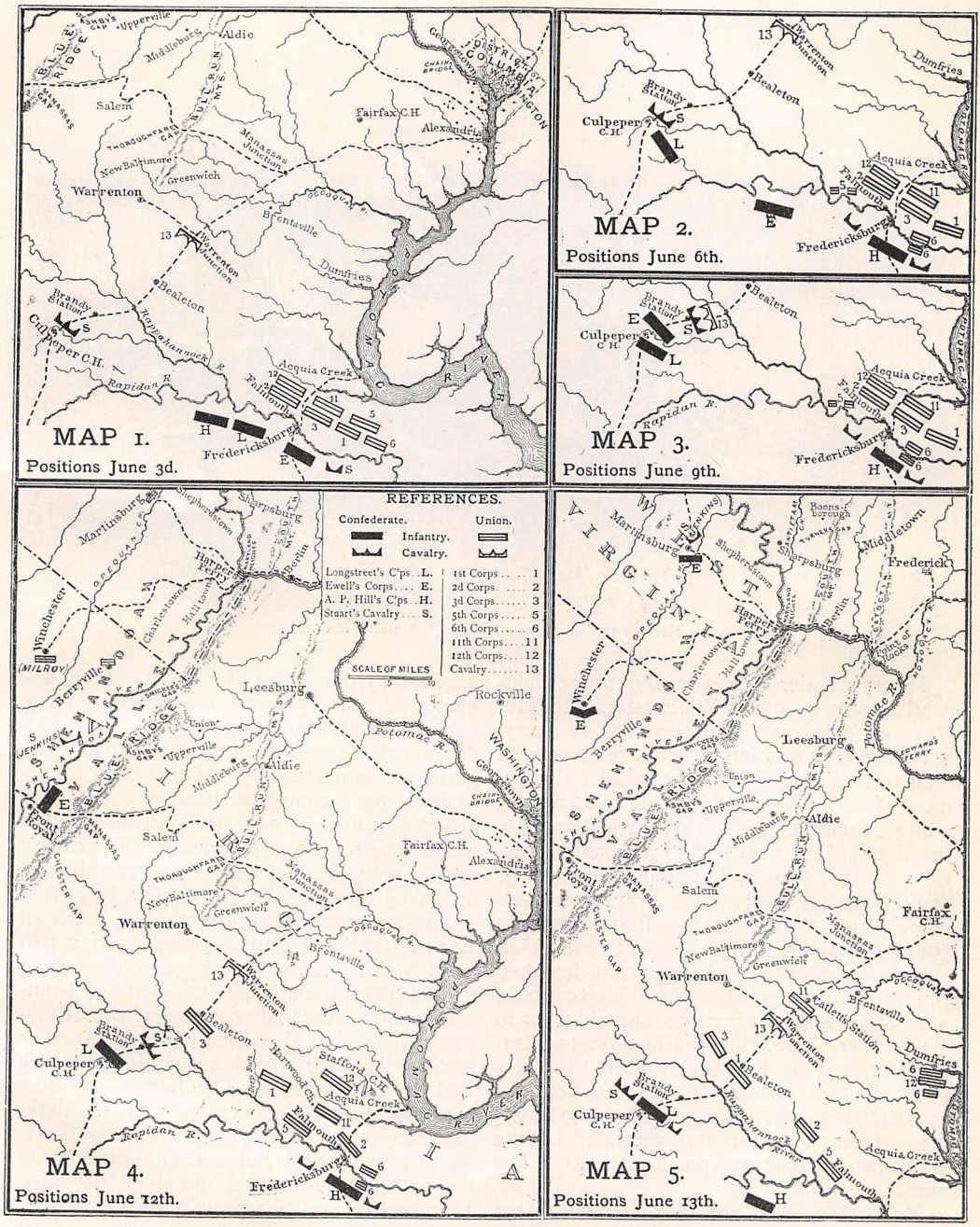


LUTHERAN CHURCH ON CHAMBERSBURG STREET, USED AS A HOSPITAL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

Gregg, Duffié, and Russell at Kelly's Ford. All were to march to Brandy Station, Duffié being thrown out to Stevensburg to watch the Fredericksburg road. Then the whole force was to move on Culpeper. The crossing was ordered for June 9th; but on the 8th, General Lee having sent Jenkins's brigade as Ewell's advance into the valley, reviewed the other five brigades of Stuart, 10,292 combatants, on the plains near Brandy Station. After the review they were distributed in the neighborhood with a view to their crossing the Rappahannock on the 9th, Stuart establishing his headquarters at Fleetwood. Accident had thus disposed his forces in the most favorable manner to meet Pleasonton's converging movements.

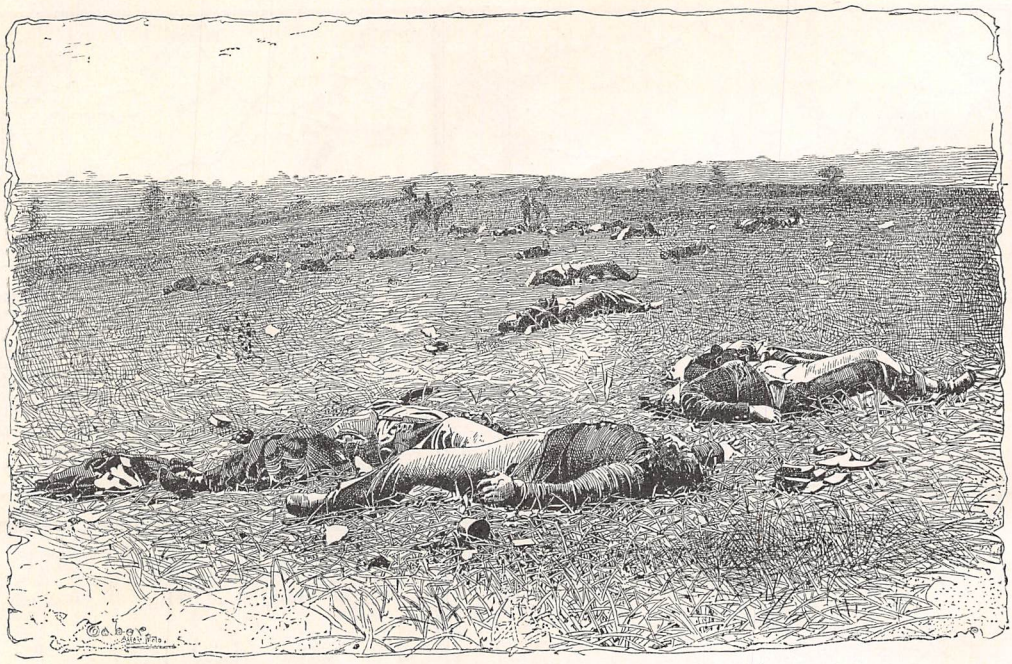
At daybreak Buford crossed and drove the enemy's pickets from the ford back to the main body, near St. James's church. Stuart, on the first report of the crossing, sent Robertson's brigade toward Kelly's to watch that ford, and Colonel M. C. Butler's Second South Carolina to Brandy Station. He himself took the command at the church where he was attacked by Buford. In one of the engagements W. H. F. Lee was wounded, and Colonel Chambliss took command of his brigade. Meantime Gregg had crossed at Kelly's Ford, and, Duffié leading, took a southerly road, by which he missed Robertson's brigade. Learning that Duffié's advance had reached Stevensburg and that Buford was heavily engaged, Gregg pushed direct for Brandy Station, sending orders to Duffié to follow his movement. Stuart, notified of his approach, had sent in haste some artillery and two of Jones's regiments to Fleetwood, and Colonel Butler started at once for Stevensburg, followed soon after by Wickham's Fourth Virginia. On their approach two squadrons of the Sixth Ohio, in occupation of the place, fell back skirmishing. Duffié sent two regiments to their aid, and after a severe action, mainly with the Second South Carolina, reoccupied the village. In this action Colonel Butler lost a leg, and his lieutenant-colonel, Hampton, was killed.

On Gregg's arrival near Brandy Station the enemy appeared to be in large force, with artillery, on and about Fleetwood Hill. He promptly ordered an attack; the hill was carried, and the two regiments sent by Stuart driven back. Buford now attacked vigorously and gained ground steadily, for Stuart had to reënforce his troops at Fleetwood from the church. In the struggles that followed, the hill several times changed masters; but as Duffié did not make his appearance, Gregg was finally overmatched and withdrew, leaving three of his guns, two of them disabled, in the enemy's hands, nearly all of their horses being killed and most of their cannoneers *hors de combat.* There were some demonstrations of pursuit, but the approach of Buford's reserve brigade stopped them. Duffié finally came up and Gregg reported to Pleasonton, informing him of the approach of Confederate infantry from Culpeper. Pleasonton, who had captured some important dispatches and orders, now considered his mission as accomplished, and ordered a withdrawal of his whole command. This was effected leisurely and without molestation. Gregg recrossed at Rappahannock Station, Buford at Beverly's Ford, and at sunset the river again flowed between the opposing forces. Stuart reports his losses at four hundred and eighty-five, of whom three hundred and one were killed or wounded. Pleasonton reports an aggregate loss (exclusive of Duffié's, which would not exceed twenty-five) of nine hundred and seven, of whom



These maps and the others relating to the campaign and battle of Gettysburg are compilations by Abner Doubleday, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A., from the official reports of the commanders on both sides, and from the maps of Colonel John B. Bachelder, which were purchased by Congress for the War Department.— EDITOR.

four hundred and twenty-one were killed or wounded. In nearly all the previous so-called "cavalry" actions, the troops had fought as dismounted dragoons. This was in the main a true cavalry battle, and enabled the Federals henceforth to dispute the superiority hitherto claimed by, and conceded to, the Confederate cavalry. In this respect the affair was an important one. It did not, however, delay for a moment General Lee's designs on the valley; he had already sent Imboden by way of Romney toward Cumberland to destroy the railroad and canal from that place to Martinsburg.



UNION DEAD WEST OF THE SEMINARY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Milroy's Federal division, about nine thousand strong, occupied Winchester, with McReynolds's brigade in observation at Berryville. Kelley's division of about ten thousand men was at Harper's Ferry, with a detachment of twelve hundred infantry and a battery under Colonel B. F. Smith at Martinsburg. On the night of June 11th, Milroy received instructions to join Kelley, but, reporting that he could hold Winchester, was authorized to remain there. Ewell, leaving Brandy Station June 10, reached Cedarville via Chester Gap on the evening of the 12th, whence he detached Jenkins and Rodes to capture McReynolds, who, discovering their approach, withdrew to Winchester. They then pushed on to Martinsburg, and on the 14th drove out the garrison. Smith's infantry crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and made its way to Maryland Heights; his artillery retreated by the Williamsport road, was pursued, and lost five guns.

Meanwhile Ewell, with Early's and Edward Johnson's divisions, marched direct on Winchester. Arriving in its neighborhood on the evening of the 13th, he ordered Early on the 14th to leave a brigade in observation on the south of the town, move his main force under cover of the hills to the north-western side, and seize the outworks which commanded the main fort. He also ordered Johnson to deploy his division on the east of the town, so as to divert attention from Early. This was so successfully done that the latter placed, unperceived, twenty guns and an assaulting column in position, and at 6 P. M., by a sudden attack, carried the outworks, driving the garrisons into the body of the place. This capture was a complete surprise, and Milroy called a council of war, which decided on an immediate retreat, abandoning the artillery and wagons. Ewell had anticipated this, and ordered Johnson to occupy with a brigade a position on the Martinsburg pike, north of Winchester. The retreat commenced at two A. M. of the 15th, and after proceeding three or four miles, the advance encountered Johnson's troops, attacked vigorously, and at first successfully, but the enemy receiving reënforcements, a hard fight ensued in which the Federals lost heavily. The retreat was then continued; the troops separated in the darkness, one portion reaching Harper's Ferry, another crossing the Potomac at Hancock. On the 15th, Ewell crossed the river, occupied Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, and sent Jenkins's cavalry to Chambersburg to collect supplies. On the 17th, the garrison of Harper's Ferry was removed to Maryland Heights, and the valley of the Shenandoah was cleared of Federal troops. In these brilliant operations General Lee claims for Ewell the capture of four thousand prisoners and small arms, twenty-eight pieces of artillery, eleven colors, three hundred loaded wagons, as many horses, and a considerable quantity of stores of all

descriptions, the entire Confederate loss, killed, wounded, and missing, being two hundred and sixty-nine.

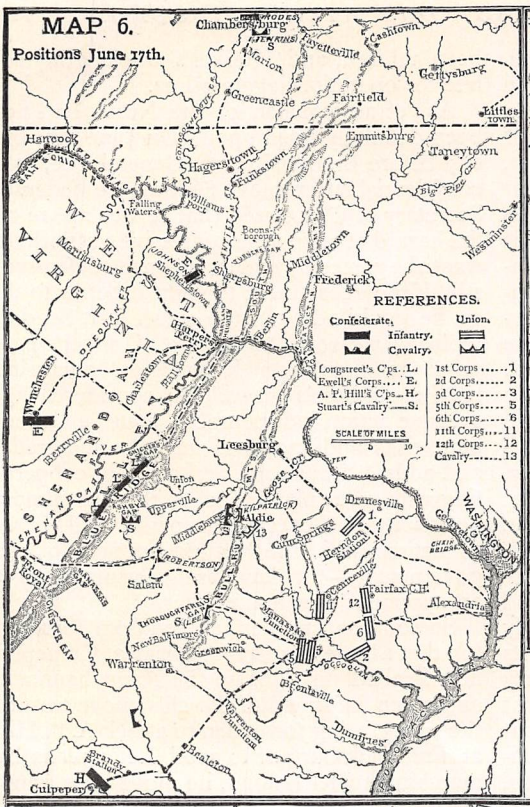
These operations indicate on the part of General Lee either contempt for his opponent, or a belief that the chronic terror of the War Department for the safety of Washington could be safely relied upon to paralyze his movements,— or both. On no other reasonable hypothesis can we account for his stretching his army from Fredericksburg to Williamsport, with his enemy concentrated on one flank, and on the shortest road to Richmond.

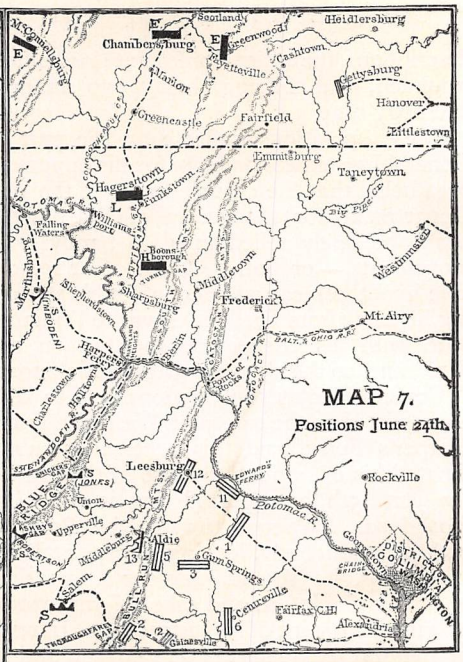
General Hooker's instructions were to keep always in view the safety of Washington and Harper's Ferry, and this necessarily subordinated his operations to those of the enemy. On June 5th, he reported that in case Lee moved via Culpeper toward the Potomac with his main body, leaving a corps at Fredericksburg, he should consider it his duty to attack the latter, and asked if that would be within the spirit of his instructions. In reply he was warned against such a course, and its dangers to Washington and Harper's Ferry were pointed out. On June 10th, learning that Lee was in motion, and that there were but few troops in Richmond, he proposed an immediate march on that place, from which, after capturing it, he could send the disposable part of his force to any threatened point north of the Potomac, and was informed that Lee's army and not Richmond was his true objective. Had he taken Richmond, Peck's large force at Suffolk and Keyes's ten thousand men in the Peninsula might have been utilized, and Hooker's whole army set free for operations against Lee.

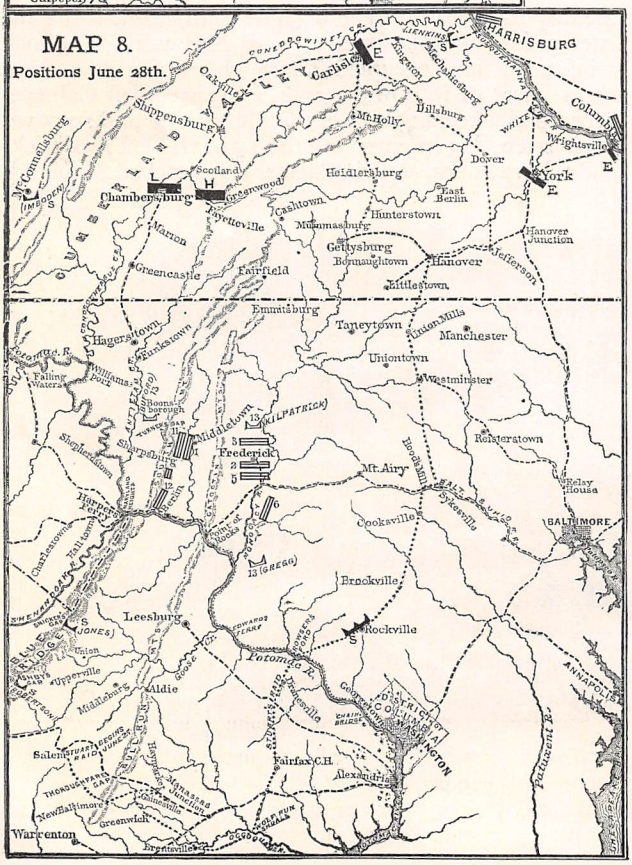
As yet an invasion of the North had not been definitely fixed upon. On June 8th, the day before Brandy Station, General Lee, in a confidential letter to Mr. Seddon, Confederate Secretary of War, stated that he was aware of the hazard of taking the aggressive, yet nothing was to be gained by remaining on the defensive; still, if the department thought it better to do so, he would adopt that course. Mr. Seddon replied June 10th, the date of Hooker's proposal to march on Richmond, concurring in General Lee's views. He considered aggressive action indispensable, that " all attendant risks and sacrifices must be incurred," and adds, " I have not hesitated in coöperating with your plans to leave this city almost defenseless." General Lee now had full liberty of action, with the assured support of his government,— an immense advantage over an opponent who had neither.

So soon as Hooker learned from Pleasonton that a large infantry force was at Culpeper, he extended his right up the Rappahannock, and when informed of Ewell's move toward the valley, being forbidden to attack A. P. Hill at Fredericksburg or to spoil Lee's plans by marching to Richmond, he moved his army, on the night of June 13th, toward the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and occupied Thoroughfare Gap in advance of it. On the 15th, Longstreet left Culpeper, keeping east of the Blue Ridge and so covering its gaps. On the 14th, Hill left Fredericksburg, and via Chester Gap reached Shepherds-

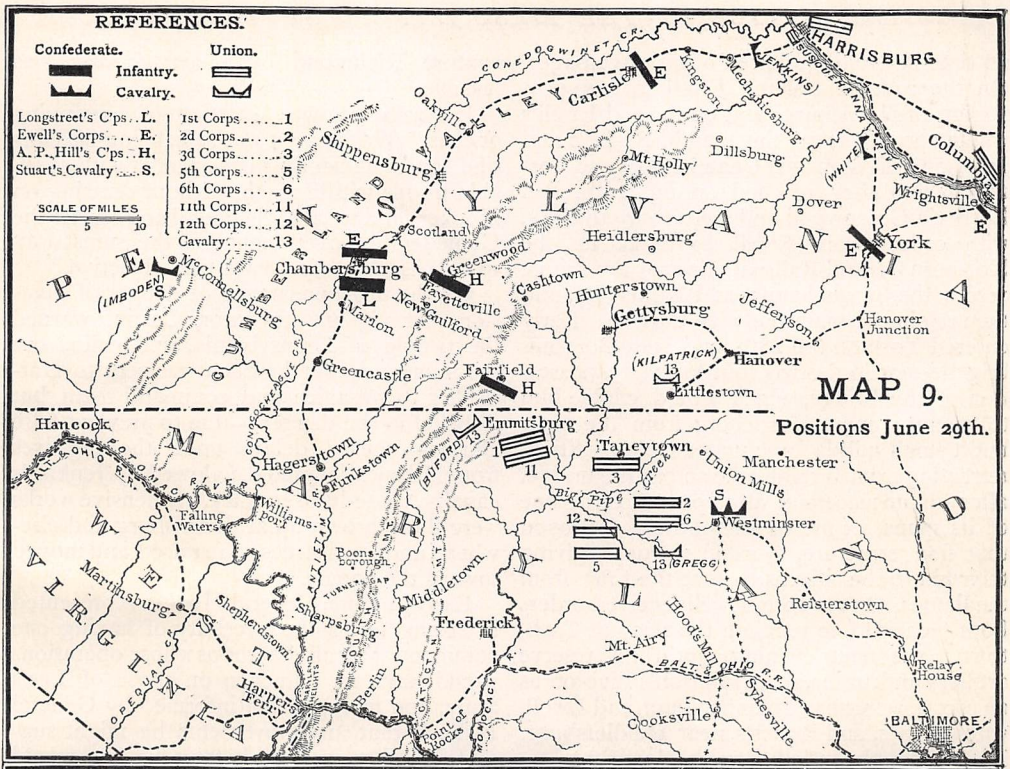
UNION DEAD NEAR McPHERSON'S WOODS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

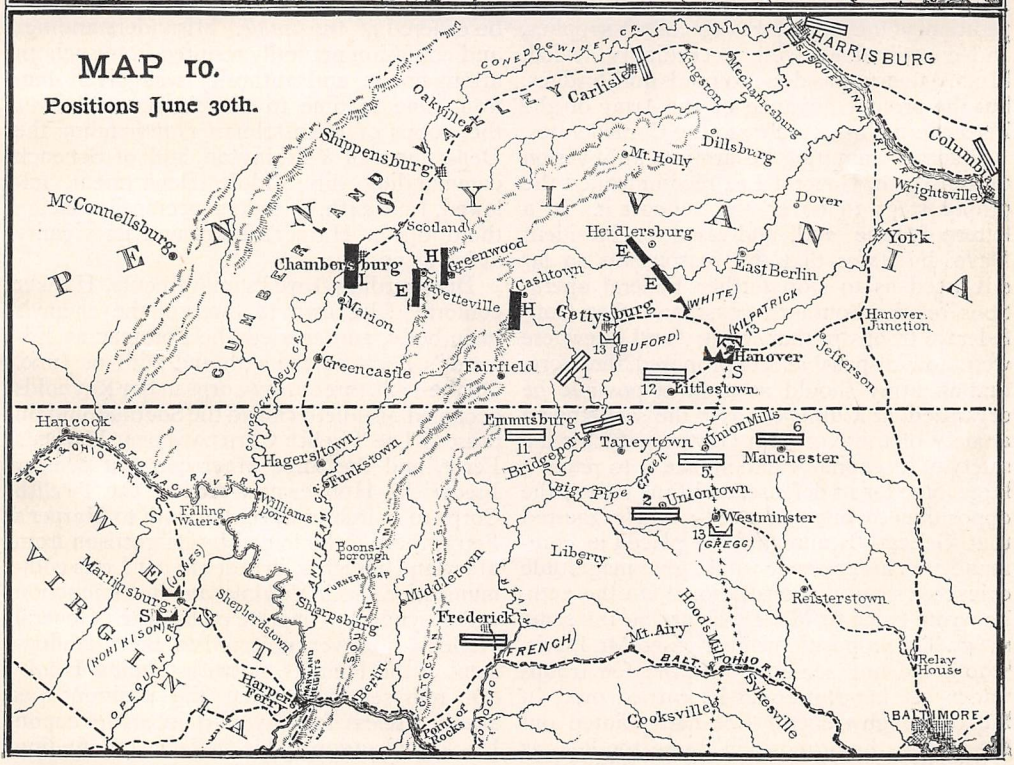






town on the 23d. Stuart's cavalry had been thrown out on Longstreet's right to occupy the passes of the Bull Run mountains and watch Hooker's army. On the 17th, he encountered, near Aldie, a portion of Pleasonton's command; a fierce fight ensued which left the Federals in possession of the field. During the four following days there was a succession of cavalry combats; those of the 19th near Middleburg, and of the 21st near Upperville, were especially well contested, and resulted in the retreat of Stuart through Ashby's Gap. Longstreet had already withdrawn through the gaps and followed Hill to the Potomac. Imboden, his work of destruction completed, had taken post at Hancock. Longstreet and Hill crossed the Potomac on the 24th and 25th and directed their march on Chambersburg and Fayetteville, arriving on the 27th. Stuart had been directed to guard the mountain passes until the Federal army crossed the river, and, according to General Lee's report, "to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our [Confederate] column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward," in order to





watch and report his movements. According to Stuart's report, he was authorized to cross between the Federal army and Washington, and directed after crossing to proceed with all dispatch to join Early in Pennsylvania.

General Lee so far had been completely successful; his army was exultant, and he lost

no time in availing himself of his advantages. On the 21st he ordered Ewell to take possession of Harrisburg; and on the 22d Ewell's whole corps was on the march, Rodes's and Johnson's divisions via Chambersburg to Carlisle, which they reached on the 27th, and Early via Greenwood and Gettysburg to York, with orders from Ewell to break up the Northern Central Railroad, destroy the bridge across the Susquehanna at Wrightsville, and then rejoin the main body at Carlisle. Early entered York on the 28th, and sent Gordon's brigade, not to destroy, but to secure possession of the bridge, which would enable him to operate upon Harrisburg from the rear; but a small militia force under Colonel Frick, retreating from Wrightsville across the bridge, after an unsuccessful attempt to destroy one of its spans, set fire to and entirely destroyed that fine structure, Gordon's troops giving their aid to the citizens to save the town from the flames. On the 29th, Ewell received orders from General Lee to rejoin the army at Cashtown; the next evening, 30th, his reserve artillery and trains, with Johnson's division as an escort, were near Chambersburg, and Ewell, with Early's, and Rodes's, near Heidlersburg. Thus suddenly ended Ewell's Harrisburg expedition. One object was to collect supplies, and contributions were accordingly levied. Much damage was done to roads and bridges, but the prompt advance of the Army of the Potomac made this useless to the Confederates.

Before committing his army to an invasion of the North, General Lee recommended the proper steps to cover and support it. In a letter of June 23d, addressed to President Davis, he states that the season was so far advanced as to stop further Federal operations on the Southern coast, and that Confederate troops in that country and elsewhere were now disposable. He proposed, therefore, that an army should as soon as possible be organized at Culpeper, as "the well-known anxiety of the Northern Government for the safety of its capital would induce it to retain a large force for its defense, and thus relieve the opposition to our advance"; and suggested that General Beauregard be placed in command, "as his presence would give magnitude even to a small demonstration." On the 25th, he wrote twice to Mr. Davis urging the same views. The proposition embarrassed Mr. Davis, who could not see how, with the few troops under his hand, it could be carried out. In fact, although General Lee had pointed out the means, the proposition came too late, as the decisive battle took place much earlier than was expected. This correspondence, however, with that between General Lee and Mr. Seddon, shows that Hooker's project to capture Richmond by a *coup-de-main* was feasible.

It was not now a question of "swapping queens." Washington was safe, being well fortified and sufficiently garrisoned, or with available troops within reach, without drawing on Hooker; and to take Richmond and scatter the Confederate Government was the surest way to ruin Lee's army—"his true objective."

On the first appearance of danger of invasion, her vigilant governor, Curtin, warned the people of Pennsylvania, and called out the militia. General Couch was sent to Harrisburg to organize and command them, but disbelief in the danger—due to previous false alarms—caused delays until the fugitives from Milroy's command, followed by Jenkins's cavalry, roused the country. Defensive works were then thrown up at Harrisburg and elsewhere, and local forces were raised and moved toward the enemy.

Early in June, General Hooker represented in strong terms the necessity of having one commander for all the troops whose operations would have an influence on those of Lee's army, and in reply was informed by General Halleck that any movements he might suggest for other commands than his own would be ordered *if practicable*. Misunderstandings and confusion naturally resulted from such an arrangement, and authority was given him from time to time to exercise control over the troops of Heintzelman, commanding the Department of Washington, and of Schenck commanding the Middle Department, followed, June 24th, by orders specifically placing the troops in Harper's Ferry and its vicinity at his disposal.

Disregarding Ewell's movements, Hooker conformed his own to those of the enemy's main body, and crossed the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry on the 25th and 26th of June. On the 27th, three army-corps under Reynolds occupied Middletown and the South Mountain passes. The Twelfth Corps was near Harper's Ferry, and the three other corps at or near Frederick. Hooker now ordered the Twelfth Corps to march early on the 28th to Harper's Ferry, there to be joined by its garrison from Maryland Heights, in order to cut Lee's communications with Virginia, and in conjunction with Reynolds to operate on his rear. General Halleck, however, objected to the abandonment of the Heights, notwithstanding Hooker's representations that the position was utterly useless for any purpose; whereupon Hooker abandoned his project, and finding now that he was "not allowed to manœuvre his own army in the presence of the enemy," asked to be relieved from his command. He had encountered some of the difficulties which

ASSAULT OF BROCKENBROUGH'S CONFEDERATE BRIGADE (HETH'S DIVISION) UPON THE STONE BARN OF THE McPHERSON FARM.

The line of the stone barn was held by Stone's brigade, Pennsylvania Bucktails (Doubleday's division), its right resting on the Chambersburg pike (the left of the picture) and its left on the McPherson woods (right background of the picture), where a part of Archer's Confederate brigade of Heth's division was captured by Meredith's brigade.— EDITOR.

had beset a predecessor whom he had himself mercilessly criticised, and promptly succumbed to them. His request was complied with, and Major-General George G. Meade was appointed his successor, this being the fifth change of commanders of the Army of the Potomac in ten months. General Meade was an excellent officer of long service, who had always proved equal to his position, whether as a specialist or a commander of troops. Many welcomed his advent—some regretted Hooker. All thought the time for the change unfortunate, but accepted loyally, as the Army of the Potomac ever did, the leader designated by the President, and gave him their hearty support. He was succeeded in the command of the Fifth Corps by Major-General George Sykes, a veteran of the Mexican war and a distinguished soldier.

When General Meade assumed command, June 28th, the best information placed Longstreet at Chambersburg, A. P. Hill between that place and Cashtown, and Ewell in occupation of Carlisle, York, and the country between them, threatening Harrisburg. Unacquainted with Hooker's plans and views, he determined at once to move on the main line from Frederick to Harrisburg, extending his wings as far as compatible with a ready concentration, in order to force Lee to battle before he could cross the Susquehanna. With this view he spent the day in ascertaining the position of his army, and brought up his cavalry, Buford to his left, Gregg to his right, and Kilpatrick to the front. Directing French to occupy Frederick with seven thousand men of the garrison of Harper's Ferry, he put his army in motion early on the morning of the 29th. Kilpatrick reached Littlestown that night; and on the morning of the 30th, the rear of his division, while passing through Hanover, was attacked by a portion of Stuart's cavalry. Stuart, availing himself of the discretion allowed him, had left Robertson's and Jones's brigades to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge, and on the night of the 24th, with those of Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee and Chambliss, had started to move round the Army of the Potomac, pass between it and Centreville into Maryland, and so rejoin Lee; but the movements of that army forced him so far east that he was compelled to ford the Potomac near Seneca, on the night of the 27th. Next morning, learning that Hooker had already crossed the river, he marched north by Rockville, where he captured a wagon train. Paroling

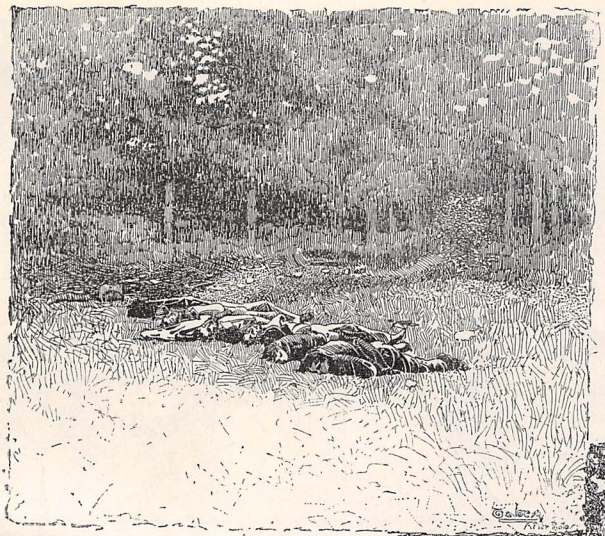
his prisoners and taking the train with him, he pushed on—through Westminster, where he had a sharp action with a squadron of Delaware horse—to Union Mills, and encamped there on the 29th. During the night, he learned that the Federal army was still between him and Lee on its march north, and his scouts reported its cavalry in strong force at Littlestown, barring his direct road to Gettysburg; wherefore, on the morning of the 30th he moved across country to Hanover, Chambliss in front and Hampton in rear of his long train of two hundred wagons, with Fitzhugh Lee well out on his left flank. About 10 A. M. Chambliss, reaching Hanover, found Kilpatrick passing through the town and attacked him, but was driven out before Hampton or Lee could come to his support. Stuart's men and horses were now nearly worn out; he was encumbered with a large captured train; a junction with some part of Lee's army was a necessity, and he made a night march for York, only to learn that Early had left the day before. Pushing on to Carlisle, he found that Ewell was gone, and the place occupied by a militia force under General W. F. Smith. His demand of a surrender was refused, upon which he threw a few shells into the town and burned the Government barracks.

That night he learned that Lee's army was concentrating at Gettysburg, and left for that place next day. Thus ended a "raid" which greatly embarrassed General Lee, and by which the services of three fine cavalry brigades were, in the critical period of the campaign, exchanged for a few hundred prisoners and a wagon train.

Hearing nothing from Stuart, and therefore believing that Hooker was still south of the Potomac, Lee, on the afternoon of the 28th, ordered Longstreet and Hill to join Ewell at Harrisburg; but late that night one of Longstreet's scouts came in and reported that the Federal army had crossed the river, that Meade had relieved Hooker and was at Frederick. Lee thereupon changed the rendezvous of his army to Cashtown, which place Heth reached on the 29th, and next day sent Pettigrew's brigade on to Gettysburg, nine miles, to procure a supply of shoes. Nearing this place, Pettigrew discovered the advance of a large Federal force and returned to Cashtown. Hill immediately notified Generals Lee and Ewell, informing the latter that he would advance next morning on Gettysburg. Buford, sending Merritt's brigade to Mechanicstown as guard to his trains, had early on the morning of the 29th crossed into and moved up the Cumberland valley via Boonsboro' and Fairfield with those of Gamble and Devin, and on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 30th, under instructions from Pleasonton, entered Gettysburg, Pettigrew's brigade withdrawing on his approach.

From Gettysburg, near the eastern base of the Green Ridge, and covering all the upper passes into the Cumberland valley, good roads lead to all important points between the Susquehanna and the Potomac. It is therefore an important strategic position. On the west of the town, distant nearly half a mile, there is a somewhat elevated ridge running north and south, on which stands the "Lutheran Seminary." It is covered with open woods through its whole length, and is terminated nearly a mile and a half north of the seminary by a commanding knoll, bare on its southern side, called Oak Hill. From this ridge the ground slopes gradually to the west, and again rising forms another ridge about five hundred yards from the first, upon which, nearly opposite the seminary, stands McPherson's farm buildings. This second ridge is wider, smoother, and lower than the first, and Oak Hill, their intersection, has a clear view of the slopes of both ridges and of the valley between them. West of McPherson's ridge Willoughby Run flows south into Marsh Creek. South of the farm buildings and directly opposite the seminary, a wood borders the run for about three hundred yards, and stretches back to the summit of McPherson's ridge. From the town two roads run; one south-west to Hagerstown via Fairfield, the other north-westerly to Chambersburg via Cashtown. The seminary is midway between them, about three hundred yards from each. Parallel to, and one hundred and fifty yards north of the Chambersburg pike, is the bed of an unfinished railroad, with deep cuttings through the two ridges. Directly north of the town the country is comparatively flat and open; on the east of it, Rock Creek flows south. On the south, and overlooking it, is a ridge of bold, high grounds, terminated on the west by Cemetery Hill and on the east by Culp's Hill, which, bending to the south, extends half a mile or more and terminates in low grounds near Spangler's Spring. Culp's Hill is steep toward the east, is well wooded, and its eastern base is washed by Rock Creek.

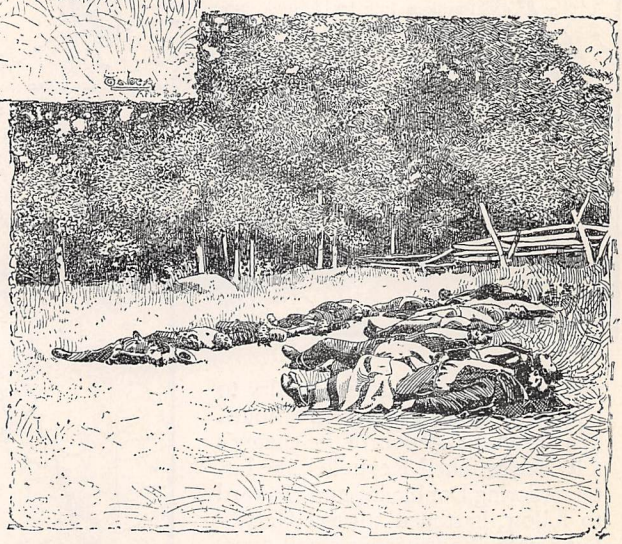
Impressed by the importance of the position, Buford, expecting the early return of the enemy in force, assigned to Devin's brigade the country north, and to Gamble's that west of the town; sent out scouting parties on all the roads to collect information, and reported the condition of affairs to Reynolds. His pickets extended from below the Fairfield road, along the eastern bank of Willoughby Run, to the railroad cut, then easterly some fifteen hundred yards north of the town, to a wooded hillock near Rock Creek.



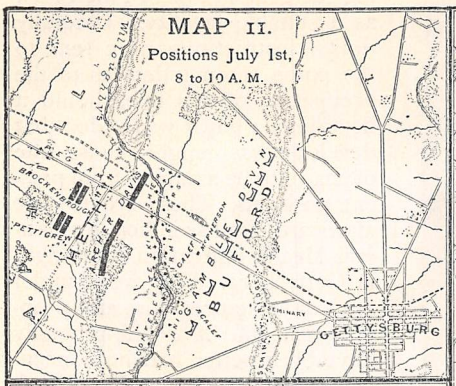
CONFEDERATE DEAD GATHERED FOR BURIAL NEAR THE McPHERSON WOODS. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

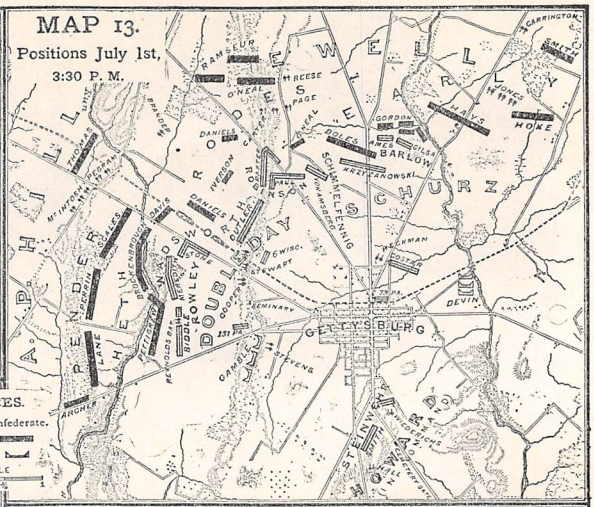
On the night of June 30th Meade's headquarters and the Reserve artillery were at Taneytown; the First Corps at Marsh Run, the Eleventh at Emmettsburg, Third at Bridgeport, Twelfth at Littlestown, Second at Uniontown, Fifth at Union Mills, Sixth and Gregg's cavalry at Manchester, Kilpatrick's at Hanover. A glance at the map (page 123) will show at what disadvantage Meade's army was now placed. Lee's whole army was nearing Gettysburg, whilst that of Meade was scattered over a wide extent of country to the east and south of that town.

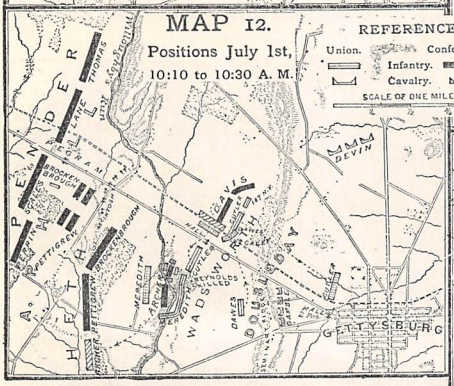
Meade was now convinced that all designs on the Susquehanna had been abandoned; but as Lee's corps were reported as occupying the country from Chambersburg to Carlisle, he ordered for the next day's moves, the First and Eleventh Corps to Gettysburg, under Reynolds, the Third to Emmettsburg, Second to Taneytown, Fifth to Hanover, and the Twelfth to Two Taverns, directing Slocum to take command of the Fifth in addition to his own. The Sixth Corps was left at Manchester, thirty-four miles from Gettysburg, to await orders. But Meade, while conforming to the current of Lee's movement, was not merely drifting. That same afternoon he directed the chiefs of engineers and artillery to select a field of battle on which his army might be concentrated, whatever Lee's lines of approach, whether by Harrisburg or Gettysburg, indicating the general line of Pipe Creek as a suitable locality. Carefully drawn instructions were sent to the corps commanders as to the occupation of this line, should it be ordered; but it was added that developments might cause the offensive to be assumed from present positions. These orders were afterward cited as indicating General Meade's intention not to fight at Gettysburg. They were, under any circumstances, wise and proper orders, and it would probably have been better had he concentrated his army behind Pipe Creek rather than at Gettysburg; but events finally controlled the actions of both leaders.

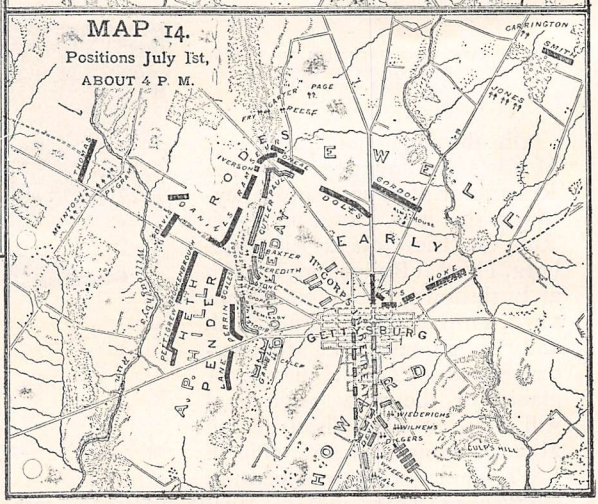


At 8 A. M., July 1st, Buford's scouts reported Heth's advance on the Cashtown road, when Gamble's brigade formed on McPherson's Ridge, from the Fairfield road to the railroad cut; one section of Calef's battery A, Second United States, near the left of his line, the other two across the Chambersburg or Cashtown pike. Devin formed his disposable squadrons from Gamble's right toward Oak Hill, from which he had afterward to transfer them to the north of the town to meet Ewell. As Heth advanced, he threw Archer's brigade to the right, Davis's to the left of the Cashtown pike, with Pettigrew's and Brockenbrough's brigades in support. The Confederates advanced skirmishing heavily with Buford's dismounted troopers. Calef's battery engaging double the number of its own guns, was served with an efficiency worthy of its ancient reputation as "Duncan's battery" in the Mexican







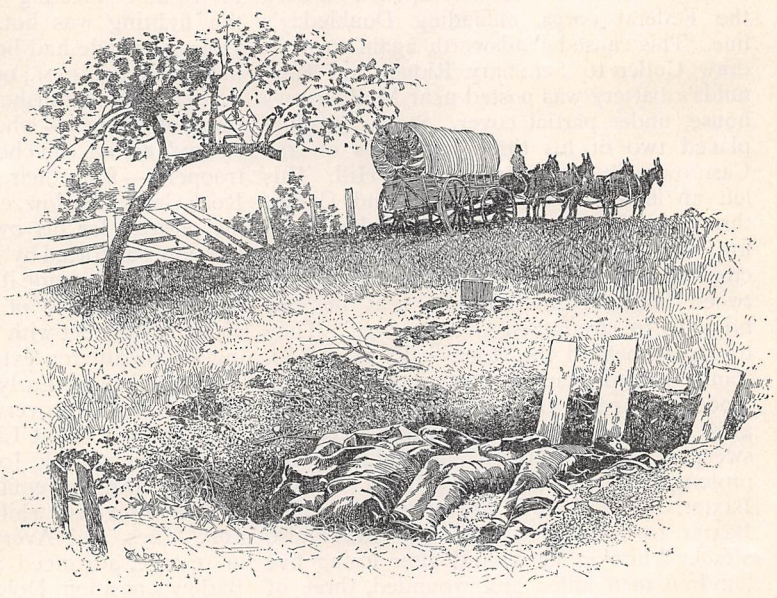


war, and so enabled the cavalry to hold their long line for two hours. When Buford's report of the enemy's advance reached Reynolds, the latter, ordering Doubleday and Howard to follow, hastened toward Gettysburg with Wadsworth's small division (two brigades, Meredith's and Cutler's) and Hall's Second Maine battery. As he approached he heard the sound of battle, and directing the troops to cross the fields toward the firing, galloped himself to the seminary, met Buford there, and both rode to the front, where the cavalry, dismounted, were gallantly holding their ground against heavy odds. After viewing the field, he sent back to hasten up Howard, and as the enemy's main line was now advancing to the attack, directed Doubleday, who had arrived in advance of his division, to look to the Fairfield road, sent Cutler with three of his five regiments north of the railroad cut, posted the other two under Colonel Fowler, of the Fourteenth New York, south of the pike, and replaced Calef's battery by Hall's; thus relieving the cavalry. Cutler's line was hardly formed when it was struck by Davis's brigade on its front and right flank, whereupon Wadsworth, to save it, ordered it to fall back to Seminary Ridge. This order not reaching the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, its gallant Major, Harney, held that regiment to its position until, having lost half its numbers, the order to retire was repeated. Hall's battery was now imperiled, and it withdrew by sections, fighting at close canister range and suffering severely. Fowler thereupon changed his front to face Davis's brigade, which held the cut, and with Dawes's Sixth Wisconsin,— sent by Doubleday to aid the One Hundred and Forth-seventh New York,— charged and drove Davis from the field. The Confederate brigade suffered severely, losing all its field officers but two, and a large proportion of its men killed and captured, disabling it for further effective service on that day. In the meantime, Archer's Confederate brigade had occupied McPherson's wood, and as the regiments of Meredith's "Iron Brigade" came up, they were sent forward by Doubleday, who fully recognized the importance of the

position, to dislodge it. At the entrance of the wood they found Reynolds in person, and, animated by his presence, rushed to the charge, struck successive heavy blows, outflanked and turned the enemy's right, captured General Archer and a large portion of his brigade, and pursued the remainder across Willoughby Run. Wadsworth's small division had thus won decided successes against superior numbers, but it was at grievous cost to the army and the country, for Reynolds, whilst directing the operations, was killed in the wood by a sharp-shooter. It was not, however, until he had by his promptitude and gallantry determined the decisive field of the war, and brilliantly opened a battle which required three days of hard fighting to close with a victory. To him may be applied in a wider sense than in its original one, Napier's happy eulogium on Ridge: No man died on that field with more glory than he, yet many died, and there was much glory.

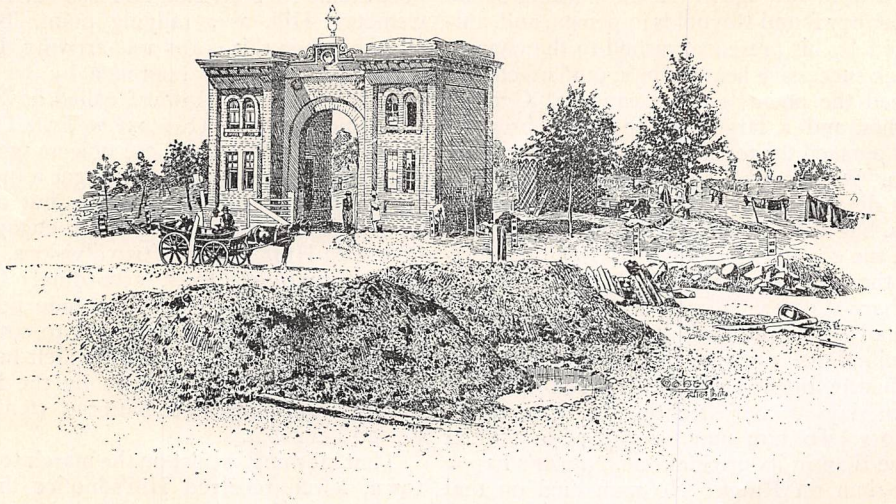
After the repulse of Davis and Archer, Heth's division was formed in line mostly south of the Cashtown pike, with Pender's in second line, Pegram's and McIntosh's artillery (nine batteries) occupying all the commanding positions west of Willoughby Run; Doubleday reëstablished his former lines, Meredith holding McPherson's wood. Soon after, Rowley's and Robinson's divisions (two brigades each) and the four remaining batteries of the corps arrived. Rowley's division was thrown forward, Stone's brigade to the interval between Meredith and Cutler, and Biddle's with Cooper's battery to occupy the ridge between the wood and the Fairfield road. Reynolds's battery replaced Hall's, and Calef's rejoined Gamble's cavalry, now in reserve. Robinson's division was halted near the base of Seminary Ridge. By this time, near noon, General Howard arrived, assumed command, and directed General Schurz, commanding the Eleventh Corps, to prolong Doubleday's line toward Oak Hill with Schimmelpfennig's and Barlow's divisions and three batteries, and to post Steinwehr's division and two batteries on Cemetery Hill, as a rallying point. By one o'clock, when this corps was arriving, Buford had reported Ewell's approach by the Heidlersburg road, and Howard called on Sickles at Emmettsburg and Slocum at Two Taverns for aid, to which both these officers promptly responded. It was now no longer a question of prolonging Doubleday's line, but of protecting it against Ewell whilst engaged in front with Hill. Schurz's two divisions, hardly six thousand effectives, accordingly formed line on the open plain, half a mile north of the town. They were too weak to cover the ground, and a wide interval was left between the two corps, covered only by the fire of Dilger's and Wheeler's batteries (ten guns) posted behind it.

That morning, whilst on the march to Cashtown, Ewell received Hill's notice that his corps was advancing to Gettysburg, upon which he turned the heads of his own columns



GRAVE OF CONFEDERATE DEAD ON THE FIELD OF THE FIRST DAY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

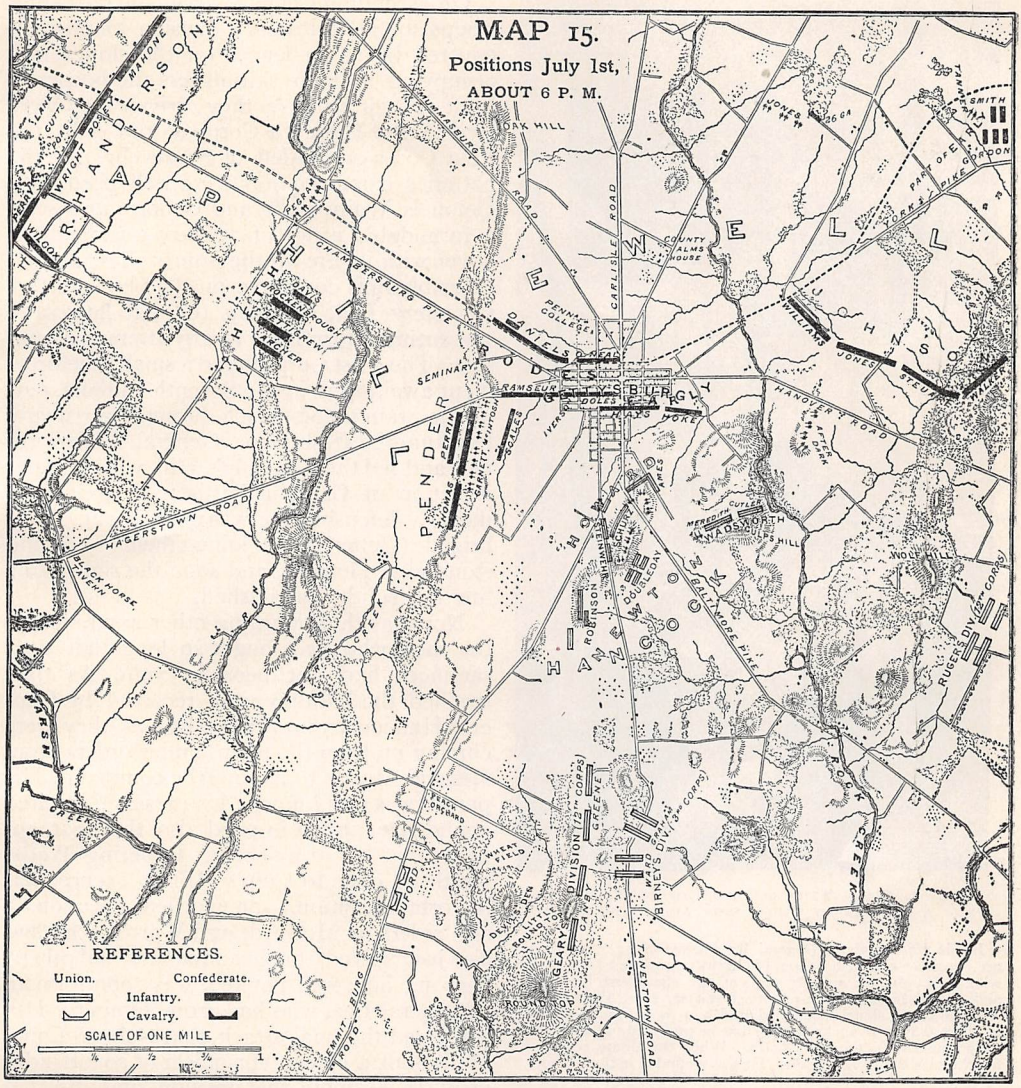
to that point. Reporting the change by a staff-officer to General Lee, Ewell was instructed that if the Federals were in force at Gettysburg a general battle was not to be brought on until the rest of the army was up. Approaching Gettysburg, Rodes, guided by the sounds of battle, followed the prolongation of Seminary Ridge; Iverson's, Daniel's, and Ramseur's brigades on the western, O'Neal's and Doles's on the eastern slope. Ewell, recognizing the importance of Oak Hill, ordered it to be occupied by Carter's artillery



THE LINE OF DEFENSE AT THE CEMETERY GATE-HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

battalion, which immediately opened on both the Federal corps, enfilading Doubleday's line. This caused Wadsworth again to withdraw Cutler to Seminary Ridge, and Reynolds's battery was posted near McPherson's house, under partial cover. Stone therefore placed two of his three regiments on the Cashtown pike, so as to face Oak Hill. This left an interval between Stone and Cutler, through which Cooper and Reynolds could fire with effect, and gave to these lines a cross-fire on troops entering the angle between them. Robinson now sent his two brigades to strengthen Cutler's right. They took post behind the stone walls of a field, Paul's brigade facing west, Baxter's north. Rodes, regarding this advance as a menace, gave orders at 2:30 P. M. to attack. Iverson, sweeping round to his left, engaged Paul, who prolonged Cutler's line, and O'Neal attacked Baxter. The repulse of O'Neal soon enabled Baxter to turn upon Iverson. Cutler also attacked him in flank, and after losing five hundred men killed and wounded, three of Iverson's regiments surrendered. General Robinson reports the capture of one thousand prisoners and three colors; General Paul was severely wounded, losing both eyes. Meanwhile Daniel's brigade advanced directly on Stone, who maintained his lines against this attack and also Brockenbrough's, of Hill's corps, but was soon severely wounded. Colonel Wister, who succeeded him, met the same fate, and Colonel Dana took command of the brigade. Ramseur, who followed Daniel, by a conversion to the left now faced Robinson and Cutler with his own brigade, the remnant of Iverson's, and one regiment of O'Neal's, his right connecting with Daniel's left, and the fighting was hot. East of the Ridge, Doles's brigade had been held in observation, but about 3:30 P. M., on the advance of Early, he sent his skirmishers forward and drove those of Devin's — who had gallantly held the enemy's advance in check with his dismounted troopers — from their line and its hillock on Rock Creek. Barlow, considering this an eligible position for his own right, advanced his division, supported by Wilkeson's battery, and seized it. This made it necessary for Schurz to advance a brigade of Schimmelpfennig's division to connect with Barlow, thus lengthening his already too extended line.

The arrival of Early's division had by this time brought an overwhelming force on the flank and rear of the Eleventh Corps. On the east of Rock Creek, Jones's artillery battalion, within easy range, enfiladed its whole line and took it in reverse, while the brigades of Gordon, Hays, and Avery in line, with Smith's in reserve, advanced about four P. M. upon Barlow's position, Doles, of Rodes's division, connecting with Gordon. An obstinate and bloody contest ensued, in which Barlow was desperately wounded, Wilkeson killed, and the whole corps forced back to its original line, on which, with the aid of Coster's brigade and Heckman's battery, drawn from Cemetery Hill, Schurz endeavored to rally it and cover the town. The fighting here was well sustained, but the Confederate force was overpowering in numbers, and the troops retreated to Cemetery Hill, Ewell entering the town about 4:30 P. M. These retrograde movements had uncovered the flank of the First Corps and made its right untenable.



Meanwhile, that corps had been heavily engaged along its whole line; for, on the approach of Rodes, Hill attacked with both his divisions. There were thus opposed to the single disconnected Federal line south of the Cashtown pike two solid Confederate ones which outflanked their left a quarter of a mile or more. Biddle's small command, less than one thousand men, after a severe contest, was gradually forced back. In McPherson's wood and beyond, Meredith's and Dana's brigades repeatedly repulsed their assailants, but as Biddle's retirement uncovered their left, they too fell back to successive positions from which they inflicted heavy losses, until finally all three reached the foot of Seminary Ridge, where Colonel Wainwright, commanding the corps artillery, had planted twelve guns south of the Cashtown pike, with Stewart's battery, manned in part by men of the Iron Brigade, north of it. Buford had already thrown half of Gamble's dismounted men south of the Fairfield road. Heth's division had suffered so severely that Pender's had passed to its front, thus bringing fresh troops to bear on the exhausted Federal line.

It was about four P. M. when the whole Confederate line advanced to the final attack. On their right Gamble held Lane's brigade for some time in check, Perrin's and Scales's suffered severely, and Scales's was broken up, for Stewart, swinging half his guns, under Lieutenant Davison, upon the Cashtown pike, raked it. The whole corps being now heavily

JOHN L. BURNS, "THE OLD HERO OF GETTYSBURG."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE BATTLE.)

In his official report, General Doubleday says: "My thanks are specially due to a citizen of Gettysburg named John Burns, who, although over seventy years of age, shouldered his musket and offered his services to Colonel Wister, 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Colonel Wister advised him to fight in the woods, as there was more shelter there; but he preferred to join our line of skirmishers in the open fields. When the troops retired, he fought with the Iron Brigade. He was wounded in three places."

pressed and its right uncovered, Doubleday gave the order to fall back to Cemetery Hill, which was effected in comparatively good order, the rear, covered by the Seventh Wisconsin, turning when necessary to check pursuit. Colonel Wainwright, mistaking the order, had clung with his artillery to Seminary Hill, until, seeing the infantry retreating to the town, he moved his batteries down the Cashtown pike until lapped on both sides by the enemy's skirmishers, at close range, when they were compelled to abandon one gun on the road, all its horses being killed. The Eleventh Corps also left a disabled gun on the field. Of the troops who passed through the town, many got entangled in the streets, lost their way, and were captured, principally men of the Eleventh Corps.

On ascending Cemetery Hill, the retreating troops found Steinwehr's division in position covered by stone fences on the slopes, and occupying by their skirmishers the houses in front of their line. As they arrived they were formed, the Eleventh Corps on the right, the First Corps on the left of Steinwehr. As the batteries came up, they were well posted by Colonels Wainwright and Osborn, and soon a formidable array of artillery was ready to cover with its fire all the approaches. Buford assembled his command on the plain west of Cemetery Hill, covering the left flank and presenting a firm front to any attempt at pursuit. The First Corps found a small reënforcement awaiting it, in the Seventh Indiana, part of the train escort which brought up nearly five hundred fresh men. General Wadsworth met and led them to Culp's Hill, where, under direction of Captain Pattison of that regiment, a defensive line was marked out. Their brigade (Cutler's) soon joined them; wood and stone were plentiful, and soon the right of the line was solidly established.

Nor was there wanting other assurance to the men who had fought so long that their sacrifices had not been in vain. As they reached the hill they were received by General Hancock, who arrived just as they were coming up from the town, under orders from General Meade to assume the command. His person was well known; his presence inspired confidence, and it implied also the near approach of his army-corps. Ordering Wadsworth at once to Culp's Hill to secure that important position,—an excellent selection,—and aided by Howard, and Warren who had also just arrived from headquarters, and others, a strong line, well flanked, was soon formed.

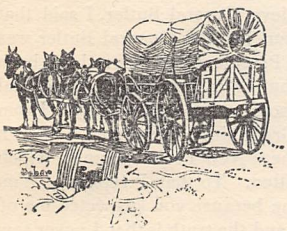
General Lee, who had from Seminary Hill witnessed the final attack, sent Colonel Long, of his staff, a competent officer of sound judgment, to examine the position, and directed Ewell to carry it if practicable, renewing, however, his previous warning to avoid bringing on a general engagement until the army was all up. Both Ewell, who was making some preparations with a view to attack, and Long found the position a formidable one, strongly occupied, and not accessible to artillery fire. Ewell's men were indeed in no condition for an immediate assault. Of Rodes's eight thousand, nearly three thousand were *hors de combat*. Early had lost over five hundred, and had but two brigades disposable, the other two having been sent on the report of the advance of Federal troops, probably the Twelfth Corps, then near by, to watch the York road. Hill's two divisions had been very roughly handled, had lost heavily, and he withdrew them to Seminary Hill as Ewell entered the town,

leaving the latter without more than eight thousand men to secure the town and the prisoners. Ewell's absent division was expected soon, but it did not arrive until near sunset, when the Twelfth Federal Corps and Stannard's Vermont brigade were also up, and the Third Corps arriving. In fact an assault by the Confederates was not practicable before 5:30 P. M., and after that the position was perfectly secure. For the first time that day the Federals had the advantage of position, and sufficient troops and artillery to occupy it, and General Ewell would not have been justified in attacking without the positive orders of General Lee, who was present, and wisely abstained from giving them.

Henry J. Hunt.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Young Hero of Gettysburg.



SINCE the great battle of Gettysburg it has been commonly supposed that Constable John L. Burns, the old hero of three-score years and ten so justly famous in song and story, who hurried to the scene with his trusty rifle at the first clash of arms on the morning of July 1st and fought until thrice wounded, was the only citizen of that now historic town, or of the vicinity, who took up arms in defense of native soil. Yet such is not the case. I am able now to present another, a mere youth, in point of age standing almost at the other extreme of human life.

On the day before the battle, while the company in which I was serving (A, Twelfth Massachusetts) was at Marsh Run, two and one-half miles north of Emmettsburg, Maryland, and about five miles from Gettysburg, Anson B. Barton, one of our sergeants, went to that stream for water. While filling his canteen he was approached by a slender lad, apparently not more than sixteen years old, who made some inquiries as to the probable outcome of the movements then in progress, and being informed that we would undoubtedly soon encounter the enemy, and that then a great battle would be fought, his eyes glowed with enthusiasm, and he expressed a wish to join the army at once, "and fight the rebels."

Sergeant Barton took the little fellow into camp, turning him over to Captain Clark with the remark: "Captain, here's a recruit for you." The boy was then taken to headquarters, where Colonel Bates questioned him closely, and something like a "scene" ensued. The little fellow was desperately in earnest. In answer to the colonel's questions he said that he lived near there; that he was "willing to be mustered into service if necessary," but that in any event he was determined to "fight the rebels," and would do so whether enrolled as a soldier or not if the colonel would give him "a musket and a box of cartridges." The interview finally ended by the colonel remarking to Captain Clark: "Well, captain, you may take him into your company if you wish, but we cannot muster him in now, as the books are back with the teams."

So the little patriot was turned over to our company. Our men took kindly to him from the start, for we were all charmed by the spirit he had shown, and every one set about actively to fit him for his new duties. After an extended search, a cap, blouse, musket, and roundabout were secured, together with a supply of ammunition, and thus equipped he took his place in the ranks.

The next day our corps (the First) met the enemy at Gettysburg, and a terrible battle took place. Our little recruit fought with the steadiness of a veteran, and was twice wounded. When we fell back to Cemetery Hill we had to leave him lying upon the field, but the enemy kindly brought him off and placed him in a hospital inside the town. Here he was seen after the battle by one of our men, and until a few months ago this was supposed to be the only trace the survivors of the company had of their little hero. Even his name was thought to have been forgotten.

Last autumn, having been invited to deliver the dedicatory address at the unveiling of the regimental monument at Gettysburg, and thinking that the occasion would be an appropriate one upon which to mention such facts as I might be able to gather in regard to the boy, I made diligent inquiry among my comrades. By Lieutenant Whitman of New York city, who at the battle of Gettysburg was a sergeant in Company A, I was informed that the little fellow's name was J. W. Weakley, and that after the battle he was sent to the hospital at Carlisle. This information, although only partly correct, led finally to a successful result, as will be seen below.

I then addressed a letter to Surgeon-General Murray, United States Army, asking if the name in question appeared upon the records of the hospital at Carlisle, and, in case it did, if he could give me any further information in regard to the boy. That official very kindly replied to my inquiries, although his letter did not come to hand in season for use at the dedication. It was as follows:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 20, 1885.
"MR. GEORGE KIMBALL, BOSTON, MASS.

"SIR: In reply to your letter of the 3d instant, asking whether the records of the hospital at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, contain the name of J. W. Weakley, and whether or not he recovered, and where he belonged, I have to inform you that the records of Post Hospital, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, between June and August, 1863, are not on file at this office. It appears, however, from the records of the General Field Hospital First Army Corps, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, that *C. F.* Weakley, private Company A, Twelfth Massachusetts, was admitted to that hospital; complaint, 'Right thigh and arm'; no disposition given. He is also reported on the records of the Superintendent of Hospitals at Gettysburg, for July 1st, 2d, and 3d; complaint, 'Gun-shot, right arm and thigh.' No further record concerning the above-

named soldier is found. The information above given must not be used as a basis for any claim against the United States Government.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"R. MURRAY,
"Surgeon-General United States Army."

My imperfect mention of the matter at Gettysburg excited the interest of Mr. W. H. Tipton and other gentlemen of that town, and active work was at once begun to discover, if possible, young Weakley's antecedents. After the receipt of the Surgeon-General's letter, I wrote to Mr. Samuel Motter, editor of the Emmettsburg "Chronicle," with this end also in view. Some years before I had written to the Selectmen of Emmettsburg in regard to the affair, and my letter found its way into Mr. Motter's paper; but I did not then know the name of the boy, so no result was obtained. Now, however, I felt quite confident of success.

In a few days I received a reply from Mr. Motter, giving me the results of his investigations, which were very gratifying. They were, in substance, that young Weakley, at the time of the events above described, was living with his father on a mountain about three miles from Emmettsburg, his mother being dead. Both father and son were somewhat eccentric — even nomadic — in their manner of life. They were both well known in Emmettsburg, but were, however, without "social standing." The boy often wandered from the paternal roof, and frequently separated himself for weeks from his father. It was probably during one of these aimless excursions from his mountain home that young Weakley became impressed with the duty he owed his country, and acted upon his convictions. He was often seen upon the streets of Emmettsburg after the battle, with his injured arm in a sling, and showing other evidences of hardship and suffering, but the people of the town did not believe his story, or credit him with sufficient courage to go voluntarily into a battle. Such is often the lot of the poor and lowly, who, nevertheless, often perform deeds of patriotism and noble daring.

Young Weakley soon recovered from his wounds, and, although of delicate physique and at that time subject to epilepsy, enlisted in a Maryland regiment. After several months' service in Virginia, he became still weaker physically, and one day his comrades found him lying dead at the bottom of a ditch into which he had evidently fallen from exhaustion. Some years after the war, his father obtained a pension on account of the son's death, but the present whereabouts of Mr. Weakley are unknown to the people of Emmettsburg.

The name of this heroic young mountaineer deserves a place upon the roll of fame beside that of John L. Burns of Gettysburg.

BOSTON, August, 1886. *George Kimball.*

Comments on "General Grant's Reasons for Relieving General William F. Smith."

As we derive our greatest pleasures from favors unintentionally bestowed, I desire to make my acknowledgments to those who have hunted up and furnished for publication, in the September CENTURY, my letter to the late Senator Foot, dated July 30, 1864. That letter was evidently written to prove that upon the showing of General Grant, himself, there was no charge affecting my military reputation, and I entered into no discussion as to the validity of General Grant's reasons. That forgotten letter is valuable to me as showing to many friends, who in later days have questioned me on the subject that my statements in regard to my removal from command in July, 1864, are more at length but substantially the same as those furnished to Senator Foot on the heels of the occurrence to which it relates. All those who have heard my statements will, I think, bear me witness that after stating all the reasons General Grant gave at the time for his action, I have invariably said that I was in utter ignorance of the real cause which induced my summary removal from an important military command. When General Grant stated that he removed me because he could not relieve General Butler, I said that could not be the reason because General Butler was relieved by order of the President, and before I had been placed in command, but after I had asked General Grant to let me go to some other field of duty. From that position General Grant himself retreated, and then spoke of an article in the "New York Tribune" which he thought I had written. To that I replied, "You cannot have relieved me because you suspected me of writing such a paper; and the truth is that I never saw or heard of the article until it was published, and have not the faintest idea of its authorship." After this statement General Grant brought up two other reasons, equally without foundation, and *all* these reasons having reference to events which had taken place before my assignment to the command of the Army of the James. The charge that I had months before written two letters to two of General Grant's most devoted friends to urge him not to carry out a particular campaign when he stood committed to another on the records of the War Department, is hardly worthy a reference. When General Grant closed the interview to which I have referred, he made a remark on which, with facts and letters in my possession, I based a theory as to the reasons which brought about my removal. I could not offer that theory unsupported by sufficient data, and so in view of all the facts known to me, I am clearly entitled to reassert that I am to-day in ignorance of the real causes which induced my removal from a command to which I had been assigned only two weeks before,— ten days of which had been spent on leave of absence,— and when the command had come to me both unexpectedly and without solicitation.

Wm. Farrar Smith.

The Finding of Lee's Lost Order.

IN reply to your request for the particulars of the finding of General Lee's lost dispatch, "Special Orders 191," and the manner in which it reached General McClellan, I beg leave to submit the following account:

The Twelfth Army Corps arrived at Frederick, Maryland, about noon on the 13th of September, 1862. The Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, of which I was colonel at that date, belonged to the Third Brigade, First Division, of that corps.

We stacked arms on the same ground that had been occupied by General D. H. Hill's corps the evening before.

Within a very few minutes after halting, the order was brought to me by First Sergeant John M. Bloss and Private B. W. Mitchell, of Company "F" Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, who stated that it was found by Private Mitchell near where they had stacked arms. When I received the order it was wrapped around three cigars, and Private Mitchell stated that it was in that condition when found by him.

General A. S. Williams was in command of our division. I immediately took the order to his headquarters, and delivered it to Colonel S. E. Pittman, General Williams's Adjutant-General.

The order was signed by Colonel Chilton, General Lee's Adjutant-General, and the signature was at once recognized by Colonel Pittman, who had served with Colonel Chilton at Detroit, Michigan, prior to the war, and was acquainted with his handwriting. It was at once taken to General McClellan's headquarters by Colonel Pittman. It was a general order giving directions for the movement of General Lee's entire army, designating the route and objective point of each corps. Within one hour after finding the dispatch, General McClellan's whole army was on the move, and the enemy were overtaken next day, the 14th, at South Mountain, and the battle of that name was fought. During the night of the 14th General Lee's army fell back toward the Potomac River, General McClellan following the next day. On the 16th they were overtaken again, and the battle of Antietam was fought mainly on the 17th. General D. H. Hill says in his article in the May CENTURY that the battle of South Mountain was fought in order to give General Lee time to move his trains, which were then parked in the neighborhood of Boonsboro'. It is evident from General Lee's movements from the time he left Frederick City that he intended to recross the Potomac without hazarding a battle in Maryland, and had it not been for the finding of this lost order the battle of South Mountain and probably that of Antietam would not have been fought.

For confirmation of the above statements in regard to the finding of the dispatch, you are respectfully referred to Colonel Samuel E. Pittman, of Detroit, Michigan, and Captain John M. Bloss, of Muncie, Indiana.

Very respectfully,

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1886. *S. Colgrove.*

NOTE.— Mr. W. A. Mitchell, the son of Private Mitchell, who, as General Silas Colgrove describes above, was the finder of Lee's order, writes that his father was severely wounded at Antietam. After eight months in hospital he completed his term of enlistment, three years, and three years after his discharge died at his home in Bartholomew, Indiana. As his family were then destitute, efforts were made to procure a pension for the widow, but without success. The following letter from General McClellan to the son is of interest:

"TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, November 18, 1879. W. A. MITCHELL, ESQ., LA CYGNE, KANSAS. DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 9th inst. has reached me. I cannot, at this interval of time, recall the name of the finder of the papers to which you refer— it is doubtful whether I ever knew the name. All that I can say is that on or about the 13th September, 1862,—just before the battles of South Mountain and Antietam,— there was handed to me by a member of my staff a copy (original) of one of General Lee's orders of march, directed to General D. H. Hill, which order developed General Lee's intended operations for the next few days, and was of very great service to me in enabling me to direct the movements of my own troops accordingly. This order was stated to have been found on one of the abandoned campgrounds of the Confederate troops by a private soldier, and, as I think, of an Indiana regiment. Whoever found the order in question and transmitted it to the headquarters showed intelligence and deserved marked reward, for he rendered an infinite service. The widow of that soldier should have her pension without a day's delay. Regretting that it is not in my power to give the name of the finder of the order, I am very truly yours, GEO. B. MCCLELLAN."— EDITOR.

McClellan's Kindness.

REFERENCE is frequently made to the peculiar personal attachment which General McClellan's troops had for him. The following incident may be worthy of record as illustrating one of the causes of this attachment:

In August, 1862, during the march of the Army of the Potomac from Harrison's Landing to Fort Monroe, the Eighty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was halted about midday just before crossing the pontoon bridge over the Chickahominy. It was extremely hot, and the road very dusty. A group of tired soldiers flung themselves on the ground to rest, not noticing that they were on the leeward side of the road.

Presently the clanking of sabers told of the approach of a body of mounted men. Just as they reached us the leader drew up and said quietly: "Better cross to the other side, lads, or you will be covered with dust." It was a slight act, but it showed that the commander of the army — for such we recognized him to be, just as he and his staff passed on — was not indifferent to the comfort of the humblest soldier.

M. L. Gordon.

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL., June 5, 1886.

THE REFORMER.

THIS is, O Truth, the deepest woe
  Of him thou biddest to protest:—
With men no kinship may he know;
  Thy mission hems from worst and best.

The wolf that gauntly prowled the wood
  From human kind more mercy got,
Than he who warns men to be good,
  And stands alone, yet flinches not.

Thou grantest not one friendly hand
  Or heart on which he may rely;
Alone and dauntless he must stand,
  Alone must fight, alone must die!

Paul Hermes.

THE TEMPLE OF THE EPHESIAN ARTEMIS, AND THE ANCIENT SILVER PATERA FROM BERNAY.

"More than twenty-two centuries ago, in the year 356 before the Christian era, two remarkable events are recorded to have taken place on the same night. The queen of Philip of Macedon gave birth to a son destined to be the conqueror of the East, and the temple of the Ephesian Artemis was burnt by Herostratus. The Ephesian people were not long in repairing this great calamity, and the new temple which they erected far surpassed its predecessor in magnificence. It was this later temple which, when St. Paul visited Ephesus, ranked among the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, and of which the site, long sought for by travelers, was found by Mr. Wood in 1873."

I.

WITH these words Mr. C. T. Newton begins his interesting essay on "Discoveries at Ephesus." The earlier temple, which was burned by Herostratus, had certainly already been begun between 560 and 546 before our era. For Herodotus tells us that Crœsus, who reigned between these years, had dedicated most of the columns in the temple. We learn from Pliny that the building of the temple took a hundred and twenty years. Furthermore, the following artists' names are associated with the building: Chersiphron was the first architect, and Theodorus of Samos, the famous sculptor who flourished somewhere about the year 600, gave his advice with regard to the method of laying the foundations; Metagenes continued the work begun by Chersiphron, and the building was finally completed by Pæonius (the architect of the temple of the Didymean Apollo near Miletus) and Demetrius. According to these data Brunn places the completion of the temple about the year 460, its beginning thus reaching back to about the year 580 before our era. Of this earlier temple, begun by Chersiphron, Mr. Wood's excavations have probably brought to light the pavement (the lowest of the three he discovered), and certainly several fragments of decorative sculpture belonging to it. These fragments are now in the British Museum. Among them there are several female heads and fragments of bodies. All these are in high relief, and are attached to a curved background with a molding at the foot from the curve of which was obtained a circle of six feet in diameter. The sculptures, moreover, are thoroughly archaic, of the sixth century. It is thus highly probable that they form part of the very sculptured columns dedicated by Crœsus.

Immediately after the destruction of the temple by Herostratus the reconstruction was begun under the direction of Deinocrates, the most renowned architect of his time. Contributions by the Ephesian citizens as well as the neighboring peoples supplied part of the means. Some of the Ephesian women even sold their jewels to contribute to the fund, and wealthy patrons dedicated columns, their names being inscribed at the foot of the fluted pillars. One of these dedications by a lady of Sardis has been discovered by Mr. Wood. When Alexander the Great came to Ephesus he offered to refund the expenses already incurred and to complete the construction of the temple at his own cost if he were allowed to dedicate the whole to the goddess with his name inscribed upon it. The priests of the temple declined this offer, thus acting very differently from the priests of Athene Polias at Priene. Mr. Newton has drawn attention to the fact that on the walls of that temple Alexander set his name as dedicator, probably immediately after his visit to Ephesus. The block of marble on which this is engraved may be seen in the British Museum. The bold, clear letters are as fresh as on the day they were cut.

After Alexander the temple and priesthood of Artemis retained, nay, even increased their importance, though the city was often unsuccessful in its policy, frequently choosing the losing side. The wealthy Ephesus presented itself as a prize to the contending princes, the Ptolemies and the Seleukidæ, and passed from Antigonus to Lysimachus, to Demetrius, to the Pergamenian monarchs (Eumenes and Attalus), and finally to the Romans. Despite these political vicissitudes, Ephesus remained in the later times the most flourishing and wealthy city of Asia Minor. Under the Roman emperors it received the title of the First City of Asia, and many other privileges and titles were conferred upon it. By its sacred traditions, its wealth and splendid festivals (the festival of Artemis lasted during the whole month Artemision, *i. e.*, the latter half of March and the first half of April), it attracted settlers of various nationalities and became the goal of pilgrims and of the art-seeking patrician travelers of Rome. According to Mr. Wood's

discoveries, the theater could seat twenty-four thousand spectators. Above all, it was the temple of Artemis and its priesthood which grew in wealth and importance, and here the policy pursued, if not always the most religious, was at all events most successful in a worldly sense. The riches of the temple were continually accumulating, so that, according to Pliny, it would require volumes to describe the treasures. The Romans restored to the temple the fisheries of the Selinousian lakes, which had been taken from it by the post-Alexandrian conquerors of the city. One of the greatest sources of income, however, appears to have been the business transactions carried on by the priesthood; for from the earliest days they established a kind of bank deposit, a business involving but few risks and likely to lead to very high profit. Kings and private individuals intrusted their money to the care of the great goddess, and her priests would reinvest this money in loans on good security. The instance of Xenophon, recounted in the "Anabasis," shows the profitable nature of these transactions. He tells us that, when about to join a warlike expedition, he deposited with the high-priest of Artemis a sum of money, the proceeds of spoils of war. In the event of his being killed in battle, this money was to be employed in any manner most pleasing and acceptable to the goddess; if he returned safe, he was to have the right of reclaiming his deposit. This he did when some years afterward he met the same high-priest at Olympia.

The history of this development, or rather degeneration, of sacerdotal functions appears to me a very natural one. The awe pertaining to sacred edifices and to everything connected with them, and the comparative inviolability of their rights to possession, gave them from the earliest times the greatest security of tenure; and thus, throughout the history of Greece, they naturally became the public treasuries, especially when the god or goddess was the national deity closely connected with the origin and existence of the state. But then comes the decisive moment for the direction which this power is to take. If in this relation between the ancient church and state the national element in the conflux of tradition and institutions is the more decided and supreme, the sacred treasure-house becomes the national treasury. This was the case at Athens, where the temple of Athene Parthenos was the treasury of the Attic commonwealth, for a time even of the Greek confederacy. If, on the other hand, the sacerdotal element was the more pronounced in the national community, if the tradition and constitution of the place was of a hierarchical character, the custom of accumulating treasures was sure to develop into some form of financial enterprise. This was the case with the Artemision of Ephesus.

After the time of Alexander the Great, the sanctuary of Artemis formed a separate suburb of the town, completely independent of it. The boundaries of the sacred municipal property were often a question of dispute, and were frequently readjusted by the various rulers under whose sway Ephesus came. In the time of Antonius the Triumvir the sacred domain of the Artemision extended twice as far as it had in the time of Mithridates, who had already enlarged the boundaries assigned by Alexander, so that a part of the Artemision extended into the city and the landmarks of the sacred precinct stood in its very streets. The priesthood, too, was quite autonomous in its organization and rule, and the right of asylum which the Romans bestowed upon it freed those who once entered the sacred precinct from all civic authority.

The liberal donations and endowments made by devotees of all countries, carefully preserved and increased by skillful management, were another source of great wealth. Finally the temple was possessed of a large income from the fines and confiscations imposed by the state on those who violated its laws. Of the nature and amount of these fines we receive an adequate notion from the most valuable inscription found by Mr. Wood in digging in the theater, to which we shall have to recur in the course of this investigation. "It tells us how one Vibius Salutarius, a Roman of equestrian rank, who had filled very high offices in the state, dedicated to Artemis a number of gold and silver statues, of which the weight is given, and a sum of money to be held in trust, the yearly interest of which is to be applied to certain specified uses. On the 6th of the first decade of the month Thargelion (May 25th), on which day the mighty goddess Artemis was born, largess was to be distributed to various public functionaries in the *pronaos* of the temple. The members of the Ephesian *Boule*, or senate, were to receive one drachma each. The six tribes of the city, the high-priest and the priestess of Artemis, the two *Neopoioi*, or surveyors of the temple, the *Paidonomoi*, who had charge of the education of the boys, and other fortunate personages, came in for a share of this munificent dole. The heirs of Salutarius were made liable for the due payment of the bequests in case he should die before paying over the principal or making an assignment of the rent of certain lands for the payment of the interest. The trust is

guarded by stringent enactments. By a letter of Afranius Flavianus, proprætor, which is appended to the deed of trust, a fine of fifty thousand drachmæ (rather less than ten thousand dollars) is inflicted on any one, whether magistrate or private person, who attempts to set aside any of the provisions of the trust; one-half of this fine is to go to the adornment of the goddess, the other half to the imperial fiscus."

Ephesus and its temple thus throve and flourished throughout the whole duration of the Roman empire, and drew to its center of wealth and splendor visitors and residents from all parts of the world. Among the varied nationalities which made up the population was also a Jewish community, and to them there came, in the years 54 to 57 of our era, a Jewish man, who on his journey from Jerusalem to Damascus had become converted to the new faith, and who felt that he was destined to extend the influence of his own conversion over a wide circle of humanity. Paul first began to preach to the Jews in their own language and by an appeal to their own sentiments, then (for his training at Tarsus had made him conversant with Greek culture) to the Greeks in the schools of the Sophists; and thus was founded the Christian community which, at first small in numbers, grew so rapidly that the younger Pliny referred to this growth as an alarming phenomenon, seeming to him to require the energetic intervention of the emperor. "The temples of the gods," he says, "are empty, the sacrificial animals driven to the town find no purchasers, and even the country is affected by the new heresy." The trades and enterprises which depended upon the pilgrims flocking to the temple suffered and languished. This was especially the case with the silversmiths who sold to the pilgrims reproductions in silver of the temple and its sculptures.

During the Hellenistic revival of Hadrian Greek religion and art began to thrive anew, and so also the worship of the Ephesian goddess flourished again. Her temple again appears on the coins of Hadrian, and over one hundred years later it is figured as intact on the coins of Valerian.

Soon after this the barbarian hordes flooded the country, the Goths devastated the whole district, and in the year 262 of our era the temple was pillaged and destroyed. The city, however, remained flourishing, and was the center of Christian worship. Its first bishop had been Timotheus, appointed by Paul, and it had such sacred associations as its claim to possess the grave of the Virgin Mary and the residence of St. John the Evangelist. In Whitsuntide of the year 431 the first council was held there, and it became the great meeting-place of the Christian world of the East.

In the thirteenth century the Turks invaded the country, destroyed the city, and built under the fortress, out of the fragments of the temple, the mosque of Selim. Even this mosque has been destroyed. At the foot of its ruins there is the small Turkish village of Ayasuluk.

Of the temple of the great goddess no sign remained on the surface. Luckily for us, as at Olympia the Alpheius, so here the Cayster covered what remained with a thick alluvial deposit.

It was owing to the persevering energy of Mr. Wood that some of the fragments of the great temple were brought to light in 1871. Of all the excavations made of late years there is hardly one that offered such difficulties and dangers. In the most unwholesome of climates, Mr. Wood dug for more than four years, during which 132,221 cubic yards of earth were excavated. There was no visible indication of the temple-site, and he had often to dig to a depth of twenty feet.

It was through the above-mentioned inscription of Salutarius, discovered while digging in the theater, that Mr. Wood succeeded in finding the site of the temple.

In this inscription of Salutarius special mention is made of the silver and gold figures and ornaments (the *eikones* and *apeikonismata*), some of which weighed from two to seven pounds; special instructions are given as to the earth to be used in cleaning them, called *argyromatike*. "At every meeting of the popular assembly, and at all the gymnastic contests, and on every other occasion to be fixed by the senate and the people, these figures are to be carried from the *pronaos* of the temple to the theater, duly guarded, and then back to the temple. During the transit through the city itself they are to be escorted by the Ephebi, who are to receive them at the Magnesian gate and accompany them after the assembly to the Koresseian gate." Here was the clew to the site of the temple. "Having found the Magnesian gate, Mr. Wood proceeded to look for the portico, built by the Sophist Damianus in the second century A. D., which led from that gate to the temple, and of which the purpose was to protect from bad weather those who took part in the procession. Mr. Wood succeeded in tracing the line of this portico for some distance outside the city. It followed the line of an ancient road, and pointed in the direction of the plain at the foot of Ayasuluk. Another road tended in the same direction, starting from the gate near the Stadium, which Mr. Wood rightly assumed to be the Koresseian gate mentioned in the Salutarius inscription. Advancing northward

toward the point where these two roads tended to converge, he came upon an ancient wall, an inscription on which showed that it was the Peribolus of the Artemision; after which to find the site of the temple itself was only a matter of time."

Though the final and exact account of the discoveries which Mr. Wood made with regard to the temple is still to be expected, the results of his excavation enable us to form some conception of this splendid structure, which was justly considered one of the seven wonders of the world. In size it was one of the most impressive edifices of antiquity, about twice as large in its area as the Parthenon of Athens. According to Pliny, the whole temple was four hundred and twenty-five (Greek) feet in length by two hundred and twenty feet in width. After speaking of the tomb of Porsenna and the hanging gardens of Thebes [? Babylon], he continues: "But the temple of the Ephesian Artemis is a work of truly admirable magnificence, which was raised at the joint expense of all Asia, and occupied two hundred and twenty years in building. It was placed on a marsh, in order that it should not be endangered by earthquakes or cleavings of the ground. Besides, that the foundation of such a pile might not be laid on a sliding or unsuitable foundation, they laid a bed of charcoal, over which they placed fleeces of wool. The total length of the temple is four hundred and twenty-five feet, its width two hundred and twenty feet. [It has] one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each the gift of a king and sixty feet in height. Of these thirty-six are ornamented with carvings, of which one is by Scopas. Chersiphron was the architect who directed the works."

The temple was what is called a dipteral temple; that is, it had a colonnade of two rows of columns supporting the roof on all sides. The colonnade was erected on a podium or platform, pyramidal in shape, rising in three grades. This podium was no doubt profusely decorated with sculptures in relief, of the nature of which the newly discovered reliefs from the great altar of Pergamon give an idea. Flights of smaller steps, practicable for use, intersected this platform and led up to the temple porticoes.

The point in which lies the greatest difference of opinion among modern archæologists concerns the number of columns in the peristyle surrounding the temple, and this has led to ardent discussion quite recently.* The point at issue, of the greatest importance as regards the construction of the temple, turns upon the placing of a comma in the text of the passage of Pliny. In the translation given above, I have taken the ordinary reading and the one underlying Mr. Fergusson's restoration. In his reading of the Latin text *columnae centum viginti septem a singulis regibus factæ lx pedum altitudine*, there is no comma, and thus there would be a hundred and twenty-seven columns each given by a king. Mr. Wood places a comma after the *centum*, and thus reads: "One hundred columns, of which twenty-seven were each the gift of a king." Mr. Falkener places the comma after the *viginti*, reading: "One hundred and twenty columns, seven of which were each the gift of a king." Mr. Wood's restoration has the advantage over that of Mr. Fergusson that it follows the customary tradition of Greek octa-style temples in having an equal number of pillars in front and back with a similar entrance to the *pronaos* and *opisthodomos*, and also in that it avoids the somewhat startling notion that one hundred and twenty-seven kings each presented one column; though we must remember that the whole of Asia Minor contributed to the building of the temple, and that the term *rex* applied to the numberless rulers of petty principalities in that country. Finally it has in its favor that, as has already been remarked, among Mr. Wood's discoveries was the fragment of one of these pillars with the inscription showing it to have been dedicated by a lady of Sardis. According to Mr. Wood, then, there were two rows of eight pillars in the front and back, with two extra pillars in the *pronaos* and *opisthodomos*, and two rows of sixteen pillars along the sides between either façade. Mr. Fergusson's restoration, on the other hand, has in its favor that it conforms to the correct idiomatic reading of the passage in Pliny (a very strong point indeed), and that he presents a beautiful plan not without precedent in classical architecture. According to him, the entrance at the front is strongly marked, there being a wider general intercolumniation than in the back, and an especially wide one (more than twenty-eight feet) in the central entrance. He thus has three rows of eight columns in the front, besides four columns in the interior of the *pronaos*, and three rows of nine columns at the back, while between the pillars of front and back he places two rows of eighteen columns on either side. The highest tribute must be paid to the ingenuity of this restoration. Still the question can be ultimately settled only by the full and accurate publication of Mr. Wood's data and by further explorations of the site of the temple itself.

The most remarkable feature of this temple was its sculptured decoration, and of this most

* J. Fergusson, "Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects, 1882–83," p. 147, *seq.*, and "Proceedings R. I. B. A., 1883–84," p. 167; Wood, *ibid.*, p. 166.

interesting specimens have been brought to light by Mr. Wood, and are among the most precious of the great treasures of the British Museum. Among these are fragments of square blocks decorated with reliefs which Mr. Wood supposes to have belonged to the frieze, of the temple. Mr. Fergusson points out that "if they were portions of the frieze it is a most remarkable fact that he should have found and sent home the four angle-blocks of the temple and not one stone of the intermediate parts, for all those at the British Museum are sculptured on the two continuous faces." Mr. Fergusson supposes them to have formed parts of square pedestals upon which the sculptured drums of the pillars rested, and restores the whole column. It appears to me probable that these reliefs were a part of the great frieze running round the podium, of the nature of which the section through the outer portion of the podium as restored by Mr. Fergusson gives us some idea; only that then the sculptured frieze would have run continuously round the angles, and thus the divisions made by the several ascending flights of steps would require a considerable number of angle-blocks.

The most remarkable of the sculptured remains are the fragments of the sculptured drums of the columns. We must, however, feel with Mr. Newton that this exceptional practice of ornamenting with human figures the drums of columns is not in keeping with the spirit of mature Greek art, as it is quite unique in the history of Greek architecture. There is, no doubt, something unconstructive in this interruption of the weight-sustaining lines of a column, especially when the figures represented are in no way suggestive of their supporting capacity. This looks like a foreign, perhaps a Lydian, influence. Yet we must remember that the temple, in the decoration of which Scopas and Praxiteles had a share, was erected over the ruins of the previous one, rich in sacred traditions which belonged to a time in which the picture-writing tendency led the early artist to bring together in his sculptured decorations a great number of scenes. Early works like the chest of Cypselus as described by Pausanias are very instructive in this respect. Thus it seems to me probable that the profuse decoration of the later temple was suggested by the decoration of the earlier temple.

Whatever may be the artistic effect of these reliefs as part of the columns, as works of sculpture in themselves they are among the most beautiful specimens of Greek art that have come down to us, and are quite worthy to have come from the school of Scopas and Praxiteles, and even to be by the hand of these great masters themselves. Among these, again, the most beautiful is the fragment of a drum. The drum is exactly six feet in height and a little more than six feet in diameter, and is one solid block of marble. It most probably represented a chthonic subject; for Hermes appears to be here figured as the *Psychopompos*, the leader of the souls of the deceased to Hades, and the winged youth with the sword next but one beyond Hermes is most probably Thanatos, the fair genius of death. We cannot dwell upon the supreme technical skill with which the figures are placed in the most free and natural attitudes round a circular drum, nor can we dwell upon the grace and beauty in the conception and composition of each individual figure, nor upon the perfection of the modeling in both the nude and the drapery. We can hardly be mistaken in maintaining that after the sculptures of the Parthenon these are the finest works of architectural sculpture in existence.

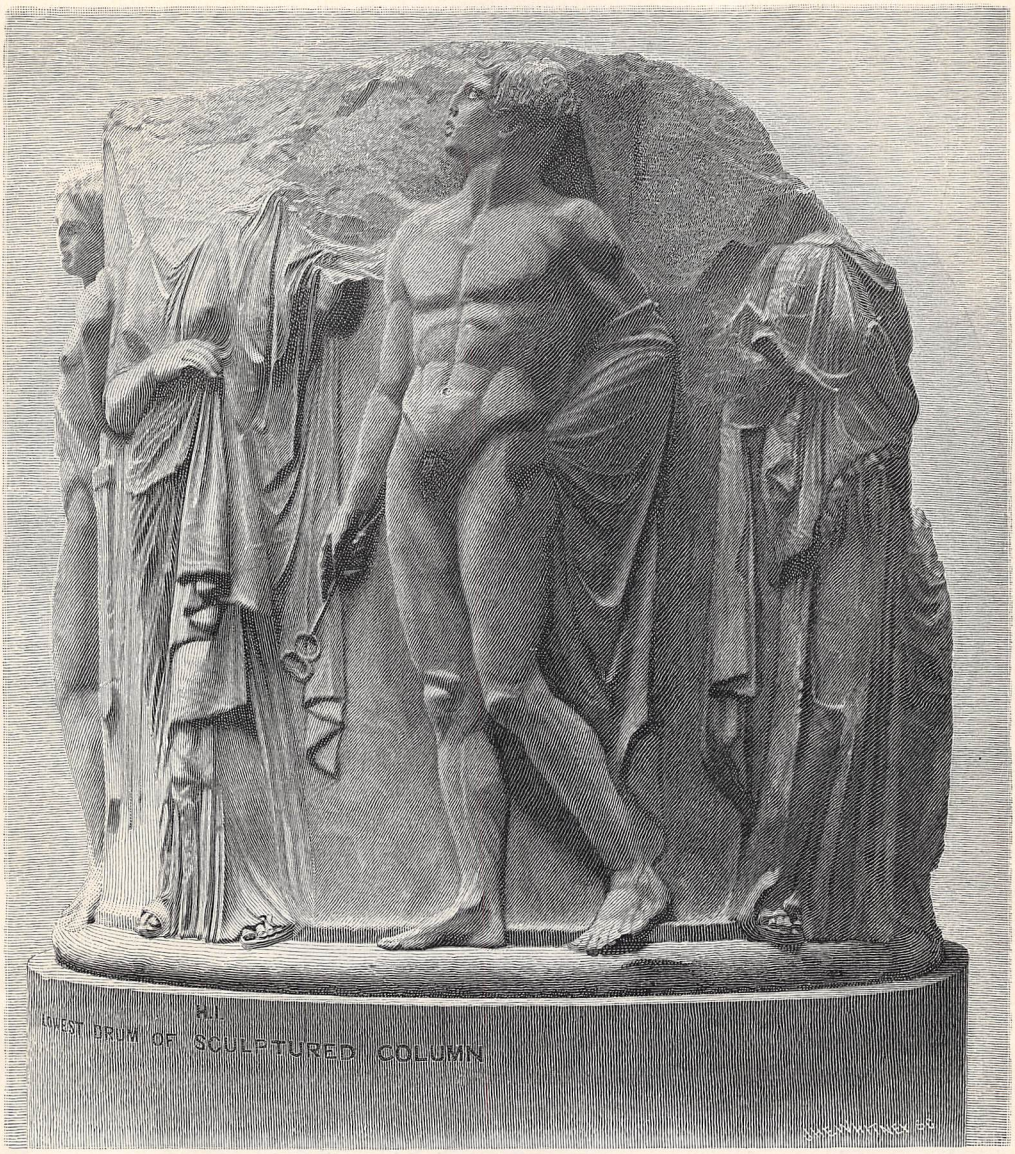
For all these things of beauty, as well as for the immense mass of historical information which the Ephesian excavations have already yielded, we are indebted to the untiring energy of Mr. Wood and to the liberality of those who supported him. At the time of writing he is proposing to complete his labors and to continue the excavation, and we hope that his endeavors to raise the required funds will meet with success. I have no doubt that in the United States, where, through the activity of the Archæological Institute and the enthusiastic and intelligent energy of Mr. Clarke and Mr. Bacon, such brilliant results have been achieved in the excavation of Assos, Mr. Wood's enterprise will meet with hearty sympathy.

II.

UPON examining the rich collection of silver vessels and statuettes discovered at Bernay in the department of the Eure, now in the Cabinet of Medals of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, I came upon a silver patera with a medallion or *emblema* in the center, upon which, in most delicate *repoussé* work, is the figure of a youthful Hermes, nude, with a cloak *(chlamys)* hanging over his left shoulder and down by the side of his arm, a caduceus in his left hand and a purse in his right, in an attitude indicative of a slow walk, and with the head turned upwards.

The valuable discovery of this large collection of ancient silver * was made on the 21st of March, 1830. A Norman peasant named Prosper Taurin, while plowing his

* The substance of what follows has been published in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," Vol. III., p. 96 *et seq.*



LOWEST DRUM OF SCULPTURED COLUMN, WITH FIGURE OF HERMES, DISCOVERED BY J. T. WOOD.

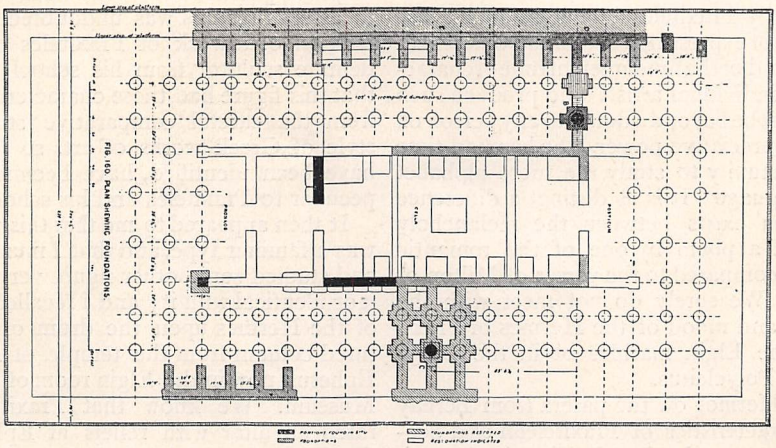
field situated in the hamlet Le Villeret, commune of Berthouville, arrondissement of Bernay, department of the Eure, came upon an obstacle, which, instead of simply avoiding it as his predecessors had done, he resolved to examine. Borrowing a pick from a laborer, he removed what appeared to him to be a large pebble, but what in reality was a Roman tile. When this was removed he came upon over a hundred objects in silver which were deposited on some pieces of marl at a depth of six inches, weighing considerably over fifty pounds. As with so many similar discoveries, the consideration of the weight of the silver and its value might have led to the destruction of the remains of ancient art. Luckily Taurin listened to the advice of some intelligent friends, and the attention of local archæologists like A. Leprévost and Delahaye being drawn to the discovery, the whole collection was at last, through the intervention of Raoul Rochette and C. Lenormant, bought for the ridiculous sum of fifteen thousand francs for the Cabinet of Medals of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The patriotic peasant declined to sell it to any purchaser but a national institution of his own country.

The site of this discovery is the ancient

SILVER PATERA, WITH FIGURE OF HERMES. (BY DUJARDIN, PUBLISHED IN "JOURNAL OF HELLENIC STUDIES.")

Canetum, and the temple of which this crypt marked the treasury was that of Mercury Augustus of Canetum, "the great god of the Gauls, in whose temple are to be seen many statues," as Cæsar says. The difference in the number of objects as given by the authorities who have described the treasury (Leprévost, seventy; R. Rochette, over a hundred; Chabouillet, sixty-nine) is due to the fact that the first writer could not consider the find at leisure, while the second counted as single finds all the fragments which have since been put together. The true number is that given by M. Chabouillet. The collection comprises not only vessels and fragments, but also silver statuettes of Mercury, one of which reaches the height of fifty-six centimeters, or one foot ten inches.

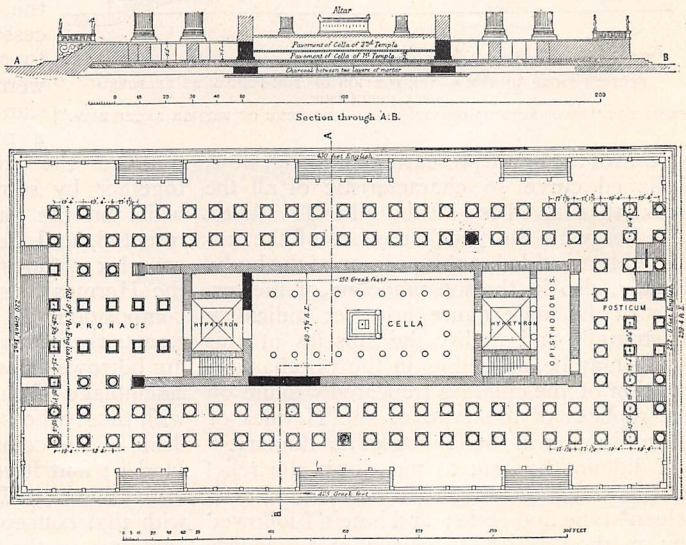
It struck me at once that there were two distinct classes of silver vases, as well in respect of the workmanship of the *repoussé*, as of the style of the subjects represented. The one class was in very prominent *repoussé*, the figures in high relief; the other flatter and lower in relief, with slight and delicate lines. The composition of the scenes and figures on the vases with high relief was very full, with no apparent blank spaces, and was not only pictorial but essentially decorative in character. Such were especially the Bacchic Canthari, No. 2807, and the other vases down to 2814. The compositions on the vases with low relief, however, such especially as the pateræ 2824, 2825, 2828, etc., were very simple, with an absence of bold and full lines, and the very opposite of decorative. The fact impressed itself upon me that the former group was, at least with regard to its style, later than these bas-relief compositions, and that, while the



PLAN OF TEMPLE AS RESTORED BY J. T. WOOD. (FROM THE "TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.")

compositions in high relief essentially suited their purpose in being ornamental, those of the bas-reliefs, generally single figures placed in the center of the *emblema*, were statuesque rather than decorative. And though I did not attach much weight to it at the time, I was impressed with the probability that these simple compositions were influenced by the nobler works of Greek sculpture, while the cups in high relief were ornamented with scenes of a more spontaneous composition.

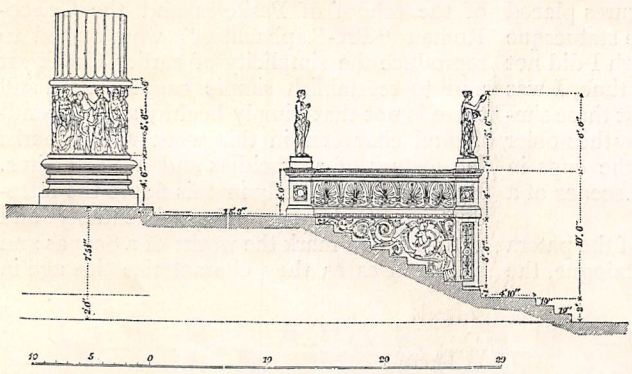
The Hermes on the medallion of the patera No. 2824 (in M. Chabouillet's catalogue, the number now affixed to it in the Museum being 3051) suggested the style of Greek art from the middle to the close of the fourth century B. C., and more especially of the sculpture of Praxiteles and Scopas. There was all the softness and delicacy of modeling of the nude human figure, the keen feeling for texture, and the power of rendering the surface of the human body. Yet there was no attempt at obtruding the minute study of the anatomy upon the spectator, as is the case in the subsequent schools of Rhodes and Pergamon, nor were there any of the violent contortions or the introduction of frequent rounded and restless lines of later Greek and Græco-Roman sculpture. And finally, there was none of the conscious academic "canonism" in the building up of the human figure, as we notice it in the works of the school of Pasiteles and the Græco-Roman "Pre-Raphaelites," who wished to reproduce the simplicity of earlier Greek art and to reëstablish simple canons. And still there is not that simply healthy and unsentimental character in this work which marks the statues of a Pheidias and a Polycleitus. But there is distinctly in this figure the introduction of elements of sentimentality and pathos which mark the works of a Scopas and a Praxiteles as they characterize this age in contradistinction to that of Pheidias. I have once before attempted to indicate this difference of character between the two great ages,



PLAN OF TEMPLE AS RESTORED BY J. FERGUSSON.
(FROM THE "TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.")

while examining the Hermes with the infant Dionysos by Praxiteles. That sculpture has the means of expressing such broad differences of moods and of the fundamental tone of character of the individual artists who produce such works, must be beyond a doubt to any person of normal appreciative power, who has had time and opportunity to study the mere alphabet of this language. It is as distinct a difference of tone as exists between the melancholy rhythm of a poem by one of the romantic school as compared to the verses of Milton or Chaucer. We surely do not meet with the character and mood of the Hermes of Praxiteles in the Elgin marbles or in the Doryphoros of Polycleitus.

In the Hermes on the patera from Bernay these characteristics of Praxitelean and Scopasian art are to be found. First in the attitude of the whole figure, a slow and measured walk, with one foot, as it were, listlessly dragging after the other. Secondly in the outline



SECTION THROUGH THE OUTER PORTION OF THE PODIUM AS RESTORED BY J. FERGUSSON.
(FROM THE "TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.")

rhythm of the figure presenting that long, slow, S-shaped curve so characteristic of all the works that have been attributed to Praxiteles, together with the peculiar effect of the upturned head added to this position of the body. Finally, also in the soft modeling of the surface of the nude figure, however indicative of strength and agility the muscles of this youth may be, as well as in the peculiar disposition of the chlamys (repeatedly found on the replicas of the type of the Hermes of Olympia) and in the folding of his drapery.

I did not hesitate to put down the relief on this patera as being a Hermes of the Praxitelean* type and style; and herein I followed the method which I believe archæologists ought to pursue. For I did not mean thereby to assert that this was undoubtedly a reproduction of a work of Praxiteles or of some definite sculptor from his school; but only that this figure had those characteristics which from the careful comparative study of the style of Greek works of art, so far as they have been identified, have been found to be peculiar to Praxiteles and his school.

It then appeared to me that this very figure was a familiar type, and that I must have seen and studied some other figure very similar to it or identical with it; and I recalled the figure of the Hermes upon the drum of the sculptured column from the temple of Artemis of Ephesus, now in the Elgin room of the British Museum. We know that Praxiteles decorated an altar with reliefs at Ephesus, and that Scopas was the sculptor of one of the drums of the columns of this temple of Artemis; and when once this association was called forth, I felt convinced that this figure was an actual reproduction of the Ephesian Hermes.

Upon comparing drawings of these two representations of Hermes, it becomes manifest that there is an intimate relation between them, the one, the silver *repoussé*, being immediately copied from the other, the marble relief of the drum in the temple.† But here the identity ends, and to suit the new destination of the silver copy, details and accessories, especially with regard to attributes and environment, were altered. For in the Ephesian relief the Hermes is one of a number of figures that surrounded the column, all of them bound together by some central idea or action; while on the patera Hermes alone is represented, and being no longer a part of a complex composition, the representation of the Hermes must in itself form a complete composition. In other words, the patera represents the typical god Hermes, the figure being borrowed from a relief representing some assemblage of chthonic deities. For I agree with those who hold that the figures on the drum of the column represent a scene from Hades; and it is here that the chthonic side of the nature of Hermes corresponds entirely with that conception of Artemis and Hecate common to the Ionian cities and islands,

* Since this was first published I have been confirmed in my opinion that this type belongs to the age of Scopas and Praxiteles; but, on the other hand, I now see reasons for considering it more probably Scopasian in character than Praxitelean.

† There are many instances extant showing how common it was in ancient Greece to transfer well-known types of art to works of minor art. I have recently noticed a sepulchral slab containing a figure evidently inspired by the same Hermes from the drum of the pillar of the temple of Artemis.

especially Ephesus and Samothrace. The Hermes on the patera does not throw any immediate light upon the action of Hermes in directing his head upward, for he is here looking at the branches of an overhanging tree. But it appears to me that in the Ephesian relief the action of Hermes in looking upward is to indicate his double nature, which, though chthonic in part, is essentially concerned with the world above and the actions of man and of the Olympian gods.

In order to translate the Hermes of the Ephesian relief into a self-contained composition and a representation of the god Hermes pure and simple, the silversmith thought fit to surround him, upon the patera, with all his attributes. To this aim are to be attributed the slight deviations of the figure on the silver relief from its marble prototype. These deviations are, in the first place, that while the Hermes of Ephesus has the right shoulder free and the chlamys wound round the left forearm, the hand hidden behind his back, on the Hermes of the patera the chlamys is fastened round the neck and is gracefully slung over the left shoulder, leaving the left hand free. In the second place, while the Hermes of Ephesus holds the caduceus in the right hand, on the patera the caduceus has been transferred to the left hand and replaced by a purse in the right.

As it was the object of the silversmith to bring together as many attributes as possible, it was important that both hands should be free; the left hand could not, therefore, be hidden by the chlamys, and the cloak had to be fastened round the neck and hung over the shoulder; he could thus dispose of two attributes, the caduceus and the purse. He did not leave the caduceus in the right hand, because then the purse in the left would not have stood out well against the somewhat similar lines of the drapery, and being pressed for room on the right hand, he could not bring the caduceus in freely between the thigh and the square pillar on the right of the god.

The other attributes that are grouped about the figure are square pillars to the right and left, a common and early monument of the worship of Hermes. On the pillar on his right is placed a cock and below it some eggs, and on the left hand a tortoise. Both cock and tortoise are frequently represented as attributes of Hermes,—the tortoise a reminiscence of his invention of the lyre, the cock a symbol of the god of generation. The buck upon his left is a symbol of the same side of the nature of Hermes the protector and multiplier of herds, and is frequently represented on one side of Hermes on small bronzes, with the cock on the other. The tree, of which part is visible overshadowing the top of the right-hand pillar, indicates the vegetation that surrounds the whole, and points to Hermes as the protector of pastures. The skill with which all these attributes are combined in this restricted space and tend to give life and symmetry to the whole composition points to a silver-worker of no ordinary artistic capacity.

This medallion was found separated from the body of the patera, and was subsequently fitted into it. A circular rim with the inscription, DEO. MERC. IVL. SIBYLLA D. S. D. D. *(de suo dat dedicat)*, was also added. Though this dedication most probably belongs to the patera, there is no doubt that it is of later date than the emblema. There can be no doubt that the artists in such silver-work made merely the emblemata, or medallions, which they furnished to the commoner silversmiths, who soldered them into the body of such a plate. Such medallions are actually mentioned by Pliny, and that the separate working of the ornamental parts was practiced in antiquity is evident when we find that even in the lower phases of art this was the case. So the Gorgon's head on the center of a shield was beaten out of a separate piece and fastened to the front, as is evident from the passage in Aristophanes, in which we hear of this medallion flying away from the shield, and even from instances which point to the fact that the central decorated part of vases and lamps was made separately and then fitted into the rest.

The next and most interesting question is: What is the connection between a Hermes from Ephesus and a silver patera from the north of Gaul? or rather, since there is an undoubted connection, the one being the original and the other the copy, how can we account for the presence of a comparatively early work from Ephesus on a donation to a temple of Mercury in the north of Gaul belonging to a late Roman period? This would be most clearly accounted for if we could assume that the Romans were fond of and preserved old Greek plate as we value *cinquecento* Italian plate; secondly, if such plate was in antiquity chiefly produced at the place where the original model of the figure on the patera was preserved, and if it was customary for such silver-workers to reproduce the designs of the great sculptors and painters, and of such works as the Hermes under consideration in particular.

In our case these circumstances are not only possible, but even the most probable. With regard to the first condition, we learn from Pliny that in his time the art of beating silver had gone out, an art which had reached high perfection in Greece before his time, and had supplied the wealthy Romans with costly ornaments. The works of these old masters

in silver *repoussé* were highly valued, and he mentions exceedingly high prices for some old Greek plate, paid chiefly, as he says, for the antiquity of the work, so that sometimes these were valued highly even if the design was almost entirely effaced. We shall therefore not be astonished to find early Greek work in a late Roman community. With regard to the second point, we find that Pliny mentions among these famous Greek *repousseurs* a great number who were from Ephesus, the works of the greatest of whom, Mentor, were destroyed in the destruction of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. With regard to the third point, we learn that Mys, the most famous metal-worker after Mentor, executed his works in silver chiefly after the design of the painter Parrhasius of Ephesus. But the most important information in this respect is that given by the New Testament in the Acts of the Apostles (xix. 23, etc.), from which we learn that the profession of silversmith was the most widely spread at Ephesus, and that great gain came to them from the production in silver of small copies of the temple (ναός) of Artemis. Now it is on the drum of a column of this very temple of Artemis that the relief of Hermes is found, which is the prototype of that on the patera of Bernay.

It might be urged that our medallion is not of original Ephesian work, but is a later copy from some early silver-work. This is possible, but surely not probable. That the silversmith who made the medallion had the drum of the pillar from the temple of the Ephesian Artemis or some representation of it before him, is clear to every archæologist; and there is no reason why we should have to introduce other intermediate works of the same kind, when its connection with the Ephesian relief is undoubted, and when we bear in mind that Ephesus was in an earlier period, as well as in the time of Paul, the home of silver-work, and that the later Romans valued and preserved this ancient Greek work as being ancient and Greek. The Ephesian silversmiths were continually employed in making miniatures of this very temple. Now when they had to make a medallion to such a silver plate, they would naturally place on it one of the figures which they were in the habit of producing. They would be largely employed in producing objects in silver besides the miniatures of the temple, and I believe that such silver vessels and ornaments (mentioned in the treasuries of other ancient temples) are referred to in the inscription of Salutarius alluded to in the first part of this paper.

It is not often that the far-reaching results of a simple application of the comparative study of style become so palpably visible and appreciable as in the case of this identification. Nor are there many instances in which the poetry which accompanies a special study, popularly reported to be "dry as dust," so forcibly impresses itself upon us. The recognition of certain facts before unrecognized, and the establishment of truth within a certain group of things and their relation, is no doubt in itself the immediate and supreme aim of research. Yet it is none the less refreshing occasionally to cast a side-glance at the artistic aspect of what has been sought simply for the truth's sake, and to see the poetry that surrounds the discovery of truth.

We cannot but be impressed with the amount of history that seems to be condensed into the narrow compass and the material forms of this small plate. Its form and its history are large chapters of the world's history in miniature,— unverbal, without letters, lines, and pages.

It contains a Greek Hermes, reproduced by an Ephesian silversmith, from the temple of Artemis of Ephesus, valued highly for its origin and antiquity by some noble Roman, who followed the sweep of his empire's conquests, and whose wife in the far north of Gaul dedicates it to the Latin Mercury. It affords an actual tangible illustration of a passage in the New Testament; thus bearing in itself some immediate relation to the worship of the Hellenes, the Romans, and the Christian world. Who knows what use it served at feasts, religious or domestic, in antiquity, and what tales it could tell!

And then it was buried for centuries in the treasury of Mercury of Canetum, whose temple Cæsar saw, through all the middle ages, while the hoof of a knight's horse may have trodden over its crypt, quietly resting unchanged while dynasty followed dynasty, and the French Revolution swept over the country, until a Norman peasant in the nineteenth century, plowing his soil to raise corn to be sent to Paris or some foreign market, comes upon it and unearths it, and it finds its place in the Museum in the Rue Richelieu. What a mass of associations, different in character, in time, and space, are gathered in the center of this plate!

We may be allowed for once to feel gratified at the power of the simple application of systematic observation, which can pierce through the mist of over two thousand years, can baffle the complex maze of the changes of history, and of hundreds of miles of distance, in tracing a plate found in the nineteenth century in the north of France back to its origin in a time preceding the Christian era in Ephesus of Asia Minor.

Charles Waldstein.

CLEVEDON CHURCH.*

"They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."
In Memoriam, XIX.

WESTWARD I watch the low blue hills of Wales,
The low sky silver-gray;
The turbid Channel, with the wandering sails,
Moans through the winter day.

There is no color, but one ashen light
On shore and lonely tree;
The little church upon the grassy height
Is gray as sky or sea.

But there hath he who won the sleepless love
Slept through these fifty years;
There is the grave that hath been wept above
With more than mortal tears.

And far below I hear the Severn sweep,
And all his waves complain,
As Hallam's dirge through all the years must keep
Its monotone of pain!

. . . . . .

Green hills, gray waters! As a bird that flies,
My heart flits forth from these,
Back to the winter rose of Northern skies,
Back to the Northern seas.

And lo! the long waves of the ocean beat
Beneath the Minster gray,
Chapels and caverns worn of saintly feet
And knees of them that pray.

And I remember how we twain were one,
By the North ocean dim;
I count the years gone over since the Sun
That lights me, lighted him;

And listen for the voice that, save in sleep,
Shall greet me not again;—
Then, far below, I hear the Severn sweep
And all his waves complain.

CHRISTMAS, 1885. *Andrew Lang.*

* Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, where, on a hill overlooking the Bristol Channel, the body of Arthur Hallam was laid, after his death in Vienna on the 15th of September, 1833.

FINIS

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The American Militia.

THE importance of the militia in our political and social system has several times been noticed in THE CENTURY. The new development of the American militia system was described in "Topics of the Time" for June, 1884; and the necessity and propriety of early action by Congress were stated in our latest issue.* Since the former article was written, the development which it forecasts has gone on with so much rapidity that it deserves attention here in connection with the more recent article.

The American of the present day hears continually of the "National Guard," and he may come to believe that the body which bears that name is that to which the Constitution refers as "the militia of the United States." It may be well, then, to remind him that the National Guard is a purely voluntary outgrowth of the Constitutional militia, which was intended to be a universal and compulsory service. When the Constitution empowers Congress to provide for calling "the militia" into the service of the United States, it is well to remember that the term "militia" covered, and was meant to cover, all the fighting-men of the country; and the use of the term in this way shows that, even in 1787, the framers of the Constitution had anticipated the modern German system of universal compulsory military service. It must be admitted that the principle is logically essential to a democracy. Upon it hangs more than half of Jefferson's famous summary of the democratic programme — that "every one who fights or pays shall vote." Without it, we could only conclude that only those who pay shall vote, unless we could fall back upon the somewhat vague doctrine of the diffusion of taxation to show that most people pay something and hence should vote. To get any definite basis for a democracy, it is essential that the popular consciousness should be kept awake to the physical basis of the ballot, the necessity of a return in some form, whether of money support or of a physical support to the government; and that any present exemption from active service should be clearly understood to be a privilege, not a right.

Every indication from our early history goes to show that, if the political geography of the young republic had been the same as that of Prussia in 1860, the result would have been the same; and that the United States would have had a *Landwehr* and *Landsthurm* before Bismarck was born. Circumstances, however, were propitious to the American republic. It had no neighbors powerful enough to make the *Landwehr* a practical necessity; and the mass of its citizens were spared all personal contact with the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. For a time there was a survival of the original idea of universal compulsory service in the annual training-days of "the militia," of which Corwin's vivid sketch has left us so clear a description. In course of time even this survival became obsolete, and "the militia of the United States" has now become as purely a census term as the population between twenty-five and thirty, or the population according to latitude.

Instead of the militia, as it was originally intended to be constituted, there has grown up in most of the States a purely voluntary service, the so-called National (or State) Guard, composed of citizens who volunteer to serve the State for a longer or shorter time. Under extraordinary circumstances the persistence of the original idea is shown by the Draft Act of 1863; but under ordinary circumstances the duties of the real "militia" are now performed by this part of their number who have voluntarily assumed the burden. It is thus a fact that the so-called National Guard is now in practice the militia of the United States; and, while the voluntary nature of the force may create certain embarrassments, it must be looked to for the present as the American militia. Of course the disappearance of the original militia organization has not deprived the United States of the right to call upon the State for its quota of "the militia"; while the State may satisfy the call by the services of its voluntary militia. It is evident that there is here the germ of a future voluntary army, closely similar to that which sprang so suddenly into existence in 1861.

In the development of this germ the good offices of the United States have been practically nothing. Some of the Eastern States have done good work of late years. The railroad riots of 1877 were a cogent lesson to Pennsylvania, and the lesson seems to have been taken to heart. Some of the neighboring States have also entered in earnest upon the work of fostering the efficiency of the National Guard, and have made it a force of far greater possibilities in action than was the case ten years ago. But it remains true, as it was ten years ago, that the mass of our States care very little for the proper development of their volunteer militia. Indeed, why should they care for it? Under the present system, the conditions for a sound National Guard only come into existence when population has become dense, and when there is a sufficiently large portion of the population inclined by fondness for military experience to endure voluntarily the obvious discomforts of the service. In States where these conditions do not yet exist, there may be need for an efficient National Guard, without the possibility of it. The need is not evident enough to induce the State to take the only road to a provision for it; and the State goes on in the old shiftless way, growing more prone at every emergency to look for protection to the Federal Government, instead of relying on its own resources. In most of our States the annual provision by Congress constitutes the bulk of the appropriation available for the support of the National Guard, and this provision is inexcusably meager, too small, at any rate, to be any basis for a claim by Congress of a right to enforce a strict regimen on the force which subsists on it.

Nothing can be more evident than that, in the

* "Is Society Ready?" Topics of the Time, THE CENTURY for October, 1886.

States where population is not yet dense, Congress alone can properly develop a real National Guard. It can do what hardly any power could induce the State Legislature to do; it can appropriate an amount large enough to insure a thorough summer encampment by giving a reasonable payment to the men. Experience has shown that the encampment training is an essential to any effective system. It is carried on in many of those States having a uniformed National Guard, but almost always under great embarrassments and for too brief a period for want of funds. In some States, the men have served without pay and even paid their own expenses while in camp, and in almost all the States the member of the Legislature who should vote for the appropriation which is really necessary for that purpose would have an unhappy quarter of an hour on meeting his constituents to explain. And yet the men should be paid for the time spent in the work; and any parsimonious policy in this matter is not even tolerable. The National Guard is as much in the service of the State as the Fire or Police departments are in the service of the city; its possible service is much more unpleasant; and it has fully as much claim to adequate compensation. Some of the States, but by no means all, are able to afford this. If we wish a thoroughly trained National Guard in *every* State, we must look for it to Act of Congress.

The appropriation of a sum large enough to arm and equip the National Guard thoroughly, and to pay the men for the time spent in the annual training or for any other service rendered to the United States, would be a foundation for a larger oversight of the National Guard by Congress. The administration of "the discipline prescribed by Congress," and the appointment of the officers, must remain with the States; but Congress would have a fair right to insist that its War Department should be satisfied, through its inspecting officers, that the discipline was properly carried out. The mere presence of United States officers has a bracing effect upon the officers of the National Guard, and it is nowhere more necessary. The story of the militia officer who kept his men under a fire of bricks and stones for ten minutes, while he turned over the pages of his hand-book in search of the proper order, may be altogether apocryphal. But the deep cut at Reading, Pennsylvania, through which a militia genius marched his men, exposing them helplessly to the fire of the mob above, is still to be seen of all men who travel by rail from Philadelphia to or through Reading; and it testifies that it is sometimes better to have no men than to have some officers.

The reform which has been the first to be carried through by the States which have begun to develop their National Guard has been a comparatively simple one, but one of wide effects, and not easy to accomplish. Under the voluntary constitution of the National Guard, the uniforms were about as various as the companies. Under the new system, the service uniform and equipments of all the regiments of a State's force are to be identical throughout. How difficult it was to extirpate the reds and blues and yellows, the varieties in style and caliber of weapons, perhaps some of the self-sacrificing men who have given their time and attention to the work can tell us; but the results have been all for good. A riotous mob can no longer distinguish one regiment or company from another by its uniform, or pick out off-hand the particular company from which it believes that there is comparatively little danger. Uniformity gives the sense of discipline to the men and a business-like air which creates respect. Similarity of uniform is a large factor in securing safety to militia, when employed in distant parts of its own State. When the time comes, if it shall come, that militia of one State must be employed in another as in 1794, nothing but a *national* uniformity of equipment will make the step even a reasonable experiment. Evidently, in the course of development into which circumstances have forced us, national action and national development are the only legitimate lines to choose.

The immediate answer to all the line of argument here relied upon, would be that the step proposed would have a strongly centralizing tendency, throwing more power into the hands of the Federal Government. So it may seem on the surface; but in reality the tendency is directly the reverse. Affairs have drifted in such a direction that, while all the States need home protection, only a few are able to provide it for themselves. When the emergency comes, the helpless State naturally looks to the Federal Government for protection, and relies progressively less upon herself. The plain drift of such a policy is to a necessarily strong central government, with a powerful standing army, and the disappearance or absorption of the militia, as we now have it. The development of our National Guard system, an entirely unobjectionable system of volunteer State forces, is simply the encouragement of individual States to rely on themselves. It is thus a National Guard in the complete sense of the adjective under our complex system, an effort by the Federal power to enable the States to carry on the normal operations of the social system. The bill which seems to come nearest to the measure of the national duty, the Sewell Bill, increasing the militia appropriation, passed the Senate at the last session without opposition. It did not reach consideration in the House of Representatives, but still hangs there, ready for consideration and passage in December. The duty of the House in the premises seems plain; and it is to be hoped that one of its first steps will be to take up, consider, and pass the Sewell Bill, as the lowest limit of the national obligation to the National Guard.

The Congressional Balance-sheet.

ECONOMY, says the proverb, is wealth; and though it ill becomes a great people to follow a cheese-paring policy with its government, to scrutinize its cost too closely, and thus compel it to study petty retrenchments instead of great national interests, there is still a certain proportion of results of government to cost of government which even the greatest of peoples is bound to insist upon. If results are great, the people can well afford a considerable expenditure; if results are *nil*, the cheapest of governments is dear at the price; if results are *nil* and expenditure generous, the government is worse than useless. The forty-ninth Congress, whose second session begins next month, closed its first session, August 5, 1886, having begun it December 7, 1885. In order to direct public attention to the results of the coming second session, it may

be well to compare the cost with the results of the first session of the same body. It should be borne in mind, however, that the first session had as near as may be eight months of "work," while the second session will have but a scant three months.

In arranging the debit side of such a balance-sheet, the appropriations for the fiscal year, ending June 30th, may stand as the cost of the session. If, on the one hand, they err in giving appropriations not fully expended, the error will be more than balanced by deficiencies due to the continuance of the session beyond the end of the fiscal year. The statement of the cost of Congress, as given below, errs, if at all, in being too small. The appropriation bills make it as follows:

SENATE:	Pay of Senators	$ 380,000.00
	Mileage	33,000.00
	Pay of employees	344,113.10
	Contingent expenses, stationery, etc.	109,970.00
HOUSE:	Pay of Representatives	1,695,000.00
	Mileage	110,624.00
	Pay of employees	390,849.10
	Contingent expenses, stationery, etc.	114,462.00
CONGRESSIONAL DIRECTORY		1,200.00
	Police	36,700.00
	Public Printer	18,300.00
	Library	59,320.00
	Garden	16,700.00
Cost of Session		$3,310,238.20

Such being, roughly stated, the cost of the session, let us turn to the credit side of the sheet, the practical results accomplished by this body which costs the country nearly three and a half million dollars a year. They are as follows:

BILLS AND JOINT RESOLUTIONS INTRODUCED:			
	In the House	10,228	
	In the Senate	2,974	13,202
BILLS PASSED:			
	From the House	746	
	From the Senate	241	987
BILLS PASSED AND VETOED:			
	Private pension bills	102	
	Bills for public buildings	6	
	Other bills	7	115
	Bills passed over the veto		1
"REPORTS" MADE BY COMMITTEES:			
	In the House	3,455	
	In the Senate	1,610	5,065
	Pages of "The Congressional Record" filled,		9,000

It would be unjust, as well as impossible, to state any grand total to this side of the Congressional balance-sheet. The reader must look upon the whole mass of "work," and estimate the grand total as seems to him good. It would be unjust, however, both to the reader and to the legislative body, to ignore certain comparative results, for which the first session of the forty-ninth Congress may fairly claim a preëminence over other sessions. Thus, it succeeded in filling about fifty per cent. more pages of that invaluable periodical, "The Congressional Record," than the corresponding sessions of either of the two preceding Congresses. It "introduced," in this one session, nearly twenty-five per cent. more bills and joint resolutions than the two preceding Congresses introduced in both sessions; and the two preceding Congresses were by no means prentice hands at the trade. Its busy and efficient committees made twenty-five per cent. more "reports" in this one session than the forty-eighth Congress made in both sessions, and fifty per cent. more than the forty-seventh Congress made in both sessions. And it may be added that, for the number and variety of the vetoes placed upon its legislation, this session will rank as without a peer. Such considerations as these must surely reconcile the voter to a balance-sheet as to which he might otherwise complain of the intolerable deal of sack compared to the bread of actual legislation.

About six and a half per cent. of the bills introduced were passed and escaped the veto. It would, however, be quite misleading to leave the impression that even this small percentage constituted any important addition to the country's accumulated stock of legislation. Outside of the regular Appropriation Bills, the Presidential Succession Act, the tax on oleomargarine, the increase of the navy, the Congressional Library Act, a railroad forfeiture, and the Porter Act, the mass of "legislation," achieved by the first session of the forty-ninth Congress was as colorless as a jelly-fish, and of about equal importance. It consisted mainly of private legislation, interesting only to certain constituents of the more skillful members of Congress, and of such "public" legislation as Acts permitting the erection of bridges at specified points, and Acts for the erection of public buildings, interesting only to larger or smaller groups of other shrewd or fortunate Congressmen. So far as really national legislation, business worthy of the time and attention of the legislative branch of one of the most powerful governments of the world, is concerned, the results of the session are sadly inadequate.

The reader may perhaps desire an explanation of this failure of our national Legislative. Let him, then, go to Washington while the two Houses are in session. Let him sit in the gallery of the Senate, provided an "executive session" does not turn him out; let him scan the faces of the Senators, reflect upon their previous records, and consider how many of them came to occupy their present positions. Let him then go and sit for a time in the gallery of the House of Representatives, and watch that national bear-garden. Let him enjoy the usual scene — one purple-faced Representative sawing the air in the progress of what is technically called an "oration"; a dozen or more highly amused colleagues surrounding him; the rest of the members talking at the top of their voices, clapping their hands for pages, writing, reading, telling funny stories and laughing uproariously at them, making social calls from desk to desk, doing anything and everything except the business for which they are paid. Let him try to estimate the rapidity with which a plain business man, finding his clerks engaged in such a scene during business hours, would make a "clean sweep" of them. He will no longer ask an explanation of the Congressional balance-sheet. What better result could be expected from two Houses, each in its own way controlled by influences antagonistic to intelligent legislation? Congress is no longer a legislative body. Its degeneration is now admitted. It consists now of a plutocracy at one end, and a mobocracy at the other. The two chronic perils of a democracy have a firm grip on the Congress of the United States.

Here is no question of comparative guilt or responsibility. Each House is as bad in its way as the other. Nor is there any partisan question involved. The course of Congress has for years been down-hill. Able and sincere men are still to be found in both Houses,

yet each successive Congress is, on the whole, worse than its predecessors; not because Democrats or Republicans control it, but because it is two years further on the road. The rules of the Lower House have been developed with the apparent design of making a familiar acquaintance with them the great requisite for a party leader and of excluding all others from influence on legislation. Pitt or Gladstone would be an enforced cipher in our House of Representatives; and the mass of its members have grown out of the knowledge of or care for legislation. They have long since left all that work to committees; and the session just closed has developed a new feature — an unofficial "steering committee" selected by the majority to regulate the consideration of legislation; in other words, to save the incompetency of the House from exposure. So far as the real business of a legislative body is concerned, the Representatives might fully as well have met and organized in December, chosen their committees, and excused the rest of the members until the committees had done their work for them. By remaining in Washington, an incompetent House is reduced to the ignoble necessity of filling up the intervals with horse-play.

The Congress of the United States has become the most incapable legislative body of the constitutional world. So far as the Senate is concerned, its case is hopeless; the only remedy is outside of it, in the regeneration of the constituencies which elect the senators. The case of the House is somewhat different; its failure may be redeemed by reform within itself. The arguments for the present abominable condition of its committee system rest only on the amount and variety of the business which is introduced and laid before it. But most of this business is petty and utterly unworthy of the Congress of the United States. The great mass of it could easily be remitted to the courts or other permanent agencies, or regulated by general and automatic laws. The really national business could then, as in the earlier days of the republic, be discussed and settled by the House itself. The resistance to such a reform would probably come from the very members who are most injured by the present state of affairs. They have grown accustomed to the husks of legislation. The privilege of "introducing" private legislation, with an occasional sop in the shape of the passage of one of their bills, has become so dear to them that they can hardly give it up. They do not see that they are thus increasing the volume of "introduced" business to such an extent as to tighten the chains of the committee system around the House. It will require some intelligent self-denial and a determined suppression of a good many "leaders," to bring the House back to its constitutional position as the popular branch of a really national legislative body; and the second session of the forty-ninth Congress could not spend its three months of existence to better purpose than in beginning the work.

The Uses and Dangers of "One Idea."

MOST men of mature age have been tempted, at some time in their lives, to become "men of one idea" in order to gain that increase of power which devotion to one idea brings. Paul's summary, "This one thing I do," is believed in devoutly by many who have no similar reverence for any other of Paul's summaries. The prison reformers, from John Howard down, the Abolitionists, the framers and supporters of the Anti-Corn-Law League, the men, who, in England and the United States, have striven to take the civil service from the politicians and preserve it to the people, are familiar examples of the increase of power which man gains by giving himself up to one idea. It is no more than the conversion of all his force into one groove; and if the groove be well chosen, the result can only be to give the man more than his share of influence on the world's progress.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the largest part of this increase of power is due to man's retention of control over his dominant idea, to the fact that he utilizes it and does not surrender to it. The man who surrenders control of his thought or judgment to a predominant idea, whether his own or that of another, sees but a part of the case, and the judgment which he bases on it is either inapplicable to the whole or positively injurious. It cannot be preached too strongly, in these times of ours, that it is the characteristic of a well-balanced intellect to look for all the modifying circumstances of a case, as well as the one great circumstance which seems on the surface to control it, and to form a final judgment on the whole; just as universal charity, not the limited affection for one's immediate dependents, is the characteristic of a well-balanced heart. To deal otherwise with facts is to warp the judgment, and to lose influence over one's fellows. It need not go much farther to become positively noxious. Let the pursuit of wealth gain predominance as the one idea of a mind or soul, and only fortunate circumstances may be the reason why the result is not theft, swindling, or murder. Whatever be the increase of power which comes from a regulated devotion to one idea, it is easy to show how often fanaticism, lunacy, and crime have their common roots in the *surrender* to one idea, and that there is no quicker road to complete perversion of judgment. Dynamite properly used is power; but it would be folly to carry it in one's pocket for daily use, and crime to use it for purposes of vengeance.

It is a familiar fact that masses of men often think, judge, and act on the presentation of one idea, and that a surface one. And yet there never has been a time when the fact was more dangerous, when it was more necessary to recall to men's attention the fact that any wise and useful judgment and action is the resultant of a clear understanding of many correlative, perhaps apparently conflicting forces and circumstances. The citizen sees a policeman clubbing a man evidently in needy circumstances, hears that the offense arose in an effort to resist a reduction of wages by a street-car company, and jumps to the conclusion that it is his duty to side with oppressed labor against capital. He does not see the labor which has been oppressed simply because it has not been organized, which has been dubbed "scab" merely because it is individual labor; he does not see that in this case the real oppression has been that of labor by labor, not by capital. In modern times, when the life of each man is marked by an increasing absorption in a narrow line of work, and a consequently increasing unreadiness to appreciate off-hand the circumstances which are not on the surface, no better service can be done than the consistent preaching of a cautious reservation of individual judg-

ment, a self-diffidence of individual comprehension, until care has been taken to know all the facts of the case under consideration. A well-balanced and powerful public opinion is the sheet-anchor of a democracy. The mischief is done by those who preach only the power of public opinion, and neglect the weightier matters of caution, care, and clear understanding in the make-up of an effective public opinion.

The recent struggle for a national labor organization is a case in point. It is not wonderful that such a scheme should have a strong attraction for minds honestly devoted to the elevation of labor. The annals of legislation among the progressive nations are not pleasant but humiliating reading where they have touched upon the relations of the laboring classes to the rest of the community. The English laws, many of them copied in our own country, forbidding any organization of workmen in self-defense, forbidding any combination for the purpose of striking, attempting as far as possible to regulate wages in the interest of the employer and to reduce the workman to the level of a slave, if not of a brute, are not such laws as our descendants will point to as proofs of their ancestors' humanity or wisdom. They are gone, and it is shameful to think that it is so short a time since they went. But it is singular, also, that so many refuse to see that they are gone, refuse to see in the sudden and easy growth of a great national labor organization the clearest evidence of the complete freedom with which labor in our times may gratify its widest legitimate aspiration. Will any one specify a single point in which American law desires or attempts to limit the liberty of workmen to organize, to act together, to make an injury to one the concern of all? No such point can be specified, for no such point exists. If our law errs, it has been in creating corporations without being sufficiently careful to limit their powers of dealing autocratically with their employees or with the public; and what more powerful agent for the work of pointing out and remedying such errors could be imagined than the national organization to which the laws have given free existence and action? Public opinion has therefore inclined toward the national labor organization, and that largely from a conscientious consciousness of the past oppression to which labor has been subjected. But neither the members of the organization nor public opinion must forget that sympathy with the organization's legitimate aspirations cannot carry sympathy with its illegitimate aspirations, and particularly with any which strike at the state which has acquired for labor its present liberty. It seems difficult for some to understand that public opinion may fairly sympathize with a labor organization in its efforts to repeal unjust laws and to put employer and employee on an equal footing before the law, while refusing sympathy to the organization's assumption of power to punish its enemies through agencies outside of and unknown to the laws. Why should such a modifying circumstance be admitted to consideration? A few sentences from Professor Macy's lately published volume, "Our Government," though meant for other purposes, are applicable here:

"A government may exist and do nothing for the education of youth; it may entirely neglect to provide public highways; it may do nothing for the poor and other unfortunate classes. All these things may be left to other agencies. But there is one duty which the government cannot leave to other agencies. It must administer justice; it must punish the wrong-doer. If the government leaves to another agency the protection of life and property and the punishment of wrong-doers, *then that other agency becomes the government.*"

Here is wholesome truth in a nut-shell, and it constitutes the modifying circumstance which, if neglected by *any* organization, must bring it into conflict with human government and result in the destruction of one or other of them. Would it not be well to regard it in time, and thus preserve the organization for its nobler ends?

If labor has been oppressed in the progressive nations, what shall we say of *all* the weaker classes in other nations? Fools prate of an "indictment of democracy in France"; if democracy all over the world wished to indict the systems of government which it is supplanting, what more horrible indictment could be framed than an ordinary cargo of immigrants from selected regions of the old régime would furnish? We get no such cargoes from the English democracy; and if the American democracy should send out one such cargo from its born and bred members, the world would ring with the description of it. Beaten down by an hereditary system of repression, of artfully contrived taxation, of military service extorted to gratify the ambition of hereditary officers, they come to us with but one idea, that of a "free country." To them, freedom means anarchy. They have never been taught that there are modifying forces to be considered, that the limits of one man's liberty are the rights of other men. That seems to them too much like the submission to the will of an official class from which they have fled. And yet this is the very first lesson which they must learn from their American surroundings; and, as new ideas come through the medium of language, it might almost be admissible to make knowledge of the English language a prerequisite to immigration.

We can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that the American democracy is destined to burdens of which none of its members dreamed five years ago. It must solve new problems for the race, and it must do it, as it has supported other burdens of the kind, soberly, manfully, understandingly. It must, then, study anew the art and practice of considering all the circumstances of a case propounded before giving a deliberate judgment. That frame of mind which is shown in going off at half-cock in a hasty verdict of approval or disapproval on a half view of surface circumstances never was so dangerous as now. There is a new responsibility on our newspapers, on our other periodicals, on our public men, on our clergymen and other teachers, and it behooves them to meet it and to carry on the consciousness of it to the generations which are pressing on for the future. Hence alone can we have that sober and trained public opinion without which democracy is a foredoomed failure.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Siberian Tragedy.

IN the New York "Evening Post" of August 25th appeared the following telegram from London:

"LONDON, August 25.—Alexander Krapotkin, brother of Prince Krapotkin, the translator of Herbert Spencer's works into the Russian language, has committed suicide with a revolver at Tomsk."

As I was perhaps the last West-European or American to see Prince Alexander Krapotkin before his death, circumstances seem to lay upon me the duty of explaining the significance of the brief announcement above quoted, and of giving such facts as are in my possession with regard to a life which ended so tragically, and which seems to me to have been so needlessly and cruelly wrecked.

I made the acquaintance of Alexander Krapotkin in February of the present year at the Siberian city of Tomsk, where I spent two weeks on my way home from the Trans-Baikal. He had then been living in exile as a political offender nearly ten years. Although banished to Siberia upon the charge of disloyalty, Krapotkin was not a nihilist, nor a revolutionist, nor even an extreme radical. His views with regard to social and political questions would have been regarded in America, or even in Western Europe, as very moderate, and he had never taken any part in Russian revolutionary agitation. He was, however, a man of impetuous temperament, high standard of honor, and great frankness and directness in speech, and these characteristics were perhaps enough to attract to him the suspicious attention of the Russian police.

"I am not a nihilist, nor a revolutionist," he once said to me, indignantly, "and I never have been; I was exiled simply because I dared to think and to say what I thought about things which happened around me, and because I was the brother of a man whom the Russian Government hated."

Prince Krapotkin was arrested the first time in 1858, while a student in the St. Petersburg University, for having in his possession a copy in English of Emerson's "Self-Reliance" and refusing to say where he obtained it. The book had been lent to him by one of the faculty, Professor Tikhonravof, and Krapotkin might perhaps have justified himself and escaped unpleasant consequences by simply stating the fact, but this would not have been in accordance with his high standard of personal honor. He did not think it a crime to read Emerson, but he did regard it as cowardly and dishonorable to shelter himself from the consequences of any action behind the person of an instructor. He preferred to go to prison. When Professor Tikhonravof heard of Krapotkin's arrest, he went at once to the rector of the University and admitted that he was the owner of the incendiary volume, and the young student was thereupon released.

After his graduation from the University, Krapotkin went abroad, studied science, particularly astronomy, and upon his return to Russia made a number of important translations of French and English scientific works into his native language. Finally, he entered the government service, and for a time previous to his exile held an important place in the Russian Telegraph Department. This place, however, he was forced to resign in consequence of a collision with the Minister of the Interior. The latter ordered Krapotkin one day to send to him all the telegrams of a certain private individual that were on file in his office. Krapotkin refused to obey this order upon the ground that such action would be personally dishonorable and degrading. Another less scrupulous officer of the department, however, forwarded the required telegrams, and Krapotkin resigned. After this time he lived constantly under the secret supervision of the police. His brother had already become prominent as a revolutionist and socialist; he himself was under suspicion, his record from the point of view of the government was not a good one, he probably injured himself still further by frank but injudicious comments upon public affairs, and in 1876 or 1877 he was arrested and exiled to Eastern Siberia upon the vague but fatal charge of disloyalty. There were no proofs against him upon which a conviction could be obtained in a formal trial, and he was therefore exiled by what is known in Russia as the "administrative process," that is, by a simple executive order, without even the pretense of indictment, presentment, or hearing.

His place of exile was a small town called Minusinsk, situated on the Yenisei River in Eastern Siberia, two or three hundred miles from the frontier of outer Mongolia. Here, with his young wife, who had voluntarily accompanied him into exile, he lived quietly four or five years, devoting himself chiefly to reading and scientific study. There were in Minusinsk at that time no other political exiles, but Krapotkin found there, nevertheless, one congenial companion in the person of a Russian naturalist named Martiánof, with whom he wandered about the country making botanical and geological collections and discussing scientific questions. To Martiánof's enthusiasm and energy and Krapotkin's sympathy and encouragement Minusinsk is wholly indebted for its really excellent public museum, an institution which is not only the pride of all intelligent Siberians, but is likely, through an illustrated catalogue now in course of publication, to become known to naturalists and archæologists in Europe and the United States.

During the long series of tragic events which culminated in the assassination of Alexander II., Siberia filled up rapidly with political exiles, and the little town of Minusinsk had to take its quota. With the arrival of these new-comers began a stricter system of police supervision. As long as Krapotkin was the only political exile in the place he was allowed a good deal of freedom, and was not harassed by humiliating police regulations; but when the number of "politicals" increased to twenty, the difficulty of watching them all became greater, and the authorities thought it neces-

sary, as a means of preventing escapes, to require every exile to report himself at stated intervals to the chief of police and sign his name in a book kept for the purpose. To this regulation Krapotkin refused to submit. "I have lived here," he said to the *Ispravnik*, "nearly five years and have not yet made the first attempt to escape. If you think that there is any danger of my running away now, you may send a soldier or a police officer to my house every day to watch me; but after being unjustly exiled to Siberia I don't propose to assist the government in its supervision of me. I will not report at the police office." The *Ispravnik* conferred with the Governor of the province, who lived in Krasnoyarsk, and by the latter's direction told Krapotkin that if he refused to obey the obnoxious regulation he would be banished to some place lying farther to the northward and eastward, where the climate would be more severe and the life less bearable. Krapotkin, however, adhered to his determination and appealed to General Shelashnikof, who was at that time the Acting Governor-General of Eastern Siberia and who had been on terms of personal friendship with Krapotkin before the latter's banishment. General Shelashnikof replied in a cool, formal note, insisting upon obedience to the regulation and warning Krapotkin that further contumacy would have for him disastrous consequences. While this appeal was pending, General Anutchin was appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, and, as a last resort, Krapotkin wrote to his aged mother in St. Petersburg to see Anutchin previous to the latter's departure for his new post and present to him a petition in her son's behalf. When the aged and heart-broken mother appeared with her petition in General Anutchin's reception-room she was treated with insulting brutality. Without reading the petition Anutchin threw it violently on the floor, asked her how she dared come to him with such a petition from a traitor to his country, and declared that if her son "had his deserts he would be cleaning the streets in some Siberian city under guard, instead of walking about at liberty." For this brutal insult to his mother Krapotkin told me that he was afraid he should kill Anutchin if he ever happened to see him.

By this time all of the other political exiles in Minusinsk had submitted to the new regulation and were reporting at the police office, and Krapotkin was notified by the *Ispravnik* that if within a stated time he did not follow their example he would be banished to Turukhansk, a wretched settlement of twelve or fifteen houses, situated in the province of Yeniseisk, near the coast of the Arctic Ocean. Krapotkin, however, still adhered to his resolution, and after a terribly trying interview with his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, he succeeded in extorting from her a promise to return to European Russia with their young child, and let him go to Turukhansk alone. What this promise cost them both in misery I could imagine from the tears which suffused their eyes when they talked to me about it. At the last moment, however, while Mrs. Krapotkin was making preparations to return to European Russia, she happened to see in the "Siberian Gazette" a letter from some correspondent — a political exile, I think — in Turukhansk, describing the loneliness, dreariness, and unhealthfulness of the settlement, the Arctic severity of the climate, the absence of all medical aid for the sick, and the many miseries of life in such a place. This completely broke down the wife's fortitude. She went to her husband, convulsed with sobs, and told him that she would send her child to European Russia, or leave it with friends in Minusinsk, but go with him to Turukhansk she must and should — to let him go there alone was beyond her strength. "After this," said Prince Krapotkin, "there was nothing for me to do but put a pistol to my head or yield, and I yielded. I went to the police office, and continued to report there as long as I remained in Minusinsk."

I have related this incident in Prince Krapotkin's Siberian life partly because it seems to have first suggested suicide to him as a means of escape from an intolerable position, and partly because it is in many ways an index to his character. He was extremely sensitive, proud, and high-spirited, and often made a fight upon some point which a cooler, more philosophic man would have taken as one of the natural incidents of his situation.

About two years ago Prince Krapotkin was transferred from Minusinsk to Tomsk, a change which brought him a few hundred miles nearer to European Russia, but which in other respects was not perhaps a desirable one. When I saw him in February he was living simply but comfortably in a rather spacious log-house, ten minutes' drive from the European hotel, and was devoting himself to literary pursuits. He had a good working library of two or three hundred volumes, among which I noticed the astronomical works of Professors Newcomb and Holden, Stallo's "Concepts of Science," of which he expressed a very high opinion, several volumes of Smithsonian Reports, and forty or fifty other American books. His favorite study was astronomy, and in this branch of science he would probably have distinguished himself under more favorable circumstances. After his exile, however, he was not only deprived of instruments, but had great difficulty in obtaining books; his private correspondence was under control, and he was more or less constantly disquieted and harassed by police supervision and searches of his house; so that his completed scientific work was limited to a few articles upon astronomical subjects, written for French and German periodicals. He was a fine linguist, and wrote almost equally well in French, German, or Russian. English he read easily but could not speak.

On the last day before my departure from Tomsk he came to my room, bringing a letter which I had promised to carry for him to one of his intimate friends in Western Europe. With the keen sense of honor which was one of his distinguishing characteristics, he brought the letter to me open, so that I might assure myself by reading it that it contained nothing which would compromise me in case the Russian police should find it in my possession. I told him that I did not care to read it, that I would run the risk of carrying anything that he would run the risk of writing — his danger in any case would be greater than mine. He thereupon seated himself at my writing-table to address the envelope. We happened at the moment to be talking of his brother, Pierre Krapotkin, and his pen, taking its suggestion from his thoughts, wrote automatically upon the envelope his brother's name instead of the name

of the person for whom the letter was intended. He discovered the error almost instantly, and tearing up the envelope and throwing the fragments upon the floor, he addressed another. Late that evening, after I had gone to bed, there came a knock at my door. I opened it cautiously, and was confronted by Prince Krapotkin. He was embarrassed and confused, and apologized for calling at that late hour, but said that he could not sleep without finding and destroying every fragment of the envelope upon which he had inadvertently written the name of his brother. "This may seem to you," he said, "like absurd timidity, but it is necessary. If the police should discover, as they probably will, that I visited you to-day, they would not only examine the servants as to everything which took place here, but would collect and fit together every scrap of waste paper found in your room. They would then find out that I had addressed an envelope to my brother, and would jump at the conclusion that I had written him a letter, and had given it to you for delivery. How this would affect you I don't know, but it would be fatal to me. The least I could expect would be the addition of a year to my term of exile, or banishment to some more remote part of Siberia. I am strictly forbidden to communicate with my brother, and have not heard directly from him or been able to write to him in years." I was familiar enough with the conditions of exile life in Siberia to see the force of these statements, and we began at once a search for the fragments of the envelope. Every scrap of paper on the floor was carefully examined, but the pieces which bore the dangerous name, "Pierre A. Krapotkin," could not be found. At last my traveling companion, Mr. Frost, remembered picking up some torn scraps of paper and throwing them into the slop-basin. We then dabbled in the basin for twenty minutes until we found and burned every scrap of that envelope upon which there was the stroke of a pen, and only then could Prince Krapotkin go home and sleep. "Two years hence," he said to me as he bade me good-night, "you may publish this as an illustration of the atmosphere of suspicion and apprehension in which political exiles live. In two years I hope to be beyond the reach of the Russian police." Poor Krapotkin! Less than two years have elapsed, and his hope is already realized, but not in the way we then anticipated.

When I kissed him good-bye on the following day he was full of anticipations of freedom and a new career outside the limits of Russia. His term of exile would have expired in September of the present year, and it was his intention to go at once to Paris. His only fear was that at the last moment an addition of two or three more years would be arbitrarily made to his term of exile. That, he admitted, would be a terrible blow to him, because he had nearly exhausted the little money which remained from the wreck of his small private fortune, and he could not support his family upon the pittance of three dollars a month which is the allowance made by the government to political exiles in Western Siberia.

The evil which he dreaded probably came upon him. I have no information as to the circumstances which brought about his suicide, but there would seem to be little doubt that late in August he was informed that he would not be permitted to return in September to European Russia, and that, in a fit of despair, he took his own life. It would be easy for such a man, in the bitterness of his disappointment, to reason himself into the belief that his wife and children would be better off without him than with him, and when once this morbid belief had taken possession of him, there would be little to restrain him from suicide. In Prince Alexander Krapotkin's death Russia loses an honest man, a cultivated scholar, a true patriot, and a gallant gentleman.

George Kennan.

Time-Reckoning for the Twentieth Century.

IS THERE not a necessity for reform in our system of time-reckoning? Scientific authorities and railway managers are pretty generally agreed that there is, but they are not sure that the public is prepared for what at first sight may appear too radical changes on use and wont. I am inclined to think that the public is more intelligent and more ready for useful changes than doubters suppose. There is certainly room for reform. According to the system of local time, there are in the world as many different days as there are meridians round the circumference of the globe.

"These days overlap each other, but they are as perfectly distinct as they are infinite in number. There are no simultaneous days on the earth's surface, except those on the same meridian, and as the different days are always in the various stages of advancement, difficulties must necessarily result in assigning the precise period when an event takes place. The telegraph may give the exact local time of an occurrence, but it will be in disagreement with the local time on every other meridian around the earth. An event occurring on any one day may on the instant be announced in a locality where the time is that of the previous day, and in another locality where the time is that of the following day. About the period when the month or year passes into another month or year, an occurrence may actually take place, according to our present system of local reckoning, in two different months or in two different years. Indeed, there can be no certainty whatever with regard to time, unless the precise geographical position be specified as an essential fact in connection with the event described. Under these circumstances it must be conceded that our present system of notation is most defective. Certainly it is unscientific, and possesses every element of confusion. It produces a degree of ambiguity which, as railways and telegraphs become greatly multiplied, will lead to complications in social and commercial affairs, to errors in chronology, and to litigation, and will act as a clog to the business of life, and prove an increasing hindrance to human intercourse."

Thus argues Mr. Sandford Fleming, who has done so much to press this subject on the attention of the world, in a memoir read by him before the Royal Society of Canada, in May last, and prepared for publication in the Smithsonian Institution Reports. To show how unscientific is the system of reckoning time by our position on the earth's surface, we have only to reflect that every meridian converges at the pole. If we ever get there, we can take our choice between the days of Berlin, Paris, London, New York, Winnipeg, San Francisco, Pekin, Calcutta, and as many others as we like, and live at the same moment of time in the different hours, days, months, or years of different places. What a blissful place for the Irishman who pathetically complained that he wasn't a bird, and therefore could not be in two places at once!

The present system has human inertia on its side, and nothing else. It leads to loss of time and loss of

life. It subjects travelers and men in business in particular to innumerable annoyances and perplexities. It is altogether unsuited to an age of railways, telegraphs, and submarine cables. What is needed to secure a perfect system? Simply this, that as we have in the revolution of the earth on its axis a standard of time accepted by all men, all should agree on a zero or prime meridian from which the revolutions are to be counted, and accept a common subdivision and a common notation by which parts of the revolution shall be known by all. Canada and the United States have already taken important steps in this direction. By the scheme of hour meridians, the days in North America, which formerly were as numerous as the number of places that observed their own local time, have been reduced to five. We have thus recognized the absurdity of each town, State, or Province choosing its own zero, and maintaining a separate reckoning. This reform was accepted by the people with a unanimity and promptitude that ought to show that the nineteenth-century public may be trusted. A more important step was taken when the President of the United States, influenced largely, I believe, by President Barnard of Columbia College, invited delegates from all nations to a scientific conference at Washington to consider the subject of time-reckoning.

At this International Conference, which met in the autumn of 1884, and at which twenty-five nationalities were represented, Greenwich was accepted as the most expedient zero, and a proposal for a universal day, to begin for all the world at the moment of mean midnight of the initial meridian, and the hours of which should be counted continuously from zero to twenty-four, was adopted.* The advantage of having the day unbroken will be appreciated by travelers who have puzzled over railway guides and been particularly baffled by the A. M's and P. M's. They will be glad to know that a special committee of the American Society of Civil Engineers has announced (January, 1886) that one hundred and seventy-one managers and officers of railways in the United States and Canada have declared their readiness to abandon the division of the day into half-days, known as ante and post meridian, and to accept the numeration of the hours in one series from midnight to midnight. The Canada Pacific Railway has actually adopted the twenty-four-hour system on its main line and branches between Lake Superior and the Pacific. Mr. Fleming now suggests the beginning of the twentieth century as the best starting-point for the general adoption of the cosmic day of twenty-fours counted continuously.† The only question to be asked is, Why not sooner, if it must be soon or late?

It has been objected that this universal or cosmic day may be accepted for scientific purposes, but that it would never do to change the hours to which we have been accustomed in ordinary life for ordinary uses; that, for instance, it would be impossible for us to associate noon with seven o'clock instead of twelve. But such persons forget that no thing, no fact of nature, would be changed, and that it is not a law of Heaven that noon should be known as twelve o'clock. Sunrise and sunset, dawn and noon, "early candle-lighting," as our fathers denominated the gloaming, and bed-time, would come as usual. Only the numbers of the hours with which we have associated those facts would be changed, and in an incredibly short time we would become accustomed to the change. In some countries the day is divided into four parts. To the people in whose minds noon is associated with six o'clock, it must sound very oddly when twelve o'clock is used as the equivalent for noon. In ancient times each nation had its own chronology, just as it had its own language, laws, and religion. When the Roman Empire became practically coextensive with the world a general system of chronology was required. Hence the introduction of the Julian Calendar, which, with the rectification made under the direction of Pope Gregory, has regulated the Christian centuries. But, like everything else, the Gregorian Calendar itself is now seen to be antiquated. It is unsuited to modern facts and conditions. The world is much larger than when Rome spoke "*urbi et orbi*," and, thanks to steam and electricity, it is at the same time much smaller. New discoveries and inventions are annihilating space, and everything that interferes with the full recognition of the unity and solidarity of the race must be shaken and disappear. "If," says Mr. Fleming, in the memoir from which I have already quoted, "the reforms of 46 B. C. and 1582 A. D. owed their origin to the dominant necessity of removing confusion in connection with the notations which existed in the then conditions of the human race, in no less degree is a complete reform demanded by the new conditions which are presented in this age. The conclusions of the Washington Conference make provision for the needed change, and they will in all probability be held by future generations to mark an epoch in the annals of the world not less important than the reforms of Julius Cæsar and of Pope Gregory."

G. M. Grant.
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA.

* The names of the delegates on the part of the United States were Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, Professor Cleveland Abbe, Commander W. T. Sampson, Louis M. Rutherford, and William Frederick Allen.—EDITOR.

† This suggestion was first made by Prof. Simon Newcomb, in December, 1884.—EDITOR.

Genius and Matrimony.

THE literary taste of our day inclines strongly in the direction of personal memoirs, private letters, and biographical and autobiographical sketches. It is not surprising, therefore, that amongst the most widely read books which have issued from the Anglo-American press of late years, we should find those edited by James Anthony Froude, unfolding to a curious public the home life of Thomas Carlyle, and the "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," by their son, Mr. Julian Hawthorne. The lives of these two men of genius, Carlyle and Hawthorne, disclose such a startling difference of experience on the part of their wives that they may *seem* to preach very different gospels to romantic and ambitious young women. But do they? Mrs. Carlyle, after years of married life, cries from the bitterness of a nagged-out spirit, "My ambition has been more than gratified in Carlyle, and yet I am miserable!" Mrs. Hawthorne, after eight years of daily companionship, and the endurance of trials and comparative poverty more severe than any her English sister had to contend with, writes to her mother: "I never knew such loftiness so simply borne. I have never known him to stoop from it in the most trivial household matter, any more than in a large or more

public one. . . . Such a person can never lose the prestige which commands and fascinates. I cannot possibly conceive of my happiness, but in a blissful kind of confusion live on."

I recommend the hundreds of women who, having pitied the victim of Carlyle's dyspepsia, and sympathized with her heart-aches under years of bickering and neglect, accepted the dictum, *no woman who looks for happiness in her home life should marry a genius*, to review their decision in the light of Nathaniel Hawthorne's love-letters to his sweetheart and wife; nay, more, let them dispassionately examine the foundations of the unbroken felicity and inward peace of this typical New England home, where "plain living and high thinking" were the habits of every-day life; where, on occasion, *the genius* made the fire for the morning bath or meal, instead of smoking his pipe while his wife scrubbed the kitchen floor; let them notice that both Carlyle's and Hawthorne's muse was shy and sensitive and solitary, and that it was impossible for either of them to associate his wife in his great work; but that, whereas the wife of the Scotchman felt aggrieved and wounded at her exclusion from his inner life, and restive under the menial services she must render her lord and master to protect his enforced seclusion from any outside noise or interruption, the wife of the American went about her domestic duties with a light heart and cheery voice, while her husband wrestled with his vivid thoughts shut up in his darkened room, or pacing the quiet and solitary path between the pines.

To those interested in the subject of genius and matrimony, the writer ventures to suggest an explanation for such conflicting evidence, borne with such pathos and ecstasy by these two charming and clever women,—an explanation which might also point many a moral in circles of our social life where so disturbing an element as genius never penetrates.

The Hawthorne and Carlyle households were organized on totally diverse principles; one was a marriage of heart and mind, entered into seriously, reverently, and in the fear of God; the other was merely an intellectual *mariage de convenance*, and both bore fruits after their kind.

There was between Hawthorne and his wife not only absolute sympathy, but a still rarer quality, to be found in any relation of life, *justice;* she says of him, "It is never a question of private will between us, but of absolute right. His conscience is too high and fine to permit him to be arbitrary. He is so simple, so transparent, so just, so tender, so magnanimous, that my highest instinct could only correspond with his will."

Theirs was a love-match, tested and tried by judgment and self-control both before and after marriage; she did not feel shut out from his interests and work merely because a wooden door separated them during the working hours of the day; she knew that the very inspiration which produced his imperishable contributions to American classics depended for its undisturbed flow on a serene and happy domestic environment which she alone could supply. Hawthorne could not write when he was unhappy or felt that other duties demanded his efforts, and we are told that for one year the embryo of some of his best works lay dormant in his mind, because the only place for his desk in their cramped quarters was the nursery! So he played with the children while his wife did her share of their common duties, and in the evenings refreshed them both for the weary and dull routine of the morrow by reading Scott, Dickens, or some other favorite author, and bided his time with *faith* that he would be given the needful opportunity to write. Mrs. Hawthorne had as many stitches to take as Mrs. Carlyle, but when Hawthorne thought she had sewn enough for that twenty-four hours, he bid her put down her needle, *this side of fatigue*, and was always "immitigable" when he thought this point was barely reached. In a word, she was necessary to him, to his higher and nobler self, even more than to his economically ordered home; he makes her realize it year by year more perfectly as their life flows on through trials and worries such as come to genius and mediocrity alike, and, woman-like, she is happy.

In the case of the Carlyles, it was on one side a woman disappointed in love marrying from ambition,—which she admits was gratified beyond her utmost expectations; and on the other, the fit and prudent "settling in life" of a selfish Scotchman, who sought in his wife what he certainly found, an economical housekeeper who could pay her proportion into the family exchequer, and a brilliant and vivacious mind that should worthily receive and entertain the numerous visitors of a literary lion. If either member of this nervous and eccentric couple had sprinkled in their daily cup of bitterness a small part of the love which was the daily portion of Sophia Peabody and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the English and American world of readers would have been spared much of what Mr. Frederic Harrison justly calls "an autopsy of the personal and domestic life of a man that has written famous books."

Catherine Baldwin.

The Architectural League of New York.

In my concluding chapter on Recent American Architecture ("American Country Houses, III.," in the July issue of The Century) I spoke of the Architectural League of New York as a "student-club." But I have since received from one of its members a letter of which the substance is as follows: At the first organization of the League several years ago, it would have been correct to call it a student-club; but such is not now the case. From various causes—chief among them the fact that its rules required too much of its members—it gradually fell into a state of disuse, and may almost be said to have died. Meanwhile many of its original members had outlived their student days and entered upon the practice of their profession, some of them in distant towns. In the autumn of 1885 the committee which had in charge the exhibition of architectural drawings held in connection with that of the Salmagundi Club, came to the conclusion that an annual exhibition of such a kind would be sufficient *raison d'être* for the existence of a permanent Architectural Society. At the same time they learned that the old League was showing signs of renewed vitality, and several among them hastened to unite themselves with it. As now reorganized, the League is practically a new society, embracing architects, sculptors, painters, decorators,—in fact, all who are in any way interested in architecture as an art. "I

write all this," adds my correspondent, "because I think your error" (which he is kind enough to call a "very natural" one) "may give a wrong impression — an impression, too, that we have been most careful to avoid. If we are known as a 'student-club,' it will be detrimental to us; for eventually we hope to get a large membership, and not alone from the ranks of the younger generation."

It is with great pleasure that I now make this correction; for the status of the League, as I now understand it, seems to me an even greater proof of the vitality of the profession and the earnestness and enthusiasm of its members than it seemed when I believed it to be a mere association of youthful students.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Catch.

If any grace
To me belong,
In song,
Know then your face
Has been to me
A key;
For pitched in this
Delicious tone,
I've known
I could not miss
What music slips
Your lips.

If faults be found
In any line
Of mine,
To mar the sound
Of notes that try
To vie
With yours, my Sweet,
Then, always true,
Do you
The words repeat,
And make sublime
My rhyme!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Question of Ethics.

Fair Mary was my boyhood's flame,
When I was nine and she nineteen;
To all the swains who courting came,
Her ready answer was the same:
"I guess I'll wait for Johnny Green!"

Just what the maid was pleased to mean,
I will not now pretend to claim.
I only know she was my queen;
Nor did another step between
Till I myself nineteen became.

Now I relate the fact with shame;
I cannot think my conscience clean —
But Mary's love appearing tame
In ten years' playing at the game,
I craved her sister Josephine.

A fairer maid was never seen;
A host of lovers cried her fame.
But had I any right to blame
Her wish to wait for Tommy Green,
When that's my little brother's name?

Walter Clarke.

Dreams.

Here is the cottage, ivy hung,
And here the garden gate,
That softly to my footsteps swung
To find you fruits and flowers among,
My pleasant memoried Kate.

You were a free, fresh girl in teens;
I, old in college airs,
Proposed, you know, by well-known means
To raise you from these humble scenes,
And smooth your unborn cares.

I come back sometimes now and muse
On what had been our fate,
Had you lacked courage to refuse;
Though, as it is, I cannot choose
But thank you at this date.

The place looks old, and people stare
To hear me say it's falling;
You're just as handsome, they declare;
I hope so,— though I should not dare
To risk my dreams by calling.

Yet sometimes as you pass, I trust,
You pause as I am doing,
To free those few bright thoughts from dust,
And wonder what had been with just
A trifle warmer wooing.

Edward F. Hayward.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

De cooles' spring hides de closest 'mongst de rocks.

Las' 'ear's hot spell cools orf mighty fas'.

Light nigger too much for de so'-back horse.

De meller apple give fa'r warnin' 'fo' it fall.

De noise o' de wheels don't medjer de load in de wagon.

Wild goose in de wheat-fiel' don't go to sleep.

'Twont he'p de crop to plant a new-fangled sort o' corn, wid fifteen eers to de stalk, on de po' broomstraw fiel'; dat sort o' land got all it kin do raisin' one eer to de hill.

De dog dat try to scratch a mole out de groun' aint got 'nough edication to hu't him.

Blind horse know when de trough empty.

Tar'p'n on de log is jes' safe as de red fox in de bushes.

J. A. Macon.

THE NEW RUG.

"Keep outen heah, missus; keep outen heah. Dars a monst'us Hydraphobium under de sofa. So long ez I eyes him straight he doan dare move, but yer better call marster, quick!"

Documentary Proof of Self-defense.

PROBABLY no legal phrase in common use is so little understood, and through this ignorance so fruitful of the long, tedious, and expensive litigation which it is said to be the object of law to prevent, as the two harmless-looking words "self defense." In law, the term embraces and describes "all the rights conferred upon the individual to protect by his own acts and agencies his property or his person against some injury unlawfully attempted to be inflicted by another." This definition should be committed to memory by every school-boy in the land. He will then have laid the foundation for a knowledge of the law of self-defense which may be of great value to him in after life.

But the chief difficulty in setting up and proving self-defense in a court is twofold.

First. We must be thoroughly convinced that a great injury to person or property is contemplated.

Second. We must be able to establish by proof that such injury to person or property was so contemplated by the assailant at the time of the self-defense alleged.

In other words, the identity of the assailant, and his sincere desire to do us great injury, either to person or property, must be proved beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt in the minds of the highly intelligent jury. This is not so easy as at first appears. We must establish by some proof that is free from bias or prejudice that the defendant was just in the act of imbruing his hands in our gore or about to commit a felony when we smote him, as set up in our defense. Therefore the testimony of members of the family would have little weight with an average jury.

For these reasons, which I trust I have made quite clear, it has occurred to me that documentary evidence

would be the best. Supposing that I awake in the night from a sound and innocent slumber to find the bull's eye of a total stranger shining in my eyes. I see that he is ransacking the pockets of my pantaloons. I start suddenly as a wave of horror passes the entire length of the spinal column. The frenzied start squeaks the costly framework of the richly carved couch on which I recline. In an instant the gentleman whips out a small gun, tells me to move at my peril, and with his pockets full of stuff that I have toiled hard for years to accomplish, he slowly egresses. I realize that my wife would not be a competent witness on my behalf, and I have failed to provide other witnesses in my apartments. You know a man cannot think of everything. In fact thousands of men retire every night with absolutely no one as witness or to protect them but their wives, forgetting that as a protector a wife is almost worthless, and as a witness she is even more so.

So I have written out and had printed a large number of blanks, on which appear the following questions with spaces for answers. You wake up in the dead hours of night to find a party in the room engaged in the felony industry. You ask him to be seated, and taking from your writing-desk the blank alluded to, you propound the following conundrums to him, filling in the answers as he gives them:

1. What is your name?
2. Where do you reside?
3. What is your age?
4. Your weight?
5. Are you married or single; and if so, would your family be left destitute in case I should shoot you in self-defense?
6. Do you die easy or do you generally cling to life?
7. Are you a natural-born citizen of the United States or are you an alien?
8. If an alien, please state whether it is a family characteristic?
9. Do you use tobacco?
10. Please state what disposition you would like to have made of your remains in case you should be shot in self-defense.
11. Do you drink?
12. If so, why will you persist in so doing?
13. What do you generally take?

(Intermission.)

. . . . . .

14. Do you contemplate the commission of a felony?
15. If so, state what is your favorite style of felony and your reasons for dabbling in felony?
16. Is this the first time you have ever taken part in a justifiable homicide?
17. If not, please state fully where, when, and under what circumstances you took such a part, and whether or not you at that time took the offensive or the defensive.
18. Do you smoke cigarettes?
19. Please breathe hard on the breath-tester, not necessarily for publication, but for future analysis.
20. Have you ever been insane?
21. Are you insane now?
22. Do you ever have microbes on your brain?
23. If so, do you think that they tend to deteriorate the brain tissue, or do you think that they improve it in your case?
24. Have you any other clothes that you would prefer to be laid out in, aside from those you now wear?
25. When did you first begin to toil up toward the pinnacle of felony?
26. What amount of money would you be willing to take in order to forego and, as it were, omit this particular felony?
27. Would mining stock or ninety-day paper be taken in such a deal?
28. If unsatisfactory answers are made to both the above interrogations, will you please state fully what medical college you would prefer to endow with yourself?
29. Is the idea of a personal devil repulsive to you?
30. Would you please protrude your tongue as far as possible, and hold it there until a physician can be summoned?
31. Are you an offensive partisan?

(Sign here) .....

Signed in the presence
of

.....

The witnesses must be wholly disinterested parties, and in case either should be unable to sign his or her name, two witnesses to the making of the mark must be present and sign. The following oath and jurat should then be subscribed and sworn to before a notary public or court of record. The latter is preferable.

State of..... } *ss.*
County of..... }

On this....day of.....A. D. 188..before me, a duly elected and qualified....., elected by..... majority on the.....ticket, appeared..... ....felony-specialist, who, being of sound mind, freely and voluntarily, being beyond the influence of his wife, doth depose and say that he is the felony-specialist above alluded to; that he signed the foregoing list of interrogatories and the answers thereto, and that he would cheerfully do it again if his life could be spared; that he is about to enter into an arrangement by which he will be enabled to grapple with the mysteries of justifiable homicide, and that he was shot in self-defense. He hopes that the jury will accept this ante-mortem statement as true, and that they will excuse all errors in spelling and a poor pen, and further deponent saith not.

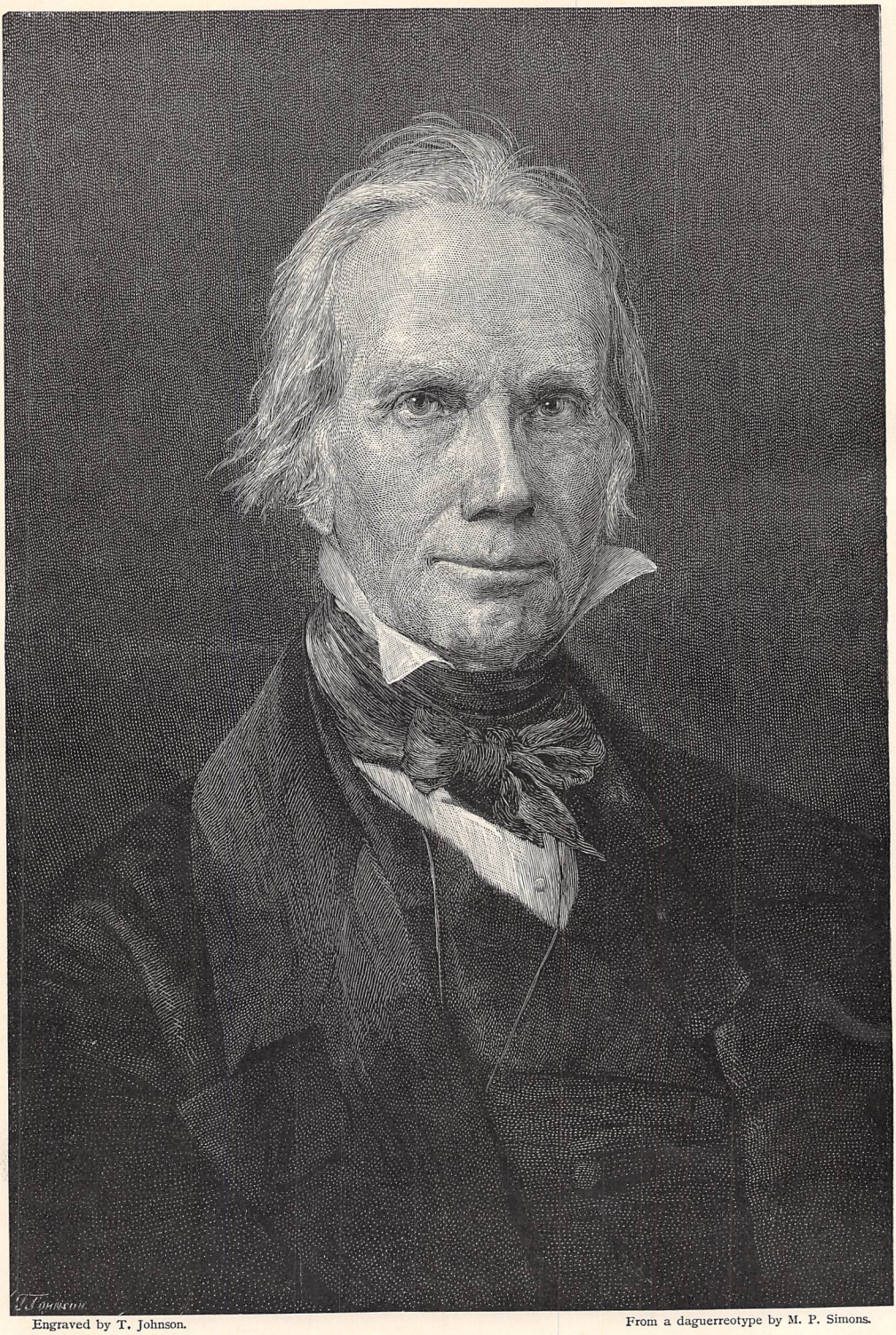
(Signed).....

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this.....day of .....A. D. 188..

(Signature of notary or judge) } .....

By using these blanks and using them intelligently, I believe that much tedious and exasperating litigation might be avoided, and that a great deal of brain fag, which is becoming so alarmingly prevalent among jurors, will be prevented. Should these lines be productive of such results, though it be in a slight degree only, I shall be proud and happy.

Bill Nye.



Engraved by T. Johnson.

From a daguerreotype by M. P. Simons.

HENRY CLAY.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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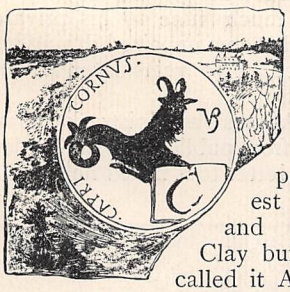
ASHLAND, THE HOME OF HENRY CLAY.



AMONG the rolling hills of the far-famed blue-grass region of Kentucky, in the midst of a park of fine old forest trees,— ash, oak, and walnut,— Henry Clay built his home and called it Ashland, from the number of trees of that species, and possibly, too, in tender memory of his boyhood home in Virginia, where the "Mill-boy of the Slashes," the son of an impoverished preacher, first lived the life that he was to make so famous.

In 1797, Clay, then only twenty years of age, left the law office of Francis Brooke, Attorney-General of Virginia, and afterwards Governor, and went to Kentucky, to which State his mother, since her second marriage, had already removed. Lexington, at that time the most considerable town west of the Alleghanies, was the place chosen for location, and here he made his first speech before a debating society, electrifying his hearers, and giving a promise afterwards so brilliantly fulfilled. He soon, to use his own words, "rushed into a lucrative practice," and was successively elected to the State Legislature and the Senate of the United States.

Thus successful, he was enabled to purchase early in the new century a tract of land a few miles south-east of Lexington, beautifully situated and very fertile. Here, about the year 1809, he erected a handsome brick dwelling-house, which ever afterwards remained to him a beloved retreat from the cares and fatigue of a most energetic public life. In the midst of the stirring scenes in which he was so conspicuous an actor, his thoughts ever reverted tenderly to his country home and the delights of rural life; and in his private correspondence are found frequent allusions to farm matters—the expression of an eager desire to return to Ashland and devote himself to agricultural pursuits, to test some favorite theory of fertilization, to superintend the rearing of recently imported stock.

The situation selected for the house is a slight elevation, from which the blue-grass slopes stretch in gentle undulations down to the city, some two miles distant, and in full view. In the rear lies an extensive woodland, a remnant of the virgin forest, devoid of undergrowth. The mansion, as originally erected, consisted of a main building two stories and a half in height, flanked on either side by wings the full breadth of the house, though but a single story high, to which are attached L's, projecting to the front. The present mansion does not depart materially from the original plan. The general effect is odd, but not unpleasing; and the numerous gables and chimney-tops are delightfully suggestive of that hospitality for which Ashland has ever been renowned.

The interior arrangement of the house is peculiar, though singularly convenient and charming. The entrance is into a lofty octagonal hall, to the left of which is a small room used by Clay as an office. On the right is the staircase, and directly opposite the front entrance are doors leading into the drawing-room and dining-room, the two apartments connected by a wide, arched doorway. In the northern wing on each side are narrow halls running its entire length, between which is the library, a beautiful octagonal room with a dome ceiling, finished with panels of ash and walnut, and lighted from above. Beyond

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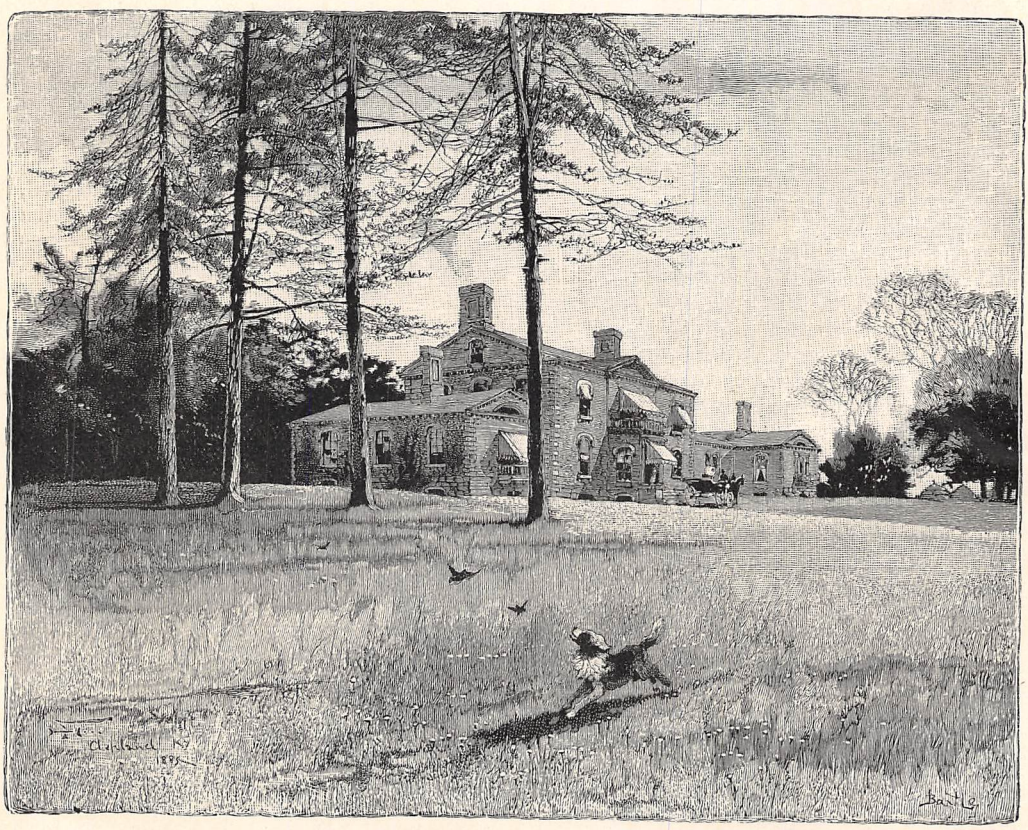
the library are a billiard-room and sleeping apartments.

The entire woodwork of the interior is highly polished walnut and ash cut upon the place. In the billiard-room, drawing-room, and the hall behind the library, the windows open to the floor out upon a broad terrace of brick and stone; and in the dining-room and drawing-room, into a large conservatory, beyond which extends a richly turfed lawn, now laid out in a series of tennis courts. The southern extension of the house is devoted entirely to domestic uses.

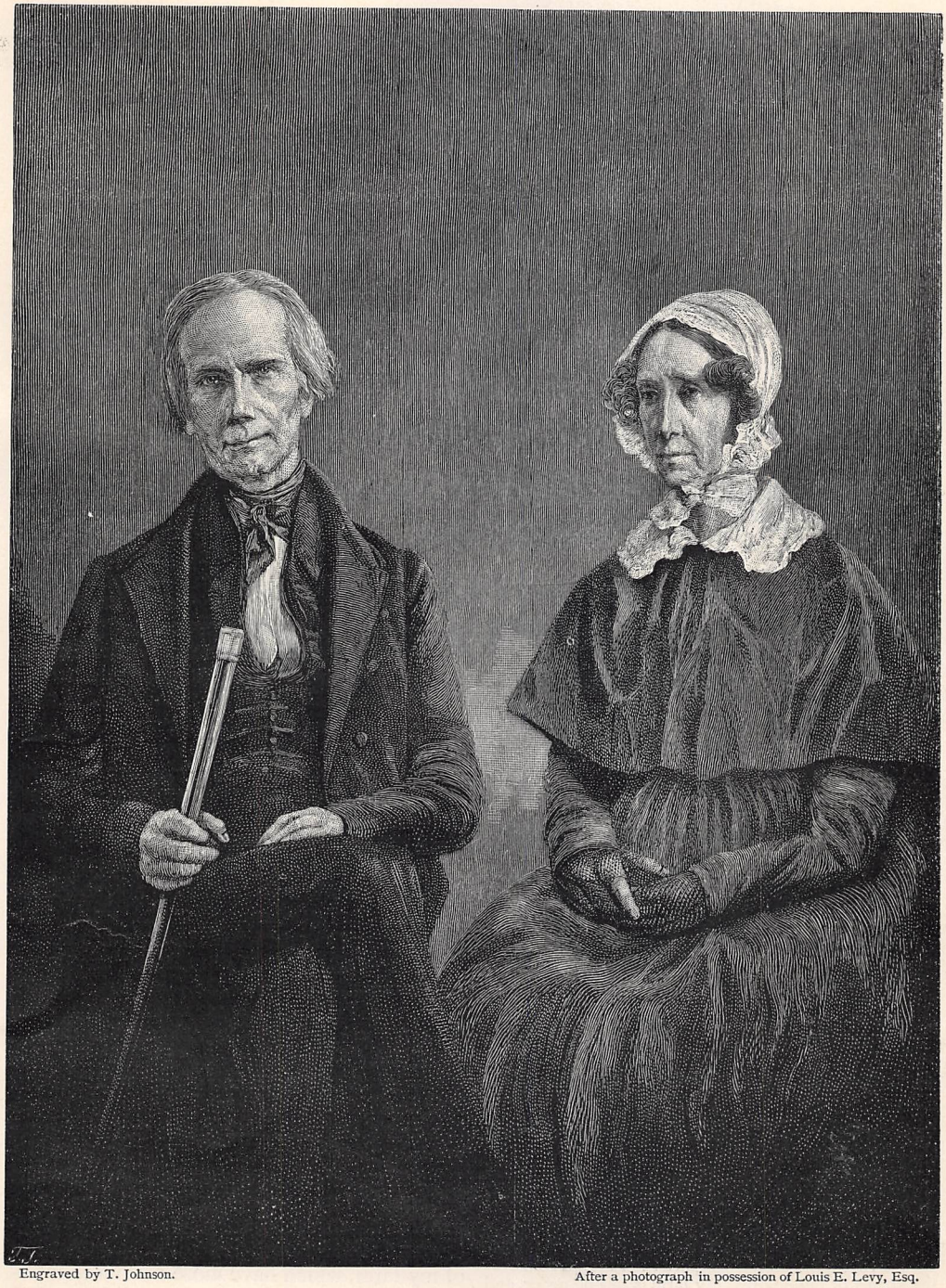
After Clay's return from Europe, whither he had gone as commissioner plenipotentiary to the Council of Ghent, he bestowed much attention to beautifying the grounds about Ashland, putting into practical use observations made while abroad. His model seems to have been an English country-seat. Owing to the peculiar natural attractions of the place, the intervention of art was but slightly necessary. A park of superb forest trees, sloping lawns, sheeted with the luxuriant blue-grass, which retains its freshness and velvety softness throughout the winter, and a wide-reaching view of the surrounding country were supplied by nature; so that all remaining for the hand of man was to lay out the grounds and make use of the material so lavishly placed at his command. This was done with great taste and elegant simplicity. From the mountains were transplanted dogwoods, redbuds, pines, hollies, and other flowering and ornamental trees; and handsome shrubs, not indigenous to the country, were dotted about the lawns. Tan-bark walks were laid, heavily shaded by avenues of hemlocks, ashes, and walnuts, their delicate foliage interlacing overhead.

Clay's attendance upon Congress, necessitating long and frequent absences from Kentucky, rendered this work of improvement and adornment very gradual, as he delighted to give to it his personal supervision. But at the close of the session of 1821 he retired from Congress and resumed the practice of his profession, devoting much time to his private affairs, which had become impaired during his long public service. Two years later he returned to Congress.

At the close of Adams's administration Clay once more retired from public life to the shades of Ashland. In a letter to a friend he writes:



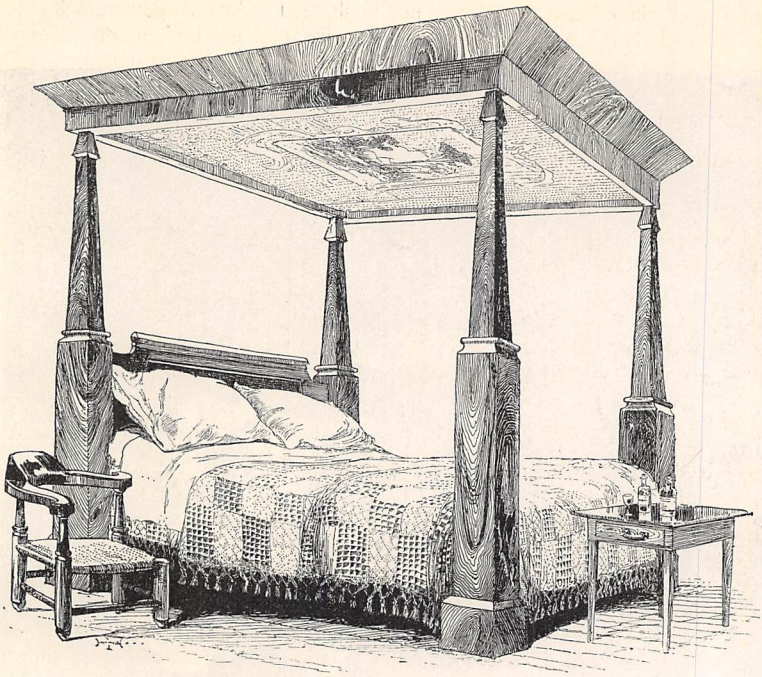
ASHLAND.



Engraved by T. Johnson.

After a photograph in possession of Louis E. Levy, Esq.

HENRY CLAY AND HIS WIFE.



HENRY CLAY'S BED, USED BY HIM FOR FIFTY YEARS.

"My journey has been marked by every token of warm attachment and cordial demonstrations. I never experienced more testimonials of respect and confidence, nor more enthusiasm. Dinners, suppers, balls, etc. I have had literally a free passage. Taverns, stages, toll-gates have been generally thrown open to me, free from all charge. Monarchs might be proud of the reception with which I have been everywhere honored."

Notwithstanding this expression of public sentiment towards him, he joyfully returned to his peaceful home and the rural life, to him so full of delights. A month later we find him writing to his old instructor, Governor Brooke:

"I have been much occupied, since my return, with repairs to my house, grounds, and farm. . . . I have not determined to return to the practice of my old profession, and nothing but necessity will compel me to put on the harness again."

Throughout the active correspondence with Governor Brooke, which is of the most intimate character, are found frequent allusions to this subject. April 19, 1830, he writes from Ashland:

"I assure you most sincerely that I feel myself more and more weaned from public affairs. My attachment to rural occupation every day acquires more strength, and if it continues to increase another year as it has the last, I shall be fully prepared to renounce forever the strifes of public life. My farm is in fine order, and my preparations for the crop of the present year are in advance of all my neighbors. I shall make a better farmer than a statesman. And I find in the business of cultivation, gardening, grazing, and the rearing of various descriptions of domestic animals, the most agreeable resources."

Again, a few days later, having been urged to make a political journey to the North, and feeling some desire to do so, he writes to the same gentleman:

"But I believe I shall resist it and remain in Kentucky, where (will you believe it?) I am likely to make an excellent farmer. I am almost tempted to believe that I have heretofore been altogether mistaken in my capacity, and that I have, though late, found out the vocation best suited to it."

Thus it is throughout his entire correspondence, though more particularly in this free, untrammeled intercourse with his beloved instructor. In the midst of the most heated discussions of the stirring political questions of the day, when his fiery spirit is roused to the utmost, comes the same refrain in clear undertone: "I shall remain more than ever at Ashland, the occupations of which I relish more than ever."

Through this charming medium we catch glimpses of the domestic side of a great man's character, ever most interesting, for in it we trace the kinship of humanity.

In the autumn of 1831 he writes: "I am strongly urged to go to the Senate, and I am now considering whether I can subdue my repugnance to the service." After some hesitation, he finally obeyed the clamorous appeals of his constituents and the dictates of public duty, and in the following winter once more took his place in the councils of the nation, where he remained until the spring of 1842.

During this long period of political activity, a period fraught with questions and issues of the most exciting character, in his private correspondence we continue to read of his attachment to Ashland and the life of a farmer. "Since my return from Washington," he writes to Governor Brooke, May 30, 1833, "I have been principally occupied with the operations of my farm, which have more and more interest for me. There is a great difference, I think, between a farm employed in raising dead produce for market, and one which is applied, as mine is, to the rearing of all kinds of live stock. I have the Maltese ass, the

Arabian horse, the merino and Saxe merino sheep, the English Hereford and Durham cattle, the goat, the mule, and the hog. The progress of these animals from their infancy to maturity presents a constantly varying subject of interest, and I never go out of my house without meeting with some of them to engage agreeably my attention. Then our fine greensward, our natural parks, our beautiful undulating country, everywhere exhibiting combinations of grass and trees, or luxuriant crops, all conspire to render home delightful."

This inventory of live stock upon the Ashland farm renders it almost unnecessary to state that this region of Kentucky, despite its great fertility, is more eminently fitted for the rearing of live stock, owing to the native blue-grass covering its hills with a rich carpet of perpetual verdure. To this branch of agricultural employment Clay devoted himself, more especially during the intermissions of his public career. Among other importations was a very interesting Spanish ass, Don Manuel by name, shipped from Bordeaux in 1835 by Henry Clay, Jr. Don Manuel is represented as a very fine and handsome animal, and as gentle as a dog. His picture is still carefully preserved in the family. Young Clay while abroad also purchased for his father fine breeds of cattle and horses in England, and made an expedition to the Hautes-Pyrénées for the purpose of procuring more animals of that species to which Don Manuel belonged, a species of ass not generally known in America. Thus Ashland became one of the most finely stocked farms in the whole blue-grass district.

While paying special attention to stock-raising, Clay did not neglect the cultivation of the soil. Experiments in agriculture ever possessed interest for him, particularly in the way of fertilization. Hemp, in the production of which Kentucky stands foremost among the States of the Union, also received much of his care; and he wrote a pamphlet upon the subject of its cultivation.

"How did Mr. Clay rank among the farmers of the neighborhood?" inquired the present writer of an old gentleman who was Clay's intimate personal friend and his executor, though his political opponent.

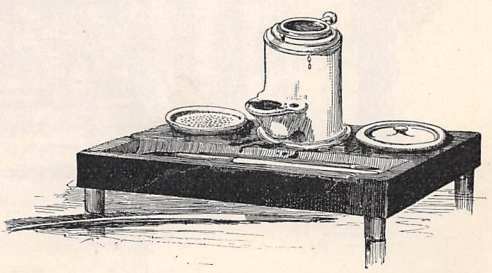
"Oh, none ranked higher," was the instantaneous reply — "except his wife."

This estimable woman, during her husband's long and frequent absences at the seat of government, literally took the reins into her own hands, made a practical study of agriculture, oversaw the overseer, and became an oracle among the farmers of the vicinity. The garden and dairy, which enjoyed her special supervision, were made alone to meet the expenses of the establishment. And a quaint, delightful spot it is, this old garden, where every spring the daffodils and snowdrops come up and blossom demurely in the first warm days, and the musk-roses flaunt their bright heads the summer long, quite as if they had not been superseded by daintier beauties years ago. It is also related of Mrs. Clay that preparatory to her husband's departure from home she invariably received from him a handsome check, which she as regularly restored to him upon his return, with the laconic remark that she had found no use for it.

At last, in the spring of 1842, Clay executed his long-cherished purpose of retiring from the public service to spend the remainder of his brilliant life amid the peaceful shades of Ashland. With this intention he resigned his seat in the Senate, and the voice of "the old man eloquent" sounded for the last time, as he thought, in the halls whose echoes had been so frequently awakened by its magic. But his devoted people, inconsiderate in their enthusiasm, would not resign him to the tranquillity of private life; and so, ten years later, broken in health, with the snows of threescore years and ten thick upon his brow, he went back to die amid the scenes of his former triumphs.

During the years of his retirement Ashland was, as indeed it had ever been, the shrine toward which many a pilgrim bent his steps. Its doors were thrown open with the most profuse though unostentatious hospitality. Every one went away as much impressed by the simplicity and elegance of the man as by his greatness. After dinner, guests were usually taken out to examine the fine stock, to see some newly imported animal or improved breed of cattle, or to note the result of agricultural experiments — all of which to him were replete with the keenest interest and enjoyment.

Many distinguished persons have been the recipients of the hospitality of Ashland. Lafayette, when in this country in 1824, paid his respects to its hospitable lord, between whom and himself an unbroken correspondence was maintained through many years. Harriet



HENRY CLAY'S INKSTAND.

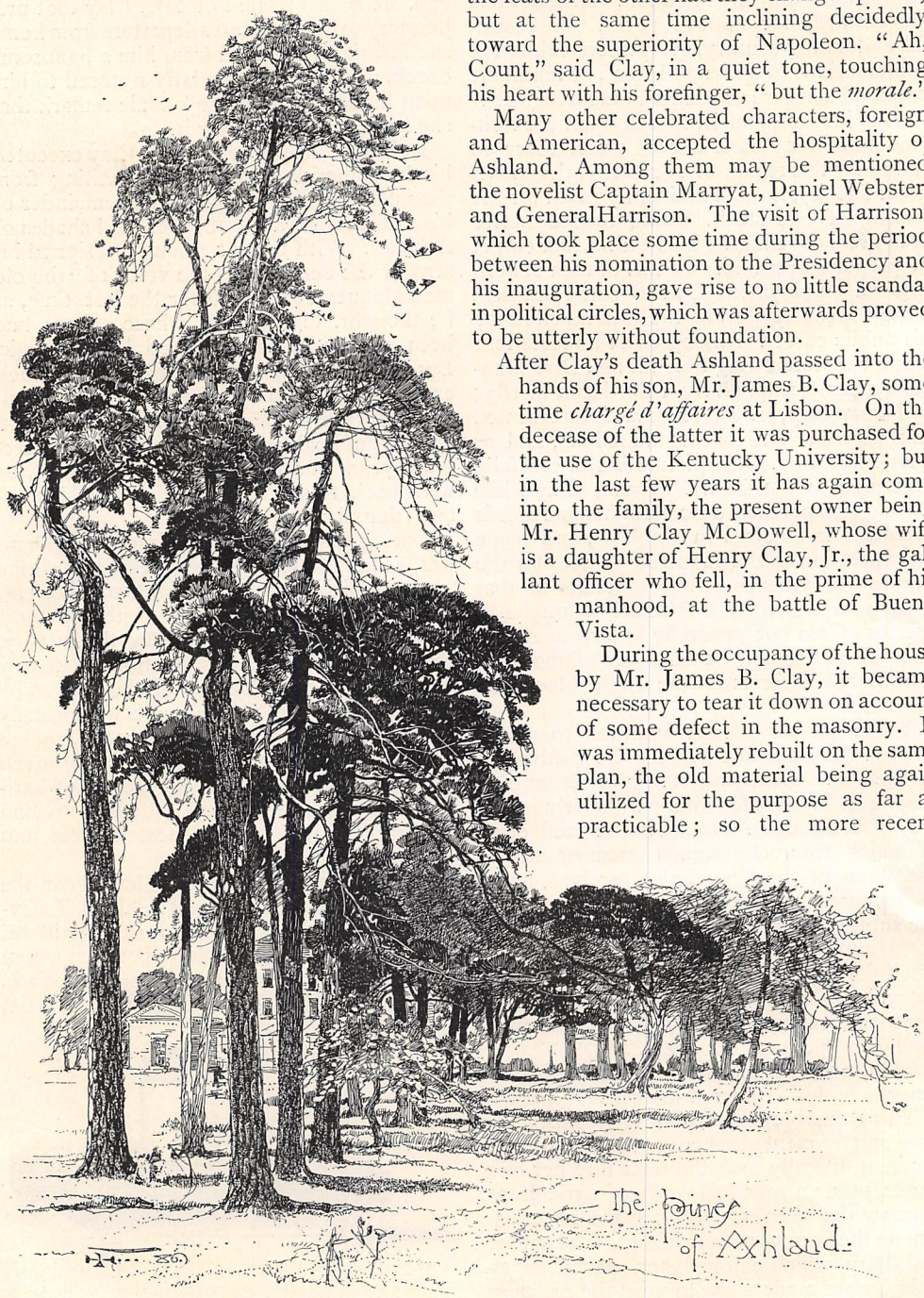
Martineau also was a guest here, as were many other distinguished foreigners, among them being Lord Morpeth, His Excellency Baron de Maréchal, at one time Austrian Minister at Washington, and Count Bertrand.

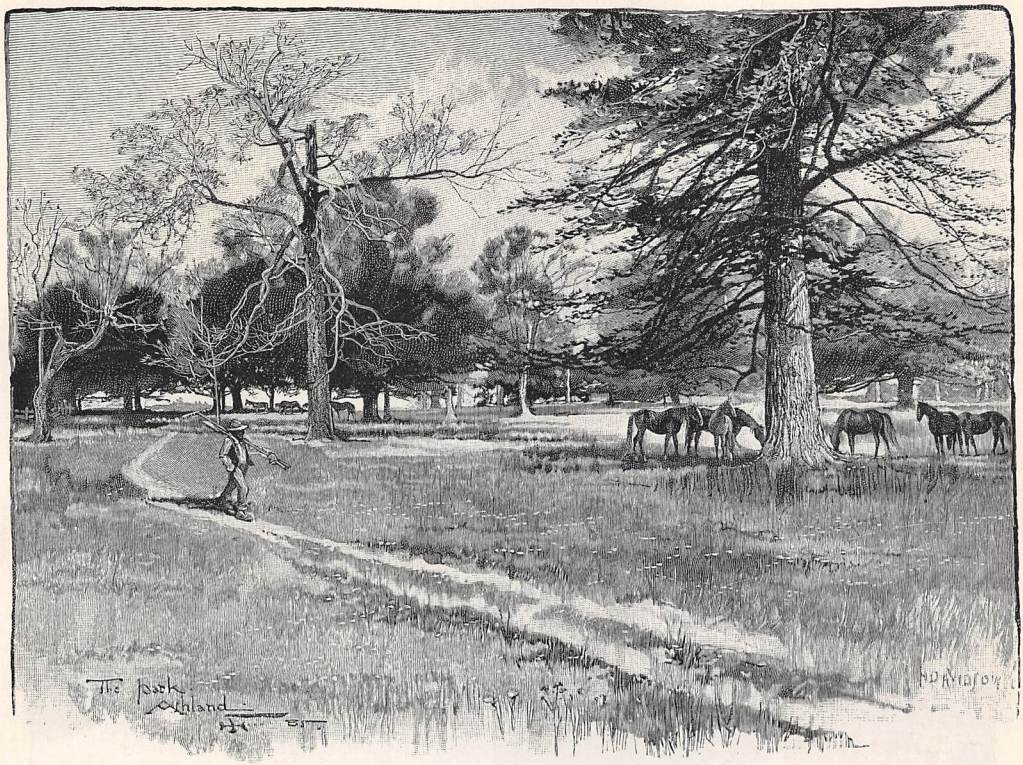
On the occasion of Count Bertrand's visit, while sitting at the dinner-table he noticed on the wall an engraving depicting a domestic scene at Mount Vernon, in which Washington was represented as tracing his campaigns upon a map for the entertainment of his wife. Bertrand instantly instituted a comparison between the American general and Napoleon, saying that neither could have accomplished the feats of the other had they changed places; but at the same time inclining decidedly toward the superiority of Napoleon. "Ah, Count," said Clay, in a quiet tone, touching his heart with his forefinger, "but the *morale*."

Many other celebrated characters, foreign and American, accepted the hospitality of Ashland. Among them may be mentioned the novelist Captain Marryat, Daniel Webster, and General Harrison. The visit of Harrison, which took place some time during the period between his nomination to the Presidency and his inauguration, gave rise to no little scandal in political circles, which was afterwards proved to be utterly without foundation.

After Clay's death Ashland passed into the hands of his son, Mr. James B. Clay, some time *chargé d'affaires* at Lisbon. On the decease of the latter it was purchased for the use of the Kentucky University; but in the last few years it has again come into the family, the present owner being Mr. Henry Clay McDowell, whose wife is a daughter of Henry Clay, Jr., the gallant officer who fell, in the prime of his manhood, at the battle of Buena Vista.

During the occupancy of the house by Mr. James B. Clay, it became necessary to tear it down on account of some defect in the masonry. It was immediately rebuilt on the same plan, the old material being again utilized for the purpose as far as practicable; so the more recent





THE PARK, ASHLAND.

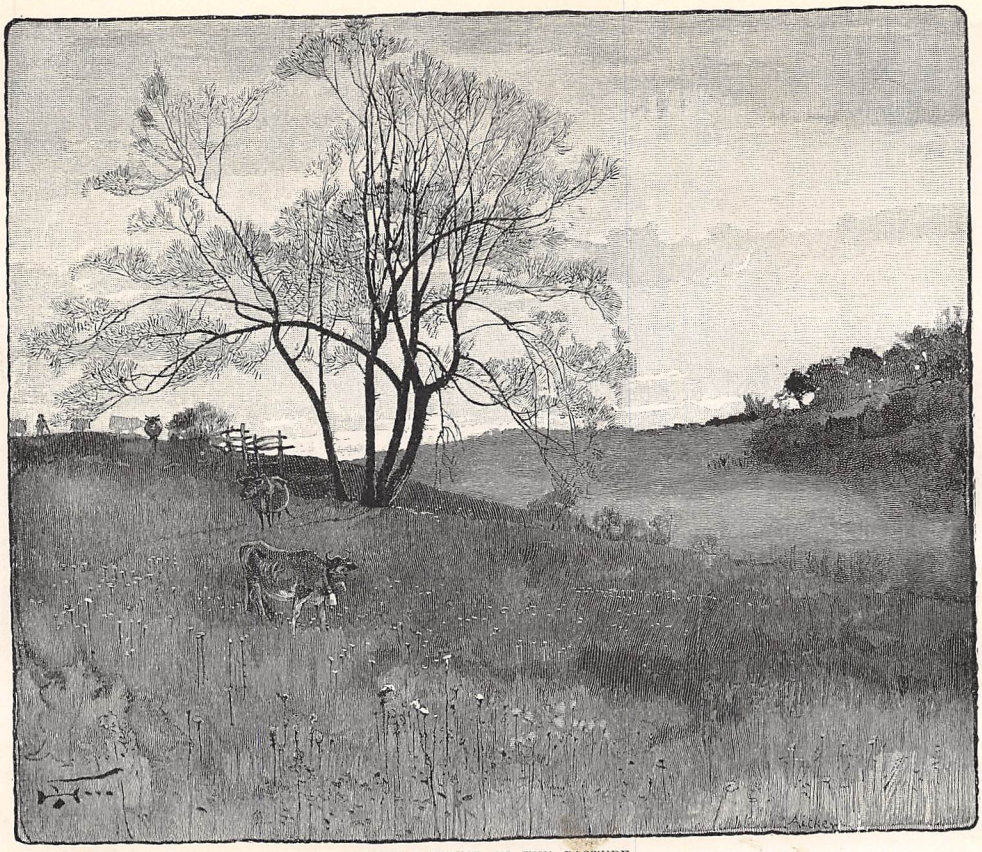
mansion stands an almost exact counterpart of the original. The room formerly used by Clay as an office was restored in the minutest detail.

Since its reacquisition by the family, Ashland has once more taken on its pristine state. Old traditions are tenderly fostered, and the whole place is delightfully redolent of the great man, its founder. His favorite promenade, a serpentine walk wandering along beneath an avenue of pines and cedars, with here and there a redbud or dogwood, where he delighted to stroll in moments of reflection, has been preserved intact; and many other spots are pleasantly associated with his name. His portrait, made when he was a young man, by the celebrated Kentucky artist, Matthew Jouett, hangs in the hall, and another representing him in later life, done by a member of the family, adorns the wall of the drawing-room; while in the library is placed a bust taken from Hart's statue.

The present owner of Ashland has once more converted it into a farm for the rearing of blooded stock, and in its stables may be seen some of the finest trotters in the State. We saw the beautiful creatures as they came home from the fall trotting races, bearing their blue ribbons along with them, and — but it may have been a fancy — they seemed to carry their graceful heads more proudly since they wore the badges of new victories.

From the front lawn is commanded a fine and extended view of the surrounding country, the domes and spires of the city standing out prominently against the sky, the whole prospect closed within a frame of branching walnut-trees. Slightly to the left of the picture rises a lofty column surmounted by a statue, the outline of which is scarcely visible. This is the Clay monument, erected to the memory of the great statesman by his admirers in the State of his adoption. In the base of the monument are placed two handsome marble sarcophagi, containing the remains of himself and his wife.

The great number of trees about the place, indigenous and exotic, evergreen and deciduous, illustrate Clay's fondness and taste for arboriculture. Lofty pines transplanted from the Kentucky mountains rear their heads majestically. Numerous chestnuts, cedars, hollies, and flowering dogwoods and redbuds, all brought from the mountains, and hemlocks, Norway spruces, larches, and catalpas, combine with the native ash and walnut in



WILLOW SPRING, IN THE PASTURE.

forming umbrageous avenues and small groves about the lawn, the air being fragrant with their resinous odors.

Ashland was indeed the picture of an ideal country-seat, as we saw it when the frost had come and, like a magician, transformed the summer green of its park into a mass of more gorgeous colors, while the crimson and yellow autumn leaves drifted down — perhaps a trifle sorrowfully, for all their brilliant hues — and lay glittering on the soft, blue-tinged sward beneath; and the sleek-coated trotters cropped the grass and formed themselves into picturesque groups, in harmony with the warm, richly glowing October landscape.

From the neighboring turnpike — and let me say a word in praise of Kentucky highways — Ashland presents no other appearance than that of solid comfort and simple elegance; a place well kept up by people of culture and refinement. Its wide-reaching lawns and woodlands, all in perfect trim, its many gables, and chimney-tops, and outstretched wings, are pleasantly suggestive of that hospitality which has ever reigned within its doors.

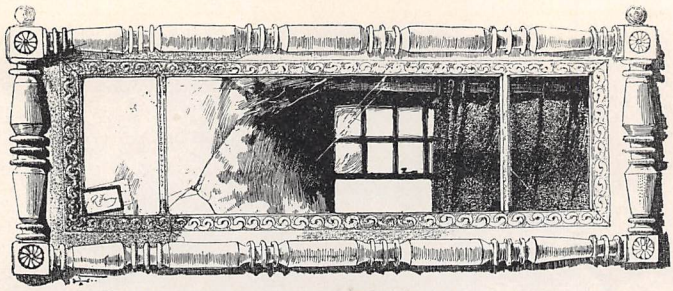
Chas. W. Coleman, Jr.

HENRY CLAY.

REMINISCENCES BY HIS EXECUTOR.*

IF it gives an old man any pleasure to recall even the trifles that were of interest to him when the world and its ways were new and fresh to him, my descendants, I am sure, will not regret that I have here recorded some of them for their entertainment. I feel that I

* The following reminiscences of Henry Clay, by his only surviving executor, were written without any view to their publication, and were intended solely for the perusal of the author's descendants,— in the belief that it would interest them to know something of the confidential relations which existed between Mr. Clay and the author. Especially it was the wish of the latter to convey to them the impression made upon him by his distinguished friend. It was with difficulty that we were able to convince Mr. Harrison that the world at large would place value upon these authentic and affectionate memorials. — THE EDITOR.



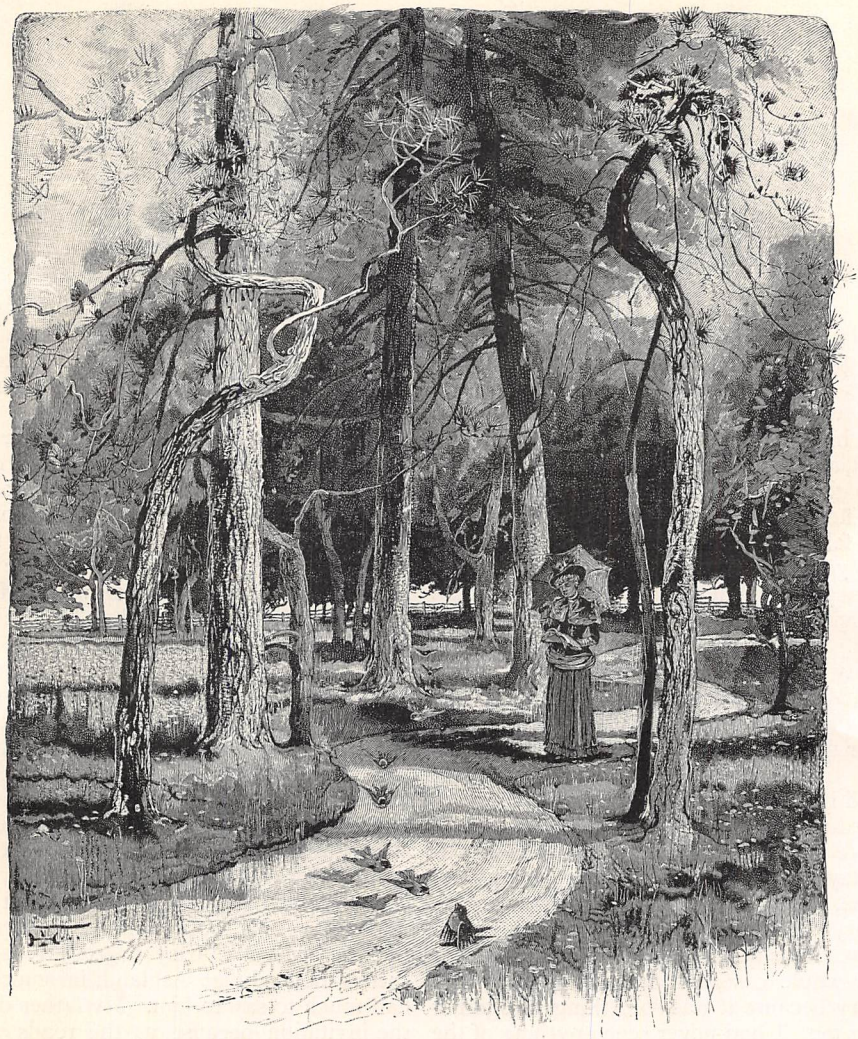
MIRROR FROM ASHLAND, NOW IN POSSESSION OF JOHN M. CLAY, ESQ.

can talk to them of trifles which I would not speak of to the outside world. My chief purpose is to give my recollections of my intercourse with Mr. Clay, which for some years before his death was very intimate and confidential, and exceedingly agreeable to me, and also to give the impressions he made upon me.

My first recollection of Mr. Clay goes back to the fall of 1820; I was then in my seventeenth year, and a member of the junior class in the academical department of Transylvania University, now known as the Kentucky University. Court was in session, and led by curiosity I entered the crowded room. There stood Mr. Barry addressing the jury, and soon afterwards another gentleman behind the bar filled a glass tumbler with claret, and during a pause in Mr. Barry's argument handed it to him, saying as he did so, in a very cheery tone of voice, "I'll treat you, though you are against me." That gentleman was Mr. Clay. Mr. Barry, without manifesting any surprise, drank the claret just as if it were an ordinary occurrence, and went on with his argument. This incident is all that I remember of the whole case, and it fixed itself in my memory because it was something altogether new to me. I had never seen anything of the sort in the courts at home, with which I was pretty familiar, my father being the clerk of these courts. Mr. Barry, a rare orator, was then the leader of the "fierce Democracy" of Kentucky.

I again saw Mr. Clay in December of the same year, a day or two before Christmas. Being still at school in Lexington, and there being no public conveyance between it and Mount Sterling, my father had come to take me home for the holidays. We were by the fire in the hall of the hotel, when Mr. Clay came in, and seeing my father, he greeted him at once with the familiar air and tone of an old friend, grasped him by the hand, and addressing him by his given name inquired about his health. I was somewhat startled, because I had never before heard any one call my father by his given name; but Mr. Clay's manner and the tones of his voice were so impressive, so natural, and apparently so sincere that my surprise was soon lost in my admiration of the man, and especially as my father seemed to be as much gratified by the meeting as Mr. Clay himself. After some friendly chat Mr. Clay urged my father to spend the night at Ashland, inasmuch as he had much to say to him. My father declined the invitation because, as the roads were in very bad condition and the days short, he

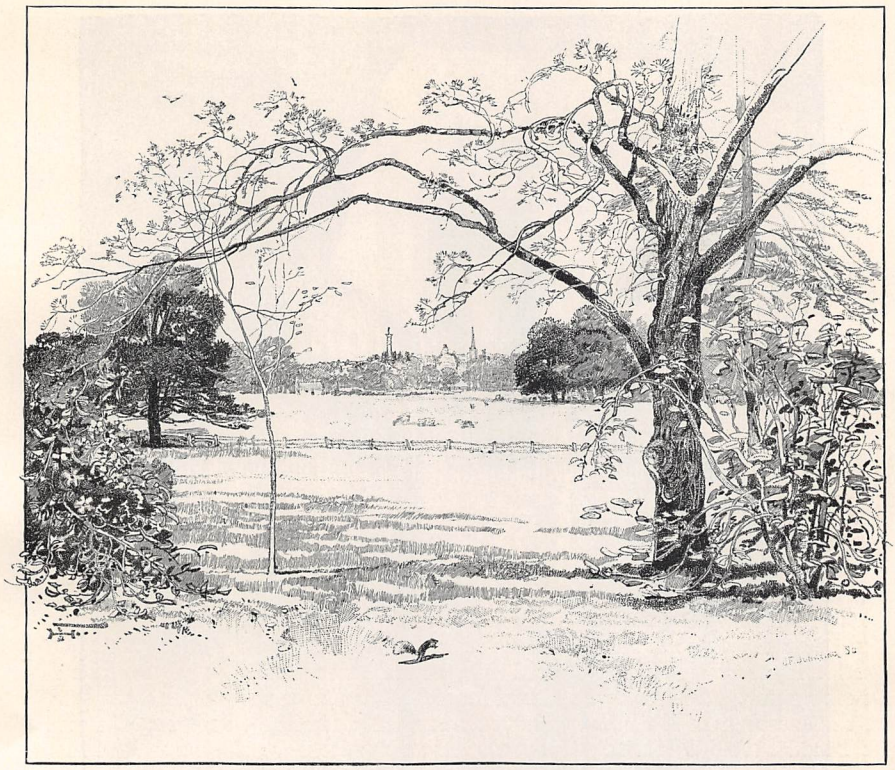
ICE-HOUSE, ASHLAND.



CLAY'S WALK.

would not be able to reach home before dark unless he got an early start in the morning. Then said Mr. Clay, "You of course must have breakfast before starting, and therefore you will lose no time by starting from the hotel at daybreak, and taking your breakfast at Ashland; you know Ashland is directly on your route home." My father accepted the invitation, and though we were at Ashland at an early hour the next morning, we found everything ready to receive us. No one was at the breakfast but Mr. and Mrs. Clay, my father and myself. The subjects talked of were the state of his health, which was not good, and that of his private affairs, which had suddenly become heavily embarrassed by his suretyship for a large amount, which, according to my recollection, he mentioned as being $40,000. He said that though he had been absent from Congress during its then session, yet as his health had somewhat improved, and he had succeeded in putting the surety debt on a basis as satisfactory to himself as he had any reason to expect, he hoped to be able to leave for Washington immediately after the holidays, and to be in his seat in the House of Representatives in time to take part in the debate on the question as to the admission of Missouri into the Union as a slave State.

In speaking of this heavy debt and of the uncertain state of his health, and indeed of the general pressure, public and private, then on him, he uttered no complaint and manifested neither despondency nor gloom; on the contrary, he was as bright and as cheery and as buoyant at that early breakfast as he was



THE CLAY MONUMENT, FROM ASHLAND LAWN.

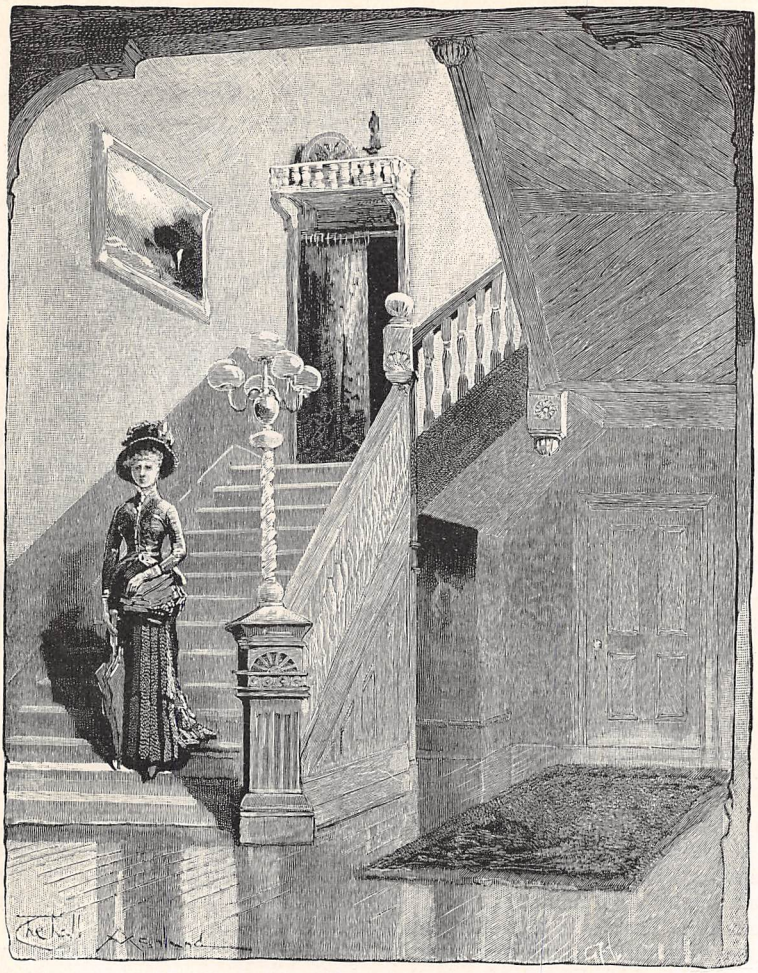
the evening before; and when long years afterwards I got to know him well, I found this hopefulness and buoyancy of temperament were among his most marked and enduring characteristics. They were not only prominently displayed throughout the most stormy and anxious period of his life, say from 1825 to 1842, when he made his farewell address, but they gave a cheering glow to his conversation even when drooping under the heaviness of old age.

My own conjecture is that the large sum of about $25,000 paid to the Northern Bank in Lexington, many years afterwards, by his friends, and without his knowledge, was in part at least the residue of that surety debt above referred to. Mr. John Tilford, president of that bank, in a published letter now before me, of date Lexington, May 20, 1845, says: "Within the last two months I have received, from various sections of the United States, letters to my address containing money which I was requested to apply to the payment of the Hon. H. Clay's debts, with no other information than that it was a contribution by friends who owed him a debt of gratitude for services he had rendered his country, etc. The amount so received was $25,750."

"Who did this?" inquired Mr. Clay, with tears in his eyes and in his voice; to which Mr. Tilford replied, "I do not know; it is sufficient to say that it was not done by your enemies."

As Mr. Clay was occupied by his public duties as Secretary of State at Washington, he was at home but seldom between 1825 and 1829; but, on his several visits, the ordinary courtesies between him and myself were observed, and I am gratified by being able to say that my admiration increased with my better acquaintance with him. It is not surprising, therefore, that I took especial care to be present whenever he addressed his constituents, the jury, or the court.

On my marriage, in 1830, Mr. and Mrs. Clay gave the bride and the groom a handsome entertainment. I, however, ascribed the compliment to the fact that the bride was a favorite niece of Mrs. Clay, and that fact no doubt contributed to bring us socially more frequently and more closely together until my removal to Vicksburg in 1835; but after my return from Vicksburg in 1840, and especially after I began housekeeping in 1841, and resumed the practice of law in Lexington in 1842, the social intercourse was renewed not only between our respective families, but



THE HALL.

between Mr. Clay and myself, until, at last, and for several years preceding his death, it ripened into an intercourse of rare confidence and trust, without any special effort on my part to bring it about. Indeed, it came about so naturally that I was never conscious of the precise time of its beginning. It was well known to the public, for instance, that I was never a member of his political party, and about as well known that I always entertained the highest respect and admiration for him; and he was as fully aware of these facts as any of the public. I could say more on this subject, and to the same effect, but probably what I have said is enough to satisfy my descendants that, throughout my whole personal intercourse with him, I maintained my own self-respect by a frank though civil and gentlemanly adherence to the principles of the Democratic party as I understood them. I must say, however, that when I came to the conclusion, as I did, that General Jackson indorsed, even if he did not originate, the foul calumny of bargain and intrigue between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, by which the one secured the Presidency and the other the office of Secretary of State, I was placed by that conviction in a predicament very painful to myself. I, however, after due reflection, kept that matter to myself, and though the General had thereby lost his hold on my personal respect, yet I quietly moved on with the great body of the Democratic party; for I was a Democrat by birth and conviction.

Mr. Clay for several years prior to his death seldom came to town without calling at my office; the fact was indeed so well known that strangers wishing to pay him their respects were often referred to my office, and farmers in the county would often bring to its door a fine horse or a fine colt to exhibit to him.

They knew that he was a breeder of thoroughbred stock of every kind, from the shepherd dog to the high-mettled race-horse; was an excellent judge of all such stock, and as much at home with the horse and horsemen as with senators and in the Senate.

An application to Mr. Clay, made by me in behalf of my son as a candidate for the Naval Academy, was the only personal favor I ever asked at his hands; and had he given me no other evidence of his regard but this, I should feel under lasting obligation to him. I have, however, occasionally made personal appeals to him in behalf of others with whom I had no connection except personal regard, and in such cases I never failed to secure what I applied for.

I never wrote to him in regard to such a matter but once. The post-office in this place became vacant in January, 1852, by the death of the incumbent, a personal and political friend of Mr. Clay. The chief clerk at that time was a Democrat, without being a partisan, and desired to succeed to the place. He was in all respects competent, and had made himself very popular by his conduct in the office. He desired a letter from me to Mr. Clay, recommending him, and I was anxious that he should get the place. I felt, however, that I had no right to press a Democrat upon Mr. Clay. I, however, wrote to him upon the subject, stating the fact of the vacancy, and giving the names of the applicants, all of whom, I said, were his political friends except this gentleman. I said, further, that he had been chief clerk, was in every way competent, and if the question was submitted to the popular vote, he would, as I believed, receive a decided majority over any of his competitors.

Mr. Clay, by his letter of January 26, 1852, informed me that he had conferred with the Postmaster-General, and advised him to appoint my friend, which he had no doubt already had been, or shortly would be, done. On the next day after receiving this letter the commission arrived. This letter was written by an amanuensis, Mr. Clay being then in very feeble health. His signature indicates considerable physical weakness.

My last interview with Mr. Clay was at Ashland, in the fall of 1851, on the day before his departure on his last trip to Washington. I was accompanied on that visit by General John C. Breckinridge and Major M. C. Johnson, then, as now, president of the Northern Bank at Lexington. The day was damp, chilly, and cloudy, and the visit, though very pleasant, was a gloomy one to us all. Mr. Clay was very feeble, though he remained in the parlor with us and accompanied us to the front door, where we bade him good-bye. He was evidently affected, and, as if feeling, as we all felt, that we would never see him alive thereafter, before leaving the door he touched me on the shoulder, and stepping back a few paces, said in a very quiet voice, "Remember that my will is in the custody of my wife." I was one of the executors of that will. The other two were his wife, Mrs. Lucretia Hart Clay, and the Honorable Thomas A. Marshall, then, and for many years, Judge and Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. He was a nephew of John Marshall, the great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and one of the purest gentlemen I have ever known. As the testator had requested that no security should be required of us, we all qualified as executors without security. Mr. Clay's health for some months at Washington continued to be about the same as when he left home; but in the spring of 1852 he began to grow daily weaker from a cough which it was impossible to relieve. On the 28th of April, 1852, I received a telegram from him in these words: "Tell Thomas to come as soon as he can."

His son Thomas, of course, immediately left for Washington, and remained there in attendance on his father until his death, on the 29th of June following. Among Mr. Clay's last words, if not his very last, as reported to me by his son, were, "Thomas, I am dying; telegraph Mr. Harrison." That dispatch was received by me a few minutes after his death, and delivered to Mrs. Clay. That I secured the confidence of this illustrious man, and under circumstances somewhat peculiar retained it to his dying hour, is among the most pleasant memories of my long and somewhat eventful life. Though aware of my political status, yet he never attempted to influence my vote or to change in any way my political convictions.

Surprise has occasionally been expressed by strangers that some of Mr. Clay's family were not with him during his long illness at Washington. There was no occasion for any such surprise; he was devoted to his family, and they to him. His affection for them made him unwilling to call any of them from their homes when he did not need them, and therefore in his letters to them, some of which I have seen, he entreated them to remain where they were until he should need their services, when they would be notified; he said also that he was carefully attended to, all his wants were actually anticipated by his attendants, and that he was as comfortable as he could be at his own home. He had his own hired servant, James G. Marshall, whom I met after his death, and who by his intelli-

(Engraved by D. Nichols, from a miniature in possession of John M. Clay, Esq.)

HENRY CLAY, BETWEEN THIRTY AND FORTY.

gence and gentlemanly manner made a most favorable impression on me.

Mr. Clay knew that his son James was then upon his farm near St. Louis, and that the elder brother Thomas, residing near Lexington, could leave home with less inconvenience than any other member of the family, but he preferred that none of them should come until requested by him. Thomas was called for by the dispatch, and he left for Washington immediately upon receiving it.

Thomas returned with the funeral cortége, and some time after probate of the will handed me the document marked "Memoranda of H. Clay." It has no date, but is probably the last document ever signed by Mr. Clay. It was written by Thomas from his father's dictation, and but a few days before his death, as Thomas informed me. I have the original now in my scrap-book. It is as follows:

"MEMORANDA OF H. CLAY.

"I leave with you a check on Messrs. Corcoran & Riggs for any balance standing to my credit in the books of their bank at the time you present the check. The balance now is about $1600, but it may be diminished before you have occasion to apply for it.

"Mr. Underwood will draw from the secretary of the Senate any balance due to me there for my services, and pay it over to you.

"Out of these funds I wish you to pay Dr. Hall's bill, the apothecary's bill, and Dr. Francis Jackson's bill of Philadelphia.

"Whatever may be necessary to pay those debts, and may be necessary to bear your expenses to Kentucky, had better be appropriated and reserved accordingly, and the balance to be converted in a bank check on New York, which will be safer to carry and more valuable in Kentucky.

"I have settled with James G. Marshall, my servant, and at the end of this month he will have paid me all that I have advanced him, and I shall owe him two dollars. The deed for his lot in Detroit, which he assigned to me as security for being his indorser on a note in bank, is in my little trunk in your mother's

room, in the bundle marked 'Notes and valuable papers.' I wish the deed taken out and delivered to James, as the matter is settled.

"The Messrs. Hunter, who have bought my Illinois land, have been very punctual in paying me the purchase money as it became due heretofore. The last payment of $2000 is due at Christmas. They have written to me that they will come over and pay it, and at the same time receive a pair of Durham calves as a present which I promised them. I wish that promise fulfilled. The heifer I bought of Mr. Hunt, being a descendant of the imported cow Lucretia, I designed for one of the animals to be presented.

"There is a note of upwards of $1000 among my papers in the pocket-book, well secured and payable in New Orleans next November. My executors ought to send it down there for collection.

"H. CLAY."

I reproduce this document to illustrate some of Mr. Clay's personal traits, which it does more distinctly and completely than any other paper I have seen. It does not illustrate him as the great orator or statesman, or as the greater leader of men, but illustrates the man just as he had been, and was, in his daily intercourse with the world. In all his dealings he was as exact and as watchful of his personal credit as a banker should be. In his last moments he displayed in this document the particularity and exactness that had characterized him in all his business transactions, and in the same document he displayed his sense of justness by specifying the debts to be paid out of his means then in Washington, and by specifying the rights of the colored servant, James G. Marshall, with such particularity that he would have no difficulty in the assertion of his own rights. And, lastly, who but Henry Clay would, in that extreme hour, have recollected a voluntary promise in regard to the gift of a pair of calves, made probably a year or so before? "I wish," said he, "that promise fulfilled"; and it was fulfilled. I was somewhat curious to see the man whom Mr. Clay recollected at such a time, and in connection with such a promise. I saw him when he came for and took the calves home; he was a plain, uneducated, and obscure man, whose hard hands proved that his life had been a hard one.

As I was the youngest of the three executors, the active duties and general administration of the assets devolved chiefly upon me; though no important step was taken unless approved by the three, and by the sons, especially Thomas and James, who, or whose families, were the residuary devisees. Although the whole of the estate, including the two hundred acres, part of the Ashland tract, devised to his son John M. Clay, and a tract of about one hundred and twenty-five acres known as Mansfield, and devised to the family of his son Thomas H. Clay, was of the value of about $100,000, yet there was but little trouble in the administration: first, because the estate was unembarrassed, and secondly, because his sons cheerfully gave me all the assistance in their power, and they were much more familiar with the assets than I was.

The final settlement of our trust as executors was made at the October term of court in 1860, and was satisfactory to the family as well as to ourselves. It was approved by the court, and the executors were released from further responsibility. At this time the estate was not entirely distributed as directed by the will, and could not be until Mrs. Clay's death, which occurred about three or four years afterwards. My reason for making this settlement, and applying for my discharge, was that I was about to remove to New Orleans, and knew that I could no longer perform personally my duties as executor. The other executors were unwilling to act without me; they therefore joined in the settlement and in the application to be discharged, and thereupon the estate passed into other hands.

It may be proper for me to make some reference to the children of Mr. Clay, whom I knew intimately, and towards some of whom I sustained very confidential relations. James B. Clay was appointed by General Taylor, in 1849, *chargé d'affaires* to Portugal, and so far as I know, or believe, discharged the duties of that trust to the satisfaction of the Government. His father, I know, was gratified by the belief that his son had performed those duties to the satisfaction of Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State. In 1857 he was nominated by the Democratic convention for the Ashland district as its candidate for Congress, and was elected, after a heated and bitter contest, over his able Whig competitor, Roger W. Hanson, by a small majority; but for him to have been elected as a Democrat from that district, by even a small majority, was in itself a great triumph. He died in Canada during our civil war, having fled there with his family as to a place of refuge during those troublous times. Had he survived the war, he would doubtless have been crowned with even more exalted honors. Roger Hanson, his competitor, went South, and joining his fortune with the Confederacy rose to eminence, becoming a brigadier-general in the army, and died a few days after the battle of Stone River, from a wound received in that action.

The son T. H. Clay was elected to the Legislature from Fayette County, Ky., during the war, and was afterwards appointed by Mr. Lincoln Minister to Nicaragua; which position he filled to the satisfaction of the Government, so far as I know or have heard. He died at his home several years after his return from that mission.

His son Henry was graduated from West Point, and during the war with Mexico was lieutenant-colonel of a Kentucky regiment, of which W. R. McKee was colonel. Both were mortally wounded at the great battle of Buena Vista while leading their regiment in a charge upon the enemy. And thus three of the sons of Mr. Clay have passed with honors into the history of their country.

The youngest son, John M. Clay, is yet living on part of the old homestead, and is one of the best farmers in the county. He has never held public office, nor indeed sought to hold any, having no ambition in that direction, but is one of our most respectable and respected citizens, and one of my best friends.

Ashland, so memorable as the home of Henry Clay, is now in possession of two of his descendants. His son John M. Clay still owns the two hundred acres devised him by his father's will, and from his front door the monument erected to his father is distinctly visible, though two miles distant. The residue, about three hundred and twenty-five acres, is occupied and owned by Colonel H. C. McDowell, who married the daughter and only surviving child of Colonel Henry Clay. And thus a long-cherished hope of the illustrious father and grandfather has been realized. His beloved Ashland is owned and occupied by some of his own descendants, and I trust that it may pass from one generation of them to the next while the world stands.

Though I have given to some extent some of the traits of Mr. Clay, and though I am now past my eightieth year, yet I feel that I must attempt to make the picture of him somewhat more complete and accurate.

Mr. Clay was tall and broad-shouldered without being bulky or fleshy, and when at all excited was of stately and commanding presence. Though his long limbs were loosely put together, yet his manner was neither awkward nor uncouth, nor ever embarrassed; on the contrary, it was easy and natural, and wholly unpretentious; it was the easy, nonchalant air of a man accustomed to the ways of the world, and conscious that he was at least the peer of the foremost in every crowd in which he happened to be. Indeed, my own opinion is that he was never in the slightest degree, even in his early youth, awed by the presence of any one; he never seemed to feel, and my belief is he never felt, that he was ever at any time in the presence of any one superior to himself. And therefore he was not only strikingly at ease, but at home, wherever he was, whether among his neighbors or strangers, whether at a social gathering, or at the bar, or as the Speaker of the House of Representatives, or on the floor of the Senate; and in my judgment he would have felt equally at home at a conference with kings and emperors. He seemed to have not only an instinctive consciousness of his own strength, but of his own special capacity for leadership. Therefore he would take the lead to himself as if unconsciously, whatever the occasion, and as naturally and as gracefully as if it were his birthright; and few there were, if any, who ever seemed to be surprised that he had taken the place for which nature appeared to have designed him. Indeed, without any appearance of self-assertion on his part, and as if unconsciously to himself, there was a something in his presence and his manner that gave to him an authoritative air, and made him for the time the central, the commanding figure of the group about him. Persons who never saw him, and who of course never felt the potency of his presence and manner, can hardly understand the sort of impression made on others by what was called the magnetism of the man. They would probably infer from my general account of him that there must have been in his presence and manner some manifestation of arrogance and vanity; there was, however, in his general intercourse no manifestation of either. I think he was as free from vanity as any one I ever knew. Though often with him, I never knew him to make himself the hero of his own story; and when questioned, as he occasionally was by me and by others in my presence, in regard to any matter in which he had taken a prominent part, he would merely state the facts, the several steps by which results were reached, and then the naked results, just as if there was nothing remarkable in the part he had taken. But whatever the occasion or his mood, and whatever the company or the subject of the conversation, there was a something in his self-poised presence and manner that impressed those around him that within his personality and beneath that manner there was a power, a force of character, to be respected, feared, followed, and honored. Had this quiet force been arrogantly or ostentatiously displayed, it would have broken the charm that made him so attractive and at the same time so commanding. I never saw any approach to any such display, unless possibly in some stormy debate, when with a monarch's voice and in an attitude of lofty defiance he would spurn assaults, whether direct or indirect, upon his principles, his consistency, or his honor.

Probably the idea I have attempted above to describe would be more readily seen by an illustration than by my description of it. Though we were often together, and though we talked of any matter, however unimportant, that casually came up, yet I was never with

him, whether alone or in company, without feeling that I was in the presence of a great man. My supposition was that this feeling on my part was the result of my personal admiration, or possibly of some peculiarity in my own temperament; but on inquiry of others less emotional than myself, I found that in every instance the impression made on them by his presence and manner was identical with that made on me.

Mr. Clay's complexion was very fair; so fair, indeed, that I had supposed that his hair, when a young man, must have been of a sandy or yellowish tint; and on expressing that opinion to Mrs. Clay several years after his death, I was greatly surprised by her prompt reply, "You were never more mistaken; he had when a young man the whitest head of hair I ever saw."

His eyes were gray, and when excited were full of fire; his forehead high and capacious, with a tendency to baldnesss; his nose prominent, very slightly arched, and finely formed. His mouth was unusually large without being disfiguring. It, however, was so large as to attract immediate notice; so large, indeed, that, as he said, he "never learned how to spit"; he had learned to snuff and smoke tobacco, and but for his unmanageable mouth he would probably have learned to chew also.

His chief physical peculiarity, however, was in the structure of his nervous system; it was so delicately strung that a word, a touch, a memory would set it in motion. But though his nervous system was thus sensitive, yet his emotions, however greatly excited, were of themselves never strong enough to disturb the self-poise of his deliberate judgment. His convictions were fixed as fate, and yet, as I thought, he was the most emotional man I ever knew. I have seen his eyes fill instantly on shaking the hand of an old friend, however obscure, who had stood by him in his early struggles, and whom after a long interval he had suddenly met. I have seen the letter of a grandchild, then residing in a distant State, drop from his hand when he was reading it aloud to some members of his family. His eyes were too full of tears to see, and his speech too full of emotion to utter the touching words of the child. I read the letter: there was not even a suggestion in it to give pain; it was only a loving letter of a child, full of tender messages to her grandmother and to him.

His sympathies were wide as human nature, and were alive not only to its struggles and its virtues, but even to its infirmities; and, in case of any great affliction in the family of a friend or neighbor, his condolence was ever ready, and in a manner and tone of voice as tender and touching and as natural as if the affliction were his own.

This emotional quality so natural to him, and always so naturally shown, was a marked characteristic and a great element of his power over the heart. His magnetic power was a natural result of the lofty, the unmistakable and generously tempered manliness of the man.

The muscles of his face, even in his old age, never had any of the rigidity or leathery appearance or toughness which sometimes accompanies old age; on the contrary, his features even then were apparently as tender and as flexible as a child's, and expressed as naturally and as readily as the features of a child the emotion of the moment, whatever that emotion was; and when in high debate his every muscle, his whole physical structure, would be alive with the lofty passion that was giving fire and force to every thought he uttered. I have never seen any one but himself whose entire physical structure so readily and so naturally responded to its own emotions and passions; nor ever heard any voice but his own that so harmonized with whatever he felt and uttered. Indeed, when there would seem to be no occasion for any great emotion or for the display of it, yet if the subject presented issues of great concern to his client, to the public, or to himself, his heart, full of the subject, and as if impressed with its responsibility, would manifest its emotion not only in the preliminary outlines of the facts to be considered, but frequently even before he had uttered a word. You would see the emotion in his whole person as he slowly rose to his feet; you would see it in his drooping posture, in the deathly pallor of his face, in his brimful eye, in the spasmodic twitching of his under lip; and upon the utterance of the first sentence you would hear it in the touching tones of his magnetic voice. These all harmonized naturally and without effort with the passions and utterances of the moment. It was nature visibly at work, and bringing into harmonious action before your eyes all the great elements, mental, moral, and physical; and this rare combination of forces actively at work, in high debate, gave to his eloquence a naturalness, a concentrated earnestness and impetuosity that for the time was overwhelming. It awed men even when they were not convinced by him.

Mr. Clay's father, a Baptist preacher in humble circumstances, and with a large family, was himself somewhat distinguished in his day for eloquence. I have seen a letter written more than sixty years ago by a gentleman in Virginia who knew Mr. Clay's father, in which he states that crowds would come to hear him

when it was known that he would preach. This letter was written to Mr. Clay and found among his papers. He died in 1781, when the son Henry was between four and five years old, and thereupon the widow took charge of the small estate and seven fatherless children. It was a heavy burden, but Providence had thrown it on her, and she proved equal to it; at least so thought her illustrious son. He always paid to her the most loving attention until her death in 1827, and never mentioned her but with reverence, gratitude, and love. A tasteful but modest monument placed by him over her grave now stands near the conspicuous shaft afterwards erected by the public to his own memory.

The widow did what she could for all her children, though she could do but little towards their school education. She sent Henry to a common country school in the Slashes of Hanover, where he learned to read, write, and cipher. Thereupon his school education ended forever. When not at school he aided in the family maintenance by such labor as a boy could do on the small farm. This was the daily routine, until in 1792 his stepfather, Captain Watkins, who seems to have felt a special interest in this stepson, made an arrangement with the clerk of the High Court of Chancery of Richmond, Virginia, by which this country boy, this uneducated orphan, secured not only employment as deputy clerk, but maintenance while so employed.

Present occupation and present maintenance were matters of first necessity to him, and these being for the time secure, his mother and stepfather removed to Kentucky, and left the impulsive, penniless boy at the age of fifteen, amid the temptations of city life, to his own guidance; and yet this uneducated orphan, without money or any especial friends to superintend his associations or his habits, apparently alone in the world, became in after years and at an early period of his long life the observed of all observers, not only as the most commanding speaker the National House of Representatives ever had, but as the most commanding orator and the lordliest leader of his day. There was not a crisis during his public career to which he was unequal, nor a storm threatening to wreck the Union in which he was not the pilot who weathered that storm. His faith in his own strength and in his own capacity to hold the helm and guide the ship was unfaltering, and he had the happy gift of inspiring his friends with a like confidence in his capacity and strength. "Who sails with me comes safe to land" was alike his faith and their faith, and had he been alive in 1860 and 1861, every heart and every eye would have turned to him to take the helm again.

How do I account for a career so remarkable, when its beginning was under circumstances apparently so unpropitious? In the first place, nature had endowed him with great possibilities, which, naturally developed and matured, were bound to fit him for a great career. In other words, greatness in his case was inevitable, unless his elementary forces, mental, moral, and physical, were dwarfed or perverted by some unnatural or unpropitious training in his childhood and youth. Second, that fortunately for him his innate faculties, his possibilities, were neither in his childhood nor in his boyhood nor in his early manhood subjected to any narrow or unnatural training; on the contrary, all his surroundings in his infancy and until he could walk alone, a man among men, were by the chances of life or by the hand of Providence the very surroundings of all others, then within his reach, the most likely to develop naturally and to their full completeness, the peculiar faculties with which nature had endowed him.

Fortunately Mr. Clay's real education, that sort of education which aroused and stimulated into activity his elementary faculties, neither began nor ended at the country school in the Slashes of Hanover. What he learned at that country school was, to be sure, of service to him, but of service only as a humble instrument in the hands of the boy. Had he, however, learned nothing else, had his whole education been limited to the little he learned at that school, his great possibilities would never have been developed, and he no doubt would have lived and died in obscurity, unhonored and unsung. Nature, however, did not lose sight of the orphan son of the Baptist preacher, though tossed as he had been into the big world at the age of fifteen, apparently alone and dependent upon his daily labor for his daily bread. The world is a hard school and full of hazard to an impulsive boy, even when guided by the watchful eye of the parent. But however hard and hazardous the world may be to an impulsive boy, thrown into it at the age of fifteen, and on his own resources, yet in his case, and by a fortunate succession of circumstances unexpected and apparently of but little importance at the time, the arrangement under which he was left at that age and to his own guidance, amid the temptations of the city of Richmond, was not only the most fortunate event of his life, but probably the very best arrangement for the natural development of all powers.

I, however, am not writing the biography of Mr. Clay. Those who expect to see in this sketch the particulars of his life will be disap-

pointed. My sole purpose in undertaking this labor in the eighty-first year of my age was to preserve in a family scrap-book, for my descendants, the letters written by him to me, as well as other original papers of some interest bearing his signature; and while engaged in that work it occurred to me that it would add to the interest of the autographs were I to give my personal recollections of him, and the impression he had made on me. I regret that the same idea did not occur to me at an earlier day, before time and toil and the troubles incident to a long life had worn me out. I ought to have begun the work, if at all, twenty years ago, when my mind was more active and my memory fresher. But as I did not undertake it for the public, but wholly for the entertainment of my descendants, I do not regret, and am sure they will not regret, that I, even in my old age, undertook on their account to do what I have done, however meager my reminiscences may seem, or however inartistic the style and the manner in which those reminiscences have been presented. Having completed a task I set for myself, and as well as under the circumstances I could, I now bring it to a close by annexing a few facts and anecdotes which tend to throw some light on the character of Mr. Clay.

In a conversation in regard to General Washington, an inquiry was made of Mr. Clay as to his information in regard to certain vices imputed to the General by tradition. "Ah," said Mr. Clay, "General Washington was so good and great a man that no tradition to his disparagement should be remembered or repeated."

About the time of General Taylor's nomination by the Whig convention as its candidate for the presidency, there was believed to be an estrangement between Mr. Clay and Mr. Crittenden. It was the more noticed because the two had been known as life-long friends, both personal and political. Yet I never heard Mr. Clay speak of it, though I have heard the matter discussed in his presence while he was reading a newspaper. During this estrangement I read a letter from Mr. Clay to his wife, containing a message to me, saying that President Fillmore had consulted him in regard to the appointment of Attorney-General, and that he had advised him to appoint Mr. Crittenden to that office. In the same letter he expressed the wish that his family should be kind to Mr. Crittenden. As to any real reconciliation between the two, I have no knowledge, but I have strong doubts.

During the administration of General Jackson, the public was startled by the rumor of a defalcation in the Post-Office Department, the Hon. W. T. Barry of Lexington city being the Postmaster-General. Mr. Clay, then in the Senate, was leader of the opposition to General Jackson and to his administration. The party struggle was fierce and bitter, and, besides, Mr. Barry was a decided partisan of General Jackson, in whose cabinet he was, and had led the opposition in Kentucky to Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams. Under the circumstances Mr. Barry had no right to expect liberal treatment at the hands of Mr. Clay. Yet when the matter was in some way before the Senate, Mr. Clay took occasion to say in substance that the rumored defalcation might be true, but even if true he was sure that Mr. Barry had no personal connection with it; that he had known Mr. Barry many years, and vouched for the integrity of the man. Mr. Barry on the next day paid his personal respects to Mr. Clay, and from that time on their former pleasant intercourse was resumed.

During the many years of my intimacy with Mr. Clay, there was only one occasion on which I ever heard him speak harshly of any public man of his time, and that was in allusion to Mr. Seward. Though open as day on every public question, and though in fierce debate never afraid to throw a thunderbolt whenever in his opinion the occasion called for it, yet in his usual intercourse he was exceedingly reserved in his criticism of other public men.

Mr. Clay was very fond of pleasantries and occasionally indulged in a sort of persiflage, and when in the humor could say things without giving offense which, but for his peculiar manner and tone of voice and the pleasant twinkle of his eye, would have been somewhat offensive to a "touchy" person.

The following instance illustrates what I mean. It is well known that there were occasionally very unpleasant encounters in the Senate between Colonel Benton and Mr. Clay. To say the least, there was no love between the two. Colonel Benton, however, and Mrs. Clay were cousins, and the Colonel, notwithstanding the unpleasant passes between Mr. Clay and himself, was in the habit of calling at Ashland to pay his personal respects to her; and she on such occasions was always glad to see him, for she was somewhat proud of her Hart blood, of which family Colonel Benton was a member, his mother being a Hart. On one of these occasions my wife called at Ashland and found Colonel Benton and Mr. Clay in the parlor together. In a few moments Mrs. Clay made her appearance, and as she entered Mr. Clay, in a tone of charming banter and with a sort of mischievous humor in his eye, rose, and pointing to her said, "There, Colonel, is a member of my

family who never abused you." The effect was irresistible. All caught the idea and joined in a hearty laugh, and no one seemed to enjoy the very suggestive allusion more than the Colonel himself.

The following incident, however, was tinged with no such attempt at humor. It is well known that Mr. Tyler signalized his administration by betraying the confidence of the Whig party, by which he had been elected Vice-President. Suspicions and rumors were soon afloat that Mr. Tyler would not be true to the platform on which he was elected, and before these suspicions were absolutely confirmed by his own subsequent action, Mr. Clay, the leader of the Whig party, made a morning call on the President at the White House, and on entering the room said to Mr. Tyler, "Am I to understand that the two gentlemen I met as I came up the steps to your room are the advisers of the President?" The two gentlemen referred to were Mr. Cushing of Massachusetts and Governor Wise of Virginia. Both these gentlemen were Democratic politicians, and leaders of what was known then as the "Corporal's Guard." They had been closeted with Mr. Tyler just before Mr. Clay came, and he evidently understood the purport of their visit. Mr. Clay's remark was made in a very stately though civil manner. Mr. Tyler's face flushed up very quickly, but what his reply was I do not now remember. This incident was told me by a gentleman who was present, and I am satisfied of its correctness.

On the morning of the day when President Harrison was expected to send to the Senate the names of the members of his Cabinet, some one remarked, in the presence of Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, and several other members of Congress, that Mr. Webster was to be Secretary of the Treasury. "Oh, no," said Mr. Clay, "Mr. Webster is to take the Department of State." "That," said the first speaker, "was the original programme, but as Mr. Webster prefers the Treasury Department the President has consented to appoint him to the Treasury." Instantly and in his most impassioned manner Mr. Clay replied, "I will oppose it; I will denounce it in open Senate. The State Department is the proper place for Mr. Webster." This incident was communicated to me by the Hon. Richard Hawes, who at the time it occurred, in 1841, was a member of Congress from the Ashland district, and was present at the conversation. It is enough to say that Mr. Webster was nominated and confirmed Secretary of State, and Mr. Clay was satisfied.

It may not be amiss to say in conclusion that though he was not a scholar, though he had no knowledge of the metaphysics or rhetoric or logic of the schools, and in fact had a hearty contempt for all three of them, yet Mr. Clay's knowledge was always equal to the demands of his great career. In what debate did he ever fail to reach "the height of the great argument" the occasion called for? Or in what debate did any competitor because of his ripe scholarship pluck the laurel from his brow?

J. O. Harrison.

IDYLLS.

CREUSA, in those idyll lands delaying,
Forever hung with mellow mists of gold,
We find but phantoms of delights long cold.
We listen to the pine and ilex swaying
Only in echo; to the players playing,
On faint, sweet flutes, lost melodies of old.
The beauteous heroes are but stories told;
Vain at the antique altars all our praying.
Oh, might we join, in vales unknown to story,
On shores unsung, by Western seas sublime,
The spirit of that loveliness and glory
Hellenic, with these hearts of fuller time,
Then to our days would sunnier joys belong
Than thrill us now in old idyllic song.

Henry Tyrrell.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XXXII.

SEWELL returned to town for the last time in the third week of September, bringing his family with him.

This was before the greater part of his oddly assorted congregation had thought of leaving the country, either the rich cottagers whose family tradition or liberal opinions kept them in his church, or the boarding and camping elements who were uniting a love of cheapness with a love of nature in their prolonged sojourn among the woods and fields. Certain families, perhaps half of his parish in all, were returning because the schools were opening, and they must put their children into them; and it was both to minister to the spiritual needs of these and to get his own children back to their studies that the minister was at home so early.

It was, as I have hinted already, a difficult and laborious season with him; he himself was always a little rusty in his vocation after his summer's outing and felt weakened rather than strengthened by his rest. The domestic machine started reluctantly; there was a new cook to be got in, and Mrs. Sewell had to fight a battle with herself, in which she invited him to share, before she could settle down for the winter to the cares of housekeeping. The wide skies, the dim mountain slopes, the long, delicious drives, the fresh mornings, the sweet, silvery afternoons of their idle country life, haunted their nerves and enfeebled their wills.

One evening in the first days of this moral disability, while Sewell sat at his desk trying to get himself together for a sermon, Barker's name was brought up to him.

"Really," said his wife, who had transmitted it from the maid, "I think it's time you protected yourself, David. You can't let this go on forever. He has been in Boston nearly two years now; he has regular employment, where, if there's anything in him at all, he ought to prosper and improve without coming to you every other night. What *can* he want now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the minister, leaning back in his chair, and passing his hand wearily over his forehead.

"Then send down and excuse yourself. Tell him you're busy, and ask him to come another time!"

"Ah, you know I can't do that, my dear."

"Very well, then; I will go down and see him. You sha'n't be interrupted."

"Would you, my dear? That would be very kind of you! Do get me off some way; tell him I'm coming to see him very soon." He went stupidly back to his writing without looking to see whether his wife had meant all she said; and after a moment's hesitation she descended in fulfillment of her promise; or, perhaps rather it was a threat.

She met Lemuel not unkindly, for she was a kind-hearted woman; but she placed duty before charity even, and she could not help making him feel that she was there in the discharge of a duty. She explained that Mr. Sewell was very unusually busy that evening, and had sent her in his place, and hoped soon to see him. She bade Lemuel sit down, and he obeyed, answering all the questions as to the summer and his occupations and health, and his mother's health, which she put to him in proof of her interest in him; in further evidence of it, she gave him an account of the Sewell family's doings since they last met. He did not stay long, and she returned slowly and pensively to her husband.

"Well?" he asked, without looking round.

"Well, it's all right," she answered, with rather a deep breath. "He didn't seem to have come for anything in particular; I told him that if he wished specially to speak with you, you would come down."

Sewell went on with his writing, and after a moment his wife said, "But you must go and see him very soon, David; you must go to-morrow."

"Why?"

"He looks wretchedly, though he says he's very well. It made my heart ache. He looks perfectly wan and haggard. I wish," she burst out, "I wish I had let you go down and see him!"

"Why — why, what was the matter?" asked

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Sewell, turning about now. "Did you think he had something on his mind?"

"No, but he looked fairly sick. Oh, I wish he had never come into our lives!"

"I'm afraid he hasn't got much good from us," sighed the minister. "But I'll go round and look him up in the morning. His trouble will keep overnight, if it's a real trouble. There's that comfort, at least. And now, do go away, my dear, and leave me to my writing."

Mrs. Sewell looked at him, but turned and left him, apparently reserving whatever sermon she might have in her mind till he should have finished his.

The next morning he went to inquire for Lemuel at Mr. Corey's. The man was sending him away from the door with the fact merely that Lemuel was not then in the house, when the voice of Mr. Corey descending the stairs called from within: "Is that you, Sewell? Don't go away! Come in!"

The old gentleman took him into the library, and confessed in a bit of new slang, which he said was delightful, that he was all balled up by Lemuel's leaving him, and asked Sewell what he supposed it meant.

"Left you? Meant?" echoed Sewell.

When they got at each other it was understood that Lemuel, the day before, had given up his employment with Mr. Corey, expressing a fit sense of all his kindness and a fit regret at leaving him, but alleging no reasons for his course; and that this was the first that Sewell knew of the affair.

"It must have been that which he came to see me about last night," he said with a sort of anticipative remorse. "Mrs. Sewell saw him — I was busy."

"Well! Get him to come back, Sewell," said Mr. Corey, with his whimsical imperiousness; "I can't get on without him. All my moral and intellectual being has stopped like a watch."

Sewell went to the boarding-house where Lemuel took his meals, but found that he no longer came there and had left no other address. He knew nowhere else to ask, and he went home to a day of latent trouble of mind, which whenever it came to the light defined itself as helpless question and self-reproach in regard to Barker.

That evening as he sat at tea, the maid came with the announcement that there was a person in the reception-room who would not send in any name, but wished to see Mr. Sewell, and would wait.

Sewell threw down his napkin, and said, "I'll bring him in to tea."

Mrs. Sewell did not resist; she bade the girl lay another plate.

Sewell was so sure of finding Lemuel in the reception-room, that he recoiled in dismay from the girlish figure that turned timidly from the window to meet him with a face thickly veiled. He was vexed too; here, he knew from the mystery put on, was one of those cases of feminine trouble, real or unreal, which he most disliked to meddle with.

"Will you sit down?" he said as kindly as he could, and the girl obeyed.

"I thought they would let me wait. I didn't mean to interrupt you," she began, in a voice singularly gentle and unaffected.

"Oh, no matter!" cried Sewell. "I'm very glad to see you."

"I thought you could help me. I'm in great trouble—doubt——"

The voice was almost childlike in its appealing innocence.

Sewell sat down opposite the girl and bent sympathetically forward. "Well?"

She waited a moment. Then, "I don't know how to begin," she said hoarsely, and stopped again.

Sewell was touched. He forgot Lemuel; he forgot everything but the heartache which he divined before him, and his Christ-derived office, his holy privilege, of helping any in want of comfort or guidance. "Perhaps," he said, in his loveliest way,—the way that had won his wife's heart, and that still provoked her severest criticism for its insincerity, it was so purely impersonal,—"perhaps that isn't necessary, if you mean beginning at the beginning. If you've any trouble that you think I can advise you in, perhaps it's better for both of us that I shouldn't know very much of it."

"Yes?" murmured the girl, questioningly.

"I mean that if you tell me much, you will go away feeling that you have somehow parted with yourself, that you're no longer in your own keeping, but in mine; and you know that in everything our help must really come from within our own free consciences."

"Yes," said the girl again, from behind the veil which completely hid her face. She now hesitated a long time. She put her handkerchief under her veil; and at last she said, "I know what you mean." Her voice quivered pathetically; she tried to control it. "Perhaps," she whispered huskily, after another interval, "I can put it in the form of a question."

"That would be best," said Sewell.

She hesitated; the tears fell down upon her hands behind her veil; she no longer wiped them. "It's because I've often — heard you; because I know you will tell me what's true and right——"

"Your own heart must do that," said the minister, "but I will gladly help you all I can."

She did not heed him now, but continued as if rapt quite away from him.

"If there was some one — something — if there was something that it would be right for you to do — to have, if there was no one else; but if there were some one else that had a right first ——" She broke off and asked abruptly, "Don't you think it is always right to prefer another — the interest of another to your own?"

Sewell could not help smiling. "There is only one thing for us to do when we are in any doubt or perplexity," he said cheerily, "and that is the unselfish thing."

"Yes," she gasped; she seemed to be speaking to herself. "I saw it, I knew it! Even if it kills us, we must do it! Nothing ought to weigh against it! Oh, I thank you!"

Sewell was puzzled. He felt dimly that she was thanking him for anguish and despair. "I'm afraid that I don't quite understand you."

"I thought I told you," she answered, with a certain reproach and a fall of courage in view of the fresh effort she must make. It was some moments before she could say "If you knew that some one — some one who was — everything to you — and that you knew — believed — "

At fifty it is hard to be serious about these things, and it was well for the girl that she was no longer conscious of Sewell's mood.

"— Cared for you; and if you knew that before he had cared for you, there had been some else — some else that he was as much to as he was to you, and that couldn't give him up, what — should you ——"

Sewell fetched a long sigh of relief; he had been afraid of a much darker problem than this. He almost smiled.

"My dear child," — she seemed but a child there before the mature man with her poor little love-trouble, so intricate and hopeless to her, so simple and easy to him, — "that depends upon a great many circumstances."

He could feel through her veil the surprise with which she turned to him: "You said, whenever we are in doubt, we must act unselfishly."

"Yes, I said that. But you must first be sure what is really selfish ——"

"I *know* what is selfish in this case," said the girl with a sublimity which, if foolish, was still sublimity. "She is sick — it will kill her to lose him — You have said what I expected, and I thank you, thank you, *thank* you! And I will do it! Oh, don't fear now but I shall; I *have* done it! No matter," she went on in her exaltation, "no matter how much we care for each other, now!"

"No," said Sewell, decidedly. "That doesn't follow. I have thought of such things; there was such a case within my experience once," — he could not help alleging this case, in which he had long triumphed, — "and I have always felt that I did right in advising against a romantic notion of self-sacrifice in such matters. You may commit a greater wrong in that than in an act of apparent self-interest. You have not put the case fully before me, and it isn't necessary that you should, but if you contemplate any rash sacrifice, I warn you against it."

"You said that we ought to act unselfishly."

"Yes, but you must beware of the refined selfishness which shrinks from righteous self-assertion because it is painful. You must make sure of your real motive; you must consider whether your sacrifice is not going to do more harm than good. But why do you come to me with your trouble? Why don't you go to your father — your mother?"

"I have none."

"Ah ——"

She had risen and pushed by him to the outer door, though he tried to keep her. "Don't be rash," he urged. "I advise you to take time to think of this ——"

She did not answer; she seemed now only to wish to escape, as if in terror of him.

She pulled open the door, and was gone.

Sewell went back to his tea, bewildered, confounded.

"What's the matter? Why didn't he come in to tea with you?" asked his wife.

"Who?"

"Barker."

"What Barker?"

"David, what *is* the matter?"

Sewell started from his daze, and glanced at his children: "I'll tell you by and by, Lucy."

XXXIII.

A MONTH passed, and Sewell heard nothing of Lemuel. His charge, always elusive and evanescent, had now completely vanished, and he could find no trace of him. Mr. Corey suggested advertising. Bellingham said, why not put it in the hands of a detective? He said he had never helped work anything up with a detective; he rather thought he should like to do it. Sewell thought of writing to Barker's mother at Willoughby Pastures, but he postponed it; perhaps it would alarm her if Barker were not there. Sewell had many other cares and duties; Lemuel became more and more a good intention of the indefinite future. After all, he had always shown the ability to take care of himself, and except that he had mysteriously disappeared there was no reason for anxiety about him.

One night his name came up at a moment when Sewell was least prepared by interest or

expectation to see him. He smiled to himself, in running downstairs, at the reflection that he never seemed quite ready for Barker. But it was a relief to have him turn up again; there was no question of that, and Sewell showed him a face of welcome that dropped at sight of him. He scarcely knew the gaunt, careworn face or the shabby figure before him, in place of the handsome, well-dressed young fellow whom he had come to greet. There seemed a sort of reversion in Barker's whole presence to the time when Sewell first found him in that room; and in whatever trouble he now was, the effect was that of his original rustic constraint.

Trouble there was of some kind, Sewell could see at a glance, and his kind heart prompted him to take Lemuel's hand between both of his. "Why, my dear boy!" he began; but he stopped and made Lemuel sit down, and waited for him to speak, without further question or comment.

"Mr. Sewell," the young man said abruptly, "you told me once you—that you sometimes had money put into your hands that you could lend."

"Yes," replied Sewell, with eager cordiality.

"Could I borrow about seventy-five dollars of you?"

"Why, certainly, Barker!" Sewell had not so much of what he called his flying-charity fund by him, but he instantly resolved to advance the difference out of his own pocket.

"It's to get me an outfit for horse-car conductor," said Lemuel. "I can have the place if I can get the outfit."

"Horse-car conductor!" reverberated Sewell. "What in the world for?"

"It's work I can do," answered Lemuel, briefly, but not resentfully.

"But there are so many other things — better — fitter — more profitable! Why did you leave Mr. Corey? I assure you that you have been a great loss to him — in every way. You don't know how much he valued you, personally. He will be only too glad to have you come back."

"I can't go back," said Lemuel. "I'm going to get married."

"Married!" cried Sewell in consternation.

"My — the lady that I'm going to marry — has been sick ever since the first of October, and I haven't had a chance to look up any kind of work. But she's better now, and I've heard of this place I can get. I don't like to trouble you; but — everything's gone — I've got my mother down here helping take care of her; and I must do something. I don't know just when I can pay you back, but I'll do it sometime."

"Oh, I'm sure of that," said Sewell, from the abyss of hopeless conjecture into which these facts had plunged him; his wandering fancy was dominated by the presence of Lemuel's mother with her bloomers in Boston. "I — I hope there's nothing serious the trouble with your — the lady?" he said, rubbing away with his hand the smile that came to his lips in spite of him.

"It's lung trouble," said Lemuel, quietly.

"Oh!" responded Sewell. "Well! Well!" He shook himself together, and wondered what had become of the impulse he had felt to scold Barker for the idea of getting married. But such a course now seemed not only far beyond his province,— he heard himself saying that to Mrs. Sewell in self-defense when she should censure him for not doing it,— but utterly useless in view of the further complications. "Well! This is great news you tell me — a great surprise. You're — you're going to take an important step —— You — you —— Of course, of course! You must have a great many demands upon you, under the circumstances. Yes, yes! And I'm very glad you came to me. If your mind is quite made up about ——"

"Yes, I've thought it over," said Lemuel. "The lady has had to work all her life, and she — she isn't used to what I thought — what I intended — any other kind of people; and it's better for us both that I should get some kind of work that won't take me away from her too much ——" He dropped his head, and Sewell with a flash of intelligence felt a thrill of compassionate admiration for the poor, foolish, generous creature, for so Lemuel complexly appeared to him.

Again he forbore question or comment.

"Well — well! we must look you up, Mrs. Sewell and I. We must come to see your — the lady." He found himself falling helplessly into Lemuel's way of describing her. "Just write me your address here,"— he put a scrap of paper before Lemuel on the davenport,— "and I'll go and get you the money."

He brought it back in an envelope which held a very little more than Lemuel had asked for — Sewell had not dared to add much — and Lemuel put it in his pocket.

He tried to say something; he could only make a husky noise in his throat.

"Good-night!" said Sewell, pressing his hand with both of his again, at the door. "We shall come very soon."

"MARRIED!" said Mrs. Sewell, when he returned to her; and then she suffered a silence to ensue, in which it seemed to Sewell that his inculpation was visibly accumulating mountains vast and high. "*What did you say?*"

"Nothing," he answered, almost gayly; the case was so far beyond despair. "What should *you* have said?"

XXXIV.

LEMUEL got a conductor's overcoat and cap at half-price from a man who had been discharged, and put by the money saved to return to Sewell when he should come. He entered upon his duties the next morning, under the instruction of an old conductor, who said "Hain't I seen you som'eres before?" and he worked all day, taking money and tickets, registering fares, helping ladies on and off the car, and monotonously journeying back and forth over his route. He went on duty at six o'clock in the morning, after an early breakfast that 'Manda Grier and his mother got him, for Statira was not strong enough yet to do much, and he was to be relieved at eight. At nightfall, after two half-hour respites for dinner and tea, he was so tired that he could scarcely stand.

"Well, how do you like it, as fur's you've gone?" asked the instructing conductor, in whom Lemuel had recognized an old acquaintance. "Sweet life, ain't it? There! That switch hain't worked again! Jump off, young man, and put your shoulder to the wheel!"

The car had failed to take the right-hand turn where the line divided; it had to be pushed back, and while the driver tugged and swore under his breath at his horses, Lemuel set himself to push the car.

"'S no use!" said the driver finally. "I got to hitch 'em on at the other end, and pull her back."

He uncoupled the team from the front of the car, and swung round with it. Lemuel felt something strike him on the leg, and he fell down. He scrambled to his feet again, but his left leg doubled under him; it went through his mind that one of the horses must have lashed out and broken it; then everything seemed to stop.

The world began again for him in the apothecary's shop where he had been carried, and from which he was put into an ambulance, by a policeman. It stopped again, as he whirled away; it renewed itself in anguish, and ceased in bliss as he fainted from the pain or came to.

They lifted him up some steps, at last, and carried him into a high, bright room, where there were two or three cots, and a long glass case full of surgical instruments. They laid him on a cot, and some one swiftly and skillfully undressed him. A surgeon had come in, and now he examined Lemuel's leg. He looked once or twice at his face.

"This is a pretty bad job. I can't tell how bad till you've had the ether. Will you leave it to me?"

"Yes. But do the best you can for me."

"You may be sure I will."

Lemuel believed that they meant to cut off his leg. He knew that he had a right to refuse and to take the consequences, but he would not; he had no right to choose death, when he had others to live for.

He woke deathly sick at first, and found himself lying in bed, one of the two rows in a long room, where there were some quiet women in neat caps and seersucker dresses going about, with bowls of food and bottles of medicine.

Lemuel still felt his leg, and the pain in it, but he had heard how mutilated men felt their lost limbs all their lives, and he was afraid to make sure by the touch of his hand.

A nurse who saw his eyes open came to him. He turned them upon her, but he could not speak. She must have understood. "The doctor thinks he can save your leg for you; but it's a bad fracture. You must be careful to keep very still."

He fell asleep; and life began again for him, in the midst of suffering and death. He saw every day broken and mangled men, drunk with ether, brought up as he had been, and laid in beds; he saw the priest of the religion to which most of the poor and lowly still belong, go and come among the cots, and stand by the pillows where the sick feebly followed him in the mystical gestures which he made on his brow and breast; he learned to know the use of the white linen screen which was drawn about a bed to hide the passing of a soul; he became familiar with the helpless sympathy, the despair of the friends who came to visit the sick and dying.

He had not lacked for more attention and interest from his own than the rules of the hospital allowed. His mother and 'Manda Grier came first, and then Statira when they would let her. She thought it hard that she was not suffered to do the least thing for him; she wished to take him away to their own rooms, where she could nurse him twice as well. At first she cried whenever she saw him, and lamented over him, so that the head nurse was obliged to explain to her that she disturbed the patients, and could not come any more unless she controlled herself. She promised, and kept her word; she sat quietly by his pillow and held his hand, when she came, except when she put up her own to hide the cough which she could not always restrain. The nurse told her that of course she was not accountable for the cough, but she had better try to check it. Statira brought troches with her, and held them in her mouth for this purpose.

Lemuel's family was taken care of in this time of disaster. The newspapers had made

his accident promptly known, and not only Sewell, but Miss Vane and Mrs. Corey had come to see if they could be of any use.

One day a young girl brought a bouquet of flowers and set it by Lemuel's bed, when he seemed asleep. He suddenly opened his eyes, and saw Sybil Vane for the first time since their quarrel.

She put her finger to her lip, and smiled with the air of a lady benefactress; then, with a few words of official sympathy, she encouraged him to get well, and flitted to the next bed, where she bestowed a jacqueminot rosebud on a Chinaman dying of cancer.

Sewell came often to see him, at first in the teeth of his mother's obvious hostility, but with her greater and greater relenting. Nothing seemed gloomier than the outlook for Lemuel, but Sewell had lived too long not to know that the gloom of an outlook has nothing to do with a man's real future. It was impossible, of course, for Lemuel to go back to Mr. Corey's now with a sick wife, who would need so much of his care. Besides, he did not think it desirable on other accounts. He recurred to what Lemuel had said about getting work that should not take him too far away from the kind of people his betrothed was used to, and he felt a pity and respect for the boy whom life had already taught this wisdom, this resignation. He could see that before his last calamity had come upon him, Barker was trying to adjust his ambition to his next duty, or rather to subordinate it; and the conviction that he was right gave Sewell courage to think that he would yet somehow succeed. It also gave him courage to resist, on Barker's behalf, the generous importunities of some who would have befriended him. Mr. Corey and Charles Bellingham drove up to the hospital one day to see Lemuel; and when Sewell met them the same evening, they were full of enthusiasm. Corey said that the effect of the hospital, with its wards branching from the classistic building in the center, was delightfully Italian; it was like St. Peter's on a small scale, and he had no idea how interesting the South End was; it was quite a bit of foreign travel to go up there. Bellingham had explored the hospital throughout; he said he had found it the thing to do—it was a thing for everybody to do; he was astonished that he had never done it before. They united in praising Barker, and they asked what could be done for him. Corey was strenuous for his coming back to him; at any rate, they must find something for him. Bellingham favored the notion of doing something for his education; a fellow like that could come to almost anything.

Sewell shook his head. "All that's impossible now. With that girl ——"

"Oh, confound her!" cried Bellingham.

"I was rather disappointed at not seeing his mother," said Corey. "I had counted a good deal, I find, upon Mrs. Barker's bloomers."

"With a girl like that for his wife," pursued Sewell, "the conditions are all changed. He must cleave to her in mind as well as body, and he must seek the kind of life that will unite them more and more, not less and less. In fact, he was instinctively doing so when this accident happened. That's what marriage means."

"Oh, not always," suggested Corey.

"He must go back to Willoughby Pastures," Sewell concluded, "to his farm."

"Oh, come now!" said Bellingham, with disgust.

"If that sort of thing is to go on," said Corey, "what is to become of the ancestry of the future *élite* of Boston? I counted upon Barker to found one of our first families. Besides, any Irishman could take his farm and do better with it. The farm would be meat to the Irishman, and poison to Barker, now that he's once tasted town."

"Yes, I know all that," said Sewell, sadly. "I once thought the greatest possible good I could do Barker, after getting him to Boston, was to get him back to Willoughby Pastures; but if that was ever true, the time is past. Now, it merely seems the only thing possible. When he gets well, he will still have an invalid wife on his hands; he must provide her a home; she could have helped him once, and would have done so, I've no doubt; but now she must be taken care of."

"Look here!" said Bellingham. "What's the reason these things can't be managed as they are in the novels? In any well-regulated romance that cough of hers would run into quick consumption and carry Barker's fiancée off in six weeks; and then he could resume his career of usefulness and prosperity here, don't you know. He could marry some one else and found that family that Corey wants."

They all laughed, Sewell ruefully.

"As it is," said Corey, "I suppose she'll go on having hemorrhages to a good old age, and outlive him, after being a clog and burden to him all his life. Poor devil! What in the world possesses him to want to marry her? But I suppose the usual thing."

This gave Sewell greater discomfort than the question of Lemuel's material future. He said listlessly, "Oh, I suppose so," but he was far from thinking precisely that. He had seen Lemuel and the young girl together a great deal, and a painful misgiving had grown up in his mind. It seemed to him that while he had seen no want of patience and kindness towards her in Lemuel, he had not seen the

return of her fondness, which, silly as it was in some of its manifestations, he thought he should be glad of in him. Yet he was not sure. Barker was always so self-contained that he might very well feel more love for her than he showed; and, after all, Sewell rather weakly asked himself, was the love so absolutely necessary?

When he repeated this question in his wife's presence, she told him she was astonished at him.

"You know that it is *vitally* necessary! It's all the more necessary, if he's so superior to her, as you say. I can't think what's become of your principles, my dear!"

"I do: you've got them," said Sewell.

"I really believe I have," said his wife, with that full conviction of righteousness which her sex alone can feel. "I have always heard you say that marriage without love was not only sinful in itself, but the beginning of sorrow. Why do you think now that it makes no difference?"

"I suppose I was trying to adapt myself to circumstances," answered Sewell, frankly at least. "Let's hope that my facts are as wrong as my conclusions. I'm not sure of either. I suppose if I saw him idolizing so slight and light a person as she seems to be, I should be more disheartened about his future than I am now. If he overvalued her, it would only drag him lower down."

"Oh, his future! Drag him down! Why don't you think of *her*, going up there to that dismal wilderness, to spend her days in toil and poverty, with a half-crazy mother-in-law, and a rheumatic brother-in-law, in such a looking hovel?" Mrs. Sewell did not group these disadvantages conventionally, but they were effective. "You have allowed your feelings about that baffling creature to blind you to everything else, David. Why should you care so much for his future, and nothing for hers? Is that so very bright?"

"I don't think that either is dazzling," sighed the minister. Yet Barker's grew a little lighter as he familiarized himself with it, or rather with Barker. He found that he had a plan for getting a teacher's place in the academy, if they reopened it, at Willoughby Pastures, as they talked of doing, under the impulse of such a course in one of the neighboring towns, and that he was going home, in fancy at least, with purposes of enlightenment and elevation which would go far to console him under such measure of disappointment as they must bring. Sewell hinted to Barker that he must not be too confident of remodeling Willoughby Pastures upon the pattern of Boston.

"Oh, no; I don't expect that," said Lemuel. "What I mean is that I shall always try to remember myself what I've learnt here — from the kind of men I've seen, and the things that I know people are all the time doing for others. I told you once that they haven't got any idea of that in the country. I don't expect to preach it into them; they wouldn't like it if I did; and they'd make fun of it; but if I could try to *live* it?"

"Yes," said Sewell, touched by this young enthusiasm.

"I don't know as I can all the time," said Lemuel. "But it seems to me that that's what I've learnt here, if I've learnt anything. I think the world's a good deal better than I used to."

"Do you, indeed, my dear boy?" asked Sewell, greatly interested. "It's a pretty well meaning world — I hope it is."

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Lemuel. "I presume it ain't perfect—isn't, I should say," and Sewell smiled. "Mr. Corey was always correcting me on that. But if I were to do nothing but pass along the good that's been done me since I came here, I should be kept busy the rest of my life."

Sewell knew that this emotion was largely the physical optimism of convalescence; but he could not refuse the comfort it gave him to find Barker in such a mood, and he did not conceive it his duty to discourage it. Lofty ideals, if not indulged at the expense of lowly realities, he had never found hurtful to any; and it was certainly better for Barker to think too well than too ill of Boston, if it furnished him incentives to unselfish living. He could think of enough things in the city to warrant a different judgment, but if Barker's lesson from his experience there was this, Sewell was not the person to weaken its force with him. He said, with a smile of reserved comment, "Well, perhaps you'll be coming back to us, some day."

"I don't look forward to that," said Lemuel soberly; and then his face took a sterner cast, as if from the force of his resolution. "The first thing I've got to do after I've made a home for her is to get Statira away from the town where she can have some better air, and see if she can't get her health back. It'll be time enough to talk of Boston again when she's fit to live here."

The minister's sympathetic spirit sank again. But his final parting with Barker was not unhopeful. Lemuel consented to accept from him a small loan, to the compass of which he reduced the eager bounty of Miss Vane and Mr. Corey, representing that more would be a burden and an offense to Barker. Statira and his mother came with him to take leave of the Sewells.

They dismounted from the horse-car at the minister's door; and he saw, with sensibility,

the two women helping Lemuel off; he walked with a cane, and they went carefully on either side of him. Sewell hastened to meet them at the door himself, and he was so much interested in the spectacle of this mutual affection that he failed at first to observe that Mrs. Barker wore the skirts of occidental civilization instead of the bloomers which he had identified her with.

"She *says* she's goin' to put 'em on again as soon as she gets back to Willoughby," the younger woman explained to Mrs. Sewell in an aside, while the minister was engaged with Lemuel and his mother. "But I tell her as long as it ain't the fashion in Boston, I guess she hadn't better *he*-e-e-re." Statira had got on her genteel prolongation of her last syllables again. "I guess I shall get along with her. She's kind of queer when you first get acquainted, but she's *real* good-*heart*-e-e-d." She was herself very prettily dressed, and though she looked thin, and at times gave a deep, dismal cough, she was so bright and gay that it was impossible not to feel hopeful about her. She became very confidential with Mrs. Sewell, whom she apparently brevetted Lemuel's best friend, and obliged to a greater show of interest in him than she had ever felt. She told her the whole history of her love affair, and of how much 'Manda Grier had done to help it on at first, and then how she had wanted her to break off with Lemuel. "But," she concluded, "*I* think we're goin' to get along real nice together. I don't know as we shall live all in the same *hou*-ou-se; I guess it'll be the best thing for Lem and I if we can board till we get some little of our health back; I'm more scared for him than what I am for my-*se*-e-lf. I don't presume but what we shall both miss the city some; but he might be out of a job all winter in town; I shouldn't want he should go back on them *ca*-a-rs. Most I hate is leavin' 'Manda Grier; she is the one that I've roomed with ever since I first came to Boston; but Lem and her don't get on very well; they hain't really either of 'em *got* anything against each other, now, but they don't *like* very *we*-e-ll; and, of course, I got to have the friends that he wants me to have, and that's what 'Manda Grier says *to*-o-o; and so it's just as well we're goin' to be where they won't *cla*-a-sh."

She talked to Mrs. Sewell in a low voice; but she kept her eyes upon Lemuel all the time; and when Sewell took him and his mother the length of the front drawing-room away, she was quite distraught, and answered at random till he came back.

Sewell did not know what to think. Would this dependence warm her betrothed to greater tenderness than he now showed, or would its excess disgust him? He was not afraid that Lemuel would ever be unkind to her; but he knew that in marriage kindness was not enough. He looked at Lemuel, serious, thoughtful, refined in his beauty by suffering; and then his eye wandered to Statira's delicate prettiness, so sweet, so full of amiable cheerfulness, so undeniably light and silly. What chiefly comforted him was the fact of an ally whom the young thing had apparently found in Lemuel's mother. Whether that grim personage's ignorant pride in her son had been satisfied with a girl of Statira's style and fashion, and proved capableness in housekeeping, or whether some fancy for butterfly prettiness lurking in the fastnesses of the old woman's rugged nature had been snared by the gay face and dancing eyes, it was apparent that she at least was in love with Statira. She allowed herself to be poked about, and rearranged as to her shawl and the narrow-brimmed youthful hat which she wore on the peak of her skull, and she softened to something like a smile at the touch of Statira's quick hands.

They had all come rather early to make their parting visit at the Sewells', for the Barkers were going to take the two o'clock train for Willoughby Pastures, while Statira was to remain in Boston till he could make a home for her. Lemuel promised to write as soon as he should be settled, and tell Sewell about his life and his work; and Sewell, beyond earshot of his wife, told him he might certainly count upon seeing them at Willoughby in the course of the next summer. They all shook hands several times. Lemuel's mother gave her hand from under the fringe of her shawl, standing bolt upright at arm's length off, and Sewell said it felt like a collection of corn-cobs.

XXXV.

"WELL?" said Sewell's wife, when they were gone.

"Well," he responded; and after a moment he said, "There's this comfort about it, which we don't always have in such cases: there doesn't seem to be anybody else. It would be indefinitely worse if there were."

"Why, of course. What in the world are you thinking about?"

"About that foolish girl who came to me with her miserable love-trouble. I declare, I can't get rid of it. I feel morally certain that she went away from me and dismissed the poor fellow who was looking to her love to save him."

"At the cost of some other poor creature who'd trusted and believed in him till his silly fancy changed? I hope for the credit of

women that she did. But you may be morally certain she did nothing of the kind. Girls don't give up all their hopes in life so easily as that. She might think she would do it, because she had read of such things, and thought it was fine, but when it came to the pinch, she wouldn't."

"I hope not. If she did she would commit a great error, a criminal error."

"Well, you needn't be afraid. Look at Mrs. Tom Corey. And that was her own sister!"

"That was different. Corey had never thought of her sister, much less made love to her, or promised to marry her. Besides, Mrs. Corey had her father and mother to advise her, and support her in behaving sensibly. And this poor creature had nothing but her own novel-fed fancies, and her crazy conscience. She thought that because she inflicted suffering upon herself she was acting unselfishly. Really, the fakirs of India and the Penitentes of New Mexico are more harmless, for they don't hurt any one else. If she has forced some poor fellow into a marriage like this of Barker's, she's committed a deadly sin. She'd better driven him to suicide, than condemned him to live a lie to the end of his days. No doubt she regarded it as a momentary act of expiation. That's the way her romances taught her to look at loveless marriage —as something spectacular, transitory, instead of the enduring, degrading, squalor that it is!"

"What in the world are you talking about, David? I should think *you* were a novelist yourself, by the wild way you go on! You have no proof whatever that Barker isn't happily engaged. I'm sure he's got a much better girl than he deserves, and one that's fully his equal. She's only too fond of that dry stick. Such a girl as the one you described,— like that mysterious visitor of yours,— what possible relation could she have with him? She was a lady!"

"Yes, yes! Of course it's absurd. But everybody seems to be tangled up with everybody else. My dear, will you give me a cup of tea? I think I'll go to writing at once."

Before she left her husband to order his tea Mrs. Sewell asked, "And do you think you have got through with him now?"

"I have just begun with him," replied Sewell.

His mind, naturally enough in connection with Lemuel, was running upon his friend Evans, and the subject they had once talked of in that room. It was primarily in thinking of him that he began to write his sermon on Complicity, which made a great impression at the time, and had a more lasting effect as enlarged from the newspaper reports, and reprinted in pamphlet form. His evolution from the text, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," of a complete philosophy of life, was humorously treated by some of his critics as a phase of Darwinism, but upon the whole the sermon met with great favor. It not only strengthened Sewell's hold upon the affections of his own congregation, but carried his name beyond Boston, and made him the topic of editorials in the Sunday editions of leading newspapers as far off as Chicago. It struck one of those popular moods of intelligent sympathy when the failure of a large class of underpaid and worthy workers to assert their right to a living wage against a powerful monopoly had sent a thrill of respectful pity through every generous heart in the country; and it was largely supposed that Sewell's sermon referred indirectly to the telegraphers' strike. Those who were aware of his habit of seeking to produce a personal rather than a general effect, of his belief that you can have a righteous public only by the slow process of having righteous men and women, knew that he meant something much nearer home to each of his hearers, when he preached the old Christ-humanity to them, and enforced again the lesson that no one for good or for evil, for sorrow or joy, for sickness or health, stood apart from his fellows, but each was bound to the highest and the lowest by ties that centered in the hand of God. No man, he said, sinned or suffered to himself alone; his error and his pain darkened and afflicted men who never heard of his name. If a community was corrupt, if an age was immoral, it was not because of the vicious, but the virtuous who fancied themselves indifferent spectators. It was not the tyrant who oppressed, it was the wickedness that had made him possible. The gospel — Christ — God, so far as men had imagined him,— was but a lesson, a type, a witness from everlasting to everlasting of the spiritual unity of man. As we grew in grace, in humanity, in civilization, our recognition of this truth would be transfigured from a duty to a privilege, a joy, a heavenly rapture. Many men might go through life harmlessly without realizing this, perhaps, but sterilely; only those who had had the care of others laid upon them, lived usefully, fruitfully. Let no one shrink from such a burden, or seek to rid himself of it. Rather let him bind it fast upon his neck, and rejoice in it. The wretched, the foolish, the ignorant whom we found at every turn, were something more; they were the messengers of God, sent to tell his secret to any that would hear it. Happy he in whose ears their cry for help was a perpetual voice, for that man, whatever his creed, knew God, and could never forget him. In his responsibility for his weaker brethren he was Godlike, for God was but the impersonation of loving responsibility, of infinite and never-ceasing care for us all.

When Sewell came down from his pulpit, many people came up to speak to him of his sermon. Some of the women's faces showed the traces of tears, and each person had made its application to himself. There were two or three who had heard between the words. Old Bromfield Corey, who was coming a good deal more to church since his eyes began to fail him, because it was a change and a sort of relief from being read to, said:

"I didn't know that they had translated it Barker in the revised version. Well, you must let me know how he's getting on, Sewell, and give me a chance at the revelation too, if he ever gets troublesome to you again."

Miss Vane was standing at the door with his wife when Sewell came out. She took his hand and pressed it.

"Do you think I threw away my chance?" she demanded. She had her veil down, and at first Sewell thought it was laughter that shook her voice, but it was not that.

He did not know quite what to say, but he did say, "He was sent to *me*."

As they walked off alone, his wife said:

"Well, David, I hope you haven't preached away all your truth and righteousness."

"I know what you mean, my dear," answered Sewell humbly. He added, "You shall remind me, if I seem likely to forget." But he concluded seriously, "If I thought I could never do anything more for Barker, I should be very unhappy; I should take it as a sign that I had been recreant to my charge."

XXXVI.

The minister heard directly from Barker two or three times during the winter, and as often through Statira, who came to see Mrs. Sewell. Barker had not got the place he had hoped for at once, but he had got a school in the country a little way off, and he was doing something; and he expected to do better.

The winter proved a very severe one. "I guess it's just as well I staid in town," said Statira, the last time she came, with a resignation which Mrs. Sewell, fond of the ideal in others, as most ladies are, did not like. "'Manda Grier says 'twould killed me up there; and I d' know but what it would. I done so well here, since the cold weather set in, that 'Manda Grier she thinks I hadn't better get married right away; well, not till it comes summer, anyway. I tell her I guess she don't want I should get married at all, after all she done to help it along first off. Her and Mr. Barker don't seem to get along very well."

Now that Statira felt a little better acquainted with Mrs. Sewell. she dropped the genteel elongation of her final syllables, and used such vernacular forms of speech as came first to her. The name of 'Manda Grier seemed to come in at every fourth word with her, and she tired Mrs. Sewell with visits which she appeared unable to bring to a close of herself.

A long relief from them ended in an alarm for her health with Mrs. Sewell, who went to find her. She found her still better than before, and Statira frankly accounted for her absence by saying that 'Manda thought she had better not come any more till Mrs. Sewell returned some of her calls. She laughed, and then she said:

"I don't know as you'd found me here if you'd come much later. 'Manda Grier don't want I should be here in the east winds, now it's comin' spring so soon; and she's heard of a chance at a box factory in Philadelphia. She wants I should go there with her, and I don't know but what it *would* be about the best thing."

Mrs. Sewell could not deny the good sense of the plan, though she was sensible of liking Statira less and less for it.

The girl continued: "Lem — Mr. Barker, I *should* say — wants I should come up *there*, out the east winds. But 'Manda Grier she's opposed to it; she thinks I'd ought to have more of a mild climate, and he better come down *there* and get a school, if he wants me *to*-o." Statira broke into an impartial little titter. "I'm sure I don't know which of 'em 'll win the day!"

Mrs. Sewell's report of this speech brought a radiant smile of relief to Sewell's face. "Ah, well, then! That settles it! I feel perfectly sure that 'Manda Grier will win the day. That poor, sick, flimsy little Statira is completely under 'Manda Grier's thumb, and will do just what she says, now that there's no direct appeal from her will to Barker's; they will never be married. Don't you see that it was 'Manda Grier's romance in the beginning, and that when she came to distrust, to dislike Barker, she came to dislike her romance too — to hate it?"

"Well, don't *you* romance him, David," said Mrs. Sewell, only conditionally accepting his theory.

Yet it may be offered to the reader as founded in probability and human nature. In fact, he may be assured here that the marriage which eventually took place was not that of Lemuel and Statira; though how the union, which was not only happiness for those it joined, but whatever is worthier and better in life than happiness, came about, it is aside from the purpose of this story to tell, and must be left for some future inquiry.

THE END.

W. D. Howells.

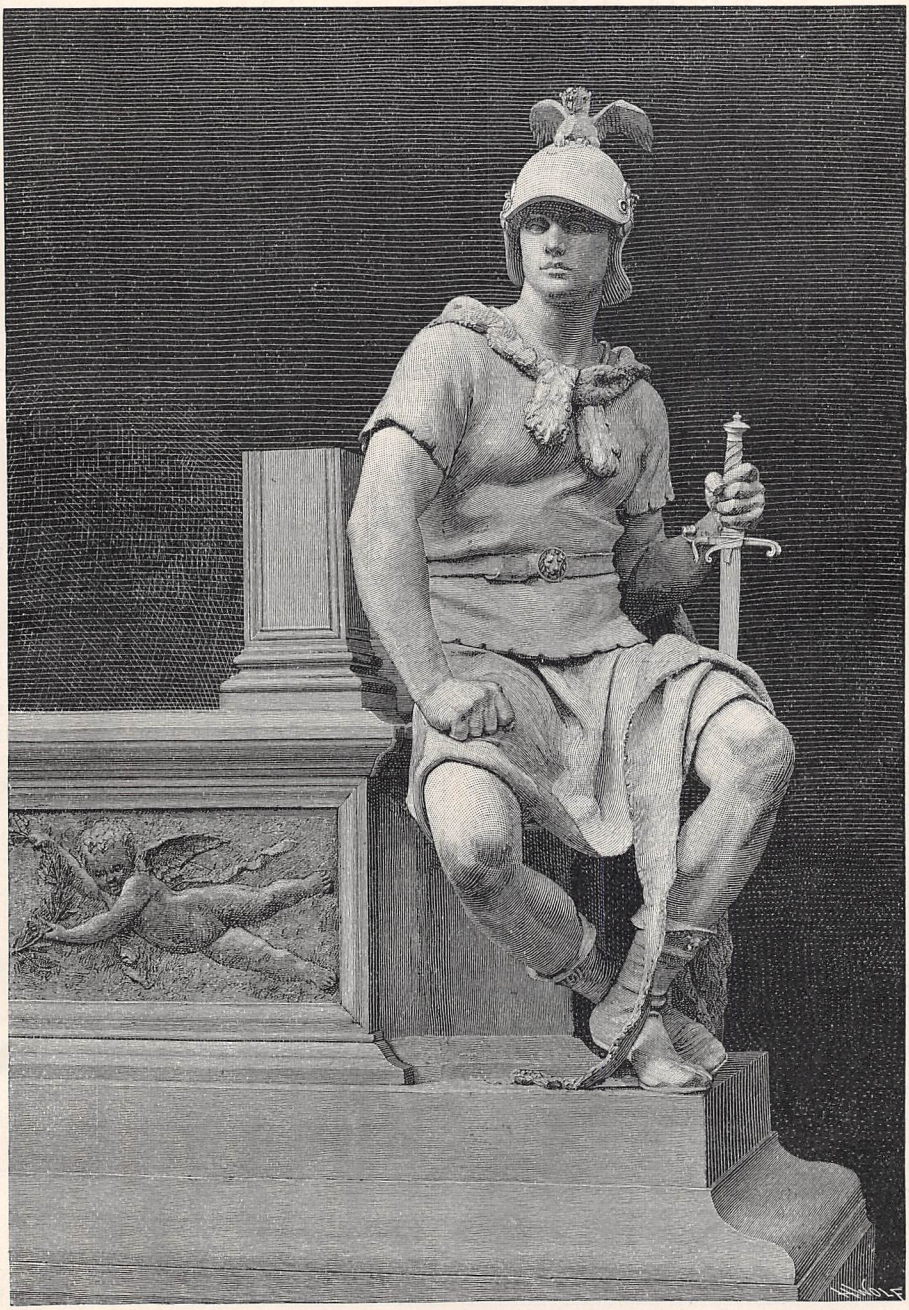
JEANNE D'ARC. (AFTER THE STATUE BY CHAPU IN THE LUXEMBOURG.)

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH SCULPTURE.

CHAPU — DUBOIS.

GREEK sculpture has perished so completely that it sometimes seems to live only in its legend. It is quite supplanted by the sculpture of the Renaissance. And this is not unreasonable. The Renaissance sculpture is modern; its masters did finely and perfectly what since their time has been done imperfectly, but essentially its artistic spirit is the modern artistic spirit, full of personality, full of expression, careless of the type. Nowadays we patronize a little the ideal. You may hear very intelligent critics in Paris — who in Paris is not an intelligent critic? — speak disparagingly of the Greek want of expression; of the lack of passion, of vivid interest, of significance in a word, in Greek sculpture of the Periclean epoch. The conception of absolute beauty having been discovered to be an abstraction, the tradition of the purely ideal has gone with it. The caryatids of the Erechtheum, the horsemen of the Parthenon frieze, the reliefs of the Nike Apteros balustrade are admired certainly; but they are hardly sympathetically admired; there is a tendency to relegate them to the limbo of subjects for æsthetic lectures. And yet no one can have carefully examined the brilliant productions of French sculpture without being struck by this apparent paradox: that, whereas all its canons are drawn from a study of the Renaissance, its chief characteristic is, at bottom, a lack of expression, a carefulness for the type. The explanation is this: in the course of time, which "at last makes all things even," the individuality, the romanticism of the Renaissance has itself become the type, is now itself become "classical," and the modern attitude towards it, however sympathetic compared with the modern attitude towards the antique, is to a noteworthy degree factitious and artificial. And in art everything depends upon the attitude of mind. It is this which prevents Ingres from being truly Raphaelesque and Pradier from being really classical. If, therefore, it can justly be said of modern French sculpture that its sympathy for the Renaissance sculpture obscures its vision of the ideal, it is clearly to be charged with the same absence of individual significance with which its thick-and-thin partisans reproach the antique. The circumstance that, like the Renaissance sculpture, it deals far more largely in pictorial expression than the antique does, is, if it deals in them after the Renaissance fashion and not after a fashion of its own, quite beside the essential fact. There is really nothing in common between a French sculptor of the present day and an Italian one of the fifteenth century except the possession of what is called the modern spirit. But the modern spirit manifests itself in an enormous gamut, and the differences of its manifestations are as great in their way, and so far as our interest in them is concerned, as the difference between their inspiration and the mediæval or the antique inspiration.

M. Chapu is perhaps the only eminent sculptor of the time whose inspiration is clearly the antique, and when I add that his work appears to me for this reason none the less original, it will be immediately perceived that I share imperfectly the French objection to the antique. Indeed, nowadays to have the antique inspiration is to be original *ex vi termini;* nothing is further removed from contemporary conventions. But this is true in a much more integral sense. The preëminent fact of Greek sculpture, for example, is, from one point of view, the directness with which it concerns itself with the ideal — the slight temporary or personal element with which it is alloyed. When one calls an artist or a work Greek, this is what is really meant; it is the sense in which Raphael is Greek, or (to associate lesser things with great, and if I may say so without being misunderstood) the work of Mr. Whistler. M. Chapu is Greek in this way, and thus individualized among his contemporaries, not only by having a different inspiration from them, but by depending for his interest on no convention fixed or fleeting and on no indirect support of accentuated personal characteristics. Perhaps the antiquary of a thousand years from now, to whom the traits which to us distinguish so clearly the work of certain sculptors who seem to have nothing in common will betray only their common inspiration, will be even less at a loss than ourselves to find traces of a common origin in such apparently different works as M. Chapu's "Mercury" and his "Jeunesse" of the Regnault monument. He will by no means confound these with the classical productions of M. Millet or



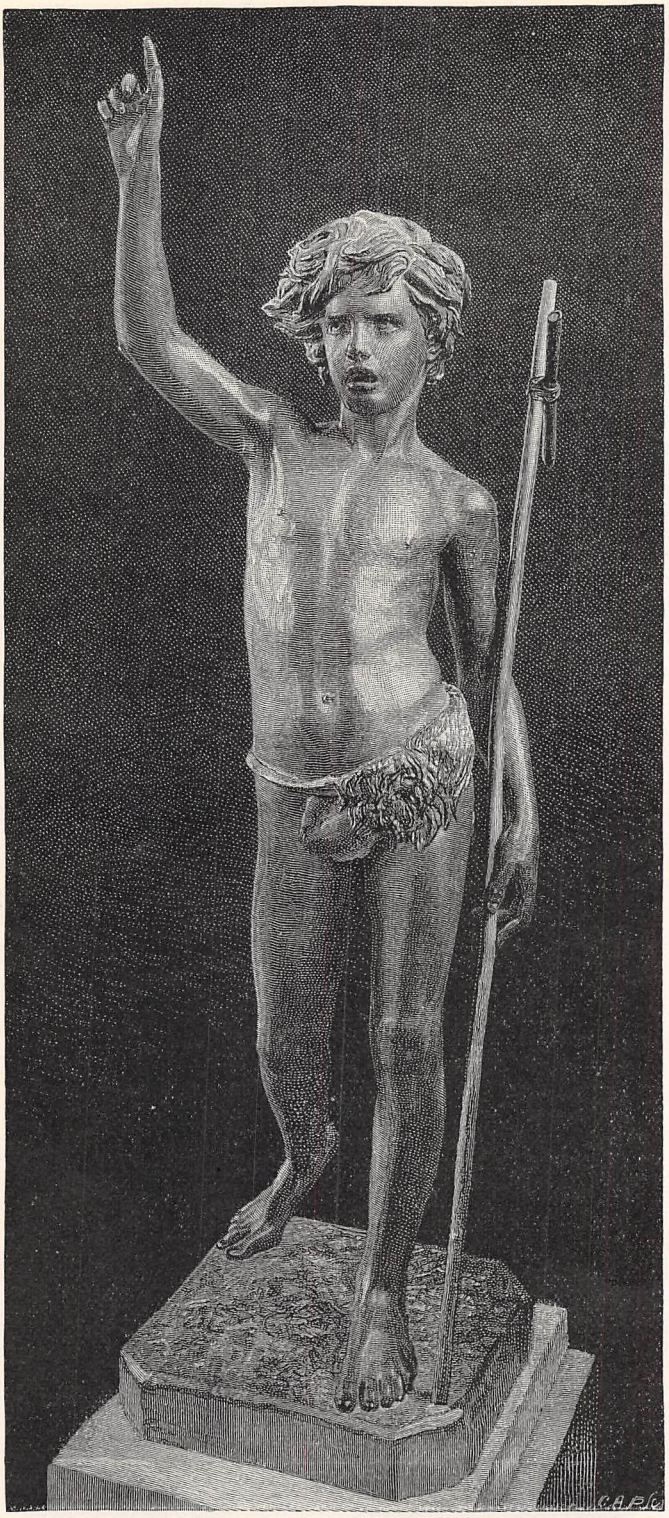
MILITARY COURAGE. (ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF, AFTER THE STATUE BY DUBOIS AT THE TOMB OF LAMORICIÈRE, NANTES.)

M. Cavelier, we may be sure. And this, I repeat, because their purely Greek spirit, the subordination in their conception and execution of the personal element, the direct way in which the sculptor looks at the ideal, the type, not only distinguish them among contemporary works, which are so largely personal expressions, but give them an eminent individuality as well. Like the Greek sculpture, they are plainly the production of culture, which in restraining willfulness, however happily inspired, and imposing measure and poise, nevertheless acutely stimulates and develops the faculties themselves. The skeptic who may very plausibly inquire the distinction between that vague entity, "the ideal," and the personal idea of the artist concerned with it, can be shown this distinction better than it can be expressed in words. He will appreciate it very readily, to return to M. Chapu, by contrasting the Jeanne d'Arc at the Luxembourg gallery with such different treatment of the same theme as M. Bastien-Lepage's picture, as well known in America as in Paris, illustrates. Contrary to his almost invariable practice of neglecting even design in favor of impersonal natural representation, M. Bastien-Lepage's "Jeanne d'Arc" is the creature of willful originality, a sort of embodied protest against conventionalism in historical painting; she is the illustration of a theory, she is this and that systematically and not spontaneously; the predominance of the painter's personality is plain in every detail of his creation. M. Chapu's "Maid" is the ideal, more or less perfectly expressed. She is everybody's "Maid," more or less adequately embodied. The statue is the antipodes of the conventional; it suggests no competition with that at Versailles or the many other characterless conceptions which abound. It is full of expression — arrested just before it ceases to be suggestive; of individuality restrained on the hither side of peculiarity. The "Maid" is hearing her "voices" as distinctly as M. Bastien-Lepage's figure is, but the fact is not forced upon the sense, but is rather disclosed to the mind with great delicacy and the dignity becoming sculpture. No one could, of course, mistake this work for an antique,— an error that might possibly be made, supposing the conditions favorable, in the case of M. Chapu's "Mercury"; but it presents, nevertheless, an excellent illustration of a modern working naturally and freely in the antique spirit. It is as affecting, as full of direct appeal, as a modern work essays to be; but its appeal is to the sense of beauty, to the imagination, and its effect is wrought in virtue of its art and not of its reality. No, individuality is no more inconsistent with the antique spirit than it is with eccentricity, with the extravagances of personal expression. Is there more individuality in a thirteenth-century grotesque than in the Faun of the Capitol? For sculpture especially, art is eminently, as it has been termed, "the discipline of genius," and it is only after the sculptor's genius has submitted to the discipline of culture that it evinces an individuality which really counts, which is really thrown out in relief on the background of crude personality. And if there be no question of perfection, but only of the artist's attitude, one has but to ask himself the real meaning of the epithet Shaksperian to be assured of the harmony between individuality and the most impersonal practice.

Nevertheless, this attitude and this perfection, characteristic as they are of M. Chapu's work, have their peril. When the quickening impulse, of whose expression they are after all but conditions, fails, they suddenly appear so misplaced as to render insignificant what would otherwise have seemed "respectable" enough work. Everywhere else of great distinction,— even in the execution of so perfunctory a task as a commission for a figure of "Mechanical Art" in the Tribunal de Commerce, at the great Triennial Exposition of 1883,— M. Chapu was simply insignificant. There was never a more striking illustration of the necessity of constant renewal of inspiration, of the constant danger of lapse into the perfunctory and the hackneyed, which threatens an artist of precisely M. Chapu's qualities. Another of equal eminence escapes this peril; there is not the same interdependence of form and "content" to be disturbed by failure in the latter; or, better still, the merits of form are not so distinguished as to require imperatively a corresponding excellence of intention. In fact, it is for the exceptional position that he occupies in deriving from the antique, instead of showing the academic devotion to Renaissance romanticism which characterizes the general movement of modern French sculpture, that in any consideration of this sculpture M. Chapu's work makes a more vivid impression than that of his contemporaries, and thus naturally takes a foremost place.

M. Paul Dubois, for example, is as unmistakably "arrived," as the phrase is, as M. Chapu, to whom, in the characteristics just treated of, he presents the greatest possible contrast; but he will never, we may be sure, give us a work that could be called insignificant. His work will always express himself, and his is a personality of very positive idiosyncrasies. M. Dubois, indeed, is probably the strongest of the Academic group of French sculptors of the day. The tomb of General Lamoricière at Nantes has remained until recently probably the finest achievement

LA JEUNESSE. (ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY, AFTER THE REGNAULT MONUMENT BY CHAPU IN THE BEAUX-ARTS.)



THE INFANT JOHN. (ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL, AFTER THE STATUE BY DUBOIS IN THE LUXEMBOURG.)

of sculpture in modern times. There is in effect nothing markedly superior in the Cathedral of St. Denis, which is a great deal to say — much more, indeed, than the glories of the Italian Renaissance, which lead us out of mere momentum to forget the French, permit one to appreciate. Indeed, the sculpture of M. Dubois seems positively to have but one defect, a defect which from one point of view is certainly a quality, the defect of impeccability. It is at any rate impeccable; to seek in it a blemish, or, within its own limitations, a distinct shortcoming, is to lose one's pains. As workmanship, and workmanship of the subtler kind, in which every detail of surface and structure is perceived to have been intelligently felt (though rarely enthusiastically rendered), it is not merely satisfactory, but visibly and beautifully perfect. But in the category in which M. Dubois is to be placed that is very little; it is always delightful, but it is not especially complimentary to M. Dubois, to occupy one's self with it. On the other hand, by impeccability is certainly not here meant the mere success of expressing what one has to express — the impeccability of Canova and his successors, for example. The difficulty is with M. Dubois's ideal, with what he so perfectly expresses. At the last analysis this is not his ideal more than ours. And this, indeed, is what makes his work so flawless in our eyes, so impeccable. It seems as if of what he attempts he attains the type itself; every one must recognize its justness.

The reader will say at once here that I am caviling at M. Dubois for what I praised in M. Chapu. But let us distinguish. The two artists belong to wholly different categories. M. Chapu's inspiration is the antique spirit. M. Dubois is, like all French sculptors except M. Chapu indeed, absolutely and integrally a romanticist, completely enamored of the Renaissance. The two are so distinct as to be contradictory. The moment M. Dubois gives us the *type* in a "Florentine Minstrel," to the exclusion of the personal and the particular, he fails in imaginativeness and falls back on the conventional. The *type* of a "Florentine Minstrel" is infallibly a convention. M. Dubois, not being occupied directly with the ideal, is bound to carry his subject and its idiosyncrasies much farther than the observer could have foreseen. To rest content with expressing gracefully and powerfully the notion common to all connoisseurs is to fall short of what one justly exacts of the romantic artist. Indeed, in exchange for this one would accept very faulty work in this category with resignation. Whatever we may say or think, however we may admire or approve, in romantic art the quality that charms, that fascinates, is not adequacy but unexpectedness. In addition to the understanding, the instinct demands satisfaction. The virtues of Charity and Faith and the ideas of Military Courage and Meditation could not be more adequately illustrated than by the figures which guard the solemn dignity of General Lamoricière's sleep. There is a certain force, a breadth of view, in the general conception, something in the way in which the sculptor has taken his task, quite as nearly allied to real grandeur as anything of the sort in contemporary art. Even in painting, I think of nothing so justly to be called grand since Delacroix. The confident and even careless dependence upon the unaided value of its motive, making hardly any appeal to the fancy on the one hand and seeking no poignant effect on the other, endues the work with the poise and purity of superb strength. It conveys to the mind a clear impression of manliness, of qualities morally refreshing.

But such work educates us so inexorably, teaches us to be so exacting! After enjoying it to its and our utmost, we demand still something else, something more moving, more stirring, something more directly appealing to our impulse and instinct. Even in his free and charming little "St. John Baptist" of the Luxembourg and his admirable bust of Baudry one feels like asking for more freedom still, for more "swing." Dubois certainly is the last artist who needs to be on his guard against "letting himself go." Why is it that in varying so agreeably Renaissance themes — compare the "Military Courage" and Michael Angelo's "Pensiero," or the "Charity" and the same group in Della Quercia's fountain at Siena, — it is restraint, rather than audacity, that governs him? Is it caution or perversity? In a word, imaginativeness is what permanently interests and attaches, the imaginativeness to which in sculpture the ordinary conventions of form are mere conditions, and the ordinary conventions of idea mere material. One can hardly apply generalities of the kind to M. Dubois without saying too much, but it is nevertheless true that one may illustrate the grand style and yet fail of being intimately and acutely sympathetic; and M. Dubois, to whose largeness of treatment and nobility of conception no one will deny the grand style, does thus fail. It is not that he does not possess charm, and charm in no mean proportion to his largeness and nobility, but for the elevation of these into the realm of magic, into the upper air of spontaneous spiritual activity, his imagination has, for the romantic imagination which it is, a trifle too much self-possession, — too much sanity, if one chooses. He has the ambitions, the faculties, of a lyric poet, and he gives us too frequently recitative.

William C. Brownell.

Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote.

Engraved by Charles State.

THE COWARD.

A COWARD.

OUTSIDE the July sunshine was blazing down upon the bare parade ground, the low frame houses, and the rough defenses which make up the unpicturesque ensemble of a fort in Montana; but inside the Colonel's quarters Evelyn Blake, though it was only a month since she had joined her father, had managed to make her home as dainty and as pretty as if civilization and upholsterers were not two hundred miles away.

"She is a woman like her mother, who would make an Indian 'dug-out' cozy if she lived in it for a week," her father said to himself, gazing fondly at her over the lunch-table. "When one thinks, too, that the little witch lost half her boxes on the way, and that the piano had so many narrow escapes that its safe arrival seems, as Jack Peyton says, a miracle vouchsafed to the prayers of the whole regiment ——"

"Papa," said Miss Blake, lifting her blue eyes from the tea-cup she had been meditatively regarding, "suppose we ask Mr. Fleming to dine with us to-morrow?"

"Fleming?" repeated the Colonel, his beaming countenance clouding a little. "I think not to-morrow: we have asked Frost, you know, and they are not particularly good friends."

"We really should not put him off any longer, though he seems as difficult to arrange with the other officers as the fox, the goose, and the basket of corn. You must see, papa, that if we are to keep to your rule of asking each of the unmarried officers in turn to dine with us on Sundays, we cannot make an exception of Mr. Fleming."

"But we do not know Fleming as well as the other fellows."

"Shall we ever know him any better if we are so pointedly rude to him? Papa," cried Evelyn, folding her pretty arms upon the table, and confronting her parent quite judicially, "I am afraid that you have a prejudice against Mr. Fleming; and I have often heard you say that a commanding officer should not permit himself such a luxury."

"Oh, my dear! I have said a great many wise things in my time that I find impossible to practice."

"But what makes him so unpopular? One never sees him except at parade; his brother officers never speak of him; he has never even been to call upon me but once, and that evidently as a matter of duty," said Evelyn, announcing this climax of peculiarity with all the well-justified surprise of the only young lady of a garrison, who had possessed a monopoly of the time and devotion of the unmarried officers of the regiment ever since her arrival. "What has he done?"

The Colonel pulled his gray mustache thoughtfully.

"You will be sure to hear the story sooner or later," he said rather ruefully. "And I dare say, prejudiced though you think me, that I shall tell it to you more fairly than one of those youngsters, who understand nothing between their own reckless courage and downright poltroonery."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"I mean that for three years Fleming has lived under the stigma of cowardice — that there is not a man in the regiment who does not believe that his cowardice cost a comrade his life." Then, in a voice that grew very stern as he proceeded, he told her the story.

Three years before the regiment had been stationed in Arizona, where the Indians had for several months been giving a great deal of trouble. Toward the end of the summer, however, everything had become quieter, and detachments had been sent from post to post without meeting with any attempt at hostility, even when their numbers were imprudently small. In the latter part of August Fleming and another officer named Lawrence, with ten soldiers, were sent to the west fort for some purpose, and had nearly reached home on their return, and, fancying themselves in security, had somewhat relaxed their vigilance, when from behind some rocks a band of Indians, three or four times their number, rushed upon them with a discharge of musketry. Two soldiers were killed instantly, and Fleming, who was in command, ordered his men to put their horses to the gallop. As they did so, Lawrence's horse was shot, and the Indians dashed towards him as he struggled to free himself, crying to his comrades to help him. The soldiers declared afterwards that, had Fleming given the word promptly, there would have been time to mount Lawrence behind one of them, and that any of the horses would have been equal to the double load for the short distance necessary to put them beyond the reach of the Indians, who did not dare to follow them very near the fort. But Fleming

had heeded neither Lawrence's cry for help nor the appeals of the soldiers nearest him, ordering the latter to be silent and save themselves, while he put his own horse to such a speed that the others could scarcely keep up with him. They arrived at the fort within half an hour, the men is such a state of indignation that every one in the garrison was soon acquainted with the story, and Fleming a disgraced man. The only reason that he had not been court-martialed at once was that there had been no officer with him to bear testimony, and it was considered too dangerous a precedent to allow soldiers to witness against an officer. Fleming had therefore kept his rank, shunned by his comrades, who felt that in so doing only could they avenge Lawrence's death, and treated, so far as he could govern his manner, with impartiality by Colonel Blake, who in his own gallant heart despised the man he considered a coward even more utterly than the younger men, who showed their contempt so plainly.

"Have you ever spoken to him about it, papa?" Evelyn asked when the story was ended. A little of her pretty color had faded, for the Colonel told the story well, and it had seemed to her almost as though she had seen the Indians sweeping around Lawrence as he fell, and heard his last cry for help drowned in the gallop of his comrades' horses as they deserted him.

"Yes, child, once. He asked to take charge of a scouting party which, after consulting the Major, I had given to Jack Peyton."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him the story as I had heard it, and that, believing it as I did, I could not trust my men to an officer who lost his self-possession in a moment of danger; and further, that the men, having no confidence in him, could not be relied upon to do their duty under his command as they could under any other."

"Was he angry? Did he deny?"

"Angry?—deny?" repeated the Colonel gloomily. "He put his head down on the table and cried like a child. Presently he said that no one could blame him more severely than he did himself, and that he should have resigned at once, feeling his unfitness for the service, and realizing the reason why he had not been dismissed by court-martial, but that in so doing he must have told the story to his father (you have heard of what a brave old soldier General Fleming is), and that it would have broken the old man's heart. So he asked my patience while his father lives, promising to resign upon his death, and that in the mean time, in any duty for which I might think him fit, he would prove to me that he could at least work."

"And has he kept his word?"

"Perfectly. No men are better drilled or cared for than his; and when the regiment was ordered here two years ago, he proved that he had more organizing and executive ability than all the other youngsters together; while as regards the attractions at the post-trader's, where cards and drink ruin some of our best fellows, he is an example to his comrades—an example which will, however, have no good effect upon them while they consider him a coward."

"A coward! Poor fellow, he has moral courage enough for a hero! To do his duty for three years, and live solitary and despised among you all, for the sake of saving his brave old father's shame!"

"You are the first woman I ever knew who found an excuse for cowardice," the Colonel said, rising vexedly, for Fleming was rather a pet grievance with him, and he had been sure of Evelyn's sympathy in it.

"I cannot believe that a man who is so brave morally can be an utter coward physically. There must have been some reason for his conduct," she cried, rising too, and clasping both hands over her father's arm.

"He gave none."

"Because he was overwhelmed with regret. I have heard that even the bravest men have confessed to a moment of panic. Dear papa, give him another chance!"

"The Major would like to see you, Colonel," said an orderly entering. "And, Miss Blake, I showed Lieutenant Fleming into the drawing-room just now."

"Good Heavens!" cried the Colonel aghast, for the drawing-room adjoined the dining-room, and the door between was ajar. With a lamentable lack of the moral courage his daughter so much admired, he rushed into the hall, where he could be heard eagerly ushering the Major into his own particular den, while Evelyn, pale with sympathy, entered the drawing-room.

Fleming came to meet her with a smile that made her eyes fill with tears.

"I do not add eavesdropping to my other faults usually," he said in a voice which trembled a little. "But the first words I heard were yours in my excuse, and I could not help waiting to hear what you could say for me—I who can say nothing for myself!"

"It was a moment's panic," faltered Evelyn. "If you had realized the consequences—"

"I realized nothing—I was mad with fear," Fleming said with a bitterness all the more intense for its quietness. "If my horse had been shot and Lawrence in command, there would have been no moment's panic with him."

"They should give you another chance. It is not just to spoil your life for one fault."

"It was a fault which cost a life worth infinitely more than mine; and if your father were to give me the opportunity I asked for, it might cost more lives than one. No! he is right."

"It would never happen again!" cried Evelyn, carried beyond remembrance of conventionalities by keenest pity for the hopeless regret in his eyes and voice; and, clasping Fleming's strong brown hand in both of hers, she said:

"You have suffered so deeply, and have done your duty so faithfully in spite of this injustice, that I believe the dear God, who is so much more forgiving to us than we are to each other" —with a reverent lowering of the tender voice —"He will give you a chance of redeeming your fault, if only you do not lose patience."

With an inarticulate exclamation, Fleming pressed his lips to the pretty hands which held his so kindly, and hurriedly left the room.

From that afternoon it became evident to the garrison that Fleming had joined the ranks of Miss Blake's courtiers, and that she had relaxed in his favor her hitherto rigid impartiality. As her favor was just then the boon most highly prized, and as human nature is no more faultless in a frontier post than in wider circles, it followed naturally that she was several times told Fleming's story far less justly than she had heard it from her father. Her invariable reply, that she considered him most unjustly treated until he should have an opportunity to retrieve his reputation, was set down as a proof that, for the sake of his handsome melancholy eyes and his utter devotion to herself, she had forgiven him a fault which a woman usually finds as difficult to pardon as a soldier; and every one was prepared to hear of an engagement between the most popular and the most disliked persons in the regiment. That this did not add to Fleming's favor with his comrades was also most human; and Colonel Blake, when he saw Evelyn grasping every occasion of showing her preference, felt his heart also harden still more against the man whom of all others he would most object to seeing his only child marry.

"My little girl," he said one August evening when Evelyn had returned from a long ride in which Fleming had been her escort, "do not give me a coward for a son-in-law."

"Papa, you are a goose," she cried most disrespectfully, leaning over his arm-chair as she stood beside him, and kissing the top of his gray head, where a much-lamented baldness was beginning to appear.

"Oh, my dear! if your mother had lived, she would have known how to say to you the wise things that mothers understand and that girls need to hear," the Colonel said with an unwonted tremor in his cheery voice. "But though I do not know much about girls, I do know men; and I tell you that an officer who thinks only of himself in a moment of danger and forgets the lives under his care — that man is not the husband a woman should trust with her future."

"Try to keep your thoughts from matrimony, you absurd old dear, and take my word that nobody is thinking about it but yourself," Evelyn cried gayly, and unblushingly meeting her father's anxious eyes. Then she added gravely, "If you could have seen how well Mr. Fleming managed Sultan, who really has rather a nasty temper. There is not another officer in the regiment who can manage a horse so well — he is so firm and so quiet."

"Nonsense! Jack Peyton is as much his superior in horsemanship as he is in courage and every other quality that one would expect a woman to admire."

"There is no question of Mr. Peyton," replied Evelyn with a sudden rush of color. "However, as you choose to compare the two, papa, please believe that I infinitely prefer Mr. Fleming as my friend to Mr. Peyton." And with another light kiss she left the room.

As Fleming came out of the officers' mess-room that same August evening, the beauty of the cloudless moonlight tempted him from an immediate return to the books which had been his society and friends for three years, and he walked slowly to a portion of the fort which overlooked the Yellowstone River. Six or eight of the trees planted in the open space there four years before, when Fort Barton was built, still survived their struggles with arctic winters and tropical summers; and as there were a couple of benches within their scanty shade, and the view from the bluff was wonderfully grand, this end of the parade was a favorite resort among the younger officers in fine weather. On this evening there was only one figure on the most distant bench, and he, apparently, had come neither to encourage the trees, admire the view, nor smoke a cigar; for with his elbows on his knees, and his head resting on his clasped hands, he certainly was not indulging in any of those amusements popular among the frequenters of the place.

At the sound of a step he raised himself and stared silently at Fleming.

"Good evening, Peyton."

"I beg your pardon; I was half asleep and hardly knew you," Jack Peyton said mendaciously, for he had never been more keenly awake, and he had recognized Fleming with that quickness with which we all recognize the subject of recent disagreeable thoughts. "Just returned from your ride with Miss Blake?"

"Half an hour ago."

Peyton rose, and picking up a couple of

small loose stones from the rampart, he flung them singly into the river far below.

"When is one to congratulate you and Miss Blake?" he asked abruptly and with his back to Fleming.

There was a pause — a pause in which an iron hand seemed laid on Fleming's heart, so absolutely physical was its pain; a pause through which, somewhere in that inmost consciousness we call a soul, he heard a whisper that the merest hint would keep proud Jack Peyton from Evelyn Blake, and that well as he knew the hopelessness of his own love then, yet in time ——

"I am not much in the line of congratulations," he said hoarsely at last. "As for Miss Blake — God bless her! — do not you see that she is only sorry for me? Do you think that so true a woman as she is would publish her kindness to me through the whole regiment as she does, if she had any deeper feeling for me than the wish to show you all that I have one friend who trusts me? When she loves she will not begin with pity." And, having uttered these last words with a bitterness Peyton never forgot, he walked away to his quarters.

A week later the announcement of Miss Blake's engagement to Jack Peyton paralyzed the garrison with another proof of the inscrutability of woman's purpose, and established the Colonel in his rather shaken belief that her mother's daughter could not do a foolish thing — especially in the choice of a husband. As for Fleming, he went about his duties with the same quiet absorption in them which had been his chief characteristic for three years, and the friendship between him and Evelyn continued as warmly eager on her side, as gravely grateful on his, as it had been before her engagement, though at the cost of many remonstrances from Peyton, who fully shared the general opinion of Fleming.

The winter came unusually early even for Montana, and with certain peculiarities in its advent which made those of the officers most familiar with the climate predict a very severe season — a prediction of gloomy portent where winter at best meant nearly six months' isolation, with infrequent and irregular mails, brought by half-frozen carriers on horseback, for their only link with the world beyond the prairies; for, though there were telegraph lines to Chicago, as well as to the neighboring forts, the winter "blizzards" were apt to destroy their efficiency for weeks at a time. Between Christmas and New-Year's the marriage of Miss Blake was to occur, and every one looked forward to that event as to the only oasis in the long desert of winter dullness, because, if the weather proved endurable, two or three young ladies from their largest neighbor, Fort Bryan, had promised to come over for a week under the chaperonage of the commander's wife; and the prospect of several pretty bridesmaids sustained the spirits of the younger officers, who had found it hard to forgive even so popular a man as Jack Peyton for his monopoly of Miss Blake.

A few days before Christmas the weather, which had been stormy for some time, cleared encouragingly; and having telegraphed Fort Bryan that they were on their way, Peyton with Fleming (whom, as a great concession to Evelyn, he asked to go with him), and accompanied by two orderlies, set out to meet the ladies at Fort Bryan and escort them across the prairies. After a cold, bright ride of nearly six hours they arrived at a ranch half way between the two forts, where they were to pass the night. They were met by the ranchman with a telegram from Fort Bryan, telling them that the road beyond was impassable for the ambulance, in which the ladies had intended to travel, and asking them to proceed no further, as more snow might be expected, and they had with great regret given up their plan of coming to the wedding.

It was vexatious, but Peyton found some rather malicious amusement in picturing the blank faces of their expectant comrades when they should behold him and Fleming returning without the long-desired bridesmaids on the next day. The next day dawned, however, on a heavy snow-storm, which endured without intermission for three days, and kept them prisoners at the ranch, while, to add to the contrariety of events, Fleming's orderly became ill with pleurisy.

The fourth day was Christmas Eve, and they woke, not indeed to a storm, but to heavy leaden clouds which meant more snow presently. The ranchman shook his head rather gravely when Peyton at breakfast announced that he and Fleming had decided to return to Fort Barton, leaving his orderly to take care of his comrade.

"Well," he said, tilting his chair comfortably, "I guess I should stay here if I was you. I have been in Montana about as long as any white man, and ought to know this cussed climate pretty well, and I reckon on the worst kind of a blizzard inside of four hours — which I would not start in the face of a blizzard unless I was more tired of life than I have been yet!"

"To-morrow will be Christmas," began Peyton, looking doubtfully at Fleming.

"If the snow commences again, it may last a week, and you are to be married in three days," Fleming said with a grave smile.

"It is right-down hard, gentlemen," said the ranchman with a sympathetic twist of his hard features, "but —— "

"There can be no 'buts' about my going; I shall start at once," said Peyton, rising. "For you, Fleming, of course it is different — you are not to be married in three days."

"Nevertheless I have every desire to spend Christmas at Fort Barton," Fleming replied, rising also, with a sudden flush on his dark face. "If we lose no time in starting and our horses behave well, I think we shall get there before the blizzard does."

The ranchman shook his head again, but he liked pluck, and even his rough heart was stirred by that interest in a wedding which is as wide as the world; so he wished them good luck, and remonstrated no more.

Within half an hour the two officers started, so wrapped up in their buffalo coats and caps that their own mothers would not have recognized them. It was not very cold,— that is, as two winters of Montana had taught them to appreciate cold,— and in spite of the drifted snow, which had obliterated the road, they kept close to the telegraph poles as certain landmarks; and their horses being in excellent condition, they made rapid progress during the first half of their journey. They lunched on two huge smoked venison sandwiches, and drank cheerily from the brandy in their pocket-flasks to the quantity and quality of their supper at Fort Barton. But scarcely had they started again when the first flakes of snow began to fall, the wind rose in sharp squalls, and though it was not yet three o'clock, the day rapidly darkened. The men drew in their horses as if by one impulse, and looked fixedly for an instant at what was visible of each other's countenance between the tops of their fur collars and the edge of their caps.

"I am sorry to have brought you into this," Peyton said abruptly. "This is certainly the beginning of a blizzard, and if it at all resembles the rest of its family, there is nothing more uncertain than whether you and I will see the end of it."

"You can have no responsibility about me, for you would have left me at the ranch this morning if I had consented," Fleming answered, meeting all the doubtful pity in Jack's gaze with eyes full of pained comprehension, but quite as unflinching as his own. "As for our seeing the end of this, it is a question of endurance, I believe. If our horses hold out and the wind should not prove too strong for the telegraph poles, we shall do very well."

Then, agreeing to let the horses take their own pace, they set out again. Two winters of Montana had made them both aware that the blizzard is the most deadly of prairie dangers, and they had heard many a ghastly story of the victims it makes every year among the hardy and weather-beaten frontiersmen, who alone dare expose themselves to the chance of being caught in its bitter and breathless embrace; but it required a very brief experience to prove to them that the reality was far more terrible than their worst anticipations. The snow was hurled in their faces with a force blinding both to them and to their horses, by a wind which rushed over the prairies with the uproar and violence of a storm at sea, while the darkness increased and the cold grew more intense with every moment. They came to another pause presently, and decided that one should wait at one telegraph pole until the other, riding on, should call that he had arrived at the next — a manœuvre which, though it cost much time and tried the patience of the horses sorely, was made necessary by the darkness, and their knowledge that it would be fatal to wander from the telegraph poles, their only landmarks in that waste of whirling snow. Peyton's horse, which was young and nervous, soon became very difficult to manage, and his rider had been having much trouble with him for some little time, when Fleming, whose turn it was to wait while Peyton rode on, heard a heavy crash, and then, after an instant, the sound of a horse rushing off at speed.

"Peyton!" he cried, making a trumpet of his hands; but there was no reply — no sound but the shriek of the wind; even the gallop of the escaping horse was swallowed up. A great horror of desolation sank down upon Fleming in the darkness and bewilderment of a chaos almost as utter as that which covered the face of the world before the word of God had made it fair. Close by, Peyton was lying dead or senseless. Why should he, who was unwanted, unlooked for, seek to save himself to endure more such years as these last three, when the other and happier man had perished? How could he meet Evelyn Blake,— the one soul that had had pity on him,— and tell her that he had left the man she loved to die in the snow? Better let himself drop from the frightened horse trembling beneath him and die with Peyton. Suddenly a strange thrill shot through his heart. Out of the darkness two pitiful woman's eyes looked into his, and through all the roar of the tempest a tender woman's voice seemed to utter again the words that had been a revelation of hope to him months since — "God himself will give you the chance of atonement that men deny you!" Fool — coward, that he was! God had sent him the chance, not only to redeem his past, but to save her happiness, and he had been about to let it slip from him forever, because he had not courage to grasp it.

"O God!" he cried passionately, turning his face up to the sweep of the storm, "if

thou art merciful as she believes, help me to save him — for her!"

Then he dismounted, and leading his horse walked slowly forward, bending over the snow at every step, and calling Peyton's name.

"Fleming!" The voice was faint, but it was near, and in another instant he was kneeling beside his comrade.

"My horse fell on my leg," Peyton murmured. "He is off across the prairie. My poor Evelyn!"

"Can you help yourself at all? — or shall I lift you on my horse?" said Fleming.

"What will become of you if I take your horse?"

"I shall lead him."

There was a moment's silence. It cost so happy a man as Jack Peyton a moment's struggle to give up his last hope of life, even though he knew that Fleming was offering it to him at the risk of his own.

"Thank you, Fleming," he said presently, feeling for the other's hand in the darkness and clasping it. "You are a noble fellow, and I beg your pardon for many things. But to take your horse would only be your death as well as mine. Leave me and go on. They say it is an easy death, and I dare say it will be over quickly. Tell my poor darling I——" His voice died away, and his head sank against Fleming's shoulder.

The passionate resolve which had come to Fleming in the moment of his wild prayer did not falter even then. Peyton's voice calling his name had seemed to him God's answer to his appeal, and with the conviction that he should succeed he worked over the insensible man, until with brandy and rubbing he brought him back to consciousness, in spite of the cold and the wind and the darkness with which he felt he was fighting inch by inch for Jack's life.

With an effort of which only his excitement made him capable, he lifted Peyton to the saddle, and supporting him with one hand, while with the other he led the patient horse, which long years of habit had made obedient to his lightest touch or tone, they started again. On and on they went, through what seemed to Peyton an eternity of pain, cold, and tumultuous darkness. Again and again he sank away into partial insensibility, only to be roused by Fleming's hand pressing the brandy-flask to his cold lips, and Fleming's voice sharp and strained, but instinct with resolute courage, bidding him keep his hold on life for her sake who loved him. He may live to be very old, he may endure all that life holds of sweetest or bitterest, but neither time nor joy nor sorrow will dim the memory of the man whom he felt rather than saw walking beside him through those terrible hours.

As for Fleming, his purpose filled all his thoughts. He should save Peyton's life, and so make some atonement for that other comrade's life lost by his fault, and he should preserve for the woman he loved the happiness so nearly lost. Every faculty, every nerve was strained to the utmost, as he pressed on through a cold that benumbed him, in the face of a wind that made every breath an effort. The brandy which kept Jack alive he dared not touch, for fear that, half frozen as he was, the liquor might bewilder him, so that he should forget the number of paces which he calculated must bring them from one telegraph pole to another. When, because of some swerving from the direct line forward, the paces failed to bring them to the next pole, they retraced their fast-filling tracks to the last, and started again with desperate patience.

So through the rush and surge of the blizzard they struggled — the wearied horse, the half-conscious rider, and the strong, patient soul who kept, by his mighty purpose, exhausted body and overstrained nerves from sinking — until close at hand the lights of Fort Barton flashed upon his dizzy eyes.

It was between seven and eight o'clock that the garrison was aroused from its comfortable firesides by the report of the arrival of the two lieutenants and of their half-frozen condition. It was nearly two hours later that Evelyn Blake left Jack Peyton asleep after the setting of his leg, her heart full of deep thankfulness for the surgeon's assurance that his escape without serious harm from such a storm was almost miraculous, and that all he needed was rest and good nursing. There was deep thankfulness in her heart, but the keen ache of regret and pain too, for the surgeon had also told her that all efforts to restore Fleming from the stupor into which he sank immediately after his arrival had failed, and that he was paralyzed and dying. Jack had managed, weak as he was, to tell something of that four hours' march through the blizzard, and they knew at last how strong and unselfish a heart it was that cold and exhaustion were stilling forever. Very softly Evelyn entered the hospital room where they had carried Fleming. Colonel Blake and the surgeon were standing beside the bed, and her father put his arm about her as she came close to him.

"You understood him, my dear," he said tremulously. "You are the only one of us who does not need to beg his pardon for the harsh judgment of these last three years!"

As if these words possessed a power beyond all the surgeon's restoratives, there was a quiver of the white face they were watching, and the dark eyes opened suddenly. A look of utter content came into them as he saw Evelyn.

"He is quite safe?" he murmured.

"God bless you for it!" she cried with a rush of tears. "But oh, my dear friend! you ——"

"What is the matter with me? — I cannot move," turning his gaze from her to her father.

"You saved his life at the cost of your own, my brave boy," the Colonel said gently.

"*Brave?* You say that?" A faint, faint color, even in the grasp of death, came into his pale face at this word from the gallant old chief, whose hardly concealed contempt had been so heavy a part of his burden of shame.

"We have been very hard upon you, Fleming, — all of us!" began the Colonel falteringly.

"Thank you," moving his hand feebly to the Colonel's grasp. "Tell my father the best you can of me!" His voice faltered in a gasp for breath, and the Colonel, raising him, laid his head on Evelyn's shoulder.

Presently Fleming opened his eyes again, and looked up into the tender face bent over him.

"You have been God's own angel of mercy to me!" he murmured, "and I — Jack will not mind if I say before I go — I love you!"

Nellie Mackubin.

AN "AMERICAN BEAUTY."

I.

UPON a summer afternoon there is no more charming place in London than the garden of Beech Lodge.

The house, built in the Italian Gothic style, is large enough for stateliness, small enough for coziness, and stands in an inclosure of several acres. There is a huge copper-beech tree on the lawn, and beneath its sheltering canopy one day in May sat a group of Sunday loungers with a tea-table for their center.

The sky was soft and dappled with clouds, and a faint breeze stirred in the syringa bushes. The brilliant green of the turf was sprinkled with a snow of daisies. The unspeakable charm of an English spring was upon everything — not the spring which is one day winter and the next summer, but the gradual dawning of loveliness that can almost be seen to creep on to perfection.

The group around the table consisted of a young man, an elderly ecclesiastic, and a gray-haired lady who presided at the tea-urn. The first was like a hundred other young men to be seen any fine morning in Piccadilly or the Row. He had the used-up, weary air of the well-bred man of fashion, and sported the badge of the order — a fine gardenia — in the buttonhole of his correct coat. There was a certain delicacy about his face and figure which gave one the impression that his languor might be as much real as assumed. He had a more thoughtful face than is commonly seen amongst the young Englishmen of to-day, and his really handsome eyes had a dreamy expression which implied that he had ideas beyond hunting, coaching, betting, and encouraging the style of drama then in vogue — burlesque.

The gentleman in the clerical waistcoat was a Canon of the Church of England, far from monastic in appearance; a man who appreciated and put in practice when he could the obscure sayings in regard to making friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness.

The lady, who was the mistress of the house, was a spare, wiry person dressed in black, with a not unkindly face, and eyes which looked as if they had once been blue but had gone too often to the wash.

"Sugar and cream, Lord Bayswater?" she said as she suspended the tongs over the sugar-basin, and looked inquiringly at the young Earl.

"Thanks, yes," he said with great deliberation, like one who never feels time to be pressing except when it waits to be killed.

"Tell us more of your beautiful friend, Mrs. Lindesay," said the Canon, stretching out his hand for his tea. "As a patron of art, and the encourager of all that is beautiful, I am anxious to see Miss Raynham."

"I am surprised," replied the hostess, "that you have not met her before. She has been over here for a year or more, and has had every one at her feet — except you and Lord Bayswater."

"A very insignificant oversight, as far as I am concerned," said Canon Dalton, laughing in his jolly way. "As to Lord Bayswater, that may be a conquest yet to be made." The Earl smiled wearily, but said nothing. He wasted time and money, but never words.

"You will both see her to-morrow night. She and her mother dine with us. Shall we waive precedence, and send her out with you?" Mrs. Lindesay turned to the young man as she spoke.

"Really, Mrs. Lindesay, I would much rather be beside you," he said graciously, as he stirred his tea.

"I value that compliment less than I should if you had seen her," laughed Mrs.

Lindesay. "As for me, I am longing to know just what she is in America; whether all the girls are as pretty as she is, what her social status is, and so on. She appears to be well-bred — more so than her mother; but that is the way in new countries. The parents give advantages to the children in which they cannot participate."

"Who launched her?" asked the Canon, as though Miss Raynham were a new man-of-war; and perhaps there was reason for the metaphor, since the young lady had carried devastation into so many ports, sparing neither youth nor age.

"She knew but one family abroad. They were in the south of France. A certain Great Personage happened to be recruiting on the Riviera, and saw Miss Raynham. With his usual discrimination he saw that she was a beauty, and with unfailing appreciation of the beautiful ——"

"As it manifests itself in the softer sex," interpolated the Canon. "An amiable weakness."

"Hush! I am telling you all about it. This Great Personage managed to get an introduction, and since then of course Miss Raynham is the fashion. One doesn't ask who these pretty Americans' fathers were. It's enough to see what the girls themselves are. Now the milliners have got out a new bonnet called the 'Jessie'; the photographers exhibit but dare not sell her pictures; and all London is mad about her. Worth has offered to dress her for next to nothing for a year."

"Not *in* next to nothing, as he does some of his customers," said the Canon with a twinkling eye.

"I am ashamed of you, Canon," said Mrs. Lindesay, with mock severity. "You forget your age and your cloth."

"I fear you are right, my dear friend," said the Canon. "The first I won't acknowledge, and the second I have to be reminded of."

He rose as he spoke, and put down his cup.

"To-morrow at eight. You will remember that, I'm sure," said his hostess.

"You may trust me." And with an urbane wave of the hand the portly Canon left the garden, and hailed an approaching hansom.

"A curious man that," said Bayswater presently.

"Always with three or four hobbies in the stable," said Mrs. Lindesay. "Now he is translating 'Mother Goose' into all the dialects of India. He thinks it a pity that the little Indians should have nothing to amuse them. A good many people have already subscribed to the enterprise."

II.

THE drawing-room of Beech Lodge was softly illuminated by the light of wax candles and two or three lamps judiciously distributed. Several men in irreproachable evening dress, all more or less hungry or bored, stood about the room. One absently turned over some photographs lying near him; another, with a monocle in his eye, watched each newcomer, his vacant and necessarily glassy stare expressing neither present pleasure nor anticipation; and a third stood before the fireplace, cold and dark as it was, with his hands behind him, surveying the company somewhat blankly. This last was Lord Bayswater, whose usual air of weariness was not removed even by the prospect of seeing the American beauty.

The ornamental sex was represented by Mrs. Lindesay, an olive-hued Indian princess, and her equally olive-hued mamma (who, it may be remarked in passing, had on her husband's demise escaped performing the suttee by flying the country and espousing an English captain). There was also the French ambassadress, who was conversing suavely in her own language with her hostess, ignoring with the politeness of her nation her frequent grammatical errors and her frightful pronunciation.

The star of the evening had not yet arisen with its attendant satellite. In other words, Miss Jessie Raynham and her mamma had not yet arrived. The hands of the clock pointed to half-past eight; the man with the monocle had a sense of vacuity which manifested itself in his face. The cook no doubt was in a tantrum, and the fish was spoiling, when, lo! the door opened, and the footman announced, with a solemnity befitting the occasion:

"Mrs. and Miss Raynham!"

There was a pause, a silence. Then, amidst the gentle rustling of soft robes, a radiant creature floated through the doorway.

She was almost ethereal in form; or, as her detractors would have said, she was extremely thin. Whatever beauty of figure she possessed was evidently due less to the beneficence of nature than to the ability of her Parisian staymaker. Her arms and shoulders were bare and showed that they were unworthy of her face, which was lovely. Her hair was blonde and fleecy with the faintest touch of gold in it, drawn upward from the nape of the neck, its undulations kept in check by the skill of the hair-dresser, until they broke out higher up into myriad little curls. Her skin was of the most delicate texture, her cheeks the pinkest, her brow and chin the whitest, and her lips the reddest, that can be conceived of in a human face.

Her eyes were dark brown, as were her

brows and lashes; and perhaps to that lucky accident she owed the striking quality of her beauty. It was a charmingly tinted face, but, alas, it was the face of a lovely wax doll!

Mrs. Raynham bore no more resemblance to her airy daughter than a little bustling steam-tug does to a yacht under full sail. She had an elaborately frizzed black fringe, small twinkling eyes, and a manner which tried not to be eager and pushing. She was a goose that had laid a golden egg, and had not yet done cackling.

With a waft of perfume from the stephanotis flowers at her breast, Jessie Raynham approached Mrs. Lindesay, and said:

"So sorry to be late, my dear Mrs. Lindesay. You must not be angry with us."

Her voice was deep and carefully modulated. One felt in hearing it, however, that it had not always been so sedulously kept within bounds.

Mrs. Lindesay good-naturedly granted absolution for her guests' tardiness, and, contrary to English usage, introduced liberally.

Dinner was immediately announced.

Lord Bayswater took out his hostess, and on the other side of him sat Miss Raynham. With the taciturnity of a hungry Englishman, he ate his soup in silence. Miss Raynham was talking to the monocled young man, who was replying in discreet monosyllables which did not interfere with the gastronomic duties of the occasion. Lord Bayswater, however, noted the deportment of the young lady. He thought her self-conscious. She seemed to have a constant eye to her dress and its adornments. She often adjusted the pearls which she wore round her throat, and gave a settling touch to the stephanotis flowers at her breast. Her conversation was not particularly entertaining. The gayety of London, the heat of the weather, the unusual want of rain, the latest wedding — these and kindred topics engrossed her attention exclusively. "I want you to talk to Miss Raynham," presently whispered Mrs. Lindesay to Lord Bayswater. By this time he had eaten and drunk enough to be in a more cheerful and benevolent mood than that in which he had sat down.

There was a lull in the conversation between Miss Raynham and her next neighbor, and he broke in somewhat abruptly:

"I have a great desire to see your country, Miss Raynham."

The young girl turned slightly and looked him in the face.

"Have you, really?" she said. "I don't think it would interest you."

"Why not? Is it uninteresting?"

"It would be to you."

"You must have second sight, Miss Raynham, to know so well what I should like or dislike," said Lord Bayswater, a little annoyed.

"I only speak on general principles," said the American girl with a slight smile. "All Englishmen who visit us only go home hugging themselves to think how much better England is in every way."

"You have discovered our insularity already, I see."

"You see I have been here more than a year."

"You are a very shrewd observer, Miss Raynham."

"It took neither all my time nor all my shrewdness to make that discovery."

"And what do you think? Ought not we to love England?"

"Certainly. I love it myself."

"Better than America?"

"Ah, that I won't say. My father lives in America."

"How does he like your leaving him like this?"

"Oh, he endures it. American fathers are very accommodating."

"They must be! I think in that the Americans excel us. I am quite sure I should not be so accommodating."

Just then Mrs. Lindesay gave the signal to rise, and Miss Raynham and Lord Bayswater were parted.

After the men went into the drawing-room to tea the time passed quickly, and all too soon the evening was over.

III.

It was a curious fact, and one which few perhaps could have believed, that though Jessie Raynham had been abroad for over a year she had not received one offer of marriage. She had been presented the previous May, had attended several state balls and concerts since, and constantly appeared in public with the "smartest" people in London; and on all these occasions she had been distinguished by marked attentions from the Great Personage who had brought her into notice.

The tongue of Rumor had not been silent. Like all successful persons, Jessie had her detractors; but they were principally, let us hope, the disappointed ladies who saw their own daughters passed by, by those who were eager to do homage to the lovely American.

Nobody could say with truth that he or she had ever seen Miss Raynham do an unladylike action or heard her say an ill-bred thing. She was not clever enough to make personal enemies, and the head and front of her offending was that she, an alien, the daughter of a Yankee nobody, had held her own in London

society when many a blue-blooded damsel had utterly failed.

But after all her triumphs — her name a household word, her photographs clamored for but unobtainable, her dresses eagerly copied, and new styles named for her — after all this she was Jessie Raynham still, and was likely to remain so. The delicious day-dreams in which her mother had indulged at the outset of her career had almost ceased their rosy allurements. She had dreamed of "My daughter the Countess — the Marchioness"; nay, even, perhaps — why not? — "the Duchess!"

Mr. Raynham, a naturalized American who had made a fortune in petroleum, grumbled a little at the prolonged absence of his wife and daughter. But judicious letters containing descriptions of Jessie's good fortune, copies of the "Palace Gazette" with the name of Miss Raynham duly underscored, soothed his ire and stimulated his parental pride, and every fresh triumph elicited a fresh remittance.

(It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that it was not Mr. Raynham who audited the bills sent on account of the "Palace Gazette" puffs.)

To Jessie the days of Petrolia were as if they had never been. The days of ill-draped overskirts, doubtful stays, and uncertain hair-dressing; the days when she had, as she thought, given her heart — and well nigh her hand — to a bank clerk who piqued himself on dressing in the English style, and wore a white satin tie in the evening.

Since then many aristocrats had hovered about the American girl. Some had approached the brink of declaration, but always a politely opposed mamma had glided between the young man and the object of his admiration, and the affair had come to nothing.

Too often Jessie had been invited to St. George's, Hanover Square, shortly after, to witness the marriage of this victim of parental authority with a girl who might indeed be plain, but who could boast a shield with sixteen quarterings.

Mrs. Raynham's meeting with the Earl of Bayswater had given a fillip to her now somewhat weary ambition. The gentle interest thus excited became positive hope when in the course of a month or two, during which Jessie and the young nobleman had met several times, came an invitation from his widowed sister, Lady Mildred Rae, to spend a few days at her house in Hertfordshire.

Lord Bayswater's estate lay but a few miles distant from his sister's, as Mrs. Raynham knew very well; and as the Raynhams' acquaintance with Lady Mildred was of the slightest, it looked very much as if Bayswater had planned the visit.

IV.

THE beauty was gentle, quiet, and self-contained as ever. The exquisite pink of her cheek, the soft coral of her lip, never fluctuated; and her interest in acquiring fresh toilettes for the visit outran that which her mother took in reconstructing all the air-castles which had lately got so sadly out of repair.

Mrs. Raynham could not tell, and dared not inquire, whether the young Earl had taken captive her daughter's fancy. Gowns, bonnets, parasols, and all the paraphernalia of a lady's toilette, engrossed all the fair American's attention.

When Mrs. and Miss Raynham and their maid started for Hertfordshire, one heavenly afternoon towards the close of June, the luggage which they took with them was appalling by reason of its size and quantity. But then, when one has to dress four times a day for seven days, in order to keep up one's reputation, one cannot expect to travel with a portemanteau.

Lady Mildred had foreseen the demands of the numerous dress-baskets, and had sent her private 'bus to the station, which drove to the house with a pile of boxes on top and the maid inside. On the platform stood Bayswater and his sister. He evinced some pleasure at seeing Miss Raynham and her mother. Lady Mildred, fresh, good-looking, and five-and-thirty, scrutinized her younger guest by the merciless light of the sun, and inwardly remarked that she would make a not unpresentable sister-in-law.

"So good of you to be willing to lose a whole week of the season for my sake!" she said, as they drove away in a carriage drawn by high-stepping grays. "The country air will do you a world of good, though, Miss Raynham. It is simply awful, the way girls go out now, all day and all night. I'm sure I should be a perfect wreck."

"Oh, Jessie's used to it," said Mrs. Raynham complacently, settling her bonnet-strings. "I don't suppose there is once all summer that she gets to bed before morning. The Prince says he's surprised to see how she keeps her freshness. It is no wonder to me that so many London ladies paint now."

Bayswater winced a little. The poor lady's accent was not of the purest, and her speech sounded rather boastful; and yet what free-born American would not be the least bit elated under the circumstances? Don't we all take kindly to the "effete monarchies," if the "effete monarchies" only take kindly to us?

The house was soon reached — a house built of brick with many curious gables, mantled with luxuriant ivy. There were umbrageous trees, and smooth-shaven lawns, and a flash-

ing fountain; there were parterres of flowers, and snow-white pigeons circling about in the warm air, or settling on the edge of the fountain. And over all the well-kept grounds, the rolling wooded country, the silver winding thread of river, where Izaak Walton fished so many years ago — over all fell the radiance of the low afternoon sun.

A long course of English country-house visiting had accustomed the Raynhams to the beauty and luxury enjoyed by the favored upper classes. It was but a sorry preparation for going home, if they ever intended to do so — a green apple after ripe peaches.

They had, however, no thought of going home. They installed themselves comfortably at Lea House.

Lord Bayswater's solicitor was spending a day or two in the house. He was a valued friend of the family, who had known them all from their childhood and their parents before them. His iron-gray hair thatched a head well packed with professional secrets. He was a man who believed, from actual experience, that truth is stranger than fiction. It seemed to Jessie that Mr. Marsham paid particular attention to what she said. He appeared to take a deep interest in America in general, and Petrolia in particular.

At dinner he generally asked her some searching question, the answer to which would have disclosed something in regard to her social status and antecedents; but he did it with so much delicacy, and such a charming smile on his old face, that she could not resent it.

It was understood that he was combining business with pleasure in making Lea House his home for a short time. The late Earl of Bayswater had died but a year before, and Mr. Marsham seemed to have a good deal of business on hand still in settling the affairs of the deceased. The present Earl, who spent most of his time at his sister's house, only sleeping at Riverton Hall, his own place, was often closeted with the old solicitor.

There were one or two other young girls and men staying with Lady Mildred. The weather was favorable to outdoor sports, and a good deal of tennis was played. Miss Raynham never did anything so violent and unbecoming. She arrayed herself in a sort of sublimated tennis costume (in which no earthly woman could move about quickly without finding herself terribly handicapped), and sat in a Market Harborough chair on the lawn watching the others.

Every day after luncheon she retired, presumably for a beauty-sleep and a fresh crimping of hair, and emerged at five o'clock in an exquisite tea-gown. Another elaborate toilette was made before dinner.

"She is a delicious bit of millinery," said Lady Mildred one day to Mr. Marsham; "but I don't think Bayswater can afford to marry her."

"You are right!" said the old gentleman; "and," he added with an oracular nod, and the ghost of a wink, "he will not."

"I wish I felt as sure!" said Lady Mildred.

"You would if you were I," returned Mr. Marsham. "Poor Bayswater! He thinks he will, but he won't."

It certainly appeared to the people at Lea House as if the Earl's affections were becoming engaged. He showed a wonderful degree of interest for him. Miss Raynham was as cool and imperturbable as he was himself; and perhaps that added zest to the courtship, if courtship it was. It was arranged one afternoon that Lord Bayswater should drive the party over to Riverton Hall on his drag. Mrs. Raynham, being the only married lady except her hostess, occupied the box-seat.

The sky was softly overcast. The four fine bays bowled the coach along over the smooth roads as if it had been but a feather's weight. The old solicitor began once more to speak of America and the Raynham family.

"You said, I think, that your father is English, Miss Raynham," he said.

"Yes," said Miss Raynham shortly, pulling her morsel of veil down over her nose.

"How long has he lived in America?"

"Between thirty and forty years, I believe."

"So long, I suppose, that he has almost forgotten his old home."

"He seldom speaks of it."

"In what county was he born, Miss Raynham?"

"Really I don't know, Mr. Marsham. You seem to honor our family with your interest."

"I do, my dear young lady," said the old man, unabashed by the girl's coldness. "Is it any wonder that I wish to know what stem bore so fair a flower?"

Miss Raynham pulled up her long Swedish gloves, and appeared somewhat mollified. They were nearing Riverton Hall. Near its gate they passed an inn, picturesque and ivy-mantled, like most English inns. It was called the Bayswater Arms.

"Did your father ever speak of that inn to you, Miss Raynham?" asked the old solicitor. "I think you said that he was brought up near here?"

"Mr. Marsham, you evidently don't believe that I know nothing whatever about my father's early life," said Jessie, this time laughing outright at the old gentleman's persistency. "I can write and ask him for his biography, though, if you like."

"No, no," said Marsham, with a gentle chuckle; "that would be unnecessary."

The coach drove in through the tall gates, with the Bayswater coat-of-arms cut in stone above them, and rolled briskly up the long avenue of wide-reaching beeches.

The fern grew high all along the road, and from time to time the white tufted tail on a vanishing rabbit flashed in the dim light which sifted through the green above.

It was a noble park, and there were several miles of drive leading up to the Hall. The house itself was not specially imposing, except by reason of its size. It was almost square, and unadorned except for the masses of creepers which nearly covered the gray cement walls. The grounds about the house were in exquisite order; and on the lawn, under a gayly striped marquee, stood a tea-table bountifully spread with many delicacies, including hot-house peaches.

"I vote for tea first, and walking afterward," said Lady Mildred, candid enough to confess that she had a healthy appetite.

So every one seated him or herself, and did ample justice to the meal.

After the party had partaken of the refreshments, they dispersed, some to go through the house, some to explore the grounds.

Somehow Lord Bayswater and Miss Raynham were left alone for a few moments.

He came quite close to her, and said in a low voice, which had lost some of its usual languor, "It is a fine old place, but so lonely!"

Jessie threw a bit of cake to the peacock which was strutting on the lawn, glowing in the light of the sun which had burst through the clouds.

"You have neighbors," she said.

"None that I care for except my sister."

"You are not here much, I imagine."

"No, but I should be if the house were brighter and more cheerful."

"Plenty of people will come to you when you ask them."

He looked at her with a slight eagerness in his manner.

"I know that," he said; "but I care nothing for people. What I want is some one who will watch my goings with sadness and welcome my home-comings with joy. Do you think there could be such a person, Miss Raynham?"

For the first time since he had known her, she turned pale.

"There might be," she said gently.

With an Englishman's inability to be eloquent when he feels most, for a moment Bayswater was silent. In that moment Fate, in the person of Mr. Marsham, stepped between them. He had come upon them unexpectedly through the trees. Jessie stood in her light gown and coquettish hat, with the sunbeams through the boughs glinting on her blonde hair and exquisite peach-bloom face. She held her parasol lightly resting across her arms, and her eyes were bent upon it. The Earl was near, very near her, and his eyes were full of a sentiment hitherto a stranger to them. All that was at once manly and tender in his disposition glowed in his face.

"It is a shame," murmured the old man, "but I must do it." And so he stepped between them.

"You are wanted in the house, Miss Raynham," he said. There was a deprecating look on his hard old features. Fifty years of law had not made him entirely brutal. Bayswater gave a great start.

"Miss Raynham is also wanted here," he said haughtily; but just then Lady Mildred appeared in the doorway of the house, and beckoned to them.

"The others are in the picture-gallery, Bayswater, and we want you to tell us about the portraits," she called out. Unwillingly the young man approached to do her bidding, and in some way — they never knew how — he and Jessie were separated for the rest of the evening.

V.

THAT night when Lady Mildred's guests had retired, and Bayswater was preparing to return home (for he had driven the party back, and dined with his sister), Mr. Marsham accosted him.

"What, you up still?" asked the Earl with some coldness.

"I cannot rest till I have seen your lordship alone," said the old man.

"I am just going home," said Bayswater.

"There is something important to communicate to you, Lord Bayswater. The sooner I do so the better."

Something in the gravity of his expression arrested the attention of the young man. He turned into the library, where a shaded lamp still burned, and threw himself into a deep chair. Mr. Marsham also seated himself.

"I have only a few moments to spare," said the Earl, "and the dog-cart is at the door."

Mr. Marsham moved his hands about rather nervously, and took a letter from his pocket. He cleared his throat, and then, with a look of dogged determination, said: "Your lordship is aware that your late father's affairs are entirely settled with the exception of one bequest."

Bayswater nodded. He was thinking more of marriage settlements than bequests. "You know that the late Earl left legacies to all

his servants, even to some who had left his service many years ago."

"I know all that," said Bayswater impatiently.

"There was one servant who could not be found. He was but a lad when your father succeeded to the title. He was a good servant though, and the Earl was attached to him. He was the son of the man who kept the Bayswater Arms. When he was about sixteen he was groom in the Riverton stables. He always rode behind your father; but one day he was accused of theft — wrongfully accused, as it turned out afterward. However, he disappeared under a cloud in America, as it was thought. The late Earl, when he discovered that the boy was innocent, vowed that he would make provision for him in his will, and he did.

"For almost a year, my lord, I have corresponded with a lawyer in the States in regard to the man; and now we have found him. I have here a letter telling me where he lives, and how he can be communicated with."

Mr. Marsham paused and wiped his forehead. Bayswater smothered a yawn, and leaned back in his chair.

"All this would have kept till to-morrow, wouldn't it, Marsham?" he said with a somewhat weary smile. "Who is your man? The cart is waiting, you know."

The solicitor half rose. The letter was trembling in his hand.

"His name is James Raynham."

"Raynham! — James Raynham!" exclaimed the young man with a vague look. Then — "Good Heavens! You don't mean — hang it all, what *do* you mean?"

He started up now, grown very white.

"O my dear lord! My dear Bayswater!" faltered the old man. "Is it so bad as this? You *do* care! I feared so; but my duty, dear boy, my duty!"

He tried to lay his hand on the Earl's shoulder, but the young man swerved aside.

"Who is this cursed James Raynham?" he cried. "You haven't yet told me."

"Her father," said the old man sadly. "*Her* father — *your* father's groom!"

Bayswater winced as though he had been struck. He turned and walked over to the mantelpiece, and leaned his head down upon it.

"I dared not wait to tell you," said Marsham. "These things are hard — devilish hard."

There was a deep silence in the room. Outside the impatient horse was champing his bit. It was after midnight. Suddenly Bayswater looked up.

"*She* cannot help it," he said defiantly. "Marsham, I am fond of Miss Raynham. I — meant to — marry her."

"So I feared, my lord."

"Why shouldn't I? She knows nothing. I won't believe she knew it all the time. Why should I not marry her?"

"Because," said Mr. Marsham gravely, "because you owe it to unborn generations to keep the blood of the Rivertons pure. You would blush to have your father's groom the grandfather of your children."

Bayswater once more turned away, and for a few moments again all was still. Then he faced Marsham with a look of mingled pain and courage.

"By Jove! you're right," he said huskily. Then, as though speaking to himself, "That settles it."

"You won't repent it," said the solicitor. "Here is the lawyer's letter." Bayswater grasped the paper, and passed out into the night.

Flinging himself into the dog-cart, he drove away as though all the furies were after him.

VI.

THAT night was a long and wakeful one to somebody besides the Earl. Jessie Raynham tossed on her luxurious bed, staring into the dark, or closing her eyes, while she recalled every event of the day before. At last, when the early summer dawn had diluted the blackness with enough light to make it only grayness, and the little birds, like sun-worshipers as they are, began to twitter and chirp their prayers to the rising god of day, Jessie managed to fall asleep.

She slept until all nature had been wide awake for some hours — till her maid roused her with her morning cup of tea.

When the young girl descended to the breakfast-room there was a weary paleness on her face, which told its own story.

The doll had a heart.

While the party sat at breakfast there was a clattering of hoofs on the gravel, and one of the Riverton grooms rode up. (Perhaps five-and-thirty years ago, James Raynham had often ridden up in the same way.) The groom brought a note for Lady Mildred. With a hasty excuse she broke the seal and read:

"DEAR MILDRED: Last night I received some important information which has entirely altered my plans. I must go up to London this morning. From there I go to meet the *Rondinella* at Hull, and start for a long cruise in Norway. Kind regards to your guests.

"Your affectionate brother,

"BAYSWATER."

"Riverton Hall."

At that time there was an old man in Petrolia, U. S. A., chuckling at the thought of his wife and daughter hobnobbing with the son of his late master.

Lady Mildred was embarrassed, and showed that she was. "Most unaccountable," she said, changing color. "Bayswater has gone up to town *en route* for Norway."

Mr. Marsham's head sank in a shame-faced way. He was trying not to see Miss Raynham. She raised her eyes with an expression in them that Lady Mildred never forgot. It was a passing flash of surprise, insulted pride, and — unmistakable pain.

"Rather early for Norway," hazarded one of the party around the breakfast-table.

"In time for the midnight sun, though," said another.

"What jolly bear-skins he'll bring back," said a third.

To them the Earl was but a languid, taciturn young man whom they would not miss.

After breakfast Mr. Marsham acquainted Lady Mildred with the reasons for her brother's behavior. But Jessie Raynham never knew.

Mrs. Raynham locked her door and stamped. A year of country-houses and foreign polish had not deprived the good lady of a free-born American's privilege of railing at the British aristocracy when she pleased.

Lady Mildred was very kind, but the last day passed heavily. The Raynhams went back to London. Royalty still patronized them, and Jessie was still beautiful — even more fragile in her loveliness than before her visit to Hertfordshire.

Yes, the doll had a heart; its cheek paled and it lost its interest in gowns and bonnets for a time.

A few months after this, one of the American papers, with a truly journalistic disregard of the Golden Rule, contained the following paragraph:

"Miss Raynham, the American beauty, who has held her own for more than a year in London society, is said to be losing ground."

Edith Evelyn Bigelow.

SUNRISE.

FLAME-HEARTED lover of the Earth — great Sun!
Rise from thy purple couch; Stretch forth thine arms
Through morning's parted curtains; Let the charms
Of waiting love — which it were death to shun —
Persuade thy clasp. Now hath the Earth begun
To loose her robes of mist; with mock alarms
She yields her beauty, which love's longing warms,
Forestalling the embrace thy kiss hath won.

Arise, great god of light and life, Arise,
Enfold the fond Earth in the deathless glowing
Of thy fierce love; Bend from the shimmering skies
Which burn before thee in thine onward going.
No cheer have we and not of thy bestowing:
Thou art the joy of all hope-lifted eyes.

SUNSET.

WITHIN thy burning palace in the West
Thou art awhile withdrawn. Yet doth thy face
Look from the closing portal for a space
Back to the Earth, which thy dear love hath blessed;
While she with tears and soft sighs half-repressed
Beholds thee sinking in thy resting-place,
As with up-gathered folds of dewy lace
She hugs remembrance to her yearning breast.

Thy glory darkens, and the careful night
Hangs out the moon's pale lamp while yet the flush
On Evening's face — with thy departing light —
Turns from rose-pink to crimson, till the blush
Dies with the coming stars, and slumber's hush
Wraps thy warm bride, who waits thy waking Might.

Robert Burns Wilson.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

IV.

N the day after Gay Armatt's birthday Mr. Stratford went fishing near the foot of the mountains, and he brought back a very fair string of trout; but on the following day, which was Thursday, he drove over to Mrs. Justin's place, and found the two ladies engaged in setting up a target on the lawn where they were going to practice archery. He received a warm welcome, for Mrs. Justin knew him as a good bowman, and he speedily took the arrangement of the target and the stringing of the bows into his own hands.

It was not long before he found that the course of studies at Miss Armatt's college had not included archery, and that, although she had a good eye and a strong arm, she knew but little of the use of the bow and arrow. Mrs. Justin was an excellent archer and needed no assistance, and although Stratford took his shots when his turn came, he gave the most of his time to the tuition of Miss Armatt. He informed her—and in a manner which seemed as if he were telling her something she had once known and now forgotten—how she must stand, how she must throw back her shoulders and advance her left foot, how she must draw the feathered end of the arrow back to her little ear, how she must set her eye upon the target and her mind upon the arrow. Once he found it necessary to place her fingers properly around the string. But whatever he did, and whatever he told her, was done and said with such a courteous, almost deferential, manner, that the relation of teacher to pupil scarcely suggested itself. It seemed rather as if Gay and Mr. Stratford were partners in a match against Mrs. Justin, and that they were helping each other.

When he had gone, Gay Armatt expressed a high opinion of Mr. Stratford. He seemed to know so much, and was so kind, and gentle, and pleasant in his way of telling people how to do things. And to this remark Mrs. Justin answered that she knew of no one who was more of a gentleman at heart than Horace Stratford.

Whereupon Miss Gay had an idea, down at the bottom of her mind, about a certain relation that she thought would be very suitable indeed, and which gave her pleasure to think of. But nothing would have induced her to mention this idea to Mrs. Justin.

Mr. Stratford came no more to the Justin mansion until Sunday, when he staid to dinner, and spent the afternoon. Mr. Crisman was there, and he and Miss Armatt were very glad to see a visitor, for it was a rainy day, and there could be no strolling through the woods; but with some one to talk to Mrs. Justin in the library, there was no reason why the two younger people should not wander off into some other part of the house, and stay away as long as they pleased.

In the evening, however, they were all together, and Mr. Stratford, with that courtesy which was characteristic of him, yielded the floor, during the greater part of the time, to the younger man. Mrs. Justin expressed the hope that Mr. Crisman might arrange matters so that he could arrive earlier in the day when he returned on the following Saturday. In that case they could make up a croquet party of four for the afternoon. Croquet was a game of which Mrs. Justin was very fond, although it had gone out of fashion; but Mr. Crisman put his hands in his pockets and smiled. Then he stated, with an air of not unkindly superiority, that he had but a small opinion of croquet and archery; that is, considered as recreative occupations for adults.

"If there were enough people here and in the neighborhood to get up a base-ball match," he said, "that would be something worth considering, but I rather think my grass-billiard days are over. Then, there's another thing," said Mr. Crisman, turning suddenly towards Mrs. Justin; "I sha'n't be able to come here next Saturday, anyway, for some of my friends and myself have made up a party to go on a cruise on the Sound in a yacht. You see I want to get a little sea air when I have a chance, and I shall have plenty of the mountains when I come here to spend my vacation."

"You never said anything to me of not coming next Saturday," said Gay reproachfully.

"No," said Mr. Crisman, turning to her

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with a smile; "I didn't want to plump it on you too soon."

Mr. Stratford now rose to go home, and Mrs. Justin went out on the piazza with him to see if there was any chance of a clear day for the morrow, thus giving Mr. Crisman an opportunity to soothe the injured feelings of Miss Gay.

The next day Stratford drove over to the railroad station, and brought back with him his friend Arthur Thorne, whom he had invited to the Bullripple farm for a week's fishing. Mr. Thorne was a very earnest worker at fishing; and indeed he always worked earnestly, whether in pursuit of pleasure or profit. On the day after his arrival he walked steadily in his wading-boots, and with his fishing accouterments, up the middle of a long trout stream. The water was very cold, and sometimes quite deep; but when Mr. Thorne did anything he did it in the right way, and he knew very well that the way to fish a trout stream was to wade up the middle of it against the current. His friend Stratford was not so thorough in his methods, and frequently did a great part of his day's fishing while standing on dry land; but for all that he generally caught all the trout that he and the Bullripple family could eat.

When, towards the close of the afternoon, the two friends returned to the farm-house, they found Mrs. People in a state of wild agitation. Stratford had scarcely set foot upon the porch when she took him to one side, and communicated to him the cause of her mental and physical commotion.

"I don't know how to begin to tell you, Mr. Stratford," she said, "but me an' Enoch has got to go to the city to-morrow mornin' the very earliest we can, which is by the milk train, which leaves the station at five o'clock. Enoch got a telegraph message from John just as we was settin' down to dinner to-day, an' he sent for both of us to come to him just as soon as ever we could, which we would have done this afternoon, gettin' there after dark, to be sure, but we wouldn't 'a' minded that in times like this if it hadn't been for you an' the other gentleman, who couldn't be left with nobody but Marier to cook for you an' take care of you, who isn't no more able even to set your table, let alone a-cookin' a beefsteak an' makin' coffee as you like it, than she is to go into the pulpit an' preach; an' so, of course, we had to stay until we could see what could be done to make you an' your friend comfortable while we was away, which won't be more than three or four days, judgin' from John's message, which was a good long one, though I thought that ten words was all anybody ever sent. An' I'm sure nothin' could 'a' happened worse than havin' to go away at this time just in the very week that you have company."

"But what is the matter, Mrs. People?" said Mr. Stratford. "You haven't told me that. Has anything happened to your son?"

"Happened!" she exclaimed. "Why, I should say something had happened! Vatoldi's has been boycotted."

At this announcement Mr. Stratford manifested his surprise by laughing outright. "What utter absurdity!" he exclaimed. "And why in the world should you and your brother be called upon in an emergency of this sort?"

"John says," replied Mrs. People, "that he must instantly have somebody he can trust, an' we are the only ones. What he wants with us I don't know. But down we must go, an' no later than five o'clock to-morrow mornin' either. John knows very well that Enoch's hired man, Jim Neal, can do everything that's needed on the farm for two or three days, anyway; and I suppose he'd forgot about Marier not bein' able to cook for anybody but farm hands, an' they wouldn't stand her more 'n a week at the outside, an', of course, he didn't know your friend was here. But there's no use talkin' about all that. What's to be done now is for you two gentlemen to make up your minds what you're goin' to do while we're gone."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Stratford, "if there is an urgent occasion for your leaving home; and I suppose there must be, though I don't understand it. Mr. Thorne and I will do very well while you are gone. We will consider that we are camping out, and what cooking Maria cannot do I can do myself. I'm a very good hand at that sort of thing."

"Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Mrs. People. "I couldn't rest easy for one minute on whatever kind of a bed John has to give me, for I'm sure I don't know what it's goin' to be, if I thought of you here doin' your own cookin', an' with Marier greasin' your way out of this world with her lard an' her ham-fat. No, indeed; it shall never be said of me that I went off an' left you in any such a mess as that. But here comes Mrs. Justin's man, Henderson, on horseback, an' by the looks of him he's bringin' a letter."

The man did bring a letter, and it was for Mr. Stratford, and in it Mrs. Justin gave him and his friend a very cordial and earnest invitation to stay at her house during the absence of Mrs. People and Mr. Bullripple.

"How did Mrs. Justin know anything about this?" exclaimed Stratford, when he had read the note.

"Why, you see the way of it was this," answered Mrs. People. "As soon as Enoch an' me got over the worst of our flurry, which was mostly mine, I must say, I began to think about you an' what was to become of you while we was gone. Then I says to myself: 'Mrs. Justin ought to know about this, not as I'd ask anythin' of her, for I'm just as independent as the next person; but still, if she wants to do anythin' in a neighborly way, it isn't for me, who ever sence she first come with her husband to live here never had one word to say ag'in' her, to put myself an' my independence in the way of her doin' it.' So I jus' had the buggy hitched up, an' I drove over to her house as hard as I could go; an' 'twould have done you good, Mr. Stratford, to see how that mare did trot when I worked her up to such a state of mind that she forgot to shy at them upturned tree-roots just at our line fence, which she's done reg'lar ever sence the tree was blowed down in September of year before last. An' I told Mrs. Justin all about the thing jus' as it really stood, an' she said I needn't trouble myself about you an' the other gentleman, for she'd invite you to stay till I got back. I made up my mind I wouldn't say nothin' about this till she sent over an' asked you, for it wasn't any of my business to interfere with her concerns, nor her way of attendin' to 'em; but I must say I felt a mighty relief when I saw that man Henderson comin' with a letter, which, of course, I knew he had an' what it was. An' now I'll be off and see about supper, or else Marier'll give you a taste of what you might have expected if you'd been left here with her to take care of you."

Stratford reflected some little time before answering Mrs. Justin's note, but then, after consulting with Thorne, and considering that the invitation was a very honest and kindly-intentioned one, which should not be declined without good reason, he determined to accept it.

In the early gray of the next morning Enoch and Mrs. People took the milk train for the city, and Stratford and Mr. Thorne drove over to Mrs. Justin's house in time for breakfast.

V.

THERE was, indeed, trouble at Vatoldi's, and John People found himself in a perplexed and soul-harrowed condition. The establishment over which he presided was such a well-ordered one that everybody seemed to be surprised at the sudden changes which had taken place in this favorite resort. The employees had always been well treated and well paid, and had never shown any dissatisfaction with the rules of the establishment. But recently they had broken out in open rebellion against a fundamental regulation.

It was a cherished belief in the mind of Mr. Stull that a waiter should look like a waiter, and that his working-clothes should not be the same as those worn by gentlemen on ceremonious occasions. None of the waiters at Vatoldi's had ever made the slightest objection to their neat and appropriate costume. But a man had recently been engaged, George Bencher by name, whose soul soared above the restrictions imposed by narrow-minded authority. He made it plain to the other men that in all first-class restaurants the waiters wore dress-coats in the evening, and for him and his fellows to be attired in jackets and aprons at all hours was a visible proof that they worked in an establishment of a low order, or else did not possess the manhood with which to assert their rights. A united demand was therefore made on John People that the waiters should thereafter be allowed to wear dress-suits in the evening, instead of jackets and aprons.

John People, of course, was not empowered to make a decision in an important case like this, nor could he say that he would refer the matter to his superiors, for, in the ordinary management of the business, he was not supposed to have any. Everybody connected with the place knew that the original Vatoldi must now be dead, and that, if John had not bought out the place, he was conducting it for the heirs. Mr. Stull had always insisted that, while John must refer to him in matters of any importance whatever, he must, at the same time, take care that no one should imagine that he was obliged to refer to anybody. Mr. Stull was most anxious that no curiosity should be aroused, and no impertinent investigations set on foot, in regard to the ownership of Vatoldi's.

Consequently John was obliged to tell the men that he must take a little time to think over the matter, and when he went to the bank that afternoon to make his daily deposit and confer with Mr. Stull, he laid the affair before that gentleman. Mr. Stull was very indignant, and ordered John to tell the waiters that on no account would their absurd and impudent demand be complied with; so long as they served at Vatoldi's they should never wear dress-coats; and that, if they desired to adopt that style of dress, they must go somewhere else and do it. John gave the waiters his decision that evening, and when it was received every man took off his jacket and apron, put on his ordinary coat and his hat, and departed, and the establishment closed an hour or two earlier than usual.

But John was equal to the emergency, and before the busy hours began next day he had secured, from the list of applicants in his possession, enough waiters with whom to carry on the service. Now the war began, the offensive operations of which were directed by the energetic Bencher. Many of the newly employed waiters were frightened away, and threats of loss of reputation and ill-usage weakened the forces in the kitchen. More than this, Bencher determined to produce an impression upon the patrons of Vatoldi's, and, if possible, bring about a boycott of the place. The discontented waiters were called upon to contribute to a fund, and the money was employed in efforts to make the public believe that they should not patronize Vatoldi's. Men were hired to parade the sidewalk in front of the place, bearing banners on which were painted warning inscriptions. "Eat not at the house of the oppressor!" sounding like a text of Scripture, was expected to have much effect. Another inscription, based upon the belief in Vatoldi's decease, read thus:

"The Ghost's Restaurant
Kept By A Dead Man.
Cooking Done In The Vault."

These banner-bearers, however, with the crowds they attracted in the busy thoroughfare, were soon driven away by the police; but the generous distribution of hundreds of copies of a circular which Bencher had composed and had had printed was found to be of great service to the cause of the boycotters. This informed the public that if they patronized Vatoldi's they might expect that the conscienceless management would be just as ready to impose bad eggs and tallow butter upon its patrons as it was to lay its vile yokes upon the necks of its employees; with much more matter of a like character.

As the authorship of these circulars could be referred to nobody in particular, and as they might be scattered by any one as he passed the place, it was difficult to prevent their distribution. People would stop to look into Vatoldi's to see what was going on, and other people stopped to see what these were looking at. Under these circumstances very few ladies came to Vatoldi's; and although a good many men persisted in taking their meals there in spite of the inferior service, the ordinary luncher or diner preferred to go to some restaurant not so prominent in public notice, and the patronage of the place fell off greatly.

The heart of Mr. Stull was filled with indignation and energetic resolve. If he could have appeared in his proper person as proprietor and manager of the boycotted establishment, he would have conducted affairs with such courage and wisdom as would have entitled him to the approbation of all good citizens. But it was simply impossible for him to make up his mind to avow himself the owner of Vatoldi's. His pride in the high position which he held in social and financial circles would never allow him to admit, even in such a crisis as this, that his fortune in any way depended upon his ability as a restaurant-keeper. Social standing was dearer to him even than money, and he would much have preferred to see Vatoldi's deserted by its patrons for a month, or even a year, than to see himself and his family deserted by "Society."

But he did not intend that Vatoldi's should be deserted. He could do nothing openly; but indirectly as a patron of the place, and as an earnest defender of the right of man to carry on a legitimate business in his own way, he did a great deal. He took all his meals at the place, and induced many of his friends to go there. He urged them to do this for the "principle of the thing," although he did not hesitate to say that he should be very sorry to see this establishment, the best of its kind in the city, come to grief. He took his wife and three daughters to Vatoldi's for lunch and also for dinner, and both his carriage and his coupé were kept standing as long as possible before the door.

When John People came to him at the usual hour, Mr. Stull fairly loaded him with injunctions and directions. If anything very important occurred, John was to telegraph to him at bank or residence, in a simple cipher, of which Mr. Stull had prepared two copies; and the faithful manager was ordered, whenever his employer went up to the desk to pay his bill, to give him, with his change, a brief report of the state of affairs up to that time. It was at this conference that it was agreed that Mr. Bullripple and Mrs. People should be sent for. It was quite obvious that in this emergency John must have some assistants in whom he could trust; and although his mother and his uncle knew nothing of restaurant-keeping, they were persons of varied abilities and much energy, and he felt that he knew no one else in whom he could place a like confidence. Mr. Stull was acquainted with the old farmer and his sister, and while they were not the people whom he would have decided to call upon, had he had a choice, he knew that they were honest and devoted to John; and those points decided him to authorize John to call upon them.

Mr. Bullripple and Mrs. People arrived at Vatoldi's about eleven o'clock on the second day of the boycott — an hour of the morning at which, even on ordinary occasions, there

were comparatively few customers in the place. John expected them by this train, and knowing that the meeting with his parent would not be an exhibition suitable for the public eye, he had retired at the proper moment to a small back room used as a storage pantry; and it was there that his mother infolded him in her arms, and assured him with streaming eyes that she would stand by him to the last bone in her body.

When the emotions of Mrs. People had been somewhat quieted, and Enoch Bullripple had taken his nephew by the hand and had inquired what was the trouble, and what John wanted him to do, they all sat down at a table in the corner of the large room, and everything was explained. Mrs. People was very anxious to know what Mr. Vatoldi thought about it all, but John evaded her questions.

"Everything is left to me," he said. "The proprietor is away and cannot come here, and I must manage the whole affair myself; and I think I can get through all right if you two will stay here for a few days until things come straight again."

"We'll stay, John," said his mother, "just as long as you need us. You may depend on that."

"That's so," added the old man. "We'll stick to you till the place is either shut up or running along as it used to. Now, do you want me to carve, or to wash dishes?"

It did not take long for John to explain what he wanted his new assistants to do. His mother was to go into the kitchen. The head cook had been induced to follow the waiters, and although the assistants who remained were moderately skilled in their duties, they could not be trusted to work without supervision. Mr. Bullripple was to keep a general eye upon the dining-room, and when John went out was to preside at the cashier's desk. He was not quick at making change, but he could do so with great accuracy, having a very sharp eye for a penny.

Enoch Bullripple had not always been a farmer. Although country-bred, he had at one time kept a small grocery store in the eastern part of the city, and after that he had made a voyage to the West Indies, during which his speculations in early cabbages and potatoes had proved very profitable to him. The head, arms, and legs of Mr. Bullripple were very hard, and his movements and his wits were quick. He was not ignorant of the ways of the town, and was one of those countrymen against whom town dealers are much more likely to endeavor to defend themselves than to try to impose upon them. He entered with much interest into the new line of business now open to him at Vatoldi's. He was very willing to give his nephew all the assistance in his power, but he also had a strong desire to make use of the opportunities that might now be afforded him to find out what was that nephew's true position in the establishment. If Vatoldi were dead, as he had reason to believe, could it be possible that John was now the real proprietor? In that case, what became of the very large profits which must accrue from the business? But if John were merely acting as the agent of some one else, who was that some one else? This was the question to which Enoch gave his attention, for he did not believe that John was actually at the head of affairs. He was quite sure that there was a proprietor and general director in the background, and he was quite as sure that this person desired to remain very much in the background. It was not merely curiosity which prompted Enoch to discover the unknown owner and his motives for secrecy. He believed that his nephew was carrying a very heavy load with but very little profit to himself, and that if he, Enoch, could get one of his strong thumbs into the Vatoldi pie, he would be able to pull out a plum for John.

Mr. Bullripple walked up and down between the rows of tables in the long room, sometimes taking his seat on an empty chair, of which, on this day, there were a good many. He kept his eyes on the new waiters who had been employed, looking sharply for signs of disaffection and intimidation. Now and then he stepped to the door to see if he could discover any of those banners of which he had been told, and several times he made a sudden swoop out upon the sidewalk, and in the direction of a boy who was distributing the circulars of the boycotters. He never caught the boy, but he picked up a great many circulars, and carried them in to be burned.

A little before three o'clock John asked his uncle to take his place at the cashier's desk,—a good deal of a sinecure just then,—as he was obliged to go to the bank and make his deposits.

"Can't I go for you?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, no," said John; "I always do that myself."

The rest of the afternoon and evening passed disagreeably at Vatoldi's. As night drew on, a crowd of idlers, apparently sent there for the purpose of making the ordinary public believe that something was going to happen, stood, dispersed, and reassembled upon the sidewalk. Sometimes rough fellows would come in and demand something to drink, without anything to eat, and when told that refreshments were not served here in that fashion would complain violently, and would go away with loud words of derision and con-

tempt. Nearly every one who passed the place seemed to carry in his hand one of Bencher's circulars; and when, in the course of the evening, Mr. Stull and his friends, with other gentlemen who had determined to patronize on principle this persecuted restaurant, came in, nearly all of them ordered something or other which John had thought would not be called for in these troublous times, and which, therefore, was not on hand. If Mr. Stull said anything to John when he went up to the cashier's desk, it must have been spoken very quickly, and in an undertone, for no one noticed it. But, as he walked away, Mr. Stull's face was very red, while John's seemed troubled. At the close of the day several of the newly engaged waiters informed Mr. People that they would like to have their money for their day's work, and that they should not return. They had not understood the state of affairs when they agreed to come there, and they did not wish to mix themselves up in any such trouble. Of course no one of them said anything about the private note he had received that day from Bencher.

John had secured rooms for his mother and uncle in the boarding-house where he lived; and after the young man had taken his weary body and soul to bed, the two elders had a little confabulation in the parlor.

"If this thing goes on much longer," said Mrs. People, "it will bring that boy to his dying bed. He's pretty nigh worn out now."

"That's so," replied Enoch; "John is mighty stout on his pins, but he looks shaky, for all that."

"Pins are no good," said his sister, "no matter how fat they may be, when the mind is so troubled and tossed it can't sleep. An' just look at that Vatoldi!"

"I wish I could," said Enoch, "but I don't expect to."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. People; "it's easy enough to see that he's goin' to keep himself out of harm's way, an' trouble's way too, an' leave my boy to bear everything. I tell you what let's do, Enoch. Let's shut the place up, an' take John away. Then, if Vatoldi wants to open it again, let him come an' open it."

"That wouldn't do, Hannah; that wouldn't do," said Enoch. "If the reg'lar customers, like Mr. Stull and all them carriage people, was to find the place shut up, they'd go somewhere else, and not come back again. It won't do to spile a good business that way."

"It's a long time sence John has had a holiday," said Mrs. People, after a little pause, "an' he's always told me he couldn't have one, because there was nobody to take his place while he was gone. Now it strikes me that this is just the time for John to get his holiday. Here's you an me on hand to be in his place; an' as long as the restaurant's boycotted there won't be much to do, an' what little business there is you an' me can attend to well enough without John."

"That's a good idea, Hannah," said Enoch, "a very good idea. As long as the business is upset, and hind-part foremost, and standing on its head, I can do what marketing is needed, and boss the waiters. But if everything was a-runnin' on as smooth and even as the fly-wheel of a steam-engine, with hundreds of people comin' in, and eatin' and drinkin', and never seein' nothin' to find fault with, then you and me would get the whole machinery out of order, because we don't understand it, and John, or somebody like him, would have to be on hand. But now we can go into this rough-and-tumble business as well as anybody, and keep things as straight as they can be kept till that lot of stupid waiters see which side their bread is buttered, and come back. Then John can take hold again, and everything go on as it used to. You're right, Hannah. This is the time for John's holiday, if he's ever goin' to get one."

"But he's got to get it!" said Mrs. People, her emotion lifting her to her feet. "I know he'll say he can't, an' he won't. But that's not goin' to make any difference with me. I'm determined he shall have a rest. Why, when he went off to bed jus' now he was about able to get upstairs, an' no more."

Enoch Bullripple had much more faith in the enduring powers of John than had been expressed by Mrs. People, but for more reasons than one he greatly desired that the young man should have a holiday. If he, Enoch, should be left in charge of Vatoldi's for a few days, he felt sure that he could get at the bottom of the mystery of the proprietorship.

"But, Hannah," said he, "I really don't see how it's goin' to be done."

"I don't neither," said Mrs. People, "but it's got to be done, an' that's the long an' the short of it."

VI.

THE two gentlemen, whose residence at the Bullripple farm had been interrupted by the boycott at Vatoldi's, found the life at Mrs. Justin's house a very pleasant one. Mr. Thorne, having come into the mountains to fish, fished; and his friend Stratford usually went with him on his excursions. In the evening this family of four adapted itself very well to cards, conversation, or twilight strolls, and the ladies found fault with Mr. Thorne because he worked so hard at his fishing, and gave none of his daytime to pursuits in which they could

take part. But he was a thoroughly conscientious young man, and as he came to the mountains to fish, he fished.

As his friend now began to know the country, Mr. Stratford frequently left him to wade the cold trout streams alone, while he gave some of his time to the entertainment of the ladies. One afternoon he took them, with the Justin horses and carriage, on a long drive through some of the valley roads. On the next day he did not go out with Mr. Thorne at all, as Mrs. Justin desired his opinion on a business letter she had received from some of her fellow-workers; and in the afternoon, Mrs. Justin having retired to the library to compose her answer, Stratford proposed to Miss Armatt that she should go in a boat on Cherry Creek, and investigate the beauty of that winding stream.

"Why, I thought the Cherry River, as I shall call it, was not navigable," said Miss Gay. "When Mr. Crisman and I wanted to go rowing, Mrs. Justin told us that it was so full of sand-bars and snags and all sorts of obstructions, that boating on it was not to be thought of."

"She was entirely right," answered Stratford; "that is, when speaking of persons not familiar with the peculiarities of the stream. It would be extremely awkward and perhaps dangerous for you and Mr. Crisman to essay boating here. But in this case it is different. I have lived here a great deal, and have made myself perfectly acquainted with the eccentricities of the river, or creek. Suppose you come and let us see what progress we can make."

"Oh, I shall be delighted," said Gay. And, tossing on her hat, she walked with Stratford to the water-side.

In rowing of the sort that was required here Stratford was an adept. With Miss Gay in the stern of the boat, and himself placed moderately well forward, so that the flat-bottomed craft should draw as little water as possible, he rowed rapidly over the deeper and open places, pulled close to one bank to avoid the shallows by the other, crushed steadily through beds of lily-pads, and once slowly and gently pushed the boat beneath the trunk of a tree which spanned the stream, keeping his eyes meantime on Gay to see that her head and shoulders were bent low enough to prevent contact with the rough overhanging bark.

As they went on, the stream became wider and deeper, and they met with fewer impediments; and it was not long before, to Miss Armatt's great delight, Stratford turned the boat into a narrow tributary stream, which, running through the heart of the woods, presented to the eye a lovely water-avenue, passing under overhanging arches of green leaves, mossy branches, and down-reaching vines. This little stream, though narrow, was deeper and much more open to the approaches of a little boat than the upper part of Cherry Creek, and for ten or fifteen minutes Stratford rowed quite steadily, keeping his head the meanwhile turned well to one side so that he should not run into either of the banks.

Then he stopped, and, drawing in the oars, said: "Now I'll rest for a time and look about me."

"You'll see nothing," exclaimed Miss Gay with sparkling eyes, "that is not perfectly lovely."

Stratford looked about him and perceived that she was quite correct. Here and there was a break in the green roof above them, and the sunlight falling in little dapples on leaf and water enhanced the beauty of the shaded vernal hues with which the scene was mainly tinged. On one bank a matted grape-vine bent down so low and wide that it formed a spreading bower over the water, under which a little boat might gently lie. On either side there were glimpses of forest beauty; beyond them, the little stream twinkled and rippled into the far-away heart of the woods, and the perfume from the young blossoms of the grape-vines filled all the air.

Miss Gay sat silent, her eyes wandering from side to side, and resting at last upon the water-bower formed by the spreading vines. Then she said: "I think I must try and remember all the twists and turns we made in coming here, so that some time I can guide Mr. Crisman to this spot. I don't believe he was ever in such a charming place."

Stratford looked into the face of Miss Gay, and across the clear blue sky of her delight he saw floating a thin gray cloud. He knew that she was thinking what a little heaven this would be if it were but her lover who was with her. But Stratford had not brought Miss Armatt here that she might tell herself how delightful it would be to sit in a boat with Mr. Crisman under that roof of odorous vines. He wanted to talk to her of herself, and this he now set about to do.

He answered her remark by saying that she would have to come over this course a good many times before she would be able to act as guide for any one else. He made no offer to be her instructor in navigation, but began to question her on the subject of her past studies and those victories in the field of learning which she still hoped to achieve. He made her understand how greatly interested he was in the objects of Mrs. Justin's life-work; and having heard from that lady so much of Miss Armatt, he wished to talk to her about

what she had done and what she intended to do.

Miss Gay was very willing to talk of these matters. She had learned from Mrs. Justin that Mr. Stratford was a man whose experience and knowledge were very great, and whose opinions were of the highest value, and she much desired to have his advice about her future studies.

But very little advice she received on this occasion. Mr. Stratford wished to look into her mind, and not to exhibit his own. Miss Gay found it very easy to talk to her companion. He seemed to want to know exactly those things which she most wished to tell him. In ten minutes she was speaking more freely of her aspirations and half-matured plans than she had ever spoken to any one before. Mrs. Justin was her dear, kind friend, and always willing to listen and assist. But Gay had perceived that there was not a perfect sympathy between them when they talked of her future intentions. Mrs. Justin wished her young friend to climb, and climb boldly, but the spot at which she would have been willing to rest content was far below the altitude on which Gay Armatt had fixed her eyes and her hopes. But here was one who not only sympathized with her in her longings, but, by his questions and his hearty interest, led her on to bring forth ideas and plans which had long been laid away in her mind because there was no one to whom she could show them. She expected to talk about all these things to Mr. Crisman after they were married; but just now their conversation never ran upon intellectual or educational topics. There were always things of a totally different sort which he wished to say to her.

But now, side by side with this courteous gentleman, this scholar and careful thinker, she walked in the regions of high thought and far-spread prospects; and when the sun had sunk so low that it no longer threw its light upon the leaves and water, and Stratford took up the oars and said it was time for them to return, he looked into her face, and on the sky of her delight there was no cloud.

Gay told Mrs. Justin all about this most delightful little excursion, and hesitated not at the same time to give vent to her high admiration of Mr. Stratford.

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Justin, "that Mr. Crisman could not have rowed you into this woodland stream."

"It would have been perfectly lovely," exclaimed Miss Gay, "if he could have been with me! But then," she added, "I should have lost that most encouraging conversation with Mr. Stratford."

The next afternoon Mr. Thorne was prevailed upon to stay at home and take part in Mrs. Justin's favorite outdoor amusement, a game of croquet. Thorne was a kind-hearted man, and as willing as anybody to aid in the work of making other people happy, provided such labor did not interfere with the things which he really ought to do. But now he felt that he had done his duty in the trout streams, and that, having come into the mountains to fish, he had fished. Therefore, a four-handed game of croquet was made up.

"Gay and Mr. Thorne will play together," said Mrs. Justin, "leaving you and me for the other side."

Stratford smiled. "That will be a most agreeable arrangement for me," he said, "but I am rather sorry for Miss Armatt and Thorne."

"That is true," said Mrs. Justin. "I remember now that Gay said she had not had a mallet in her hand since she was a little girl; and you and I are both good players."

"Thorne tells me he knows but little of the game," said Stratford. "Shall I take him on my side and coach him?"

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Justin. "We won't divide in that way. You must take Gay, and I will play with Mr. Thorne."

The game proved to be a very long one, for both Mrs. Justin and Stratford were good shots and excellent managers, and they so harassed each other that advantages on either side were slowly gained. But for Gay the game was none too long. She was surprised to find that croquet, which she had supposed to be a thing of bygone days, relegated now to children and very old-fashioned grown people, was really an interesting and absorbing exercise, in which many powers of the mind, not omitting those of a mathematical nature, were brought into vigorous play. Every shot she made, every position she took, and even her manner of standing and holding her mallet were directed by Mr. Stratford; and the pleasure of doing these things properly, and of feeling that every effort had its due value, helped very much to give the game its zest. She and her partner won, and this was not because Mr. Stratford was a better player than Mrs. Justin, or that Gay knew more of the game than Mr. Thorne, but because the younger lady subordinated herself entirely to Stratford. They moved through the game as one player, neither advancing far beyond the other, and at length side by side going out of it. Mrs. Justin did not demand such subjection from her partner. She thought that sometimes he ought to rely on himself, and when he did so she generally found that he had left little that she could rely on.

As they walked towards the house, Gay Armatt said to Mrs. Justin: "I believe Mr.

Stratford would make a splendid teacher. I think he ought not to deprive the world of the benefit of his extraordinary talents in that way."

"I know Mr. Stratford has not the slightest desire," answered Mrs. Justin, "to act as teacher to the world," placing a slight emphasis on the collective noun.

Whether Stratford liked teaching or not, he and Miss Gay spent more than an hour the next morning on the back piazza of the house, with four large books from the library and an ancient atlas.

"What in the world," asked Mrs. Justin, as she came out to them, "have you two been doing here all the morning?"

"We haven't been here all the morning," said Stratford, "and we have been visiting some of the head springs of literature, and tracing the meanderings of their streams."

"You can't imagine," cried Miss Gay, "how interesting it has been! But I had no idea," looking at her watch, "that it was nearly twelve o'clock, and I have two letters to write before you send to the post-office!"

Gay ran into the house, and Mrs. Justin took her place in the chair by Stratford. "It is a pity," she said, after glancing a few moments over the atlas, "that Mr. Crisman chose to take his yachting expedition just now. It would be so much more pleasant for him to be here while you two gentlemen are in the house. I heard from Mrs. People this morning, and she says she will not be able to return home until after next Sunday at the earliest."

Mr. Stratford looked at his companion with a very small twinkle in his eye, but with a grave face. "You think," he said, "that Mr. Crisman ought to be here while we are here?"

"I cannot but believe," she said, looking steadily at Stratford, "that it would be better for his interests."

"And how about Miss Armatt's interests?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" said the lady quickly.

"Mrs. Justin," said Stratford, closing the atlas and leaning forward as he spoke, "I mean this. Miss Armatt is a young woman in whom I have taken an extraordinary interest."

"It is scarcely necessary to mention that," remarked Mrs. Justin.

"You should not be surprised," said he, "at my interest in her, for you have the same feeling yourself. You know she is a girl with an exceptional future open to her, and you would do anything in your power to help her. I am of the same mind. I believe that I comprehend very clearly her present condition of intellectual development; and I see, too, in what directions her inclinations will lead her in regard to her future work. I think her views are not exactly sound. She needs something more than her college and her text-books can give her; and I very much hope that I shall be able to bring her to look upon literature, philosophy, and science with the eye of an untrammeled thinker. This she ought to do before she takes another step forward. And I honestly admit to you, Mrs. Justin, that I am very glad to have the opportunity, uninterrupted by Mr. Crisman's weekly visit, to do what I can to assist in the cutting and polishing of this jewel in your crown."

"You know, Mr. Stratford," said Mrs. Justin, "that I expected you to take an interest in Gay, and that I should have been very much disappointed if you had not done so; but I did not expect that she would take such a deep and absorbing interest in you."

"I cannot say," answered Stratford after a moment's pause, "that I am sorry to hear that; because if she is interested in me she will be the more likely to give an earnest attention to what I say."

"Horace Stratford," said Mrs. Justin, "did anybody ever turn you the least bit to the right or the left?"

"Yes," he answered. "Here is this young creature, with the mind of a philosopher and the heart of a girl, who has turned me entirely aside from what I thought I was going to do when I came down here."

"It is just that girl-heart which troubles me," thought Mrs. Justin. But she did not deem it proper to speak her thought. Gay Armatt was engaged to be married, and what had she or Mr. Stratford to do with her girl-heart? So she continued not this conversation; but, after gazing a moment at the vines upon the lattice-work beside her, she looked over the lawn. "What has Mr. Thorne been doing with himself this morning?" she asked. "He is now sitting alone, down there on the bench by the bank. I think he has been outrageously neglected."

"I can't agree with you," said Stratford, "for immediately after breakfast he started out on some sort of pedestrian expedition, without saying anything to me about it. I knew nothing of his intention until I saw him marching away over the hills. He is an odd fellow, and I suppose he thought it was his duty, on a fine morning like this, to walk."

"Mr. Thorne is very conscientious, is he not?" asked Mrs. Justin.

"He is entirely too conscientious."

"How can any one be too conscientious?" asked the lady with some warmth.

"It is quite possible," answered Stratford.

"Arthur Thorne has an abnormal conscience. He has cultivated it so carefully that I believe it has grown to be a thing which overshadows his life. Now I prefer, for myself, a conscience which is pruned down to healthy and vigorous growth."

"And who does the pruning?" asked Mrs. Justin.

"I do," answered Stratford with a smile. And then he went down to join Mr. Thorne upon the lawn.

"Why did you start off this morning without saying anything to me about it?" asked Stratford, as he took a seat by his friend.

Mr. Thorne smiled. "I thought," he said, "that if I asked you, politeness might impel you to go with me; and as I saw Miss Armatt alone with her books on the piazza, I knew where your chosen place would be. Would it be stepping outside of the privileges of friendship if I were to offer you my congratulations, together with my most unqualified commendation?"

"My dear Thorne," exclaimed Stratford, "your reason has taken grasshopper legs unto itself, and has jumped most wildly! Let us speak plainly. Do you suppose I am making love to Miss Armatt?"

"I supposed," said Thorne, "from the general tone of your intercourse with the young lady, that the preliminary stage of love-making had been passed, and that you were engaged."

"You amaze me!" cried Stratford. "There is nothing whatever of that sort between me and Miss Armatt! I never saw her until I came up here, about two weeks ago. I am exceedingly interested in her studies and in her prospects, and that is the basis of our intimacy."

"I shall not ask your pardon," said Mr. Thorne, "for the mistake was a compliment to your taste and good sense. I used to think that Mrs. Justin, without question, was the most charming woman of my acquaintance; but since I have seen Miss Armatt, I have revolved the matter somewhat in my mind. In fact, that was what I was doing just now when you came."

"A most profitless revolution," remarked Stratford.

As the two men walked together towards the house, it occurred to Stratford that he had not mentioned to his friend that Miss Armatt was indeed engaged to be married, though not to himself. But the subject of Mr. Crisman was not agreeable to him, and he did not care to discuss it; therefore he said nothing about it.

That afternoon Arthur Thorne took Miss Armatt to drive in his friend Stratford's buggy. Arthur had taken lessons in driving from a professional, and he was the only man with whom Stratford would trust his horse. Mrs. Justin did not say to herself that Mr. Thorne was the only man with whom she would trust Gay, but she was very willing to have him go with her, his abnormal conscience not appearing as a fault in her eyes. It was not, perhaps, entirely suitable that Gay should go driving with any young man other than her engaged lover; but, as Mr. Crisman chose to stay away, Mrs. Justin did not feel inclined to shut up her young friend on that account.

As for Gay herself, she went very willingly with Mr. Thorne, but she could not help feeling a little disappointed that it had not been Mr. Stratford who had asked her. Several times during the drive, which was a long and interesting one, she was employed in making mental comparisons between Mr. Stratford and Mr. Thorne, at moments when the latter thought she was absorbed in contemplation of the landscape. And yet she liked Mr. Thorne very much, and would probably like him better when she knew him better. There was here none of that fire-and-wax sympathy which had shown itself in the early stages of her acquaintance with Mr. Stratford. Mr. Thorne spoke but little on those subjects in which her mind was most deeply interested, and what he did say was not at all what Mr. Stratford would have said. But she felt, when she returned from her drive, that she had spent the afternoon with one who was truly a gentleman. Mr. Thorne had done nothing which was peculiarly adapted to produce this impression, but the impression had been produced; and Gay Armatt could not help thinking that it was a very pleasant thing to be in the company of persons who were truly gentlemen.

But, in her thoughts, Gay instituted no comparisons between Mr. Crisman and other men. Other men were other men, and had their faults and their merits. But Mr. Crisman was in a different sphere altogether; he was her lover, and she was to marry him; and with him criticism and comparison had nothing to do.

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

OLD CHELSEA. II.

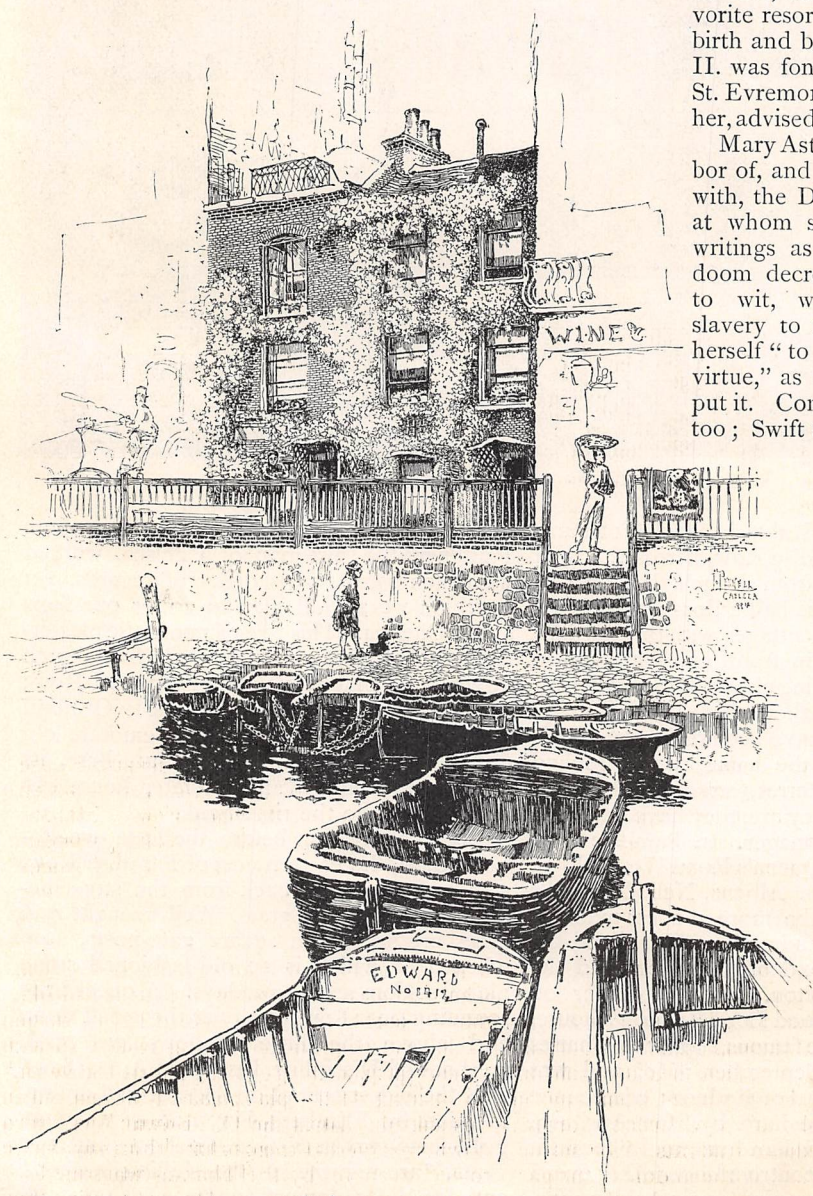
THE WESTERN END OF CHEYNE WALK.

ALL that is now left of Paradise Row, across the road from Ranelagh Gardens, is half a dozen small brick cottages, with tiny gardens in front, and vines climbing above. Once, when all about here was country, these houses must have been really delightful, and have justified the name, as they looked out on pleasant parterres, terraced to the river. Unpretending as they are, they have harbored many historic personages. In Paradise Row — it is now partly Queen's Road West — lived the first Duke of St. Albans, Nell Gwynne's son, not far from the more modest mansion of his venerated grandmother. Here lived the Earls of Pelham and of Sandwich, and the Duchess of Hamilton. At the corner of Robinson's Lane stood Lord Robarte's house, wherein he gave the famous supper to Charles II. on the 4th of September, 1660, and was soon after made Earl of Radnor; whence the street of that name hard by. On April 19, 1665, Pepys visited him here, and "found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life." A quiet, quaint old public-house, "The Chelsea Pensioner," stands where Faulkner, the historian of Chelsea, worked with such pains on his driest of records, yet to which we are all glad to go for our facts about Chelsea. This row of poor little plaster-fronted cottages, running to Christchurch Street, is all that is left of old Ormond Row; and the swinging sign over the "Ormond Dairy" is all we have to commemorate old Ormond House, which stood just here, its gardens, in which Walpole's later house was built, sloping to the river-bank.

Let us stop again before the little two-storied house, the easternmost of Paradise Row, standing discreetly back from the street behind a prim plot of grass. Well-wrought iron gates are swung on square gate-posts, atop of each of which is an old-fashioned stone globe, seldom seen nowadays. A queer little sounding-board projects over the small door, and above the little windows we read: "School of Discipline, Instituted A. D. 1825." It is the oldest school of the sort in London, founded by Elizabeth Fry, and in it young girls, forty-two at a time, each staying two years, "are reformed for five shillings a week," and fitted for domestic service. They wear

very queer aprons, their hair is plastered properly, and their shoes are clumsy; and no stranger contrast was ever invented than that between them and the perfumed, curled, high-heeled dame who once lived here.

Hortensia Mancini, the daughter of Cardinal Mazarin's sister, had been married while very young to some duke, who took the name of Mazarin on his marriage. A religious fanatic, he soon shut her up in a convent, from which she ran away, and reached England in boy's costume; but, as Rumigny wrote, "she has entered the English court as Armida entered the camp of Godfrey." As the handsomest woman in Europe, her coming caused commotion at the court with her rivals and in the breast of Charles II., on whom during his exile Hortensia Mancini had made an impression. She became the vogue for a while, and lived luxuriously; but this little house was her last residence, and here, although reduced to poverty by her extravagance,— too poor even to pay her butcher and baker,— she continued to give fashionable dinners, for which each guest paid by leaving his money under his napkin, so old Lysons heard. For all that, her house was the favorite resort of men famous by birth and brains; here Charles II. was fond of coming; here St. Evremond wrote poetry for her, advised her, worshiped her.

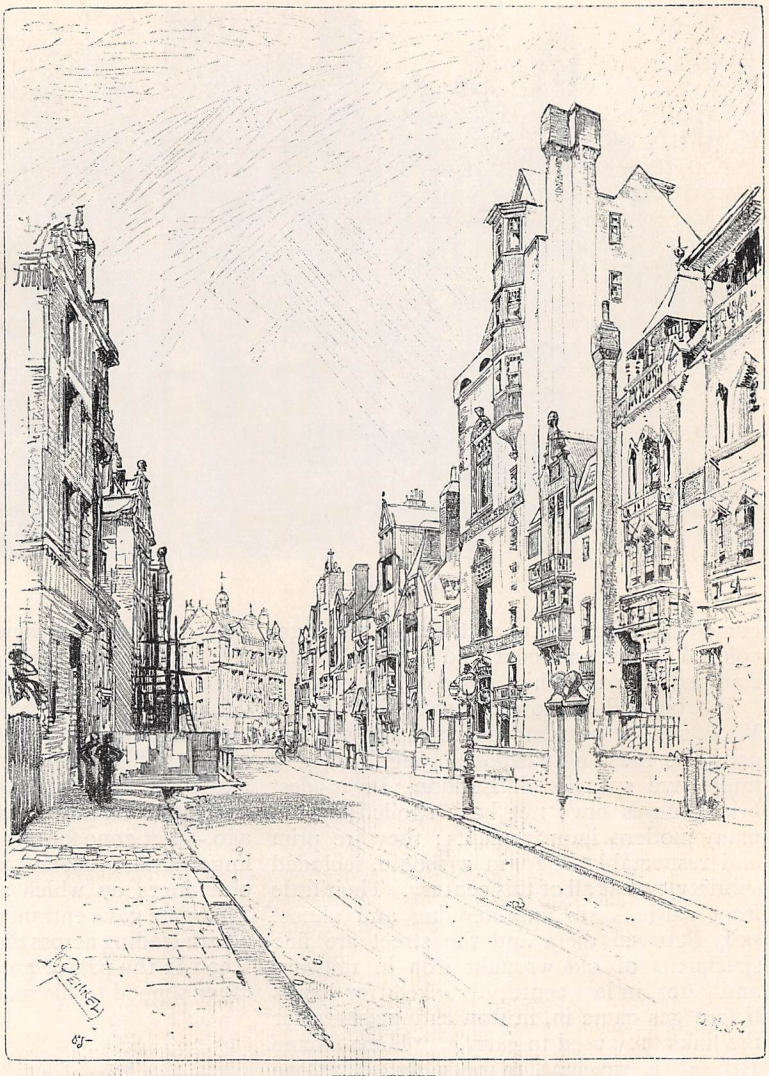


TURNER'S LAST DWELLING-PLACE.

Mary Astell was a near neighbor of, and a curious contrast with, the Duchess of Mazarin, at whom she pointed in her writings as a warning of the doom decreed to beauty and to wit, when shackled in slavery to man. *She* devoted herself "to the propagation of virtue," as Smollett satirically put it. Congreve satirized her too; Swift stained her with his sneers as "Madonella"; Addison and Steele made fun of her in their gentler way. Doubtless there was something of *la Précieuse Ridicule* to that generation in the aspect of this most learned lady, who wrote pamphlets and essays, in which, following More's lead, she urged the higher education of her sex. Failing to found among her female friends a college or community for celibacy and study, she induced Lady Elizabeth Hastings and other noble ladies to endow in 1729 a school for the daughters of old

pensioners of the Royal Hospital; and this has grown to the present grand asylum for clothing, educating, and caring for these girls.

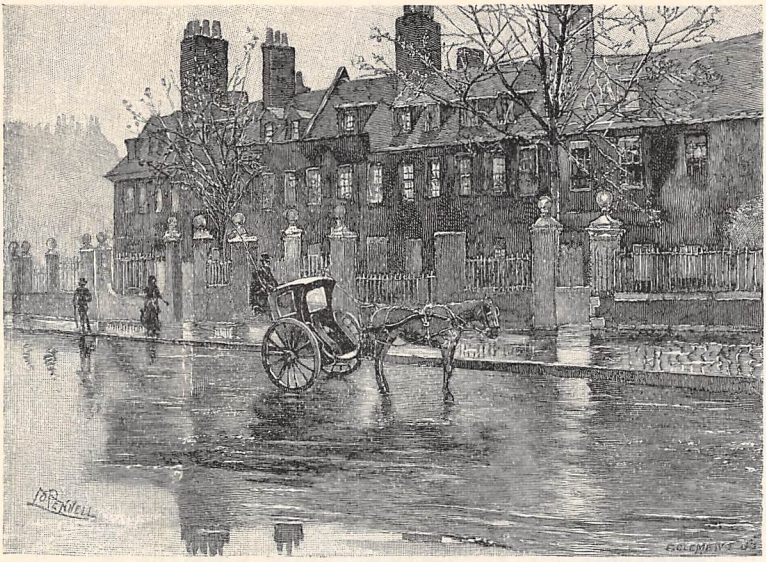
Turning from Paradise Row, we pass Gough House, with its two centuries of social history, for which we cannot here pause. The great square mansion is now the Victoria Hospital for Children, doing beneficent work. Passing through Tite street, we come, in refreshing contrast with its ambitious artificiality, to a bit of genuine nature, the Botanical Gardens, which front just here on the embankment. They remain intact as when in 1673 four acres of Lord Cheyne's domain were made over to the Society of Apothecaries for "the Chelsea Physick Garden," and to build thereon a barge-house and offices for their convenience when they came up the river. These buildings were demolished in 1853, but the gardens have bravely held out against the vandal hordes of bricklayers and builders; and all the herbs of materia medica which can grow in the open air are cultivated to this very day for the instruction of medical students, just as when Dr. Johnson's Polyphilus — the universal genius of a "Rambler" — started to come out here from London streets to see a new plant in flower.



TITE STREET.

Here Hans Sloane studied, and when he became rich and famous, and bought the manor of Chelsea, he gave the freehold of this garden to the Apothecaries' Company on condition that it should be cultivated forever for the use of medical students. His statue, erected in 1733, stands in the middle of the garden, chipped and stained by wind and weather.

Westward a little way stands "Swan House," on the site of the "Old Swan Tavern," which has been gone this fifty years now. It stood right over the river, with projecting wooden balconies, and a land entrance from Queen's Road. It and its predecessor — a little lower down the river — were historic public-houses resorted to by parties pleasuring from town; it was a house of call for watermen with their wherries, as we have so well pictured in Maryat's "Jacob Faithful." Here Pepys turned back on April 9, 1666, having rowed up with a merry party, and "got affright at the Swan," on hearing that the plague had broken out in this suburb. Until the "Old Swan" was torn down, it served as the goal for the annual race rowed even yet by the Thames watermen for the prize instituted by Dogget, a fine low

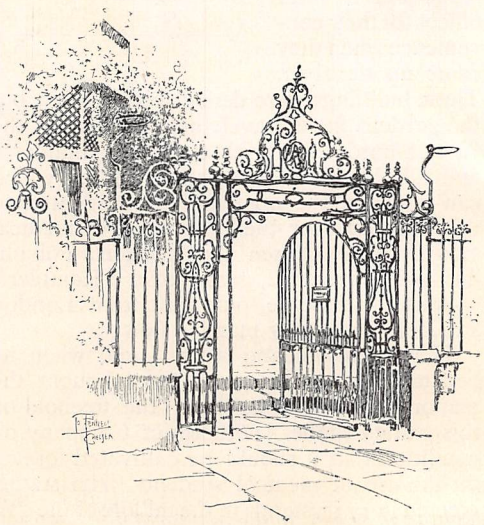


PARADISE ROW.

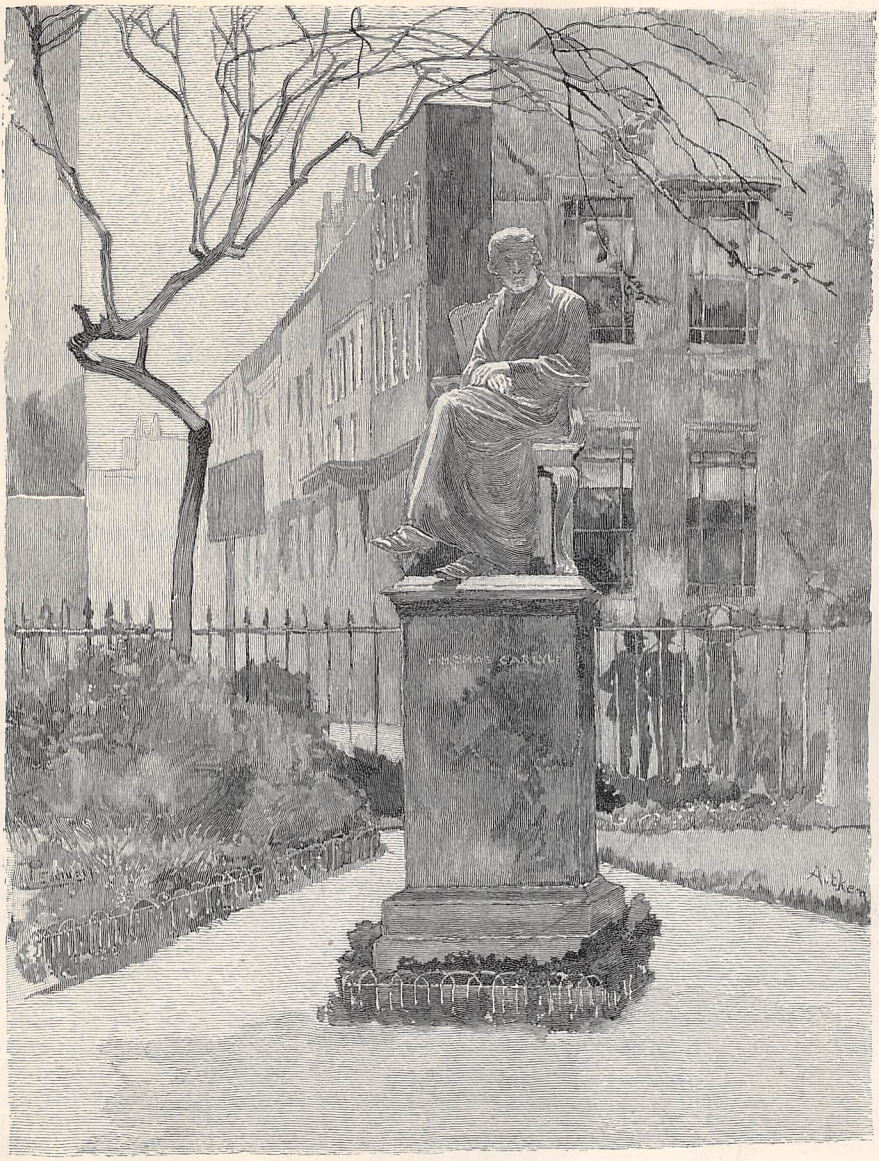
comedian of Queen Anne's time,— an orange-colored waterman's coat and a silver medal stamped with the white horse of Hanover.

Just beyond, at Flood Street, begins Cheyne Walk, still, despite embankments and gas and cabs, the most old-fashioned, dignified, and impressive spot in all London. Its modest brick houses have not been spoiled by too many modern improvements; they are prim and respectable, clad in a sedate, secluded sobriety, not at all of this century. Their little front gardens are unpretending and almost sad. Between them and the street are fine specimens of old wrought iron in railways and gates, in last century brackets for lamps before gas came in, in iron extinguishers for the links they used to carry. "Hans Sloane House" is wrought, in open letters, in the gate of No. 17; in others the numbers alone are thus worked in the antique pattern. "Manor House" has an attractive old plaster front. A shining brass plate on another, with "Gothic House" in well-worn letters, is just what we want to find there. In No. 4 died, on the night of the 22d of December, 1880, Mrs. John Walter Cross, more widely known as George Eliot. Maclise, the painter, died in the same house many years before. It has recently been "done up new," and so spoilt for us, I am sorry to say. So, too, has No. 16, the "Rossetti House," a large, double-front bowing out in the middle, the famous drawing-room on the first floor taking the whole width. The hall, staircases, every room, are paneled from entrance to garret, and the place had a dreary and not reverend aspect as I went through it, just before its new occupants took it.

I am told that in the foundations of this house there are to be seen remains of the old Tudor stone-work of Henry VIII.'s palace, and in the adjacent houses heavy nail-studded doors and similar remnants of that palace, built just here by the King, who had learned to like Chelsea in his visits to More. Nothing is left of it save those foundations and the apocryphal bits spoken of, but we can easily trace its grand grounds and gardens, covered with houses and streets as they are. Rossetti's great garden — now almost covered by a new Board school — was undoubtedly part of the palace grounds, other portions of which are found in the back gardens all along this part of Cheyne Walk. In the large garden of Mr. Druse there stand some very ancient trees, and I saw there, not very long ago,— but gone forever now,— a bit of crumbling wall, an arch, and within it remains of the old hinges on which a gate was once hung. That gate gave entrance from the land side by a path leading across the fields from the King's Road to the palace grounds; through it Seymour slipped to his secret visits to Catherine



GATEWAY OF ROSSETTI'S OLD HOUSE.

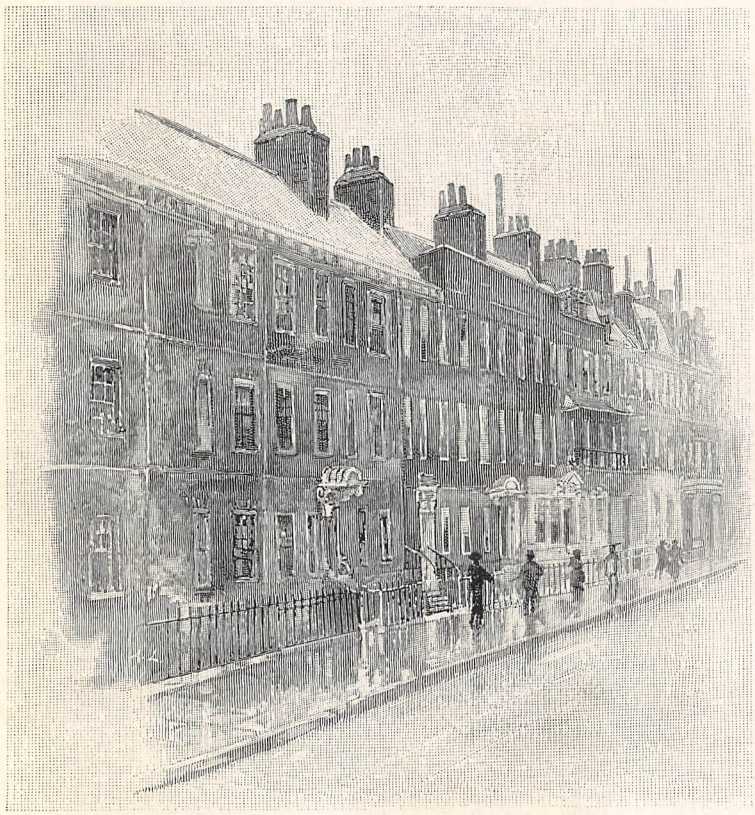


STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE, BY BOEHM.

Parr, as we know by a letter of hers: "I pray you let me have a knowledge over-night at what hour ye will come, that your portress may wait at the gate to the fields for you." She and Seymour had their historic romps under these very trees with the Princess Elizabeth, then a girl of thirteen, at home here.

She had come to live in the manor-house at the age of four, that she might grow up in that healthful air, her father placing, with his customary delicacy, the daughter of Anne Boleyn under the care and tuition and example of his latest wife, the staid and studious Catherine Parr. To this latter the King had given, on their marriage, the manor-house as her jointure, and there she lived in great state after Henry's death. Already before their marriage, while a wistful widow, she had been bewitched by Seymour, and had meant to marry him, but for being forced to submit to the King's will to make her his queen. Henry died at the end of January, 1547, and in May his widow, but thirty-five years old, secretly married Seymour. He was a turbulent, unscrupulous, handsome rascal, a greedy gambler, an insane intriguer, brother

of the Protector Somerset, maternal uncle of King Edward VII., brother-in-law of the King, and had tried to marry the Princess Elizabeth, then a girl of thirteen or fourteen, even while coquetting with the Queen-dowager, Catherine Parr. The girl, with her Boleyn blood, doubtless delighted in the mystery of the secret visits, which she knew of, and in the secret marriage she surely suspected. The Queen-dowager must have found it a trying and turbulent task to train her, and had more comfort in her other pupil, little Lady Jane Grey, who came here often for a visit and for sympathy in the studies in which she was already a prodigy, even then, at the age of eleven. She is a pure and perfect picture, this lovely and gentle girl, amid all these cruel and crafty creatures; but we cannot follow her farther in the touching tragedy in which she played the innocent usurper, the blameless martyr. Nor can we say more of Catherine Parr, probably poisoned by her husband, nor of his death on the block, nor of the rascally and wretched record of the future owners of this manor-house, but come down to the year 1712, when it was sold by Lord William Cheyne, lord of the manor, to Sir Hans Sloane.

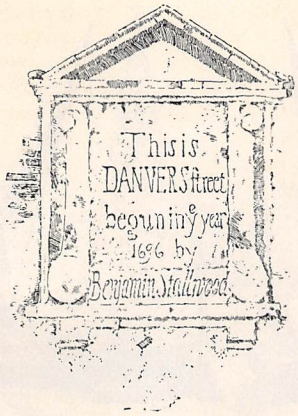


CARLYLE'S HOUSE, GREAT CHEYNE ROW.

Hans Sloane had come up to London, a young Irish student of medicine; and, frequenting the Botanical Gardens, just beyond in Chelsea, he must often have looked at, and perhaps longed to live in, the roomy old mansion. After his return from Jamaica, he pursued his studies with such success that he was made President of the Royal Society on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, in 1727. He became a famous physician, was doctor to the Queens, Anne and Caroline, as well as to George I., who made him a baronet in 1716, the first physician so ennobled in England. As he grew in wealth, he bought much property in Chelsea: first this manor-house, then More's house, then in other quarters. His name is perpetuated in Sloane Square and Hans Place, and his property now forms the estate of the Earl of Cadogan, whose ancestor, the famous General Cadogan, a colonel of the Horse Guards in Marlborough's wars, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hans Sloane; so that the present Earl of Cadogan is "lord of the manor and Viscount Chelsey."

But greater than his riches, better than all his other services, is the fact that Sir Hans Sloane was the founder of the British Museum. The extraordinary collection in natural history, of books and of manuscripts, with which his house in Bloomsbury was filled, and which then overflowed into his Chelsea house, was left by him to the nation, on payment to his estate of only twenty thousand pounds, it having cost him not less than fifty thousand pounds. Parliament passed the appropriation, the purchase was perfected, and this little pond has now grown into the great ocean of the British Museum, on the shores of which we who come to scoop up our small spoonfuls of knowledge are cared for so courteously by its guardians.

There was an Irish servant of Sir Hans



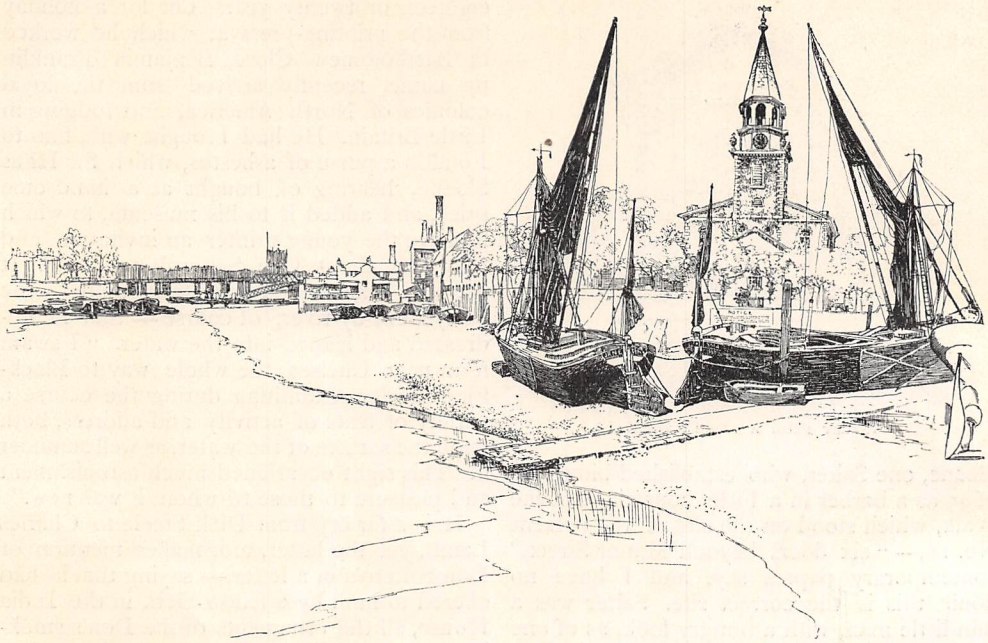
A TABLET FROM A STREET CORNER.

Sloane, one Salter, who established himself in 1695 as a barber in a little house in Cheyne Walk, which stood on the site of the present No. 18,— "six doors beyond Manor Street," contemporary papers say, and I have no doubt this is the correct site. Salter was a thin little man, with a hungry look, as of one fond of philosophy or of fretting; and Vice-Admiral Munden, just home from years of service on the Spanish coast, dubbed him, in a freak, Don Saltero, which title he carried to his death. He took in all the papers, and had musical instruments lying about,—he himself twanged, Don-like, the guitar,—that his customers might divert themselves while waiting their turns. His master had given him a lot of rubbish for which his house had no more room, as well as duplicates of curiosities of real value in the museum in Bloomsbury. To these he added others of his own invention, until there were "ten thousand gimcracks on the walls and ceiling," as the "Tatler" put it in a narrative of a voyage to Chelsea; for Don Saltero's museum, barber's shop, reading-room, coffee-house, had become quite the vogue, and a favorite lounge for men of quality. Old St. Evremond was probably among the first to be shaved here; Richard Cromwell used to come often and sit silently,—"a little and very neat old man, with a placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life." Steele and Addison and their friends were frequent visitors "to the Coffee House where the Literati sit in council." And there came here, one day about 1724 or 1725, a young man of eighteen or twenty years, out for a holiday from the printing-press at which he worked in Bartholomew Close, Benjamin Franklin by name, recently arrived from the loyal colonies of North America, and lodging in Little Britain. He had brought with him to London a purse of asbestos, which Sir Hans Sloane, hearing of, bought at a handsome price, and added it to his museum, to which he gave the young printer an invitation, and told him about Don Saltero's probably. It was on Franklin's return from there — the party went by river, of course — that he undressed and leaped into the water. "I swam from near Chelsea the whole way to Blackfriars Bridge, exhibiting during the course a variety of feats of activity and address, both upon the surface of the water, as well as under it. This sight occasioned much astonishment and pleasure to those to whom it was new."

It is a far cry from Dick Steele to Charles Lamb, yet the latter, too, makes mention of Don Saltero's in a letter,— saying that he had offered to him, by a fellow-clerk in the India House, all the ornaments of the Don's smoking-room at the time of the auction sale, when the collection was dispersed. This was in 1807, and the place was then turned into a tavern, its old sign, "Don Saltero's, 1695," gold letters on a green board, swinging between beams in front until its demolition only twenty years ago.

A little farther on, just west of Oakley Street, on the outer edge of Cheyne Walk, still stands an old sign at which I often look in delight, unshamed by the mute mockery of the pass-

D. G. ROSSETTI'S GARDEN.



OLD BATTERSEA CHURCH, WHERE BLAKE WAS MARRIED, SHOWING WINDOW FROM WHICH TURNER SKETCHED.

ing Briton, wondering what the sentimental prowler can see to attract him in this rusty relic. It stands in front of the little public-house, "The Magpie and Stump," two solid posts carrying a wide cross-piece, all bristling with spikes, for the impalement of the climbing boy of the period,— "Magpie and Stump, Quoit Grounds," in dingy letters on the outer side, once plain for all rowing men to read from the river; above is an iron magpie on an iron stump, both decrepit with age, and a rusty old weathercock, too stiff to turn even the letter *E*, alone left of the four points of the compass. Between these posts you may still trace the top stone of an old water-stair-case, imbedded now in the new-made ground which forms the embankment-garden here; just as you might have seen, only the other day, the water-stairs of Whitehall Palace, which have now been carted away. Up this staircase Queen Elizabeth has often stepped, on her frequent visits to the rich and powerful Earl of Shrewsbury, her devoted subject and friend; for just back of Cheyne Walk here, on the river-slope, stood until the beginning of this century Shrewsbury House, an irregular brick structure, much gabled, built about a quadrangle. Although but one story in height, it was sufficiently spacious, its great room being one hundred and twenty feet in length, and its oratory painted to resemble marble. It was one of the five grand mansions of Chelsea.

We pass the site of another notable mansion, the ancient palace of the Bishops of Winchester, which stood on the river-bank until within seventy years, just where broad Oakley Street runs up from opposite the Albert Suspension Bridge, concerning the history and the inmates of which there is much of real interest, not to be narrated here. Farther along Cheyne Walk we turn into Lawrence Street, at the upper end of which, at the corner of Justice Walk, you may find in the cellars of "The Prince of Wales" tavern and of the adjoining houses the remains of the ovens and baking-rooms of the famous Chelsea china-factory. For it stood just here during the short forty years it existed, having been established in 1745. Why it failed, and why the factory was torn down, no one seems to know; for it produced extremely fine work, and its best ware — turned out from 1750 to 1765 — was equal to that of Sèvres. Skilled foreign workmen had been brought over, and an extraordinary specimen of unskilled native workman appeared in Dr. Samuel Johnson. The old scholar conceived the idea that he could make china as admirably as he could a dictionary; but he never mastered the secret of mixing it, and each piece of his cracked in the baking! He used to come out here twice a week, with his old housekeeper carrying the basket of food for the day's work, and was free of the whole factory, except the mixing-room. They presented him a full service of their own make, however, which he gave or bequeathed to Mrs. Piozzi, and which, at the

sale of Mrs. Piozzi's effects, was bought by Lord Holland. In Holland House, Kensington, I have seen it, carefully preserved among the other famed curios.

"This is Danvers street, begun in ye yeare 1696," says the quaint old lettering in the corner house of Cheyne Walk; and this street marks the site of Danvers House, which had formed part of More's property — perhaps the "new buildinge" which had gone to his son-in-law Roper. It came afterward to be owned by Sir John Danvers, a gentleman-usher of Charles I., and he made a superb place of it, of which the deep foundations and the fallen columns now lie under Paulton Square, at the upper end of the street. Sir John Danvers was the second husband of a woman notable for her famous family of boys; her first son was that strong and strange original, Lord Herbert of Cherbury; her fifth son was George Herbert, of undying memory. The poet lived here for a while. Donne, the preacher, then at Oxford, used to stop here on his visits to London; and when he became vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in the Strand, near Isaac Walton's old shop in Chancery Lane, he converted the gentle angler, and these two certainly strolled often out here together. Donne preached Lady Danvers's funeral sermon in the old Chelsea church in 1627 — one of his most touching sermons, it is said.

In the embankment gardens we have passed a statue recently placed there: a man seated in a chair, uncouth of figure, with bent brow and rugged face. And in the wall of the corner house behind we stop to look at a small memorial tablet, still more recently placed, a medallion portrait of the same face, and beneath this inscription: "Thomas Carlyle lived at 24 Cheyne Row, 1834–81." For this is not the house in which he lived, and the tablet is fixed here with queer common sense, his own being in Chancery! It is to be found farther up in this little dull street running from Cheyne Walk here, in which there is nothing that is not commonplace, save the little cottage covered with vines, in the wall above which is a stone with odd old-fashioned lettering, "This is Gt. Cheyne Row, 1708." About the middle of the row of small dreary brick houses, the one once numbered 5, now 24, is that in which he dwelt for nearly fifty years, and wherein he wrote his commination service large on all mankind, talking more eloquently, and more loquaciously withal, in praise of silence than any man who ever scolded all through life in honor of the strong arm and the silent tongue. The view across the narrow street from his front windows — "looks out mainly into trees," he wrote to Sir William Hamilton soon after moving here — shows now nothing but a long, low, dreary wall, above which rises a many-windowed model dwelling-house, and is surely one of the least inspiring in all London; while from the back he could see nothing of interest except the last piece of the old wall of Henry VIII.'s manor-house garden, which still stands here. It gave him a hint in his pamphlet, "Shooting Niagara," wherein, speaking with contempt of modern bricks and bricklayers, he refers to this sixteenth century wall, still so sound and solid.

Long before his day there had lived, almost on this same spot, another "hermit of Chelsea," in the person of Dr. Tobias Smollett, who came here to live in retirement in 1750, fresh from the fame of his "Roderick Random," seeking such seclusion partly on account of his daughter's health and his own, and partly for the sake of his work. Here he wrote "Ferdinand Count Fathom," finished Hume's "History of England," and began his translation of "Don Quixote"; and here took place those Sunday dinners, the delicious description of which, and of the guests, he has put into the mouth of young Jerry Melford in "Humphrey Clinker." Here were spent some of his happiest days with his work and his friends from town, Johnson, Garrick, Sterne, John Wilkes, John Hunter,— the last probably coming from Earl's Court, Kensington, where his place — mansion, museum, and menagerie in one — is still standing. Smollett was as well known in the streets of Chelsea in his day as Carlyle in ours — "a good-sized, strongly made man, graceful, dignified, and pleasant."

It was a fine old place, with extensive grounds, which Smollett took — being the ancient manor-house of the Lawrences, once owned by Henry VIII., as we have seen. The house stood exactly on the site of the block of two-storied brick cottages called "Little Cheyne Row," between Great Cheyne Row and Lawrence Street. Its history has little that need detain us, until, in 1714, it became Monmouth House, from its new owner, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, who came here with Gay as her domestic steward or secretary, and who lived to the age of ninety. Faulkner, writing in 1829, says that Monmouth House was then "a melancholy scene of desolation and ruin"; and it was finally torn down and carted away in 1834.

The grounds of Monmouth House must have stretched back to those of the rectory of St. Luke's, a step to the northward. The rectory is an irregular brick building, delightful to the eye, set in an old-fashioned lawn with great trees, its tranquillity assured by a high brick wall. It is a very old house, built

by the Marquis of Winchester, and granted by him to the parish on May 6, 1566, at the request of Queen Elizabeth. Glebe Place, just at hand, shows the sight of the glebe land given in her time in exchange for the older parsonage, which stood still farther west behind Millman's Row.

The historic interest of this Chelsea rectory, however, is dwarfed by its personal appeal to all of us, for it was the home of three notable boys, in the order of their ages, Charles, George, and Henry Kingsley. They came here in the year 1836, their father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, having received the living of St. Luke's, Chelsea, from Lord Cadogan. So their beloved west-country life was exchanged for the prim, parochial prosiness which made such a doleful difference to them all; for these boys were born, it seems to me, with the instant love of life and movement in their blood. Charles has shown it in almost everything he wrote; Henry gave utterance to it in his books, only in a less degree, because it found vent in his years of wandering; while George — better known as "The Doctor" — appears at spasmodic intervals at his home on Highgate Hill for a little while, then plunges into space again, and is vaguely heard of, now yachting in the South Seas, now conversing delightfully in a mining camp of Colorado. Henry, the youngest, was a sensitive, shy lad, delicate in health, and the old dames in this neighborhood tell of his quiet manner and modest bearing. Henry was born in 1830, studied at King's College, London, for a little over two years, 1844–6; his name was entered at Worcester College, Oxford, March 6, 1850, where he kept ten terms, leaving at Easter, 1853, without taking his degree. The Australian "gold-digging fever" was then raging, and he started for that country with two friends. There he did all sorts of things: tried mining, tried herding, became a stockman, was in the mounted police, and after five years of these varied vocations returned to England with no gold in his pockets. It was all in his brain: a precious possession of experience of life and of men, to be coined into the characters and the scenes which have passed current all over the globe. All his Australian stories are admirable, and "Geoffrey Hamlyn"—his first work, produced soon after his return, in 1859—is the best tale of colonial life ever written. His parents had intended that he should take holy orders and perhaps succeed his father in the living of old St. Luke's; but he felt himself unfitted for this profession, as he also found himself unfitted for that of the journalist, which he tried for a while when he came back to England, albeit as a correspondent he displayed dash enough, and after the surrender of Sedan was the first man to enter within the French lines. He found his proper place as an essayist and a novelist, and in all his works there is to me a strange and nameless charm — a quaint humor, a genuine sentiment, an atmosphere all his own, breezy, buoyant, boyish, seeming to show a personality behind all his creations, that of their creator, a fair, frank, fresh-hearted man. He had true artistic talent, too, inherited from his grandfather, and he may have been just in judging himself capable of gaining far greater reputation as a painter than as a novelist even. His skill in drawing was amazing, and the few water-colors and oils left to his family — and unknown outside of its members — are masterpieces. On his return from Australia he lived with his mother at "The Cottage" at Eversley, never caring for Chelsea after the death of his father. He was married in 1864 by Charles Kingsley and Gerald Blunt, the present rector of Chelsea. On May 24, 1876, "on the vigil of the Ascension," only forty-six years of age, he died at Cuckfield, Sussex, which quiet retreat he had chosen twelve months before.

Henry Kingsley especially appeals to us, just here, for that he has given us, in "The Hillyars and Burtons," so vivid a picture of modern Chelsea: its streets and by-ways, its old houses, and its venerable church, in delightful detail, as he saw them when a boy. The Hillyar family is a romantic reproduction of that ancient Chelsea family, the Lawrences. In the Burtons he gives us his reminiscence of the Wyatt household, living at Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames. The brave girl, Emma Burton, is a portrait of Emma Wyatt. The old home of the Burtons — "the very large house which stood by itself, as it were, fronting the buildings opposite our forge, which contained twenty-five rooms, some of them very large, and which was called by us, indifferently, Church Place, or Queen Elizabeth's Place" — *this* was the only one of the grand mansions of Chelsea left standing when the Kingsleys came there. "It had been in reality the palace of the young Earl of Essex, a very large three-storied house of old brick, with stone-mullioned windows and doorways." You may see a print of it in "kind old Mr. Faulkner's" book, as he found it in 1830, dilapidated then, and let out to many tenants. Later, it sank lower still; and finally the grand old fabric, "which had been trodden often enough by the statesmen and dandies of Queen Elizabeth's court, and most certainly by the mighty woman herself," was demolished between 1840 and 1842.

From this ancient site I often walk down old Church Lane, now Church Street, to where,

at its foot, stands "Chelsea Old Church" — rather a delightful old church, if you sit here of an autumn afternoon, the sun streaming in from the south-west, slanting on the stone effigies, and the breeze breathing in through the little door beside More's monument, shaking the grass outside, and the noble river sparkling beyond the embankment garden. To me it has more of fascination than any church in London. Its entire absence of architectural effect, in its varying styles; its retention to this day of the simplicity of the village church, even as when built; its many monuments and mural tablets, each one a page of English history; its family escutcheons; its tattered battle-flags hung above; the living memories that are built in with every dead stone — all these combine to make it the quaintest, the most impressive, the most lovable of churches. Sir Thomas More's black marble slab, set deep under a plain gray Gothic arch, is placed on the chancel wall, just where he used to stand in his "surplisse"; above it is his crest, a moor's head on a shield; and on it is cut his own long Latin inscription, sent by him to his friend Erasmus, who thought it worth printing in his collection of "Tracts and Letters, Antwerp, 1534." Twice have the characters been recut, and each time has care been taken, for his memory's sake, to leave blank the last word of the line, which describes him as "troublesome to thieves, murderers, and *heretics*." To the sturdy old Catholic these were all equal — all criminals to be put out of the way. The irony of chance has placed a tablet on the wall close beside his tomb which keeps alive the name of a Tyndale, of the family of that one whose books More burnt, and whose body he would probably have liked to burn also! His two wives are buried here, as well as others of his family; but whether his body lies here, or in a Tower grave, no one knows.

Three of Chelsea's grandest ladies lie under monuments in the church: Lady Dacre and her husband Gregory, with their dogs at their feet; Lady Jane Cheyne and her worthy husband Charles (notably did she benefit this church, towards the rebuilding of which she gave largely); and the great Duchess of Northumberland, mother of Elizabeth's Leicester, grandmother of Sir Philip Sidney.

In the Lawrence chapel we see a strange survival of a common custom of the pre-Reformation times, when a great family was wont to build and own its private chapel in the parish church, using it for worship during life, for burial in death, and deeding or bequeathing it as they did any other real estate. When Sir Thomas Lawrence became lord of the manor, he partly bought and partly built this chapel; and now, although it forms the entire east end of the north aisle, it has not been modernized, like the rest of the church, but retains its high-backed pews and other ancient peculiarities unchanged since the church was repaired in 1667. Here is the quaint monument, in the Lawrence chapel, where, under a little arch, supported by columns, kneel wife and husband face to face, he in his armor, his three simple-seeming sons in ruffs kneeling behind him; she in her heavy stiff dress, six daughters on their knees in a dutiful row, and two dead babies on the cushion before her. It is still private property, belonging to the family to whom it has descended from the Lawrences, and to them goes the income from its pews.

Outside, the tiny graveyard is filled with slabs and monuments, many of them ugly, some curious, a few fine; from the stately tomb of Sir Hans Sloane and his wife — an urn entwisted with Æsculapian serpents, under a marble canopy — to the simple slab of Dr. Chamberlayne and his family, worn with wind and weather — whose daughter Anne, more famous than any of her brothers, "long declining wedlock, and aspiring above her sex and age, fought under her brother with arms and manly attire, in a fire-ship, against the French, on the 30th June, 1690 — a maiden heroine"! She was then but twenty-three, and did not grow in courage with her years, for she soon after consented to marry one Spraggs, and then died! Among many unknown ones buried here are Magdalen Herbert, Shadwell, the poet laureate, Woodfall, the publisher of "Junius," and Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate of Bow Street, half-brother of the novelist.

As we stand here, the broad embankment, with its gay gardens, stretches between us and the river, spanned just above by old Battersea Bridge, the only wooden bridge left to the Thames here since that of Putney has gone. For centuries there had been a ferry just here, granted by James I. to some of his "dear relations" for forty pounds. In 1771 this bridge was built for foot-passengers only at first, enlarged later, and now comes to be used again only by foot-passengers, for it is condemned for carriage traffic, and is soon to be pulled down. Its rude and reverend timbers are already propped up here and there. Stand midway on it with me, while the ceaseless stream of men flows by, caring nothing for that which we are looking at.

On our right, along the southern shore, stretches Battersea Park, fringed with its great masses of cool foliage, where not long ago were marshes and meadows, and the barren, bleak Battersea fields.

Beyond the bridge, back of us, rises the square, squat tower of St. Mary's, Battersea, builded in the best church-warden style, and otherwise notable for that therein was married Blake the madman; that therein Turner loved to sit at the vestry window and sketch; and that therein lie the remains and stand the monuments of St. John Bolingbroke, and of his second wife, niece of Madame de Maintenon — both their epitaphs written by him. Not far from the church, next to the mill, on the river-bank, still stands one wing of Bolingbroke House, in which St. John was born, to which he returned from his stormy exile to pass his remaining days in study, and there to die. Through its many old-time rooms, with famous "sprawling" Verrio's ceiling paintings, I will lead you into the historic cedar-room, on the river-front, Bolingbroke's favorite sitting-room, whose four walls, all of cedar from floor to ceiling, are still as redolent as when Pope, Bolingbroke's guest, began in it his "Essay on Man"; and these two used to sit here with those other two — Chesterfield and Swift — of that brilliant quartette who hated and attacked Walpole. His house — Sir Robert's — forms part of the great mass of Chelsea Hospital, dim in the distance before us; between stretches the old Dutch front of Cheyne Walk, which near at hand resolves itself into most ancient houses, with quaint windows in their sloping roofs, their red tiles, and chocolate-colored bricks dark behind the green of the old lime-trees. Farther beyond the bridge are two buildings which bring the old and the new also close together: the "World's End Tavern," at the end of the passage of that name, famous three centuries ago as a rendezvous for improper parties, introduced in Congreve's "Love for Love" in that connection; and just west of the sedate little "public," "The Aquatic Stores," are two tiny houses set back from the embankment; stone steps lead down to their minute front gardens; on one of them vines clamber up to an iron balcony on the roof. That balcony was put there for his convenience by Turner the painter, and in that house, No. 119 Cheyne Walk, he lived for many years, and in that front room he died, on the 18th December, 1851. To that upper window, no longer able to paint, too feeble to walk, he was wheeled every morning during his last days, that he might lose no light of the December sun on his beloved Thames. In Battersea church you may sit in the little vestry window wherein he was wont to sketch. The story of his escape from his grand and gloomy mansion in Queen Anne street is well known; he never returned to it, but made his home here with the burly Mrs. Booth. After long hunting, his aged housekeeper, in company with another decrepit dame, found him in hiding only the day before his death. The barber's son of Maiden Lane lies in the great cathedral of St. Paul's, and the evil that he did is buried with him — his eccentricity, his madness if you will; but he lives for all time as the greatest landscape-painter England has known.

The autumn day is waning, and the western sky, flaming with fading fires, floods broad Chelsea Reach with waves of dusky gold. The evening mist rises slowly, as yet hiding nothing, but transforming even commonplace objects in a weird, unwonted way. Those pretentious blocks of new mansions loom almost lordly now; the distant railway bridge is a ghost of graceful glimmering arches; money-making factory chimneys and commercial wharves pretend to picturesque possibilities; clumpish barges, sprawling on the mud, are no longer ugly; and a broad-bottomed coasting schooner, unloading stone at a dock, is just what we would select to see there. And here at the end of the bridge is a fragment of "real old Chelsea," left intact for our delectation: a clump of drooping trees on the bank, an unaccountable boat-house, stone steps leading down to a bit of beach, whereon are skiffs drawn up, and cordage lying about, and sail-wrapped spars. Out in the Reach there is but little movement: the river steamboats are anchored in a dark mass near the shore, and the last one edges up to its mooring beside them for the night; a burly barge drifts slowly under its dusky brown sails, or a "dumb-barge" floats with the tide, its crew of one man busied with his long sculls and his not-dumb blasphemy; a puffing tug with a red light in its nose drags anxiously a long line of tarpaulin-covered canal-boats. And each of these moving objects breaks the burnished waves into a golden gloom.

THE END.

Benjamin Ellis Martin.

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS.

I. CHRISTMAS EVE.

A legend tells us that on Christmas Eve the Christ-child, after visiting mortals, goes to Fairy-land, and there stays till morning light. If any of the fairy folk choose to follow him, he takes them with him; they are born on earth as human beings, and if faithful are saved.

"HASTEN, brothers, hasten!
Ringing sweet and clear,
Fairy bells are chiming,
Christmas Eve is near!
Then the dear Child Jesus,
All in robes of white,
Dances with us gayly
Till the morning light!"

Down the mountains tumbling,
Laughing in their glee,
Sliding on the ice-bridge
O'er the Baltic Sea,
Scamp'ring thro' the valleys,—
Rubezahl ahead,—
See! the Trolls are coming,
All with caps of red.

Here the Gnomes are leaping
Down the mountain-side,
Springing from the caverns
Where they always hide.
Hasting through the forest
Now the Elves are seen;
Hear their bridles jingle!
See their plumes of green!

Riding on the snow-flakes,
Sailing down the streams,
Racing o'er the ice-plains
With their fairy teams,
Led by Queen Titania,
Fairest of the fair,
See the merry wee folk
Trooping through the air.

"Hasten, brothers, hasten!
Ringing sweet and clear,
Fairy bells are chiming,
Christmas Eve is here!
Now the dear Child Jesus,
All in robes of white,
Dances with us gayly
Till the morning light."

II. NOËL.

Being what *might* have been sung in the days of Fra Angelico.

NOËL! Noël!
Hail to the day when Christ was born!
All in the early, early morn
Meek Mary Mother
Her baby kist:
The wond'ring oxen
I ween were whist.
Oh, but the babe was fair to see!

Noël! Noël!
"Jesu, my son, what aileth thee?
Why dost thou look with tears on me?
Thy Mother Mary,
I hold thee warm,
Thy head is pillowed
Upon my arm."
Oh, but the tears ran down his face!

Noël! Noël!
"Mother, thy breast, my resting-place,
Soon shall I pierce; God grant thee grace.
For Adam's children
Thy only son
Must suffer anguish
Till life is done.
Oh, but my tears run down for thee!"

Noël! Noël!
"Jesu, my son, alas, I see
Dolor and scorn for thee and me.
Yet bless thy mother
A little while,
And smile, my baby,
Upon me smile.
Oh, but I'll love thee, tho' I mourn!"

Noël! Noël!
Hail to the day when Christ was born!
All in the early, early morn
Slept Mary Mother
And Jesu sweet,
While angels watching
Knelt at their feet.
Oh, but the stable shone that morn!

Noël! Noël!
Hail to the day when Christ was born!
Gentles and dames, on Christmas morn

Came down the Saviour
Of sinful men;
Now give him welcome
To earth again.
Noël! Noël!
Sing with us all, our Lord is born!
Noël! Noël

III. CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Being what some might think almost any Christmas day in our own time.

KEEN blew the wind across the naked wold,
Glimmered the snow-fields white;
Aweary with my longing, doubt, and pain,
I watched the silent night.

Ah me! joy comes and goes, but grief remains;
My days small comfort bring.
But hark! upon the frosty winter air
The Christmas chimings ring,

And like a guilty ghost at breath of dawn,
My coward moanings fly;
Echoes again th' adoring song that woke
Beneath Judæa's sky.

And sweeter, clearer, louder, chime on chime,
Ring out, O happy bells!
For every peal, with jubilant refrain,
The wondrous tidings tells:—

The wondrous tidings, old yet ever new,
That hallow Christmas mirth,
For on the blessed day when Christ was born
Joy comes to all on earth.

O hearts so weary with the pain of life,
That fain your bleeding feet
Would seek the gates of death to stop and rest—
Lo! rest and comfort sweet.

And ye who lift your happy brows to heaven
Joy-crowned this Christmas day,
Still brighter beams your earthly bliss, aglow
With that celestial ray.

O Star, that lit the dreary dark of sin!
O Babe, that bade us live!—
O God, who, moved by pity and by love,
The precious Babe didst give!—

O Love divine! dear Babe! Almighty God!
What praises can we sing?
How shall our voices faint thy beauty tell,
Our Saviour, Brother, King!

The laughter of the happy children sounds;
They know not what they say;
They only feel they love us for the joy
We give them Christmas day.

And so, albeit we have no power to speak
The thoughts that in us move,
Dear Father, though we are so low, so weak,
We love Thee for thy love.

Louise Both-Hendriksen.

THE FOOD QUESTION IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;

OR THE PUBLIC VICTUALING DEPARTMENT.

IN the year 1865 the average production of grain to each inhabitant of the United States, man, woman, and child, was thirty-two and one-half bushels, consisting of Indian corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, and buckwheat.

In the year 1885 the average product was fifty-two and one-half bushels, an increase of more than sixty per cent.

The gain in the production of hay, of meat, of dairy products, of fruit and other articles of food cannot be accurately measured, but has doubtless been equal to the *per capita* increase of grain.

If objection be taken that the agricultural statistics of 1865 were incomplete, because taken so soon after the war, reference may be made to the average of the decade 1865 to 1874 inclusive, in which years the crop of grain averaged $37\frac{85}{100}$ bushels per head, as against the average of $48\frac{16}{100}$ bushels per head in the years 1875 to 1885—a gain of over twenty-seven per cent. *per capita*. The gain is really greater than is indicated by this percentage, because the proportion of our population which was engaged in agriculture was less in the second period than it was in the first.

In 1861 the railway service between the East and the West had for the first time become a unit, by the completion of various sections of railway connecting the whole system at many points. The importance of this fact in its connection with the power of the North to concentrate its armed forces, and to supply them with food during the civil war, has yet to be treated. It was an important factor in

the power of the North to maintain the integrity of the nation.

It was not until 1869 that the first consolidation took place of a through line under one management, from Chicago to the seaboard. This was then accomplished by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt.

In 1865 the average charge for moving a ton of produce from Chicago to the seaboard, and for moving general merchandise from the East to the West, was at the rate of three cents and forty-five hundredths per ton per mile. In 1885 it was sixty-eight hundredths of a cent for the same service.

If we take certain typical quantities of flour, beef, pork, corn, dairy products, and of fleece wool, weighing thirteen tons, their value at the market prices for export in the city of New York in the year 1865 was $1,124.33, either for export or for domestic consumption, and they remained substantially at this value during the years 1866, '67, and '68 —the period of paper inflation. The cost of moving thirteen tons one thousand miles over the New York Central Railroad and its connections in 1865 was $448.63, leaving to the producer or his agent in Chicago the net sum of $675.70 in paper money, equal to $475.76 in gold. The same quantities of the same articles were worth in the city of New York in June, 1885, $575.98 in gold. The cost of moving them a thousand miles was $88.40, leaving to the producer or his agent $487.58 in gold. But in the interval the efficiency of the farmer, measured by the increase in the grain crop *per capita*, had increased by sixty per cent., so that he could have placed twenty tons in New York in 1885, as against thirteen tons in 1865, the value of which, after deducting the freight, was $780.13. These figures may explain facts which are of common observation. The old mortgage debts have all been paid, and the rate of interest on capital in the West now differs little from that in the East on the same security.

Thus it appears that, notwithstanding a reduction of price by one-half, the increased efficiency of the railway service and the restoration of the gold standard of value have enabled the farmer of the West to grow rich on the low price of produce, where he would have inevitably become poor under the former system of paper money, high prices, and heavy railway charges.

If we apply the rates at the two periods to flour, as an example of the average food of the people, at ten barrels per ton of 2000 pounds,— which is within a fraction of the true quantity,— the cost of moving a barrel of flour 1000 miles in 1865 was $3.45. In 1885 it was 68 cents. The average ration of wheat-flour to each adult person in the United States is well ascertained to be one barrel each year. Our population is now computed at somewhat over 58,000,000, or, if we rate two children of ten years old or under as one adult, we number in our consuming power 50,000,000 adults, each requiring one barrel of wheat-flour a year, all of which is moved on the average at least 1000 miles from the producer to the consumer. Before railways were constructed, grain which was 150 miles distant from a waterway could not be moved that distance without an expenditure about equal to its value. If wheat had been subject in 1885 to the charge of 1865, the cost of moving 50,000,000 barrels of flour 1000 miles would have been $172,500,000. At the actual charge of 1885 over the New York Central line, at the average traffic charge of the year on all merchandise, of 68 cents, the cost was $34,000,000, a difference of $138,500,000 on the flour only.

Bread, however, is a less important factor in the subsistence of the people of this meat-consuming country than it is in other countries. In the Eastern and Middle States recent investigations of the Bureaus of Statistics of Labor — especially in Massachusetts — sustain the substantial accuracy of previous computations made by the writer from the accounts of factory boarding-houses as to the average standard daily ration, or cost and quantity of the daily supply of food materials of adults who are occupied in the actual work of every-day life as artisans, mechanics, factory operatives, or laborers. The average in the factory boarding-houses — the occupants being mostly adult women — comes to 24 cents a day. A fair average cost of food for men and women engaged in manufacturing and mechanical arts appears to be 25 cents a day, varying in some measure in respect to the proportions, as the dietary of men varies somewhat from that of women, workingmen consuming more animal food than the average of factory operatives, who are mostly women.

This daily ration consists of the following elements:

Meat (including poultry and fish, a half to one pound, according to kind and quantity) at an average cost of.....	10	cents
Milk (half pint to one pint), butter (1 to 1½ ounces), and a scrap of cheese....	5	"
Eggs (one every other day) at 12 cents a dozen.....	½	"
Total cost of animal food.....	15½	cents
Bread (about ¾ of a pound).....	2½	"
Vegetables (green and dry).....	2–2½	"
Sugar and syrup.....	2	"
Tea and coffee.....	1	"
Fruit (green and dry).....	½	"
Salt, spices, ice, and sundries.....	1½–1	"
Average cost of daily ration.....	25	cents

The proportions vary somewhat under different conditions, but they may be taken as a fair average standard ration for adult workmen and women.

In the West the prices of meat and grain are less; the prices of groceries somewhat higher; but, on the whole, the same quantity of food can be purchased at somewhat less cost. In the South the habits of the people — especially of the colored race — are very different. Dairy products are much less used, and with the negro corn-bread and bacon (hog and hominy) take the place of most other varieties of food. On the whole, however, the proportion of wheat-bread to the other elements of the daily ration may probably be established at the proportion of one-tenth of the whole ration. If we, then, save $138,500,000 per year in the cost of transportation on our bread-bill only, do we save tenfold on our whole food supply? Is our food, on the average, moved a thousand miles, either by railway or by waterway? No exact reply can be given to this question. We find, however, that the tonnage which was moved over all the railways of the United States in the year 1883 represented, on the average, a fraction over seven tons to each inhabitant, man, woman, or child, moved an average distance of 110 miles. In 1884 this quantity was slightly reduced *per capita*, but the distance was a little greater. The charge for this service in 1884 was $8.75 per head of the whole population. In 1885 the quantity was a little more, the average rate per ton a little less, and the gross charge per person was $8.88. The largest single item of this traffic — probably one-half — consisted of food for man or beast. When to this is added merchandise moved by waterways and by wagon, and when consideration is given to the fact that all these materials must be sorted, converted, reconverted, and finally distributed in small parcels by wagon or by hand, so that every adult person may be sure to have from three to five pounds of solid food and one to two pounds of liquids, together with the necessary modicum of fuel, clothing, and shelter, the mere mechanism of subsistence can be comprehended, and the relative importance of the victualing department may be fully realized.

The average cost of the food materials in the Eastern and Middle States has been given. The people of these sections are even more dependent on the mechanism of distribution than any others. Their proportion of the railway tonnage must be double, in respect to distance, that of the inhabitants of other sections; and yet such is the perfection of the railway service at the present day that one day's wages of a common mechanic — or one holiday in a year devoted to work — in Massachusetts will pay the cost of moving a year's supply of bread and meat from the prairies of the West to the center of Eastern manufactures. This fact cannot be too often repeated.

In view of these data, if the gain compassed in twenty years in the cost of moving bread alone has been $138,500,000 for one year, how much do we now save on all the necessaries of life? No absolute reply will be attempted; but it may be remembered that by way of the railway, waterway, and steamship the whole world has been converted into a neighborhood. Within the lives of very many men now living, each little area of this country practically depended upon its own labor for its own food. To-day the wheat of Oregon and of California is carried around Cape Horn to England at a fraction of its value, while half the people of Great Britain derive their food from India, Australia, and America, or from fields which are from six to thirteen thousand miles away. A cube of coal which would pass through the rim of a quarter of a dollar will drive a ton of food and its proportion of the steamship two miles upon its way from the producer to the consumer. The great hotels of New York run special railway cars for carrying eggs from Michigan to New York, and yet we import hens' eggs in considerable quantity from Denmark and from Holland. If each adult in the United States consumes one egg every other day, at only twelve cents a dozen, which is the proportion of the factory operatives of New England, the value of our hens' eggs is $91,250,000 per year, or twice the value of the product of silver bullion, 25 per cent. more than the value of our wool-clip, and greater than the value of the entire product of our iron furnaces, even if we increase the product of pig-iron this year to 5,000,000 tons at $17 a ton, at the furnace, or $85,000,000 in the aggregate; at which figures our iron industry would greatly prosper.

I may venture to give once more a table which shows statistically the food-bill of the people of this country, upon the assumption that each average adult ought to enjoy as good a supply of food as the adult factory operatives, mechanics, and artisans of New England and the Middle States:

	Per day.	Aggregate per year.
Meat, fish, and poultry	10 cts.	$,825,000,000
Milk, butter, and cheese	5 "	912,500,000
Eggs (one every other day)	½ "	91,250,000
Animal food	15½ cts.	$2,828,750,000
Bread (¾ lb. per day)	2½ "	456,250,000
Vegetables	2½ "	456,250,000
Sugar and syrup	2 "	365,000,000
Tea and coffee	1 "	182,500,000

	Per day.	Aggregate per year.
Amounts bro't forw'd	23½ cts.	$4,288,750,000
Fruit (green and dry)	½ cts.	91,250,000
Salt, spice, ice, and sundries	1 "	182,500,000
	25 cts.	$4,562,500,000
Deduct probable excess on sugar, tea, coffee, and dairy products		262,500,000
		$4,300,000,000
Add spirits and fermented liquors at the average between the estimates of Mr. D. A. Wells and the advocates of prohibition, about		700,000,000
Probable price of food and drink constituting the victualing department for one year at the present time		$5,000,000,000

These figures are, as to each separate item, greatly in excess of ordinary computations, very few persons ever daring to estimate the entire dairy product of the country at over two-thirds the sum which is given in this table. In explanation of this discrepancy, I may state that few persons comprehend the great cost of distributing food in small parcels at retail. Perhaps the most difficult problem in the victualing department is to reduce this element of the cost of food. For instance, in the foregoing dietary the estimate for bread is three-quarters of a pound per day, at a cost of two and a half cents, which would be at the rate of three and one-third cents per pound of bread, a quantity corresponding to the ration of one barrel of flour per year to each adult, each barrel yielding two hundred and eighty pounds of bread. Now, there is only one place within my knowledge where good bread can be purchased at so low a price as three and one-third cents per pound: that is in the shops of the Howe National Bakery in New York. In Boston I find the average price of bread which is sold in the bakers' and grocers' shops to be more than five cents per pound, at which price the larger portion of the population of this city is served. At five cents per pound the bread-bill of the people of the United States would come to $700,000,000, in place of $456,250,000. It therefore follows that if the food-bill of the people is not in quantity what this standard calls for, the reason is that the average dietary is not up to this standard, even after making the admitted deduction for the excess of tea, coffee, sugar, and dairy products which is consumed in the East, as compared to other parts of the country.

In order that some idea may be gained as to the accuracy of the proportions which are given in this dietary, I have been enabled, by the courtesy of Mr. McHugh, Chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Ohio, to give the average cost of the daily rations of the inmates of the insane asylums and of the reformatory institutions of Ohio. It is as follows:

Meat (including fish and poultry)	cents 6.40
Milk, butter, and cheese	" 3.30
Eggs	" .30
Animal food	" 10.00
Sugar, syrup, salt, spice, and other groceries (including beans and lard)	" 2.50
Bread	" 2.10
Vegetables and fruit (green and dry)	" 2.00
Tea and coffee	" .60
Total per day	" 17.20
Number of persons subsisted for one year	6256

Many other comparisons might be made from the excellent reports of other bureaus; but this will suffice to establish the proportions of the victualing department.

It is admitted that the ration of sugar, tea, coffee, and dairy products in the previous table is too high; but if, after making deductions for these elements of subsistence, the price of whisky and beer be added at the average between the lowest computation of the skilled economist, Mr. David A. Wells, say about $500,000,000, and the estimate of prohibition advocates, $900,000,000, there can be no question that the total cost of food of the people of the United States is $5,000,000,000; and at this estimate it doubtless represents one-half the price of life measured in money to at least ninety per cent. of the population who do the actual physical work of the whole community.

It is a well-established fact that, with respect to the more thrifty and prosperous classes of mechanics, artisans, and other so-called working classes, as well as in regard to the larger proportion of salaried classes, one-half the cost of living is the price of materials for food. As we go down in the grade of work to the level of the common laborer, who can earn but from 80 cents to $1.25 per day, the proportionate cost of food materials rises to 60 and even 70 per cent. of the income of the family.

Thus it appears that, notwithstanding the improvement in the mechanism of distribution, and in spite of the enormous increase in the *per capita* product of grain and other food, great numbers of persons, even in this country, can barely obtain their daily bread, while want exists in the midst of plenty. Why is this? Is it not because we waste enough in ignorant buying and in bad cooking to sustain another nation as numerous, and because no common attention has yet been given to what may be called the Art of Nutrition? The writer only ventures to refer to this art in anticipation of a series of articles upon the

Science of Food, which are to be given in future numbers of THE CENTURY by Professor W. O. Atwater, to which this article may serve as an introduction.

It is important to determine the causes of these false conditions in the United States. More difficult yet are the problems in such countries as Ireland and Egypt, each name representing one of the most productive areas of the earth's surface, capable of sustaining a greater population than exists in almost any other country in proportion to area, and yet both stricken with poverty, almost with famine. Why are fertile districts of northern Italy devastated by the *pellagra*, a loathsome disease which is induced by insufficient nutrition? Why has the Government of Germany undertaken to instruct the people in the art of nutrition, lest the sordid condition of great districts should end in socialism, nihilism, and violent revolution? What is the most important department in the political questions of Europe to-day? Is it not the Victualing Department?

It must be remembered that, in the nature of things, there must be a substantial equality in the daily supply of food, so far as weight and the elements of nutrition are concerned. If the masses of the people are to be well nourished, each adult person must have the due proportion of protein or nitrogenous material, of fats, and of carbohydrates or starchy materials, because if either one is deficient vital force cannot be sustained. Neither can there be any true mental vigor or spiritual life when the body is not well nourished. "*Non est animus cui non est corpus.*" So far as any disparity can be admitted, the workingman or common laborer requires more than any one else. His food is his fuel, and his physical exertion must be sustained by a sufficient supply with the same regularity and certainty that the boiler of the steam-engine must be fed with coal; and, in fact, it will appear in Professor Atwater's future treatment of this subject that, although the standard rations which have been established as necessary to sustain a workingman in full vigor by several leading authorities in Germany, France, and England vary somewhat in the relative proportions of protein, fats, and carbohydrates, yet when reduced to calorics, or mechanical units, or equivalents of heat, they correspond almost exactly each to the other. He will also show that it has been found expedient for the employers of labor in certain brickyards of Massachusetts and Connecticut to serve their workmen with a supply of the best food which represents in its chemical proportions, as well as in its calorics, twice the ration which is served to the soldier of the German army when upon a forced march, or when engaged in the most arduous struggle of active service in war, in order to promote the largest production of brick per man at the lowest cost to the employer.

The actual production of the principal element of food in the United States, to wit, the grain crop, has been given. Attention has also been called to the perfection to which the mechanism of distribution has been brought.

A few words may now be given to the use of land—the source of nearly all our food. The arable portion of the United States is computed at more than one-half the total area of 3,000,000 square miles, omitting Alaska. Of this portion only 265,500 square miles are yet put to actual use in the production of grain, hay, roots, or other articles of food, omitting only that proportion of animal food which beasts derive from pastures. The several areas of arable, pasture, and mountain land are given below, and in the portion set off as pasture-land are given the areas which might suffice for a much larger production of beef, dairy products, mutton, and wool than we now enjoy, if known methods of agriculture were intelligently applied to these arts.

In the accompanying diagram the outer square indicates the total area of this country, omitting Alaska, substantially 3,000,000 square miles. This square has been subdivided into three parts. The upper half or section represents, in a rough-and-ready way, the arable land of the country. What is called arable land really constitutes a larger portion, but one-half at least may be called fairly good land.*

The lower half is divided into two sections. One of these sections fairly represents pasture or grazing land, too dry for agriculture without irrigation, but capable of sustaining great flocks and herds. The other portion is assigned to mountain and timber. But even this part has many fertile valleys, and much of it may be made use of for the production of food.

Within the lines of the upper half, certain proportions drawn on the same scale as the outer square, which represents the total area, will be observed. These smaller sections represent proportionately the actual cultivation, as it now is, in its ratio to the whole.

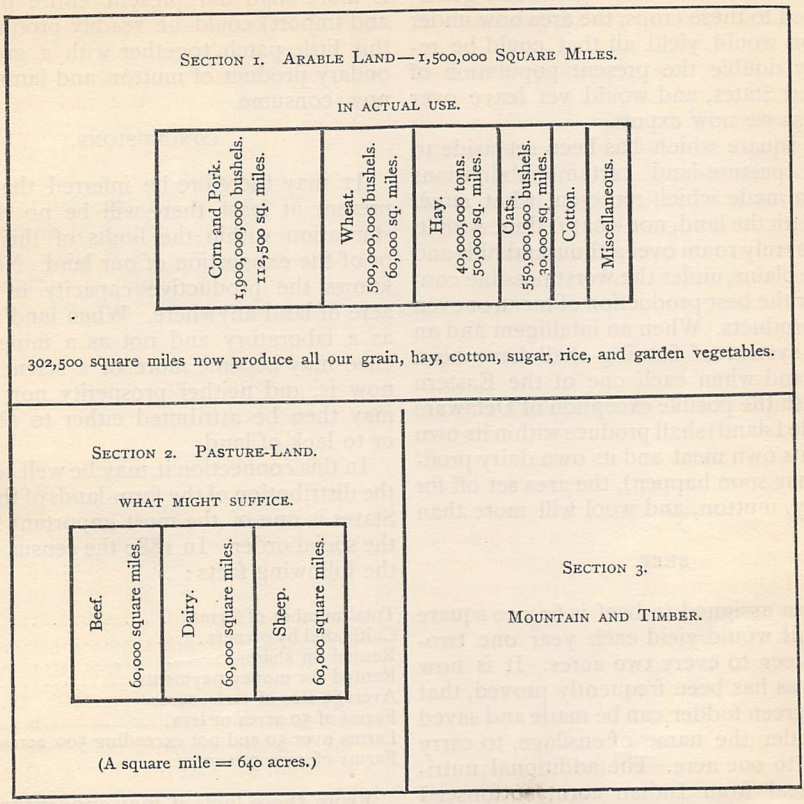
CORN AND PORK.

OUR average crop of Indian corn ranges from 1,800,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 bushels. At twenty-five to thirty bushels to the acre, the area of the corn-field is only 112,500 square miles, or less than four per cent. of the total area of the country. Our customary average

* The following analysis of the use of land has been previously submitted in "Bradstreet's" by the writer.

OUR NATIONAL DOMAIN.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE WITH IT, AND WHAT WE MIGHT DO WITH IT.



Compiled from the records of the Agricultural Department and other sources.

is less than thirty bushels, but on the best land fifty bushels are commonly produced, and sometimes one hundred. Corn may be reduced to pork at the ratio of about one bushel to ten pounds, including waste.

WHEAT.

ABOUT 60,000 square miles are all that are required or are now under cultivation in wheat. At only thirteen bushels to the acre, this little patch, constituting but two per cent. of our total area, would yield 500,000,000 bushels of wheat. This quantity, after setting aside enough for seed, would supply 80,000,000 people with their customary average of one barrel of flour per year.

HAY.

A HAY crop of 40,000,000 tons, at the average of a good season, one and a quarter tons per acre, calls for less than two per cent., or 50,000 square miles.

OATS.

THE oat crop of between 500,000,000 and 600,000,000 bushels, at thirty bushels to the acre, calls for one per cent., or 30,000 square miles.

COTTON.

WHILE the cotton crop has never reached 20,000 square miles, or two-thirds of one per cent. of the entire area of the country (less than two and a half per cent. of the area of the strictly cotton States), yet on this little patch, at the beggarly crop of one-half to three-fifths of a bale to the acre, 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 bales can be made each year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LASTLY, all our miscellaneous crops of barley, hay, potatoes and other roots, of rice, sugar, tobacco, hemp, and garden vegetables, are raised on one per cent. of our area, or 30,000 square miles.

POSSIBILITIES.

IT is perfectly safe to affirm that were a reasonably skillful mode of agriculture generally applied to these crops, the area now under cultivation would yield all that could be required by double the present population of the United States, and would yet leave over as much as we now export.

In the square which has been set aside to represent pasture-land certain subdivisions have been made which represent what *might* be done with the land, not what *is* done with it. Our cattle truly roam over a thousand hills and over wide plains, under the worst possible conditions for the best production of meat, or even of dairy products. When an intelligent and an intensive system of farming shall have been adopted, and when each one of the Eastern States (with the posible exception of Delaware and Rhode Island) shall produce within its own limits all its own meat and its own dairy products (as may soon happen), the area set off for beef, dairy, mutton, and wool will more than suffice.

BEEF.

THE area assigned to beef is 60,000 square miles. This would yield each year one two-year-old steer to every two acres. It is now admitted, as has been frequently proved, that sufficient green fodder can be made and saved in pits, under the name of ensilage, to carry two steers to one acre. The additional nutriment — meal from Indian corn, cottonseed meal, or hay — has been already provided for in the area set off for these crops. At the rate of one two-year-old steer taken off each two acres, each adult inhabitant of the United States, counting two children of ten years or under as one adult, could be served with very nearly one pound of dressed beef per day.

DAIRIES.

THE area set aside for dairy products is also 60,000 square miles. At the ratio of one cow to each two acres, fed on ensilage, cottonseed meal, and a modicum of hay, there would be a yield of fifty per cent. more milk, butter, and cheese than the people of the United States now enjoy; while the eggs, valued at the present time at not less than $90,000,000 a year, and probably at $120,000,000, could also be doubled in the same area.

MUTTON AND WOOL.

To a similar area of 60,000 square miles mutton and wool are assigned. Were sheep folded and fed as they are in England and in some parts of this country, protected from cur dogs and properly nourished, wool to the amount of 500,000,000 pounds a year (which is more than our present entire production and import) could be readily produced from this little patch, together with a greater secondary product of mutton and lamb than we now consume.

CONCLUSIONS.

IT may therefore be inferred that, for the present at least, there will be no danger of starvation within the limits of this country, or of the exhaustion of our land. No one yet knows the productive capacity of a single acre of land anywhere. When land is treated as a laboratory and not as a mine, subsistence may become more of a science than it now is, and neither prosperity nor adversity may then be attributed either to abundance or to lack of land.

In this connection it may be well to say that the distribution of the farm-lands of the United States is one of the most important factors in the social order. In 1880 the census disclosed the following facts:

Total number of farms	4,008,907
Cultivated by owners	2,984,306
Rented on shares	702,244
Rented for money payments	322,357
Average size of farm, acres	134
Farms of 50 acres or less	1,175,564
Farms over 50 and not exceeding 500 acres	2,728,973
Farms of over 500 acres	104,550

From these facts it may appear that if there is want in the midst of plenty in our own land, and if there is any difficulty in procuring daily food, it may not be attributed either to lack of land, want of capital, or scarcity of laborers. The modern miracle of the loaves is this: One man working the equivalent of three hundred days in the year, or three men working one hundred days in the harvest season on the far plains of Dakota in the production of wheat, aided by one man working three hundred days in milling and barreling the flour, and supplemented by two men working three hundred days in moving wheat and flour from Dakota to New York, and in keeping all the mechanism of the farm, the mill, and the railroad in good repair — four men's work for one year places one thousand barrels of flour at the mouth of the baker's oven in the city of New York — a yearly ration of bread for one thousand men and women.

What, then, is needed in order that all alike may have their necessary equal share of food — their three to five pounds per day of grain, meat, vegetables, and products of the dairy, and the like? Is it not a knowledge of the alphabet of food? Is not the missing factor

in our material welfare to-day the want of a common knowledge of what food to buy, and how to cook it? Half the mere price of life in money is the price of food. If we add to this the household labor in its proportion, the measure of the cost of food in terms of labor is far more than half the work of life. How many eight- and ten-hour men have fourteen-hour wives, whose work is toilsome and continuous, day in and day out, almost night and day, for the support of their families!

Although the food question is one of grave importance, even in this country, there can be with us no possible scarcity of food. Nearly one-fifth part of the products of agriculture (including cotton) is exported to feed and clothe the people of other lands. In return for these exports — the grain which we could not consume, and the cotton which we could not spin, and the oil which we could not burn, because there is enough and to spare besides what we export — we receive our great volume of imports, which has been divided into the following proportions by the measure of value in money, according to the average of recent years:

Articles of food and live animals	$200,000,000	
Articles in a crude condition, which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry	160,000,000	
Articles fully or in part manufactured, which are used in the domestic arts or manufactures	75,000,000	
Total		$435,000,000
Manufactured goods ready for final consumption	$130,000,000	
Articles of voluntary use which may be classed as luxuries	65,000,000	
		195,000,000
Total		$630,000,000

The proportion of the product of agriculture exported varies year by year. If the declared value of exports be compared with the valuation of all crops at the farms, it ranges from twenty to twenty-five per cent. A fairer comparison is to extend the farm values to the final values at wholesale in the principal markets. The writer applied this method to the census figures of 1880 with the aid of other experts. The conclusion was that the wholesale value of all crops at the centers of wholesale distribution in the census year was a little less than $4,000,000,000. Of this quantity somewhat over $700,000,000 worth was exported, or over seventeen per cent.; the proportion is now less.

In the production and movement of the crops to the centers of distribution 8,000,000 men were occupied, of whom seventeen per cent. or more, say 1,360,000, depended on a foreign market. In return we received imports classified as above, of which more than two-thirds consisted of articles of necessity or common comfort. It is in this way that the interdependence of nations asserts itself in spite of the obstructions of time, distance, and taxes, and that in all true commerce men and nations serve each other, both parties making a gain in every exchange of product for product.

The enormous export demand, especially of European countries, upon us for food, which is brought into notice by the fact of our large exports, brings into conspicuous observation the urgency of the demands of the victualing department, especially upon the continent of Europe; while the simple fact that several European states have obstructed the import of provisions from this country by heavy duties, or have absolutely prohibited the import of our pork upon the false pretense that it is especially unwholesome, bears witness also that, although the wages of labor in these countries are very low, yet the cost of the production of food, as measured by labor or in money, is very high. Where the product of agriculture is relatively small in proportion to the population and to the demand or purchasing power, it follows of necessity that the wages of labor must be very low, and the subsistence of the people inadequate. Only one or two examples can be given within the limits of this article.

I am permitted to give the following data, which have been furnished me by one of the most intelligent official observers in Germany, Consul J. S. Potter of Crefeld, Germany, in a report on the condition of German agriculture.* From this report I find that the income of a Prussian farm laborer, employed as a first hand upon a large farm, whose family consisted of himself, his wife, and five children, all under thirteen years old, averaged as follows in a recent year:

Wages of husband	$142.80
Wages of wife in harvest time	11.90
Value of pork and potatoes raised and consumed	47.60
Value of goat's milk and vegetables sold	26.18
Total income	$228.48

* These reports and others of equal value have since been published among the consular reports issued by the State Department. Attention may well be called to these reports. At the request of the Secretary of State, the representatives of the great industries of the country prepared very careful forms of interrogatory in respect to the several arts on which reports were desired, including agriculture. Responses to these questions thus prepared by experts are now being published, so that the reports of such consuls as have the capacity to report facts are becoming of great value to the student of social science.

EXPENSES.

Wheat-bread	$ 7.14
Rye black bread	24.75
Pork and potatoes (valued as before)	47.60
Cheese	4.95
Syrup	5.00
Coffee	3.71
Salt, pepper, and sundries	1.24
Total food for seven persons for one year	$94.39

This makes a cost of three cents and seven-tenths per day per person. If the five children under thirteen be computed as two and one-half adults, making the family equal to four and one-half adults, the average per day is only five and three-quarter cents.

In my investigations of the food question I have found no statement of the food supply of a thrifty workingman and his family so meager as this, or at so low a cost *per capita*.

It may be interesting to give the other items of expenditure of this thrifty German peasant:

Clothing	$39.97
Rent of house and three-quarters of an acre of land	35.75
Fuel and lights	14.24
Oil, soap, etc	3.71
Meal for goat and pig	16.66
Beer and tobacco	7.14
Sundries	14.28
Making a total expenditure for a family of seven persons	$226.14

In this same neighborhood, which is one of the most fertile parts of Prussia, the wages of other farm laborers who are supplied with food by their employers are as follows:

First laborer	per year,	$71.50	with	board.	
Second "	" "	39.25	"	"	
Third "	" "	26.18	"	"	

Average wages per year, $44.25, or less than $4 per month with board.

But when we turn to the production of a first-class Prussian farm and its cost, we find the product of a fraction less than ninety-one acres of land, which had been cultivated in a most skillful and intelligent manner, valued in all at $3,942.47. Part of this product consisted of wheat, the cost of which is given at eighty-four cents per bushel of sixty pounds. Another portion consisted of rye, the cost of which is computed at sixty-eight cents per bushel of fifty-eight pounds.

It will be observed that although the wages of the farm laborer in this section average less than four dollars a month, with board added, the money cost of a bushel of wheat is set at eighty-four cents. In our great wheat-producing States and territories of the Far West wages are four- to five-fold, with board, and yet the cost of a bushel of wheat in some places is not over one-half, or forty-two cents a bushel. It may be alleged that this is because we are converting the original fertility of a virgin soil into wheat, and thereby exhausting the land; but the rule holds true in only a little different proportion in the wheat-producing counties of New York and Pennsylvania, where fertilizers are as much required as in Germany. Wages in these sections are as high as those in the Far West, while the cost of wheat in money is not over two-thirds of that given as the cost in Germany at the farm.

It is interesting to consider the dietary of this prosperous Prussian farmer. The food is nearly one-half black bread made of rye. The proportion of meat is very small, as compared with the rations of this country. His family consisted of nine persons, three being children of over fourteen years of age. Their total living expenses for the year were $736.28, divided as follows:

Food	$300.41
Clothing	119.00
Fuel and light	23.89
Beer, wine, and spirits	71.40
Cigars, tobacco, and entertainments	47.60
Sundries	29.75
School expenses, and maintenance of son in army	144.23
Total	$736.28

The cost of food per person each day is nine and a quarter cents.*

It is singular to compare the school expenses, the support of the son in the army, and the beer, wine, and spirits with the food bill. The food supply of this farmer, whose book accounts appear to have been kept with the accuracy of a merchant, and whose method of cultivation, as described, might serve as a lesson anywhere in scientific agriculture, is less in quantity and variety, and less in cost by at least one-third, as compared with the rations which are served in the prisons of Massachusetts.

The significant item in this expense account is the maintenance of the son in the army.

There are, of course, many other causes, aside from the military system of Europe, for the differences which are to be found in the subsistence of the people, which cannot be treated in the limits of this article. For instance, the relative area and population of European states, aside from Russia and Turkey, enter into the consideration. The area is about one-half that of the United States, while the population is little more than eight-

* For further comparisons of the food supply of working people in different countries, reference may be made to the first report of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, by Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

fold, the ratio to the square mile being a little less than twenty in this country and one hundred and sixty in Europe.

This area is divided into fifteen empires, kingdoms, or states, omitting the petty states of eastern Europe, which are separated from each other by differences of race, creed, and language. Their commerce is obstructed among themselves by as many different systems of duties upon imports as there are states. The natural outlet for the crowded population of central Europe might be in southern Russia and in the fertile sections of Asiatic Turkey, were the relations of these several states to the eastern country the same as those of the Eastern States of this country to those of the West. There is land enough, and to spare; but the armies of Europe are sustained in order to prevent this very expansion of the people; and the misgovernment of the Turk, which renders Asia Minor almost a howling wilderness, is protected by the mutual jealousies of these very states, which are thus being destroyed by their own standing armies.

As war becomes more scientific, it becomes more costly. Victory rests not only on powder and iron, but yet more on bread and beef. It may have been the German sausage by which France was beaten, quite as much as the German rifle.

The food question in Europe may be one of possible revolution and repudiation of national debts, and of the disruption of nations as they now exist; and to this branch of the victualing department attention may well be called, because its conditions are so greatly in contrast to those of the United States; but this phase of the question will be treated separately in a subsequent article. May we not find in these costly armies, excessive debts, and excessive taxes not only the cause of pauper wages, but also the cause of the ineffectual and costly quality of so-called "pauper labor"? May there not also be found in these figures the incentives to socialism, to communism, and to anarchy? What hope for men and women, the whole of whose product would barely suffice for subsistence, when ten, twenty, and perhaps even thirty per cent. is diverted from their own use, and even food is denied them sufficient to maintain health and strength, in order that these great armies may be sustained?

The victualing department is therefore presented in these three phases:

First. In our own country the only question is how to save the waste of our abundance, and how to teach not only the working people, but even the prosperous, the right methods of obtaining a good and wholesome subsistence at less cost in money than they now spend for a poor and dyspeptic one.

Second. In Great Britain and Ireland the victualing department underlies a system of land tenure which is now on its trial, and which has led to such artificial conditions that great areas of good land have been thrown entirely out of cultivation, while half the people are being fed from fields from five thousand to fifteen thousand miles distant.

Third. Upon the continent of Europe the victualing department stands face to face with a forced method of distributing and wasting a food-product which, as a whole, is insufficient to maintain the whole population in vigor and health even if it were evenly distributed, as food must be equally distributed by weight if not by quality, in order that men and women may be equally well nourished.

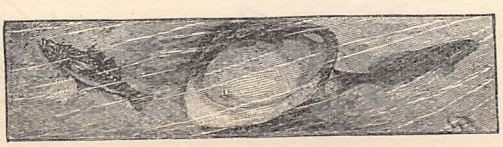
When a famished democracy becomes conscious of its power, what will be the end of privileges which are not founded on rights, and of national debts which have been incurred by dynasties without the consent of the people who are now oppressed by them? How will standing armies be disbanded, which now seem to be as incapable of being sustained as they are impossible of being disarmed?

Such are some of the appalling questions to which we are led when we attempt to analyze the way in which men, women, and children now obtain the modicum of meat and bread which they must have every day in order to exist, and that daily ration of dairy products, of fruit, of sugar, and of spice which is needed for common comfort.

There is but one element of life which all have in common, and that is Time. Who can teach us how to use our time so as to obtain the substantially even weight of food which is necessary to the adequate nutrition and to the common welfare of rich and poor alike?

The writer can only put these questions, and report the facts and figures which he has given. Some of them may be already familiar to the readers of THE CENTURY; but their true significance he himself hardly comprehended until they had been grouped together under the title of "The Food Question."

Edward Atkinson.



The Hand of Lincoln.

Look on this cast and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was — how large of mould

The man who led the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

× × × × ×

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

Edmund C. Stedman.

·DRAWN·FROM·THE·CAST·
·BY·J·ALDEN·WEIR·1886·
·CAST·FROM·THE·RIGHT·HAND·OF·
·ABRAHAM·LINCOLN·MADE·BY·
·LEONARD·W·VOLK·1860·
R.E.COLLINS.SC.

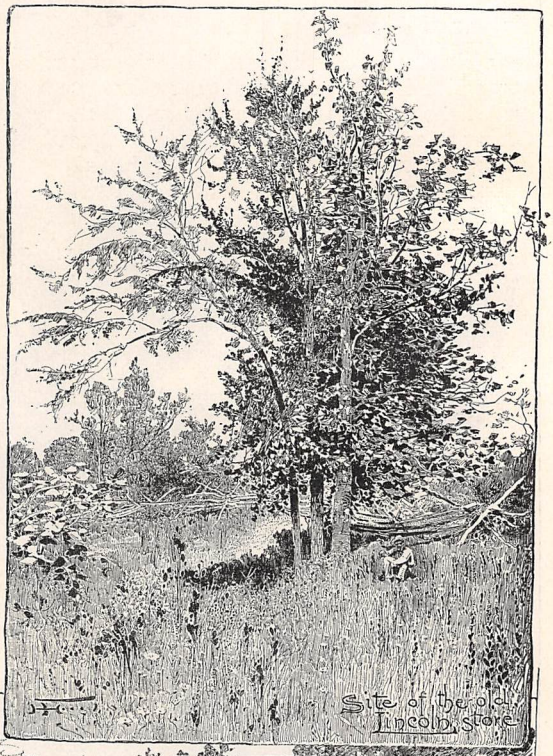
ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

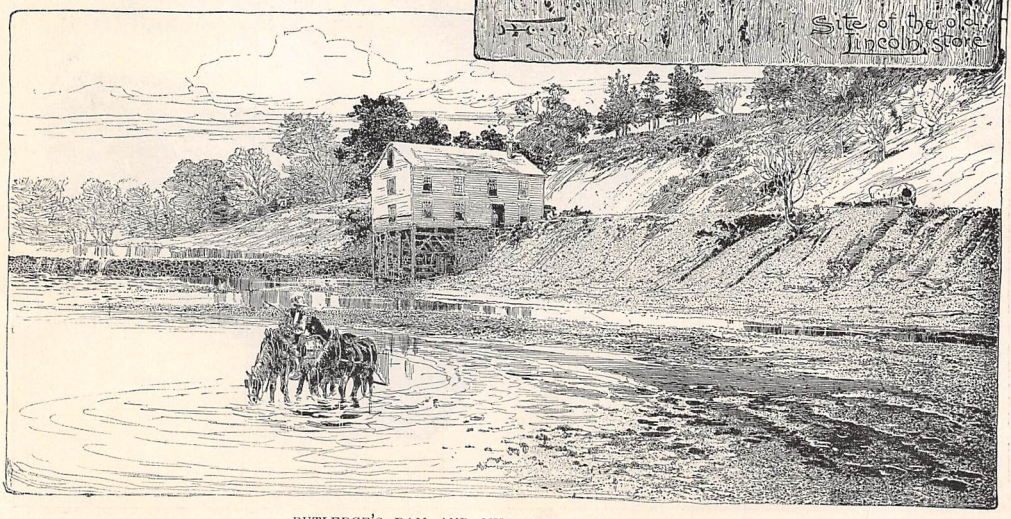
BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN AS SOLDIER, SURVEYOR, AND POLITICIAN.

NEW SALEM CONTINUED.— THE VOYAGE OF THE *TALISMAN*.

WE have anticipated a score of years in speaking of Mr. Lincoln's relations to his family. It was in August of the year 1831 that he finally left his father's roof, and swung out for himself into the current of the world to make his fortune in his own way. He went down to New Salem again to assist Offutt in the business that lively speculator thought of establishing there. He was more punctual than either his employer or the merchandise, and met with the usual reward of punctuality in being forced to waste his time in waiting for the tardy ones. He seemed to the New Salem people to be "loafing"; several of them have given that description of him. He did one day's work, acting as clerk of a local election, a lettered loafer being pretty sure of employment on such an occasion.† He





RUTLEDGE'S DAM AND MILL, NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS.

† Mrs. Lizzie H. Bell writes of this incident: "My father, Menton Graham, was on that day, as usual, appointed to be a clerk, and Mr. McNamee, who was to be the other, was sick and failed to come. They were looking around for a man to fill his place when my father noticed Mr. Lincoln and asked if he could write. He answered that 'he could make a few rabbit tracks.'"

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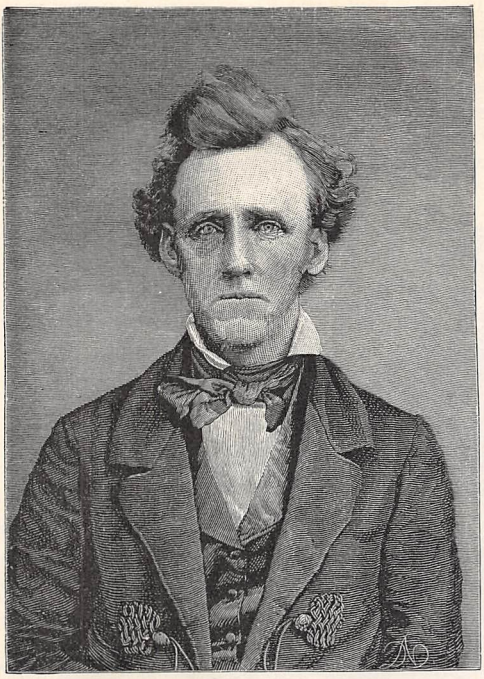
also piloted a boat down the Sangamon for one Dr. Nelson, who had had enough of New Salem and wanted to go to Texas. This was probably a task not requiring much pilot-craft, as the river was much swollen, and navigators had in most places two or three miles of channel to count upon. But Offutt and his goods arrived at last, and Lincoln and he got them immediately into position, and opened their doors to what commerce could be found in New Salem. There was clearly not enough to satisfy the volatile mind of Mr. Offutt, for he soon bought Cameron's mill at the historic dam, and made Abraham superintendent also of that branch of the business.

CABIN ON GOOSE-NEST PRAIRIE, NEAR FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS, WHERE THOMAS LINCOLN LIVED AND DIED.

It is to be surmised that Offutt never inspired his neighbors and customers with any deep regard for his solidity of character. One of them says of him, with injurious pleonasm, that he "talked too much with his mouth." A natural consequence of his excessive fluency was soon to be made disagreeably evident to his clerk. He admired Abraham beyond measure, and praised him beyond prudence. He said that Abe knew more than any man in the United States; and he was certainly not warranted in making such an assertion, as his own knowledge of the actual state of science in America could not have been exhaustive. He also said that Abe could beat any man in the county running, jumping, or "wrastling." This proposition, being less abstract in its nature, was more readily grasped by the local mind, and was not likely to pass unchallenged.

Public opinion at New Salem was formed by a crowd of ruffianly young fellows who were called the "Clary's Grove Boys." Once or twice a week they descended upon the village and passed the day in drinking, fighting, and brutal horse-play. If a stranger appeared in the place, he was likely to suffer a rude initiation into the social life of New Salem at the hands of these jovial savages. Sometimes he was nailed up in a hogshead and rolled down hill; sometimes he was insulted into a fight and then mauled black and blue; for despite their pretensions to chivalry they had no

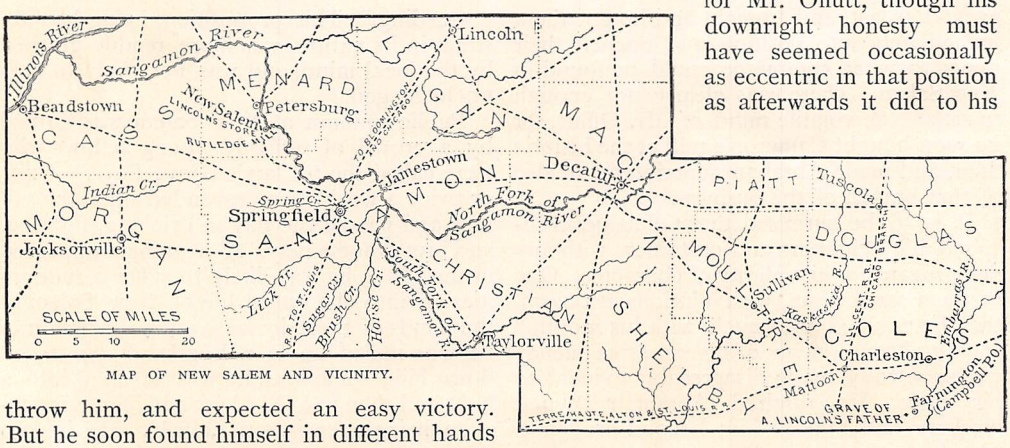


MENTON GRAHAM. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE IN POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. LIZZIE H. BELL.)

scruples about fair play or any such superstitions of civilization. At first they did not seem inclined to molest young Lincoln. His appearance did not invite insolence; his reputation for strength and activity was a greater protection to him than his inoffensive good-nature. But the loud admiration of Offutt gave them umbrage. It led to dispute, contradictions, and finally to a formal banter to a wrestling-match. Lincoln was greatly averse to all this "wooling and pulling," as he called it. But Offutt's indiscretion had made it necessary for him to show his mettle. Jack Armstrong, the leading bully of the gang, was selected to throw him, and expected an easy victory. But he soon found himself in different hands from any he had heretofore engaged with. Seeing he could not manage the tall stranger, his friends swarmed in, and by kicking and tripping nearly succeeded in getting Lincoln down. At this, as has been said of another hero, "the spirit of Odin entered into him," and putting forth his whole strength, he held the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and almost choked the exuberant life out of him. For a moment a general fight seemed inevitable; but Lincoln, standing undismayed with his back to the wall, looked so formidable in his defiance that an honest admiration took the place of momentary fury, and his initiation was over. As to Armstrong, he was Lincoln's friend and sworn brother as soon as he recovered the use of his larynx, and the bond thus strangely created lasted through life. Lincoln had no further occasion to fight his own battle while Armstrong was there to act as his champion. The two friends, although so widely different, were helpful to each other afterwards in many ways, and Lincoln made ample amends for the liberty his hands had taken with Jack's throat, by saving, in a memorable trial, his son's neck from the halter.

This incident, trivial and vulgar as it may seem, was of great importance in Lincoln's life. His behavior in this ignoble scuffle did the work of years for him, in giving him the position he required in the community where his lot was cast. He became from that moment, in a certain sense, a personage, with a name and standing of his own. The verdict of Clary's Grove was unanimous that he was "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement." He did not have to be constantly scuffling to guard his self-respect, and at the same time he gained the good-will of the better sort by his evident peaceableness and integrity.

He made on the whole a satisfactory clerk for Mr. Offutt, though his downright honesty must have seemed occasionally as eccentric in that position as afterwards it did to his

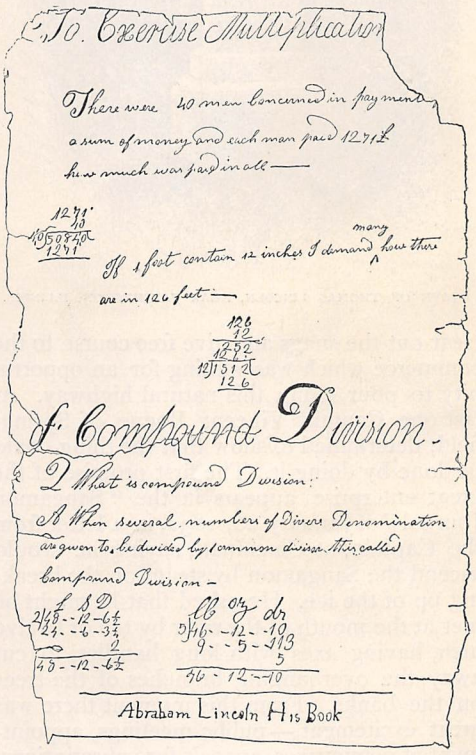


MAP OF NEW SALEM AND VICINITY.

associates at the bar. Dr. Holland has preserved one or two incidents of this kind, which have their value. Once, after he had sold a woman a little bill of goods and received the money, he found on looking over the account again that she had given him six and a quarter cents too much. The money burned in his hands until he locked the shop and started on a walk of several miles in the night to make restitution before he slept. On another occasion, after weighing and delivering a pound of tea, he found a small weight on the scales. He immediately weighed out the quantity of tea of which he had innocently defrauded his customer and went in search of her, his sensitive conscience not permitting any delay. To show that the young merchant was not too good for this world, the same writer gives an incident of his shop-keeping experience of a different character. A rural bully having made himself especially offensive one day, when women were present, by loud profanity, Lincoln requested him to be silent. This was of course a cause of war, and the young clerk was forced to follow the incensed ruffian into the street, where the combat was of short duration. Lincoln threw him at once to the ground, and gathering a handful of the dog-fennel with which the roadside was plentifully bordered, he rubbed the ruffian's face and eyes with it until he howled for mercy. He did not howl in vain, for the placable giant, when his discipline was finished, brought water to bathe the culprit's smarting face, and doubtless improved the occasion with quaint admonition.

A few passages at arms of this sort gave Abraham a redoubtable reputation in the neighborhood. But the principal use he made of his strength and his prestige was in the capacity of peacemaker, an office which soon devolved upon him by general consent. Whenever old feuds blossomed into fights by Offutt's door, or the chivalry of Clary's Grove attempted in its energetic way to take the conceit out of some stranger, or a canine duel spread contagion of battle among the masters of the beasts, Lincoln usually appeared upon the scene, and with a judicious mixture of force and reason and invincible good-nature restored peace.

While working with Offutt his mind was turned in the direction of English grammar. From what he had heard of it he thought it a matter within his grasp, if he could once fall in with the requisite machinery. Consulting with Menton* Graham, the schoolmaster, in regard to it, and learning the whereabouts of a vagrant "Kirkham's Grammar," he set off at once and soon returned from a walk of a dozen miles with the coveted prize. He devoted himself to the new study with that peculiar intensity of application which always remained his most valuable faculty, and soon knew all that can be known about it from rules. He seemed surprised, as others have been, at the meager dimensions of the science he had acquired and the ease with which it yielded all there was of it to the student. But it seemed no slight achievement to the New Salemites,

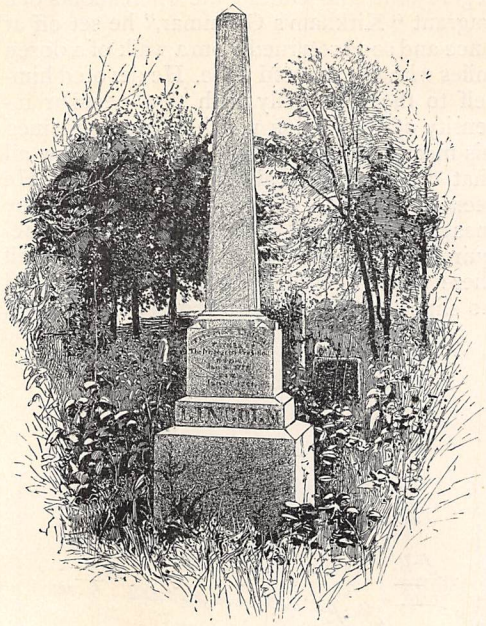


LEAF REDUCED IN SIZE FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EXERCISE BOOK, WRITTEN ABOUT HIS SEVENTEENTH YEAR. PRESENTED BY WILLIAM H. HERNDON, ESQ., TO KEYES LINCOLN MEMORIAL COLLECTION.

and contributed not a little to the impression prevalent of his learning.

His name is prominently connected with an event which just at this time caused an excitement and interest in Salem and the neighboring towns entirely out of proportion to its importance. It was one of the articles of faith of most of the settlers on the banks of the Sangamon River that it was a navigable stream, and the local politicians found that they could in no way more easily hit the fancy of their hearers than by discussing this assumed fact, and the logical corollary derived from it, that it was the duty of the State or the nation to

* This name has been always written in Illinois "Minter," but a letter from Mr. Graham's daughter, Mrs. Bell, says that her father's name is as given in the text.



GRAVE OF THOMAS LINCOLN, NEAR FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

clear out the snags and give free course to the commerce which was waiting for an opportunity to pour along this natural highway. At last one Captain Vincent Bogue, of Springfield, determined to show that the thing could be done by doing it. The first promise of the great enterprise appears in the "Sangamon Journal" of January 26, 1832, in a letter from the Captain, at Cincinnati, saying he would ascend the Sangamon by steam on the breaking up of the ice. He asked that he might be met at the mouth of the river by ten or twelve men, having axes with long handles, to cut away the overhanging branches of the trees on the banks. From this moment there was great excitement,—public meetings, appointment of committees, appeals for subscriptions, and a scattering fire of advertisements of goods and freight to be bargained for,—which sustained the prevailing interest. It was a day of hope and promise when the advertisement reached Springfield from Cincinnati that "the splendid upper-cabin steamer *Talisman*" would positively start for the Sangamon on a given day. As the paper containing this joyous intelligence also complained that no mail had reached Springfield from the east for three weeks, it is easy to understand the desire for more rapid and regular communications. From week to week the progress of the *Talisman*, impeded by bad weather and floating ice, was faithfully recorded, until at last the party with long-handled axes went down to Beardstown to welcome her. It is needless to state that Lincoln was one of the party. His standing as a scientific citizen of New Salem would have been enough to insure his selection even if he had not been known as a bold navigator. He piloted the *Talisman* safely through the windings of the Sangamon, and Springfield gave itself up to extravagant gayety on the event that proved she "could no longer be considered an inland town." Captain Bogue announced "fresh and seasonable goods just received per steamboat *Talisman*," and the local poets illuminated the columns of the "Journal" with odes on her advent. The joy was short-lived. The *Talisman* met the natural fate of steamboats a few months later, being burned at the St. Louis wharf. Neither State nor nation has ever removed the snags from the Sangamon, and no subsequent navigator of its waters has been found to eclipse the fame of those earliest ones.

LINCOLN IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

A NEW period in the life of Lincoln begins with the summer of 1832. He then obtained his first public recognition, and entered upon the course of life which was to lead him to a position of prominence and great usefulness.

The business of Offutt had gone to pieces, and his clerk was out of employment, when Governor Reynolds issued his call for volunteers to move the tribe of Black Hawk across the Mississippi. For several years the raids of the old Sac chieftain upon that portion of his patrimony which he had ceded to the United States had kept the settlers in the neighborhood of Rock Island in terror, and menaced the peace of the frontier. In the spring of 1831 he came over to the east side of the river with a considerable band of warriors, having been encouraged by secret promises of coöperation from several other tribes. These failed him, however, when the time of trial arrived, and an improvised force of State volunteers, assisted by General Gaines and his detachment, had little difficulty in compelling the Indians to recross the Mississippi, and to enter into a solemn treaty on the 30th of June by which the former treaties were ratified and Black Hawk and his leading warriors bound themselves never again to set foot on the east side of the river, without express permission from the President or the Governor of Illinois.

But Black Hawk was too old a savage to learn respect for treaties or resignation under fancied wrongs. He was already approaching the allotted term of life. He had been king of his nation for more than forty years. He had scalped his first enemy when scarcely more than a child, having painted on his blanket the blood-red hand which marked his

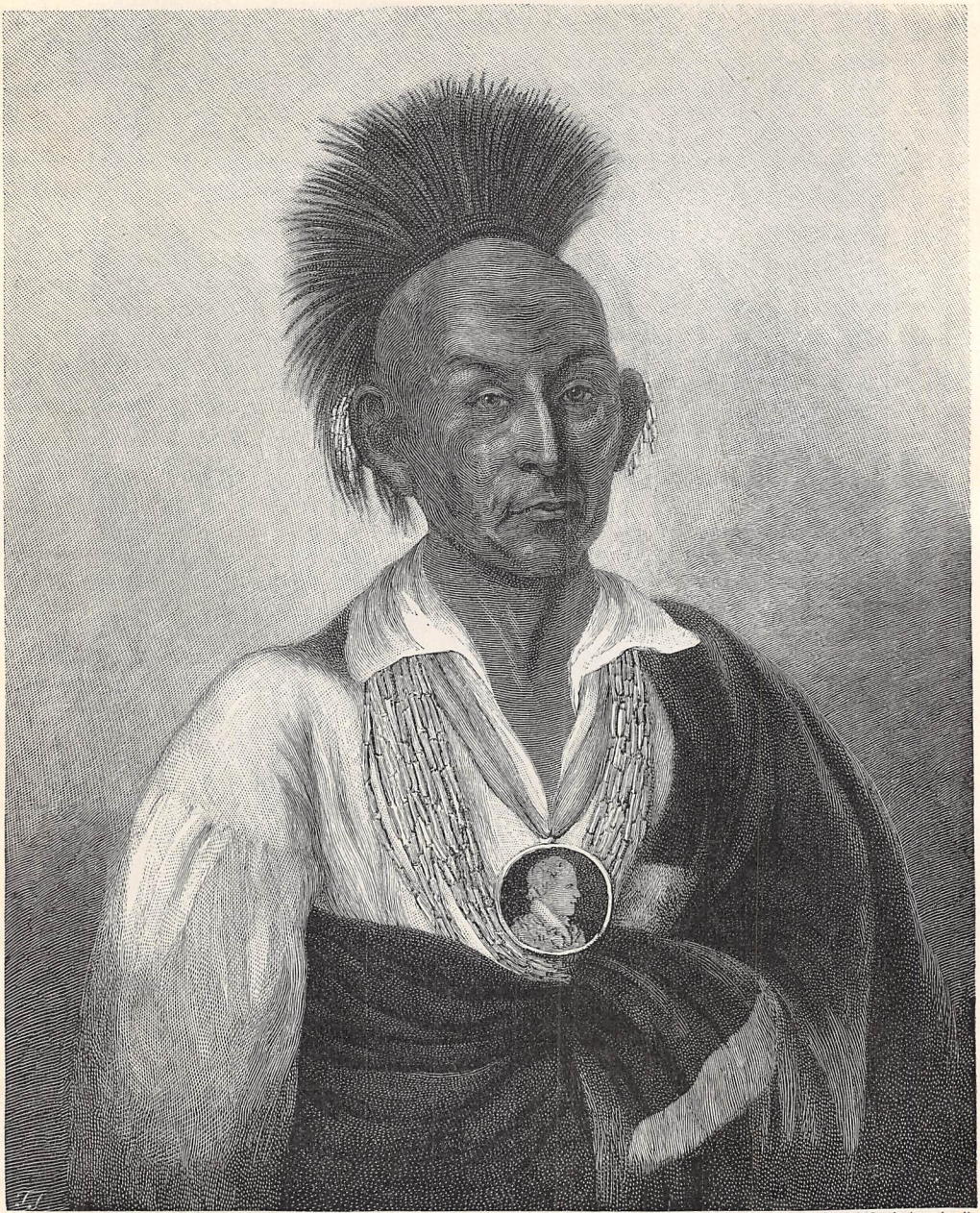
EBENEZER PECK. (SEE PAGE 269.) FROM A PAINTING BY HEALY, IN 1864, IN POSSESSION OF CHARLES F. PECK, ESQ.

nobility at fifteen years of age. Peace under any circumstances would doubtless have been irksome to him, but a peace which forbade him free access to his own hunting-grounds and to the graves of his fathers was more than he could now school himself to endure. He had come to believe that he had been foully wronged by the treaty which was his own act; he had even convinced himself that "land cannot be sold,"* a proposition in political economy which our modern socialists would be puzzled to accept or confute. Besides this, the tenderest feelings of his heart were outraged by this exclusion from his former domain. He had never passed a year since the death of his daughter without making a pilgrimage to her grave at Oquawka and spending hours in mystic ceremonies and contemplation.† He was himself prophet as well as king, and had doubtless his share of mania, which is the strength of prophets. The promptings of his own broken heart readily seemed to him the whisperings of attendant spirits; and day by day these unseen incitements increased around him, until they could not be resisted even if death stood in the way.

He made his combinations during the winter, and had it not been for the loyal attitude of Keokuk, he could have brought the entire nation of the Sacs and Foxes to the war-path. As it was, the flower of the young men came with him when, with the opening spring, he

* Governor Reynolds's "Life and Times," p. 325.

† Ford's "History of Illinois," p. 110.



Engraved by T. Johnson, after a portrait by Charles B. King. From McKenney and Hall's "Indian Tribes of North America."

BLACK HAWK.

crossed the river once more. He came this time, he said, "to plant corn," but as a preliminary to this peaceful occupation of the land he marched up the Rock River, expecting to be joined by the Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies. But the time was past for honorable alliances among the Indians. His oath-bound confederates gave him little assistance, and soon cast in their lot with the stronger party.

This movement excited general alarm in the State. General Atkinson, commanding the United States troops, sent a formal summons to Black Hawk to return; but the old chief was already well on his way to the lodge of his friend, the prophet Wabokishick, at Proph-

etstown, and treated the summons with contemptuous defiance. The Governor immediately called for volunteers, and was himself astonished at the alacrity with which the call was answered. Among those who enlisted at the first tap of the drum was Abraham Lincoln, and equally to his surprise and delight he was elected captain of his company. The volunteer organizations of those days were conducted on purely democratic principles. The company assembled on the green, an election was suggested, and three-fourths of the men walked over to where Lincoln was standing; most of the small remainder joined themselves to one Kirkpatrick, a man of some substance and standing from Spring Creek. We have the word of Mr. Lincoln for it, that no subsequent success ever gave him such unmixed pleasure as this earliest distinction. It was a sincere, unsought tribute of his equals to those physical and moral qualities which made him the best man of his hundred, and as such was accepted and prized.

At the Beardstown rendezvous, Captain Lincoln's company was attached to Colonel Samuel Thompson's regiment, the Fourth Illinois, which was organized at Richland, Sangamon County, on the 21st of April, and moved on the 27th, with the rest of the command under General Whiteside, for Yellow Banks, where the boats with provisions had been ordered to meet them. It was arduous marching. There were no roads and no bridges, and the day's work included a great deal of labor. The third day out they came to the Henderson River, a stream some fifty yards wide, swift and swollen with the spring thaws, with high and steep banks. To most armies this would have seemed a serious obstacle, but these backwoodsmen swarmed to the work like beavers, and in less than three hours* the river was crossed with the loss of only one or two horses and wagons. When they came to Yellow Banks, on the Mississippi, the provision-boats had not arrived, and for three days they waited there literally without food; very uncomfortable days for Governor Reynolds, who accompanied the expedition, and was forced to hear the outspoken comments of two thousand hungry men on his supposed inefficiency. But on the 6th of May the *William Wallace* arrived, and "this sight," says the Governor with characteristic sincerity, "was, I presume, the most interesting I ever beheld." From there they marched to the mouth of Rock River, and thence General Whiteside proceeded with his volunteers up the river some ninety miles to Dixon, where they halted to await the arrival of General Atkinson with the regular troops and provisions. There they found two battalions of fresh horsemen, under Majors Stillman and Bailey, who had as yet seen no service and were eager for the fray. Whiteside's men were tired with their forced march, and besides, in their ardor to get forward, they had thrown away a good part of their provisions and left their baggage behind. It pleased the Governor, therefore, to listen to the prayers of Stillman's braves, and he gave them orders to "proceed to the head of Old Man's Creek, where it was supposed there were some hostile Indians, and coerce them into submission." "I thought," says the Governor in his memoirs, "they might discover the enemy."

The supposition was certainly well founded. They rode merrily away, came to Old Man's Creek, thereafter to be called Stillman's Run, and encamped for the night. By the failing light a small party of Indians was discovered on the summit of a hill a mile away, and a few courageous gentlemen hurriedly saddled their horses, and, without orders, rode after them. The Indians retreated, but were soon overtaken, and two or three of them killed. The volunteers were now strung along a half mile of hill and valley, with no more order or care than if they had been chasing rabbits. Black Hawk, who had been at supper when the running fight began, hastily gathered a handful of warriors and attacked the scattered whites. The onset of the savages acted like an icy bath on the red-hot valor of the volunteers; they turned and ran for their lives, stampeding the camp as they fled. There was very little resistance — so little that Black Hawk, fearing a ruse, tried to recall his warriors from the pursuit, but in the darkness and confusion could not enforce his orders. The Indians killed all they caught up with; but the volunteers had the fleeter horses, and only eleven were overtaken. The rest reached Dixon by twos and threes, rested all night, and took courage. General Whiteside marched out to the scene of the disaster the next morning, but the Indians were gone. They had broken up into small parties, and for several days they reaped the bloody fruit of their victory in the massacre of the peaceful settlements in the adjacent districts.

The time of enlistment of the volunteers had now come to an end, and the men, seeing no prospect of glory or profit, and weary of the work and the hunger which were the only certain incidents of the campaign, refused in great part to continue in service. But it is hardly necessary to say that Captain Lincoln was not one of these homesick soldiers. Not even the trammels of rank, which are usually so strong among the trailers of the saber, could restrain him from what he considered his sim-

* Reynolds's "Life and Times," p. 356.

I CERTIFY, That Lewis M Harner volunteered and served as a Private in the Company of Mounted Volunteers under my command, in the Regiment commanded by Col. SAMUEL M. THOMPSON, in the Brigade under the command of Generals S. WHITESIDE and H. ATKINSON, called into the service of the United States by the Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of the State, for the protection of the North Western Frontier against an Invasion of the British Band of Sac and other tribes of Indians,—that he was enrolled on the 21st day of April 1832, and was HONORABLY DISCHARGED on the 7th day of June thereafter, having served 48 days

Given under my hand, this 21st day of September 1832.

A Lincoln Capt.

This discharge is the property of George Carpenter of Springfield Ill. being found among the papers of his father Col. Wm Carpenter late paymaster of the above regt

A SOLDIER'S DISCHARGE FROM THE BLACK HAWK WAR, SIGNED BY A. LINCOLN, CAPTAIN.
(IN POSSESSION OF O. H. OLDROYD, ESQ., SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.)

ple duty. As soon as he was mustered out of his captaincy, he reënlisted on the same day, May 27, as a private soldier. Several other officers did the same, among them General Whiteside and Major Stuart. Lincoln became a member of Captain Elijah Iles's company of mounted volunteers, sometimes called the "Independent Spy Battalion," an organization unique of its kind, if we may judge from the account given by one of its troopers. It was not, says Mr. George W. Harrison, "under the control of any regiment or brigade, but received orders directly from the Commander-in-Chief, and always, when with the army, camped within the lines, and had many other privileges, such as having no camp duties to perform and drawing rations as much and as often as we pleased," which would seem to liken this battalion as nearly as possible to the fabled "regiment of brigadiers." With this *élite* corps Lincoln served through his second enlistment, though it was not his fortune to take part in either of the two engagements in which General Henry broke and destroyed forever the power of Black Hawk and the British band of Sacs and Foxes at the Wisconsin Bluffs and the Bad Axe.

After Lincoln was relieved of the weight of dignity involved in his captaincy, the war became a sort of holiday, and the tall private from New Salem enjoyed it as much as any one. He entered with great zest into the athletic sports with which soldiers love to beguile the tedium of camp. He was admitted to be the strongest man in the army, and, with one exception, the best wrestler. Indeed his friends never admitted the exception, and severely blamed Lincoln for confessing himself defeated on the occasion when he met the redoubtable Thompson, and the two fell together on the turf. His popularity increased from the beginning to the end of the campaign, and those of his comrades who still survive always speak with hearty and affectionate praise of his character and conduct in those rough yet pleasantly remembered days.

The Spy Battalion formed no part of General Henry's forces when, by a disobedience of orders as prudent as it was audacious, he started with his slender force on the fresh trail which he was sure would lead him to Black Hawk's camp. He found and struck the enemy at bay on the bluffs of the Wisconsin River on the 21st of July, and inflicted upon them a signal defeat. The broken remnant of Black Hawk's power then fled for the Mississippi River, the whole army following in close pursuit — General Atkinson in front and General Henry bringing up the rear. Fortune favored the latter once more, for while Black Hawk with a handful of men was engaging and drawing away the force under Atkinson, General Henry struck the main trail, and brought on the battle of the Bad Axe, if that could be called a battle which was an easy slaughter of the weary and discouraged sav-

ages, fighting without heart or hope, an army in front and the great river behind. Black Hawk escaped the fate of his followers, to be captured a few days later through the treachery of his allies. He was carried in triumph to Washington and presented to President Jackson, to whom he made this stern and defiant speech, showing how little age or disaster could do to tame his indomitable spirit: "I am a man, and you are another. I did not expect to conquer the white people. I took up the hatchet to avenge injuries which could no longer be borne.* Had I borne them longer my people would have said: 'Black Hawk is a squaw; he is too old to be a chief; he is no Sac.' This caused me to raise the war-whoop. I say no more of it; all is known to you." He returned to Iowa, and lived to a great age. When he died he received the supreme honors paid only to mighty men of war among his people, and was buried on the high bank of the Mississippi, in arms and in war-paint, facing the rising sun.

It was on the 16th of June, a month before the slaughter of the Bad Axe, that the battalion to which Lincoln belonged was finally mustered out, at Whitewater, Wisconsin. His final release from the service was signed by a young lieutenant of artillery, Robert Anderson, who, twenty-nine years later, in one of the most awful crises in our annals, was to sustain to Lincoln relations of prodigious importance, on a scene illuminated by the flash of the opening guns of the civil war.† The men started home the next day in high spirits, like school-boys for their holidays. Lincoln had need, like Horatio, of his good spirits, for they were his only outfit for the long journey to New Salem, he and his mess-mate Harrison‡ having had their horses stolen the day before by some patriot over-anxious to reach home. But, as Harrison says, "I laughed at our fate, and he joked at it, and we all started off merrily. The generous men of our company walked and rode by turns with us, and we fared about equal with the rest. But for this generosity our legs would have had to do the better work; for in that day this dreary route furnished no horses to buy or to steal; and whether on horse or afoot, we always had company, for many of the horses' backs were too sore for riding." It is not hard to imagine with what quips and quirks of native fancy Lincoln and his friends beguiled the way through forest and prairie. With youth, good health, and a clear conscience, and even then the dawn of a young and undefiled ambition in his heart, nothing was wanting to give zest and spice to this long, sociable walk of a hundred leagues. One joke is preserved, and this one is at the expense of Lincoln. One chilly morning he complained of being cold. "No wonder," said some facetious cavalier, "there is so much of you on the ground."§ We hope Lincoln's contributions to the fun were better than this, but of course the prosperity of these jests lay rather in the liberal ears that heard them than in the good-natured tongues that uttered them.

Lincoln and Harrison could not have been

*It is a noteworthy coincidence that President Lincoln's proclamation at the opening of the war calls for troops "to redress wrongs already long enough endured."

† A story to the effect that Lincoln was mustered into service by Jefferson Davis has for a long time been current, but the strictest search in the records fails to confirm it. We are indebted to General R. C. Drum, Adjutant-General of the Army, for an interesting letter giving all the known facts in relation to this story. General Drum says: "The company of the Fourth Regiment Illinois Mounted Volunteers, commanded by Mr. Lincoln, was with others called out by Governor Reynolds, and was organized at Richland, Sangamon County, Illinois, April 21, 1832. The muster-in roll is not on file, but the records show that the company was mustered out at the mouth of Fox River, May 27, 1832, by Nathaniel Buckmaster, Brigade-Major to General Samuel Whiteside, Illinois Volunteers. On the muster-roll of Captain Elijah Iles's company, Illinois Mounted Volunteers, A. Lincoln (Sangamon County) appears as a private from May 27, 1832, to June 16, 1832, when the company was mustered out of service by Lieutenant Robert Anderson, Third United States Artillery and Colonel (Assistant Inspector-General) Illinois volunteers. Brigadier-General Henry Atkinson, in his report of May 30, 1832, stated that the Illinois Volunteers were called out by the Governor of that State, but in haste and for no definite period of service. On their arrival at Ottawa they became clamorous for their discharge, which the Governor granted, retaining — of those who were discharged and volunteered for a further period of twenty days — a sufficient number of men to form six companies, which General Atkinson found at Ottawa on his arrival there from Rock River. General Atkinson further reports that these companies and some three hundred regular troops, remaining in position at Rock River, were all the force left him to keep the enemy in check until the assemblage of the three thousand additional Illinois militia called out by the Governor upon his (General A.'s) requisition, to rendezvous at Ottawa, June 12–15, 1832.

"There can be no doubt that Captain Iles's company, mentioned above, was one of the six which served until June 16, 1832, while the fact is fully established that the company of which Mr. Lincoln was a member was mustered out by Lieutenant Robert Anderson, who, in April, 1861, was in command of Fort Sumter. There is no evidence to show that it was mustered in by Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis's company (B, First United States Infantry) was stationed at Fort Crawford, Wisconsin, during the months of January and February, 1832, and he is borne on the rolls as 'absent on detached service at the Dubuque mines by order of Colonel Morgan.' From March 26 to August 18, 1832, the muster-rolls of his company report him as absent on furlough."

‡ George W. Harrison, who gives an entertaining account of his personal experiences in Lamon, p. 116.

§ Dr. Holland gives this homely joke, p. 71, but transfers it to a time four years later, when Lincoln had permanently assumed shoes and had a horse of his own.

altogether penniless, for at Peoria they bought a canoe and paddled down to Pekin. Here the ingenious Lincoln employed his hereditary talent for carpentry by making an oar for the frail vessel while Harrison was providing the commissary stores. The latter goes on to say: "The river, being very low, was without current, so that we had to pull hard to make half the speed of legs on land; in fact, we let her float all night, and on the next morning always found the objects still visible that were beside us the previous evening. The water was remarkably clear for this river of plants, and the fish appeared to be sporting with us as we moved over or near them. On the next day after we left Pekin we overhauled a raft of saw-logs, with two men afloat on it to urge it on with poles and to guide it in the channel. We immediately pulled up to them and went on the raft, where we were made welcome by various demonstrations, especially by an invitation to a feast on fish, corn-bread, eggs, butter, and coffee, just prepared for our benefit. Of these good things we ate almost immoderately, for it was the only warm meal we had made for several days. While preparing it, and after dinner, Lincoln entertained them, and they entertained us for a couple of hours very amusingly." Kindly human companionship was a luxury in that green wilderness, and was readily appreciated and paid for.

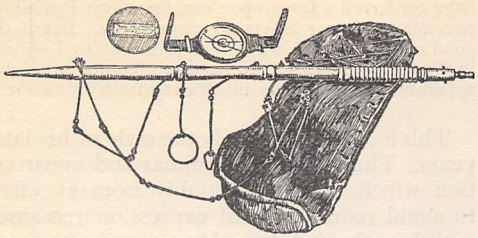
The returning warriors dropped down the river to the village of Havana — from Pekin to Havana in a canoe! The country is full of these geographical nightmares, the necessary result of freedom of nomenclature bestowed by circumstances upon minds equally destitute of taste or education. There they sold their boat, — no difficult task, for a canoe was a staple article in any river-town, — and again set out "the old way, over the sand-ridges, for Petersburg. As we drew near home, the impulse became stronger and urged us on amazingly. The long strides of Lincoln, often slipping back in the loose sand six inches every step, were just right for me; and he was greatly diverted when he noticed me behind him stepping along in his tracks to keep from slipping." Thus the two comrades came back from their soldierings to their humble homes, from which Lincoln was soon to start on the way marked out for him by Providence, with strides which no comrade, with whatever good-will, might hope to follow.

He never took his campaigning seriously. The politician's habit of glorifying the petty incidents of a candidate's life always seemed absurd to him, and in his speech, made in 1848, ridiculing the effort on the part of General Cass's friends to draw some political advantage from that gentleman's respectable but obscure services on the frontier in the war with Great Britain, he estopped any future eulogist from painting his own military achievements in too lively colors. "Did you know, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I am a military hero? In the days of the Black Hawk war I fought, bled, and came away. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as General Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterwards. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break, but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If General Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges on the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker, if ever I should conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest that they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

AN UNSUCCESSFUL CANVASS.

THE discharged volunteer arrived in New Salem only ten days before the August election, in which he had a deep personal interest. Before starting for the wars he had announced himself, according to the custom of the time, by a handbill circular, as a candidate for the Legislature from Sangamon County.* He had done this in accordance with his own natural bent for public life and desire for usefulness and distinction, and not without strong encouragement from friends whose opinion he valued. He had even then considerable experience in speaking and thinking on his feet. He had begun his practice in that direction before leaving Indiana, and continued it everywhere he had gone. Mr. William Butler tells us that on one occasion, when Lincoln was a farm-hand at Island Grove, the famous circuit-rider, Peter Cart-

* We are aware that all former biographers have stated that Lincoln's candidacy for the Legislature was subsequent to his return from the war, and a consequence of his service. But his circular is dated March 9, 1832, and the "Sangamon Journal" mentions his name among the candidates in July, and apologizes for having accidentally omitted it in May.



A. LINCOLN'S SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS AND SADDLE-BAG. (IN POSSESSION OF LINCOLN MONUMENT COLLECTION.)

wright, came by, electioneering for the Legislature, and Lincoln at once engaged in a discussion with him in the cornfield, in which the great Methodist was equally astonished at the close reasoning and the uncouth figure of Mr. Brown's extraordinary hired man. At another time, after one Posey, a politician in search of office, had made a speech in Macon, John Hanks, whose admiration of his cousin's oratory was unbounded, said that "Abe could beat it." He turned a keg on end, and the tall boy mounted it and made his speech. "The subject was the navigation of the Sangamon, and Abe beat him to death," says the loyal Hanks. So it was not with all the tremor of a complete novice that the young man took the stump during the few days left him between his return and the election.

He ran as a Whig. As this has been denied on authority which is generally trustworthy, it is well enough to insist upon the fact. In one of the few speeches of his which, made at this time, have been remembered and reported, he said: "I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and of a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles." Nothing could be more unqualified or outspoken than this announcement of his adhesion to what was then and for years afterwards called "the American System" of Henry Clay. Other testimony is not wanting to the same effect. Both Major Stuart and Judge Logan* say that Lincoln ran in 1832 as a Whig, and that his speeches were unevasively in defense of the principles of that party. Without discussing the merits of the party or its purposes, we may insist that his adopting them thus openly at the outset of his career was an extremely characteristic act, and marks thus early the scrupulous conscientiousness which shaped every action of his life. The State of Illinois was by a large majority Democratic, hopelessly attached to the person and policy of Jackson. Nowhere had that despotic leader more violent and unscrupulous partisans than there. They were proud of their very servility, and preferred the name of "whole-hog Jackson men" to that of Democrats. The Whigs embraced in their scanty ranks the leading men of the State, those who have since been most distinguished in its history, such as S. T. Logan, Stuart, Browning, Dubois, Hardin, Breese, and many others. But they were utterly unable to do anything except by dividing the Jackson men, whose very numbers made their party unwieldy, and by throwing their votes with the more decent and conservative portion of them. In this way, in the late election, they had secured the success of Governor Reynolds — the Old Ranger — against Governor Kinney, who represented the vehement and proscriptive spirit which Jackson had just breathed into the party. He had visited the General in Washington, and had come back giving out threatenings and slaughter against the Whigs in the true Tennessee style, declaring that "all Whigs should be whipped out of office like dogs out of a meat-house"; the force of south-western simile could no farther go.† But the great popularity of Reynolds and the adroit management of the Whigs carried him through successfully. A single fact will show on which side the people who could read were enlisted. The "whole-hog" party had one newspaper, the opposition five. Of course it would have been impossible for Reynolds to poll a respectable vote if his loyalty to Jackson had been seriously doubted. As it was, he lost many votes through a report that he had been guilty of saying that "he was as strong for Jackson as any reasonable man should be." The Governor himself, in his naïve account of the canvass, acknowledges the damaging nature of this accusation, and comforts himself with quoting an indiscretion of Kinney's, who opposed a projected canal on the ground that "it would flood the country with Yankees."

It showed some moral courage, and certainly an absence of the shuffling politician's fair-weather policy, that Lincoln, in his friendless and penniless youth, at the very beginning of his career, when he was not embarrassed by antecedents or family connections, and when, in fact, what little social influence he knew would have led him the other way, chose to oppose a furiously intolerant majority,

* The Democrats of New Salem worked for Lincoln out of their personal regard for him. That was the general understanding of the matter here at the time. In this he made no concession of principle whatever. He was as stiff as a man could be in his Whig doctrines. They did this for him simply because he was popular — because he was Lincoln.

July 6, 1875. STEPHEN T. LOGAN.

† Reynolds's "My Own Times," p. 291.

and to take his stand with the party which was doomed to long-continued defeat in Illinois. The motives which led him to take this decisive course are not difficult to imagine. The better sort of people in Sangamon County were Whigs, though the majority were Democrats, and he preferred through life the better sort to the majority. The papers he read were the Louisville "Journal" and the "Sangamon Journal," both Whig. Reading the speeches and debates of the day, he sided with Webster against Calhoun, and with Clay against anybody. Though his notions of politics, like those of any ill-educated young man of twenty-two, must have been rather crude, and not at all sufficient to live and to die by, he had adopted them honestly and sincerely, with no selfish regard to his own interests; and though he ardently desired success, he never abated one jot or tittle of his convictions for any possible personal gain, then or thereafter.

In the circular in which he announced his candidacy he made no reference to national politics, but confined himself mainly to a discussion of the practicability of improving the navigation of the Sangamon, the favorite hobby of the place and time. He had no monopoly of this "issue." It formed the burden of nearly every candidate's appeal to the people in that year. The excitement occasioned by the trip of the *Talisman* had not yet died away, although the little steamer was now dust and ashes, and her bold commander had left the State to avoid an awkward meeting with the sheriff. The hope of seeing Springfield an emporium of commerce was still lively among the citizens of Sangamon County, and in no one of the handbills of the political aspirants of the season was that hope more judiciously encouraged than in the one signed by Abraham Lincoln. It was a well-written circular, remarkable for its soberness and reserve when we consider the age and the limited advantages of the writer. It concluded in these words:

"Upon the subjects of which I have treated, I have spoken as I have thought. I may be wrong in regard to any or all of them; but holding it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times wrong, so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to renounce them. . . . Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or powerful relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me, for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

This is almost precisely the style of his later years. The errors of grammar and construction which spring invariably from an effort to avoid redundancy of expression remained with him through life. He seemed to grudge the space required for necessary parts of speech. But his language was at twenty-two, as it was thirty years later, the simple and manly attire of his thought, with little attempt at ornament and none at disguise. There was an intermediate time when he sinned in the direction of fine writing; but this ebullition soon passed away, and left that marvelously strong and transparent style in which his two inaugurals were written.

Of course, in the ten days left him after his return from the field, a canvass of the county, which was then some thousands of square miles in extent, was out of the question. He made a few speeches in the neighborhood of New Salem, and at least one in Springfield. He was wholly unknown there except by his few comrades in arms. We find him mentioned in the county paper only once during the summer, in an editorial note adding the name of Captain Lincoln to those candidates for the Legislature who were periling their lives on the frontier and had left their reputations in charge of their generous fellow-citizens at home. On the occasion of his speaking at Springfield, most of the candidates had come together to address a meeting there to give their electors some idea of their quality. These were severe ordeals for the rash aspirants for popular favor. Besides those citizens who came to listen and judge, there were many whose only object was the free whisky provided for the occasion, and who, after potations pottle-deep, became not only highly unparliamentary but even dangerous to life and limb. This wild chivalry of Lick Creek was, however, less redoubtable to Lincoln than it might be to an urban statesman unacquainted with the frolic brutality of Clary's Grove. Their gambols never caused him to lose his self-possession. It is related that once, while he was speaking, he saw a ruffian attack a friend of his in the crowd, and the rencontre not resulting according to the orator's sympathies, he descended from the stand, seized the objectionable fighting man by the neck, "threw him some ten feet," then calmly mounted to his place, and finished his speech, the course of his logic undisturbed by this athletic parenthesis. Judge Logan saw Lincoln for the first time on the day when he came up to Spring-

field on his canvass this summer. He thus speaks of his future partner: "He was a very tall, gawky, and rough-looking fellow then; his pantaloons didn't meet his shoes by six inches. But after he began speaking I became very much interested in him. He made a very sensible speech. His manner was very much the same as in after life; that is, the same peculiar characteristics were apparent then, though of course in after years he evinced more knowledge and experience. But he had then the same novelty and the same peculiarity in presenting his ideas. He had the same individuality that he kept through all his life."

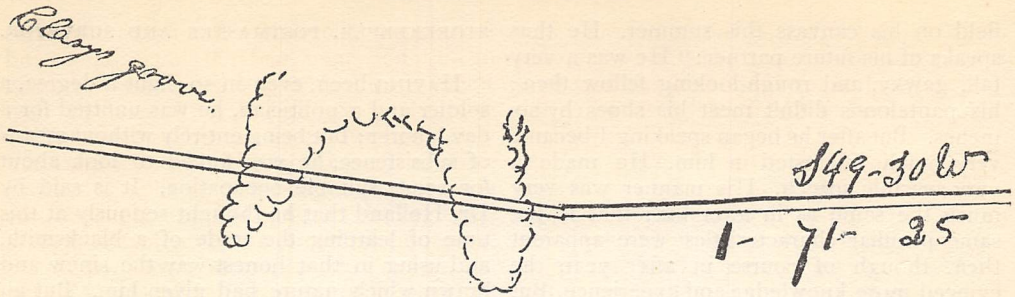
There were two or three men at the meeting whose good opinion was worth more than all the votes of Lick Creek to one beginning life: Stephen T. Logan, a young lawyer who had recently come from Kentucky with the best equipment for a *nisi prius* practitioner ever brought into the State; Major Stuart, whom we have met in the Black Hawk war, once commanding a battalion and then marching as a private; and William Butler, afterwards prominent in State politics, at that time a young man of the purest Western breed in body and character, clear-headed and courageous, and ready for any emergency where a friend was to be defended or an enemy punished. We do not know whether Lincoln gained any votes that day, but he gained what was far more valuable, the active friendship of these able and honorable men, all Whigs and all Kentuckians like himself.

The acquaintances he made in his canvass, the practice he gained in speaking, and the added confidence which this experience of measuring his abilities with those of others gave, were all the advantages which Lincoln derived from this attempt. He was defeated, for the only time in his life, in a contest before the people. The fortunate candidates were E. D. Taylor, J. T. Stuart, Achilles Morris, and Peter Cartwright, the first of whom received 1127 votes and the last 815.* Lincoln's position among the eight defeated candidates was a very respectable one. He had 657 votes, and there were five who fared worse, among them his old adversary Kirkpatrick. What must have been especially gratifying to him was the fact that he received the almost unanimous vote of his own neighborhood, the precinct of New Salem, 277 votes against 3, a result which showed more strongly than any words could do the extent of the attachment and the confidence which his genial and upright character had inspired among those who knew him best.

* "Sangamon Journal," August 11, 1832.

STOREKEEPER, POSTMASTER AND SURVEYOR.

HAVING been, even in so slight a degree, a soldier and a politician, he was unfitted for a day laborer; but being entirely without means of subsistence, he was forced to look about for some suitable occupation. It is said by Dr. Holland that he thought seriously at this time of learning the trade of a blacksmith, and using in that honest way the sinew and brawn which nature had given him. But an opening for another kind of business occurred, which prevented his entering upon any merely mechanical occupation. Two of his most intimate friends were the brothers Herndon, called, according to the fashion of the time, which held it unfriendly to give a man his proper name, and arrogant for him to claim it, "Row" and "Jim." They kept one of those grocery stores in which everything salable on the frontier was sold, and which seem to have changed their occupants as rapidly as sentry-boxes. "Jim" sold his share to an idle and dissolute man named Berry, and "Row" soon transferred his interest to Lincoln. It was easy enough to buy, as nothing was ever given in payment but a promissory note. A short time afterwards, one Reuben Radford, who kept another shop of the same kind, happened one evening to attract the dangerous attention of the Clary's Grove boys, who, with their usual prompt and practical facetiousness, without a touch of malice in it, broke his windows and wrecked his store. The next morning, while Radford was ruefully contemplaing the ruin, and doubtless concluding that he had had enough of a country where the local idea of neighborly humor found such eccentric expression, he hailed a passer-by named Greene, and challenged him to buy his establishment for four hundred dollars. This sort of trade was always irresistible to these Western speculators, and Greene at once gave his note for the amount. It next occurred to him to try to find out what the property was worth, and doubting his own skill, he engaged Lincoln to make an invoice of it. The young merchant, whose appetite for speculation had just been whetted by his own investment, undertook the task, and finding the stock of goods rather tempting, offered Greene two hundred and fifty dollars for his bargain, which was at once accepted. Not a cent of money changed hands in all these transactions. By virtue of half a dozen signatures, Berry and Lincoln became proprietors of the only mercantile establishment in the village, and the apparent wealth of the community was increased by a liberal distribution of their notes among the Herndons, Radford, Greene, and a Mr. Rutledge whose business they had also bought.



PLAN OF ROAD SURVEYED

Fortunately for Lincoln and for the world, the enterprise was not successful. It was entered into without sufficient reflection, and from the very nature of things was destined to fail. To Berry the business was merely the refuge of idleness. He spent his time in gossip and drank up his share of the profits, and it is probable that Lincoln was far more interested in politics and general reading than in the petty traffic of his shop. In the spring of the next year, finding that their merchandise was gaining them little or nothing, they concluded to keep a tavern in addition to their other business, and the records of the County Court of Sangamon County show that Berry took out a license for that purpose on the 6th of March, 1833.* But it was even then too late for any expedients to save the

* The following is an extract from the court record: "March 6, 1833. Ordered that William F. Berry, in the name of Berry and Lincoln, have license to keep a tavern in New Salem, to continue twelve months from this date, and that they pay one dollar in addition to six dollars heretofore prepaid as per Treasurer's receipt, and that they be allowed the following rates, viz.: French brandy, per pint, 25; Peach, 18¾; Apple, 12; Holland gin, 18¾; Domestic, 12½; Wine, 25; Rum, 18¾; Whisky, 12½; Breakfast, dinner, or supper, 25; Lodging for night, 12½; Horse for night, 25; Single feed, 12½; Breakfast, dinner, or supper, for stage passengers, 37½.

"Who gave bond as required by law."

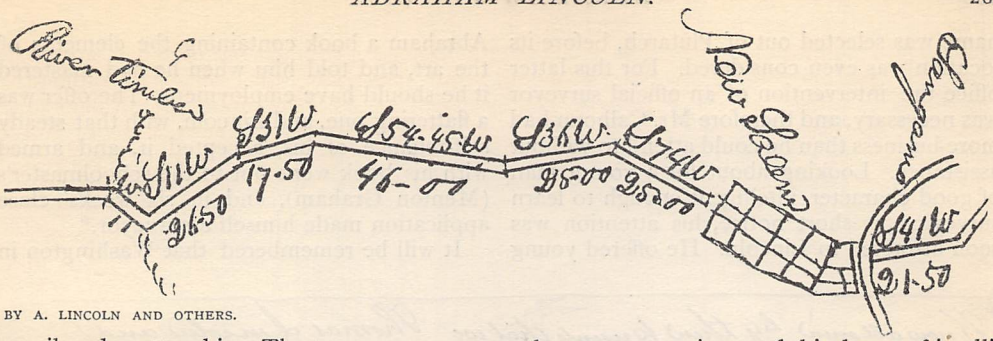
To the County commissioners court for the County of Sangamon at its June term 1834.

We the undersigned being appointed to view and locate a road. Begining at Musick's ferry on Salt creek. (viz) New Salem to the County line in the direction to Jacksonville. respectfully report that we have performed the duties of said view and location as required by law and that we have made the location on good ground. and believe the establishment of the same to be necessary and proper.

The enclosed Map gives the courses and distances as required by law

Michael Killion
Hugh Armstrong
A. Lincoln

[SURVEYOR'S REPORT OF ABOVE.]



BY A. LINCOLN AND OTHERS.

moribund partnership. The tavern was never opened, for about this time Lincoln and Berry were challenged to sell out to a pair of vagrant brothers named Trent, who, as they had no idea of paying, were willing to give their notes to any amount. They soon ran away, and Berry expired, extinguished in rum. Lincoln was thus left loaded with debts, and with no assets except worthless notes of Berry and the Trents. It is greatly to his credit that he never thought of doing by others as others had done by him. The morality of the frontier was deplorably loose in such matters, and most of these people would have concluded that the failure of the business expunged its liabilities. But Lincoln made no effort even to compromise the claims against him. He promised to pay when he could, and it took the labor of years to do it; but he paid at last every farthing of the debt, which seemed to him and his friends so large that it was called among them "the national debt."

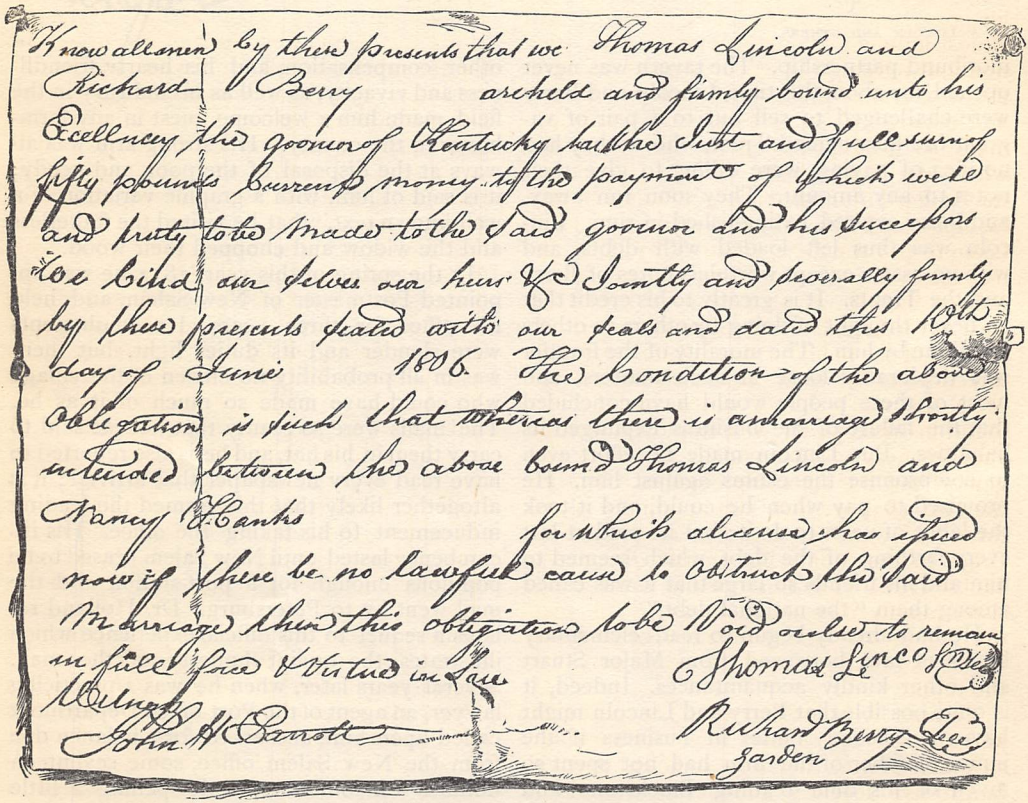
He had already begun to read elementary books of law, borrowed from Major Stuart and other kindly acquaintances. Indeed, it is quite possible that Berry and Lincoln might have succeeded better in business if the junior member of the firm had not spent so much of his time reading Blackstone and Chitty in the shade of a great oak just outside the door, while the senior quietly fuddled himself within. Eye-witnesses still speak of the grotesque youth, habited in homespun tow, lying on his back with his feet on the trunk of the tree, and poring over his book by the hour, "grinding around with the shade," as it shifted from north to east. After his store, to use his own expression, had "winked out," he applied himself with more continuous energy to his reading, doing merely what odd jobs came to his hand to pay his current expenses, which were of course very slight. He sometimes helped his friend Ellis in his store; sometimes went into the field and renewed his exploits as a farm-hand, which had gained him a traditional fame in Indiana; sometimes employed his clerkly hand in straightening up a neglected ledger. It is probable that he worked for his board oftener than for any other compensation, and his hearty friendliness and vivacity, as well as his industry in the field, made him a welcome guest in any farmhouse in the county. His strong arm was always at the disposal of the poor and needy; it is said of him, with a graphic variation of a well-known text, "that he visited the fatherless and the widow and chopped their wood."

In the spring of this year, 1833, he was appointed Postmaster of New Salem, and held the office for three years. Its emoluments were slender and its duties light, but there was in all probability no citizen of the village who could have made so much of it as he. The mails were so scanty that he was said to carry them in his hat, and he is also reported to have read every newspaper that arrived; it is altogether likely that this formed the leading inducement to his taking the office. His incumbency lasted until New Salem ceased to be populous enough for a post-station and the mail went by to Petersburg. Dr. Holland relates a sequel to this official experience which illustrates the quaint honesty of the man. Several years later, when he was a practicing lawyer, an agent of the Post-office Department called upon him, and asked for a balance due from the New Salem office, some seventeen dollars. Lincoln rose, and opening a little trunk which lay in a corner of the room, took from it a cotton rag in which was tied up the exact sum required. "I never use any man's money but my own," he quietly remarked. When we consider the pinching poverty in which these years had been passed, we may appreciate the self-denial which had kept him from making even a temporary use of this little sum of government money.

John Calhoun, the Surveyor of Sangamon County, was at this time overburdened with work. The principal industry then was speculation in land. Every settler of course wanted his farm surveyed and marked out for him, and every community had its syndicate of leading citizens who cherished a scheme of laying out a city somewhere. In many cases the city was plotted, the sites of the principal buildings, including a court-house and a university, were determined, and a sonorous

name was selected out of Plutarch, before its location was even considered. For this latter office the intervention of an official surveyor was necessary, and therefore Mr. Calhoun had more business than he could attend to without assistance. Looking about for a young man of good character, intelligent enough to learn surveying at short notice, his attention was soon attracted to Lincoln. He offered young Abraham a book containing the elements of the art, and told him when he had mastered it he should have employment. The offer was a flattering one, and Lincoln, with that steady self-reliance of his, accepted it, and armed with his book went out to the schoolmaster's (Menton Graham), and in six weeks' close application made himself a surveyor.*

It will be remembered that Washington in



MARRIAGE BOND OF THOMAS LINCOLN.

* There has been some discussion as to whether Lincoln served as deputy under Calhoun or Neale. The truth is that he served under both of them. Calhoun was surveyor in 1833, when Lincoln first learned the business. Neale was elected in 1835, and immediately appointed Lincoln and Calhoun as his deputies. The "Sangamon Journal" of Sept. 12, 1835, contains the following official advertisement:

SURVEYOR'S NOTICE.— I have appointed John B. Watson, Abram Lincoln, and John Calhoun deputy surveyors for Sangamon County. In my absence from town, any persons wishing their lands surveyed will do well to call at the Recorder's office and enter his or their names in a book left for that purpose, stating township and range in which they respectively live, and their business shall be promptly attended to.

T. M. NEALE.

An article by Colonel G. A. Pierce, printed April 21, 1881, in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," describes an interview held in that month with W. G. Green, of Menard County, in which this matter is referred to. But Mr. Green relies more on the document in his possession than on his recollection of what took place in 1833. "'Where did Lincoln learn his surveying?' I asked. 'Took it up himself,' replied Mr. Green, 'as he did a hundred things, and mastered it too. When he acted as surveyor here he was a deputy of T. M. Neale, and not of Calhoun, as has often been said. There was a dispute about this, and many sketches of his life gave Calhoun (Candle-box Calhoun, as he was afterwards known during the Kansas troubles and election frauds) as the surveyor, but it was Neale.' Mr. Green turned to his desk and drew out an old certificate, in the handwriting of Lincoln, giving the boundaries of certain lands, and signed, 'T. M. Neale, Surveyor, by A. Lincoln, Deputy,' thus settling the question. Mr. Green was a Democrat, and has leaned towards that party all his life, but what he thought and thinks of Lincoln can be seen by an indorsement on the back of the certificate named, which is as follows:

> Preserve this, as it is from the noblest of God's creation — A. Lincoln, the 2d preserver of his country. May 3, 1865.— Penned by W. G. Green, who taught Lincoln the English grammar in 1831.

his youth adopted the same profession, but there were few points of similarity in the lives of the two greatest of our Presidents, in youth or later manhood. The Virginian had every social advantage in his favor, and was by nature a man of more thrift and greater sagacity in money matters. He used the knowledge gained in the practice of his profession so wisely that he became rather early in life a large land-holder, and continually increased his possessions until his death. Lincoln, with almost unbounded opportunities for the selection and purchase of valuable tracts, made no use whatever of them. He employed his skill and knowledge merely as a bread-winner, and made so little provision for the future that when Mr. Van Bergen, who had purchased the Radford note, sued and got judgment on it, his horse and his surveying instruments were taken to pay the debt, and only by the generous intervention of a friend was he able to redeem these invaluable means of living. He was, nevertheless, an excellent surveyor. His portion of the public work executed under the directions of Mr. Calhoun and his successor, T. M. Neale, was well performed, and he soon found his time pretty well employed with private business which came to him from Sangamon and the adjoining counties. Early in the year 1834 we find him appointed one of three "viewers" to locate a road from Salt Creek to the county line in the direction of Jacksonville. The board seems to have consisted mainly of its chairman, as Lincoln made the deposit of money required by law, surveyed the route, plotted the road, and wrote the report.*

Though it is evident that the post-office and the surveyor's level were not making a rich man of him, they were sufficient to enable him to live decently, and during the year he greatly increased his acquaintance and his influence in the county. The one followed the other naturally; every acquaintance he made became his friend, and even before the end of his unsuccessful canvass in 1832 it had become evident to the observant politicians of the district that he was a man whom it would not do to leave out of their calculations. There seemed to be no limit to his popularity nor to his aptitudes, in the opinion of his admirers. He was continually called on to serve in the most incongruous capacities. Old residents say he was the best judge at a horse-race the county afforded; he was occasionally second in a duel of fisticuffs, though he usually contrived to reconcile the adversaries on the turf before any damage was done; he was the arbiter on all controverted points of literature, science, or woodcraft among the disputatious denizens of Clary's Grove, and his decisions were never appealed from. His native tact and humor were invaluable in his work as a peacemaker, and his enormous physical strength, which he always used with a magnanimity rare among giants, placed his off-hand decrees beyond the reach of contemptuous question. He composed differences among friends and equals with good-natured raillery, but he was as rough as need be when his wrath was roused by meanness and cruelty. We hardly know whether to credit some of the stories, apparently well-attested by living witnesses, of his prodigious muscular powers. He is said to have lifted, at Rutledge's mill, a box of stones weighing over half a ton. It is also related that he could raise a barrel of whisky from the ground and drink from the bung—but the narrator adds that he never swallowed the whisky. Whether these traditions are strictly true or not, they are evidently founded on the current reputation he enjoyed among his fellows for extraordinary strength, and this was an important element in his influence. He was known to be capable of handling almost any man he met, yet he never sought a quarrel. He was everybody's friend, and yet used no liquor or tobacco. He was poor and had scarcely ever been at school, yet he was the best-informed young man in the village. He had grown up on the frontier, the utmost

* As this is probably the earliest public document extant written and signed by Lincoln, we give it in full:

March 3, 1834. Reuben Harrison presented the following petition: We, the undersigned, respectfully request your honorable body to appoint viewers to view and locate a road from Musick's ferry on Salt Creek, via New Salem, to the county line in the direction of Jacksonville.

And Abram Lincoln deposited with the clerk $10, as the law directs. Ordered, that Michael Killion, Hugh Armstrong, and Abram Lincoln be appointed to view said road, and said Lincoln to act as surveyor.

To the County Commissioners' Court for the county of Sangamon, at its June term, 1834. We, the undersigned, being appointed to view and locate a road, beginning at Musick's ferry on Salt Creek, via New Salem, to the county line in the direction to Jacksonville, respectfully report that we have performed the duties of said view and location, as required by law, and that we have made the location on good ground, and believe the establishment of the same to be necessary and proper.

The inclosed map gives the courses and distances as required by law. Michael Killion, Hugh Armstrong, A. Lincoln.

(Indorsement in pencil, also in Lincoln's handwriting:)

A. Lincoln, 5 days at $3.00, $15.00. John A. Kelsoe, chain-bearer, for 5 days, at 75 cents, $3.75. Robert Lloyd, at 75 cents, $3.75. Hugh Armstrong, for services as axeman, 5 days at 75 cents, $3.75. A. Lincoln, for making plot and report, $2.50.

(On Map.)

Whole length of the road, 26 miles and 70 chains. Scale, 2 inches to the mile.

fringe of civilization, yet he was gentle and clean of speech, innocent of blasphemy or scandal. His good qualities might have excited resentment if displayed by a well-dressed stranger from an Eastern State, but the most uncouth ruffians of New Salem took a sort of proprietary interest and pride in the decency and the cleverness and the learning of their friend and comrade, Abe Lincoln.

It was regarded, therefore, almost as a matter of course that Lincoln should be a candidate for the Legislature at the next election, which took place in August, 1834. He was sure of the united support of the Whigs, and so many of the Democrats also wanted to vote for him that some of the leading members of that party came to him and proposed they should give him an organized support. He was too loyal a partisan to accept their overtures without taking counsel from the Whig candidates. He laid the matter before Major Stuart, who at once advised him to make the canvass. It was a generous and chivalrous action, for by thus encouraging the candidacy of Lincoln he was endangering his own election. But his success two years before, in the face of a vindictive opposition led by the strongest Jackson men in the district, had made him somewhat confident, and he perhaps thought he was risking little by giving a helping hand to his comrade in the Spy Battalion. Before the election Lincoln's popularity developed itself in rather a portentous manner, and it required some exertion to save the seat of his generous friend. At the close of the poll, the four successful candidates held the following relative positions: Lincoln, 1376; Dawson, 1370; Carpenter, 1170; and Stuart, at that time probably the most prominent young man in the district, and the one marked out by the public voice for an early election to Congress, 1164.

LEGISLATIVE EXPERIENCE.— MEETING WITH STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.— THE "LONG NINE."

THE election of Mr. Lincoln to the Legislature may be said to have closed the pioneer portion of his life. He was done with the wild carelessness of the woods, with the jolly ruffianism of Clary's Grove, with the petty chaffering of grocery stores, with odd jobs for daily bread, with all the uncouth squalor of the frontier poverty. It was not that his pecuniary circumstances were materially improved. He was still, and for years continued to be, a very poor man, harassed by debts which he was always working to pay, and sometimes in distress for the means of decent subsistence. But from this time forward his associations were with a better class of men than he had ever known before, and a new feeling of self-respect must naturally have grown up in his mind from his constant intercourse with them — a feeling which extended to the minor morals of civilized life. A sophisticated reader may smile at the mention of anything like social ethics in Vandalia in 1834; but, compared with Gentryville and New Salem, the society which assembled in the winter at that little capital was polished and elegant. The State then contained nearly two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and the members of the Legislature, elected purely on personal grounds, nominated by themselves or their neighbors without the intervention of party machinery, were necessarily the leading men, in one way or another, in their several districts. Among the colleagues of Lincoln at Vandalia were young men with destinies only less brilliant than his own. They were to become governors, senators, and judges; they were to organize the Whig party of Illinois, and afterwards the Republican; they were to lead brigades and divisions in two great wars. Among the first persons he met there — not in the Legislature proper, but in the lobby, where he was trying to appropriate an office then filled by Colonel Hardin — was his future antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas. Neither seemed to have any presentiment of the future greatness of the other. Douglas thought little of the raw youth from the Sangamon timber, and Lincoln said the dwarfish Vermonter was "the least man he had ever seen." To all appearance, Vandalia was full of better men than either of them — clever lawyers, men of wit and standing, some of them the sons of provident early settlers, but more who had come from older States to seek their fortunes in these fresh fields.

During his first session Lincoln occupied no especially conspicuous position. He held his own respectably among the best. One of his colleagues tells us he was not distinguished by any external eccentricity; that he wore, according to the custom of the time, a decent suit of blue jeans; that he was known simply as a rather quiet young man, good-natured and sensible. Before the session ended he had made the acquaintance of most of the members, and had evidently come to be looked upon as possessing more than ordinary capacity. His unusual common-sense began to be recognized. His name does not often appear in the records of the year. He introduced a resolution in favor of securing to the State a part of the proceeds of the sales of public lands within its limits; he took part in the organization of the ephemeral "White"

party, which was designed to unite all the anti-Jackson elements under the leadership of Hugh L. White, of Tennessee; he voted with the minority in favor of Young against Robinson for senator, and with the majority that passed the Bank and Canal bills, which were received with such enthusiasm throughout Illinois, and which were only the precursors of those gigantic and ill-advised schemes that came to maturity two years later, and inflicted such incalculable injury upon the State.

Lincoln returned to New Salem, after this winter's experience of men and things at the little capital, much firmer on his feet than ever before. He had had the opportunity of measuring himself with the leading men of the community, and had found no difficulty whatever in keeping pace with them. He continued his studies of the law and surveying together, and became quite indispensable in the latter capacity — so much so that General Neale, announcing in September, 1835, the names of the deputy surveyors of Sangamon County, places the name of Lincoln before that of his old master in the science, John Calhoun. He returned to the Legislature in the winter of 1835–6, and one of the first important incidents of the session was the election of a senator to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Elias Kent Kane. There was no lack of candidates. A journal of the time says: "This intelligence reached Vandalia on the evening of the 26th December, and in the morning nine candidates appeared in that place, and it was anticipated that a number more would soon be in, among them 'the lion of the North,' who, it is thought, will claim the office by preëmption." * It is not known who was the roaring celebrity here referred to, but the successful candidate was General William L. D. Ewing, who was elected by a majority of one vote. Lincoln and the other Whigs voted for him, not because he was a "White" man, as they frankly stated, but because "he had been proscribed by the Van Buren party." Mr. Semple, the candidate of the regular Democratic caucus, was beaten simply on account of his political orthodoxy.

A minority is always strongly in favor of independent action and bitterly opposed to caucuses, and therefore we need not be surprised at finding Mr. Lincoln, a few days later in the session, joining in hearty denunciation of the convention system, which had already become popular in the East, and which General Jackson was then urging upon his faithful followers. The missionaries of this new system in Illinois were the shifty young lawyer from Morgan County, who had just succeeded in having himself made circuit attorney in place of John J. Hardin, Stephen A. Douglas, recently from Vermont, and a man who was then regarded in Vandalia as a far more important and dangerous person than Douglas, Ebenezer Peck, of Chicago. He was looked upon with distrust and suspicion for several reasons, all of which seemed valid to the rural legislators assembled there. He came from Canada, where he had been a member of the provincial parliament, and was therefore imagined to be permeated with secret hostility to republican institutions; his garb, his furs, were of the fashion of Quebec; and he passed his time indoctrinating the Jackson men with the theory and practice of party organization, teachings which they eagerly absorbed, and which seemed sinister and ominous to the Whigs. He was showing them, in fact, the way in which elections were to be won; and though the Whigs denounced his system as subversive of individual freedom and private judgment, it was not long before they were also forced to adopt it, or be left alone with their virtue. The organization of political parties in Illinois really takes its rise from this time, and in great measure from the work of Mr. Peck with the Vandalia Legislature. There was no man more dreaded and disliked than he was by the stalwart young Whigs against whom he was organizing that solid and disciplined opposition. But a quarter of a century brings wonderful changes. Twenty-five years later Mr. Peck stood shoulder to shoulder with these very men who then reviled him as a Canadian emissary of tyranny and corruption,— with S. T. Logan, Browning, and Dubois,— organizing a new party for victory under the name of Abraham Lincoln.

The Legislature adjourned on the 23d of January, having made a beginning, it is true, in the work of improving the State by statute, though its modest work, incorporating canal and bridge companies and providing for public roads, bore no relation to the ambitious essays of its successor. Among the bills passed at this session was an Apportionment act, by which Sangamon County became entitled to seven representatives and two senators, and early in the spring nine statesmen of the county were ready for the field. It seems singular to us of a later day that just nine prominent men should have offered themselves for these places, without the intervention of any primary meetings. Such a thing, if we mistake not, was never known again in Illinois. The convention system was afterwards seen to be an absolute necessity to prevent the disorganization of parties through the restless vanity of obscure and insubordinate aspirants. But the nine who "took the stump" in San-

* "Sangamon Journal," January 2.

gamon in the summer of 1836 were supported as loyally and as energetically as if they had been nominated with all the solemnity of modern days. They became famous in the history of the State, partly for their stature and partly for their influence in legislation. They were called the "Long Nine"; their average height was over six feet, and their aggregate altitude was said to have been fifty-five feet. Their names were Abraham Lincoln, John Dawson, Dan Stone, Ninian W. Edwards, William F. Elkin, R. L. Wilson, Andrew McCormick: these were candidates for the House of Representatives, and Job Fletcher and Archer Herndon for the State Senate.

Mr. Lincoln began his canvass with the following circular:

"NEW SALEM, June 13, 1836.

"To the Editor of the 'Journal.'

"In your paper of last Saturday I see a communication over the signature 'Many Voters' in which the candidates who are announced in the 'Journal' are called upon to 'show their hands.' Agreed. Here's mine.

"I go for all sharing the privileges of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females).

"If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me.

"While acting as their representative I shall be governed by their will on all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is, and upon all others I shall do what my own judgment teaches me will best advance their interests. Whether elected or not, I go for distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the several States, to enable our State, in common with others, to dig canals and construct railroads without borrowing money and paying interest on it.

"If alive on the first Monday in November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White for President.*

"Very respectfully,

"A. LINCOLN."

It would be hard to imagine a more audacious and unqualified declaration of principles and intentions. But it was the fashion of the hour to promise exact obedience to the will of the people, and the two practical questions touched by this circular were the only ones then much talked about. The question of suffrage for aliens was a living problem in the State, and Mr. Lincoln naturally took liberal ground on it; and he was also in favor of getting from the sale of public lands a portion of the money he was ready to vote for internal improvements. This was good Whig doctrine at that time, and the young politician did not fancy he could go wrong in following in such a matter the lead of his idol, Henry Clay.

* This phrase seems to have been adopted as a formula by the anti-Jackson party. The "cards" of several candidates contain it.

He made an active canvass, and spoke frequently during the summer. He must have made some part of the campaign on foot, for we find in the county paper an advertisement of a horse which had strayed or been stolen from him while on a visit to Springfield. It was not an imposing animal, to judge from the description; it was "plainly marked with harness," and was "believed to have lost some of his shoes"; but it was a large horse, as suited a cavalier of such stature, and "trotted and paced" in a serviceable manner. In July a rather remarkable discussion took place at the county seat, in which many of the leading men on both sides took part. Mr. Ninian Edwards, son of the late Governor, is said to have opened the debate with much effect. Mr. Early, who followed him, was so roused by his energetic attack that he felt his only resource was a flat contradiction, which in those days meant mischief. In the midst of great and increasing excitement Dan Stone and John Calhoun made speeches which did not tend to pour oil on the waters of contention, and then it came to Mr. Lincoln's turn. An article in the "Journal" states that he seemed embarrassed in his opening, for this was the most important contest in which he had ever been engaged. But he soon felt his easy mastery of his powers come back to him, and finished by making what was universally regarded as the strongest speech of the day. One of his colleagues says that on this occasion he used in his excitement for the first time that singularly effective clear tenor tone of voice which afterwards became so widely known in the political battles of the West.

The canvass was an energetic one throughout, and excited more interest in the district than even the presidential election which occurred some months later. Mr. Lincoln was elected at the head of the poll by a majority greatly in excess of the average majority of his friends, which shows conclusively how his influence and popularity had increased. The Whigs in this election effected a revolution in the politics of the county. By force of their ability and standing they had before managed to divide the suffrages of the people, even while they were unquestionably in the minority; but this year they completely defeated their opponents and gained that control of the county which they never lost as long as the party endured.

BEDLAM LEGISLATION.

IF Mr. Lincoln had no other claims to be remembered than his services in the Legislature of 1836–7, there would be little to say in his favor. Its history is one of disaster to the

State. Its legislation was almost wholly unwise and hurtful. The most we can say for Mr. Lincoln is that he obeyed the will of his constituents, as he promised to do, and labored with singular skill and ability to accomplish the objects desired by the people who gave him their votes. The especial work intrusted to him was the subdivision of the county, and the project for the removal of the capital of the State to Springfield.* In both of these he was successful. In the account of errors and follies committed by the Legislature to the lasting injury of the State, he is entitled to no praise or blame beyond the rest. He shared in that sanguine epidemic of financial and industrial quackery which devastated the entire community, and voted with the best men of the country in favor of schemes which appeared then like a promise of an immediate millennium, and seem now like midsummer madness.

He entered political life in one of those eras of delusive prosperity which so often precede great financial convulsions. The population of the State was increasing at the enormous rate of two hundred per centum in ten years. It had extended northward along the lines of the wooded valleys of creeks and rivers in the center to Peoria; on the west by the banks of the Mississippi to Galena; on the east with wide intervals of wilderness to Chicago.† The edge of the timber was everywhere pretty well occupied, though the immigrants from the forest States of Kentucky and Tennessee had as yet avoided the prairies. The rich soil and equable climate were now attracting an excellent class of settlers from the older States, and the long-neglected northern counties were receiving the attention they deserved. The war of Black Hawk had brought the country into notice; the utter defeat of his nation had given the guarantee of a permanent peace; the last lodges of the Pottawatomies had disappeared from the country in 1833.‡ The money spent by the General Government during the war, and paid to the volunteers at its close, added to the common prosperity. There was a brisk trade in real estate, and there was even a beginning in Chicago of that passion for speculation in town lots which afterwards became a frenzy.

It was too much to expect of the Illinois Legislature that it should understand that the best thing it could do to forward this prosperous tendency of things was to do nothing; for this is a lesson which has not yet been learned by any legislature in the world. For several years they had been tinkering, at first modestly and tentatively, at a scheme of internal improvements which should not cost too much money. In 1833 they began to grant charters for railroads, which remained in embryo, as the stock was never taken. Surveys for other railroads were also proposed, to cross the State in different directions; and the project of uniting Lake Michigan with the Illinois River by a canal was of too evidant utility to be overlooked. In fact, the route had been surveyed, and estimates of cost made, companies incorporated, and all preliminaries completed many years before, though nothing further had been done, as no funds had been offered from any source. But at the special session of 1835 a law was passed authorizing a loan of half a million dollars for this purpose; the loan was effected by Governor Duncan the following year, and in June a board of canal commissioners having been appointed, a beginning was actually made with pick and shovel.

A restless feeling of hazardous speculation seemed to be taking possession of the State. "It commenced," says Governor Ford, in his admirable chronicle,§ "at Chicago, and was the means of building up that place in a year or two from a village of a few houses to be a city of several thousand inhabitants. The story of the sudden fortunes made there excited at first wonder and amazement; next, a gambling spirit of adventure; and lastly, an all-absorbing desire for sudden and splendid wealth. Chicago had been for some time only one great town-market. The plots of towns for a hundred miles around were carried there to be disposed of at auction. The Eastern people had caught the mania. Every vessel coming west was loaded with them, their money and means, bound for Chicago, the great fairy-land of fortunes. But as enough did not come to satisfy the insatiable greediness of the Chicago sharpers and speculators, they frequently consigned their wares to Eastern markets. In fact, lands and town lots were the staple of the country, and were the only articles of export." The contagion spread so rapidly, towns and cities were laid out so profusely, that it was a standing joke that before long there would be no land left in the State for farming purposes.

The future of the State for many years to come was thus discounted by the fervid imaginations of its inhabitants. "We have every requisite of a great empire," they said, "except enterprise and inhabitants," and they thought that a little enterprise would bring the inhabitants. Through the spring and summer of 1836 the talk of internal improve-

* Lincoln was at the head of the project to remove the seat of government to Springfield; it was entirely intrusted to him to manage. The members were all elected on one ticket, but they all looked to Lincoln as the head.—STEPHEN T. LOGAN.

† Ford, p. 102.

‡ Reynolds's "Life and Times."

§ Ford, p. 181.

ments grew more general and more clamorous. The candidates for office spoke about little else, and the only point of emulation among the parties was which should be the more reckless and grandiose in its promises. When the time arrived for the assembling of the Legislature, the members were not left to their own zeal and the recollection of their campaign pledges, but meetings and conventions were everywhere held to spur them up to the fulfillment of their mandate. The resolutions passed by the principal body of delegates who came together in December directed the Legislature to vote a system of internal improvements "commensurate with the wants of the people," a phrase which is never lacking in the mouth of the charlatan or the demagogue.

These demands were pressed upon a not reluctant Legislature. They addressed themselves at once to the work required of them, and soon devised, with reckless and unreasoning haste, a scheme of railroads covering the vast uninhabited prairies as with a gridiron. There was to be a railroad from Galena to the mouth of the Ohio River; from Alton to Shawneetown; from Alton to Mount Carmel; from Alton to the eastern State boundary — by virtue of which lines Alton was to take the life of St. Louis without further notice; from Quincy to the Wabash River; from Bloomington to Pekin; from Peoria to Warsaw; — in all, one thousand three hundred and fifty miles of railway. Some of these terminal cities were not in existence except upon neatly designed surveyors' maps. The scheme provided also for the improvement of every stream in the State on which a child's shingle-boat could sail; and to the end that all objections should be stifled on the part of those neighborhoods which had neither railroads nor rivers, a gift of two hundred thousand dollars was voted to them, and with this sop they were fain to be content and not trouble the general joy. To accomplish this stupendous scheme, the Legislature voted eight million dollars, to be raised by loan.* Four millions were also voted to complete the canal. These sums, monstrous as they were, were still ridiculously inadequate to the purpose in view. But while the frenzy lasted there was no consideration of cost or of possibilities. These vast works were voted without estimates, without surveys, without any rational consideration of their necessity. The voice of reason seemed to be silent in the Assembly; only the utterances of fervid prophecy found listeners. Governor Ford speaks of one orator who insisted, amid enthusiastic plaudits, that the State could well afford to borrow one hundred millions for internal improvements. The process of reasoning, or rather predicting, was easy and natural. The roads would raise the price of land; the State could enter large tracts and sell them at a profit; foreign capital would be invested in land, and could be heavily taxed to pay bonded interest; and the roads, as they were built, could be operated at a great profit to pay for their own construction. The climax of the whole folly was reached by the provision of law directing that work should be begun at once at the termini of all the roads and the crossings of all rivers.

It is futile and disingenuous to attempt, as some have done, to fasten upon one or the other of the political parties of the State the responsibility of this bedlam legislation. The Governor and a majority of the Legislature were elected as Jackson Democrats, but the Whigs were as earnest in passing these measures as their opponents; and after they were adopted, the superior wealth, education, and business capacity of the Whigs had their legitimate influence, and they filled the principal positions upon the boards and commissions which came into existence under the acts. The bills were passed by a large majority, and the news was received by the people of the State with the most extravagant demonstrations of delight. The villages were illuminated; bells were rung in the rare steeples of the churches; "fire-balls," bundles of candle-wick soaked in turpentine, were thrown by night all over the country. The day of payment was far away, and those who trusted the assurances of the sanguine politicians thought that in some mysterious way the scheme would pay for itself.

Mr. Lincoln is continually found voting with his friends in favor of this legislation, and there is nothing to show that he saw any danger in it. He was a Whig, and as such in favor of internal improvements in general and a liberal construction of constitutional law in such matters. As a boy, he had interested himself in the details of local improvements of rivers and roads, and he doubtless went with the current in Vandalia in favor of this enormous system. He took, however, no prominent part in the work by which these railroad bills were passed. He considered himself as specially commissioned to procure the removal of the State capital from Vandalia to Springfield, and he applied all his energies to the accomplishment of this work. The enterprise was hedged around with difficulties; for although it was everywhere agreed, except at Vandalia, that the capital ought to be moved, every city in the State, and several which existed only on paper, demanded to be made the seat of government. The ques-

* Ford's "History," p. 184.

tion had been submitted to a popular vote in 1834, and the result showed about as many cities desirous of opening their gates to the Legislature as claimed the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. Of these Springfield was only third in popular estimation, and it was evident that Mr. Lincoln had need of all his wits if he were to fulfill the trust confided to him. It is said by Governor Ford that the "Long Nine" were not averse to using the hopes and fears of other members in relation to their special railroads to gain their adherence to the Springfield programme, but this is by no means clear. We are rather inclined to trust the direct testimony of Mr. Jesse K. Dubois, that the success of the Sangamon County delegation in obtaining the capital was due to the adroit management of Mr. Lincoln — first in inducing all the rival claimants to unite in a vote to move the capital from Vandalia, and then in carrying a direct vote for Springfield through the joint convention by the assistance of the southern counties. His personal authority accomplished this in great part. Mr. Dubois says, "He made Webb and me vote for the removal, though we belonged to the southern end of the State. We defended our vote before our constituents by saying that necessity would ultimately force the seat of government to a central position. But in reality we gave the vote to Lincoln because we liked him, because we wanted to oblige our friend, and because we recognized him as our leader." To do this, they were obliged to quarrel with their most intimate associates, who had bought a piece of waste land at the exact geographical center of the State and were striving to have the capital established there in the interest of their own pockets and territorial symmetry.

The bill was passed only a short time before the Legislature adjourned, and the "Long Nine" came back to their constituents, wearing their well-won laurels. They were complimented in the newspapers, at public meetings, and even at subscription dinners. We read of one at Springfield, at the "Rural Hotel," to which sixty guests sat down, where there were speeches by Browning, Lincoln, Douglas (who had resigned his seat in the Legislature to become Register of the Land Office at the new capital), S. T. Logan, Baker, and others, whose wit and wisdom were lost to history through the absence of reporters. Another dinner was given them at Athens a few weeks later. Among the toasts on these occasions were two which we may transcribe:

HON. O. H. BROWNING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WAIDE.)

"Abraham Lincoln: He has fulfilled the expectations of his friends, and disappointed the hopes of his enemies"; and "A. Lincoln: One of Nature's noblemen."

THE LINCOLN-STONE PROTEST.

On the 3d of March, the day before the Legislature adjourned, Mr. Lincoln caused to be entered upon its records a paper which excited but little interest at the time, but which will probably be remembered long after the good and evil actions of the Vandalia Assembly have faded away from the minds of men. It was the authentic record of the beginning of a great and momentous career.

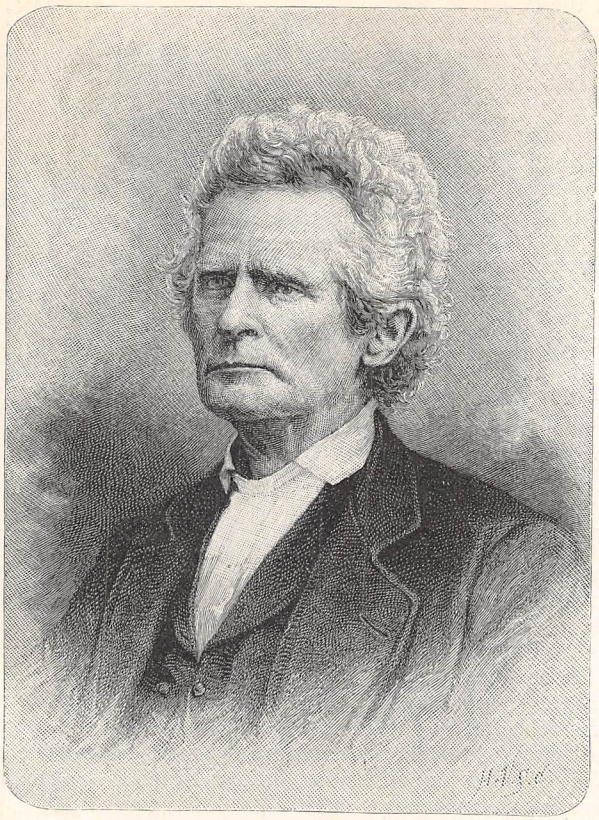
The following protest was presented to the House, which was read and ordered to be spread on the journals, to wit:

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

"They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the



JUDGE STEPHEN T. LOGAN. (FROM THE PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. L. H. COLEMAN.)

power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

"The difference between these opinions and those contained in the above resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

(Signed) "DAN STONE,
"A. LINCOLN,
"Representatives from the county of Sangamon."

It may seem strange to those who shall read these pages that a protest so mild and cautious as this should ever have been considered either necessary or remarkable. We have gone so far away from the habits of thought and feeling prevalent at that time that it is difficult to appreciate such acts at their true value. But if we look a little carefully into the state of politics and public opinion in Illinois in the first half of this century, we shall see how much of inflexible conscience and reason there was in this simple protest.

The whole of the North-west Territory had, it is true, been dedicated to freedom by the ordinance of 1787, but in spite of that famous prohibition slavery existed in a modified form throughout that vast territory wherever there was any considerable population. An act legalizing a sort of slavery by indenture was passed by the Indiana territorial Legislature in 1807,* and this remained in force in the Illinois country after its separation. Another act providing for the hiring of slaves from Southern States was passed in 1814, for the ostensible reason that "mills could not be successfully operated in the territory for want of laborers, and that the manufacture of salt could not be successfully carried on by white laborers."† Yet, as an unconscious satire upon such pretenses, from time to time the most savage acts were passed to prohibit the immigration of free negroes into the territory which was represented as pining for black labor. Those who held slaves under the French domination, and their heirs, continued to hold them and their descendants in servitude after Illinois had become nominally a free territory and a free State, on the ground that their vested rights of property could not have been abrogated by the ordinance, and under the rule of the civil law *partus sequitur ventrem*.

But this quasi-toleration of the institution

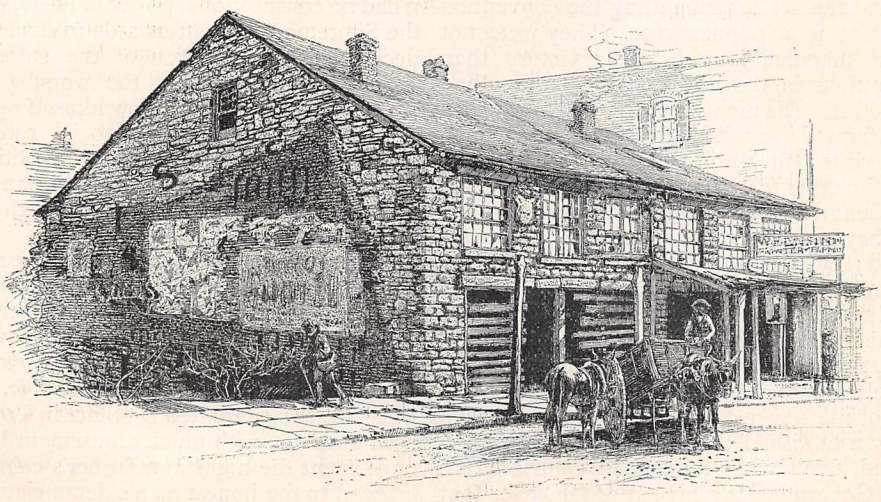
* Edwards, p. 179.
† Edwards, p. 180.

was not enough for the advocates of slavery. Soon after the adoption of the State Constitution, which prohibited slavery "hereafter," it was evident that there was a strong undercurrent of desire for its introduction into the State. Some of the leading politicians, exaggerating the extent of this desire, imagined they saw in it a means of personal advancement, and began to agitate the question of a convention to amend the Constitution. At that time there was a considerable emigration setting through the State from Kentucky and Tennessee to Missouri. Day by day the teams of the movers passed through Illinois settlements, and wherever they halted for rest and refreshment they would affect to deplore the short-sighted policy which, by prohibiting slavery, had prevented their settling in that beautiful country. When young bachelors came from Kentucky on trips of business or pleasure, they dazzled the eyes of the women and excited the envy of their male rivals with their black retainers. The early Illinoisians were perplexed with a secret and singular sense of inferiority to even so new and raw a community as Missouri, because of its possession of slavery. Governor Edwards, complaining so late as 1829 of the superior mail facilities afforded to Missouri, says: "I can conceive of no reason for this preference, unless it be supposed that because the people of Missouri have negroes to work for them they are to be considered as gentlefolks entitled to higher consideration than us plain 'free-State' folks who have to work for ourselves."

The attempt was at last seriously made to open the State to slavery by the Legislature of 1822–3. The Governor, Edward Coles of Virginia, a strong anti-slavery man, had been

(FROM SILHOUETTE IN POSSESSION OF HIS SISTER.)

elected by a division of the pro-slavery party, but came in with a Legislature largely against him. The Senate had the requisite pro-slavery majority of two-thirds for a convention. In the House of Representatives there was a contest for a seat upon the result of which the two-thirds majority depended. The seat was claimed by John Shaw and Nicholas Hanson, of Pike County. The way in which the contest was decided affords a curious illustration of the moral sense of the advocates of slavery. They wanted at this session to elect a senator and provide for the convention. Hanson would vote for their senator and not for the convention. Shaw would vote for the convention, but



LOVEJOY'S PRINTING-OFFICE, ALTON, ILLINOIS. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE LOVEJOY MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.)

HON. JOHN J. STUART.
(FROM THE DAGUERREOTYPE IN POSSESSION OF HIS WIFE.)

not for Thomas, their candidate for senator. In such a dilemma they determined not to choose, but impartially to use both. They gave the seat to Hanson, and with his vote elected Thomas; they then turned him out, gave the place to Shaw, and with his vote carried the act for submitting the convention question to a popular vote. They were not more magnanimous in their victory than scrupulous in the means by which they had gained it. The night after the vote was taken they formed in a wild and drunken procession, and visited the residences of the Governor and the other free-State leaders, with loud and indecent demonstrations of triumph.

They considered their success already assured; but they left out of view the value of the moral forces called into being by their insolent challenge. The better class of people in the State, those heretofore unknown in politics, the schoolmasters, the ministers, immediately prepared for the contest, which became one of the severest the State has ever known. They established three newspapers, and sustained them with money and contributions. The Governor gave his entire salary for four years to the expenses of this contest, in which he had no personal interest whatever. The anti-slavery members of the Legislature made up a purse of a thousand dollars. They spent their money mostly in printer's ink and in the payment of active and zealous colporteurs. The result was an overwhelming defeat for the slave party. The convention was beaten by eighteen hundred majority, in a total vote of 11,612, and the State saved forever from slavery.

But these supreme efforts of the advocates of public morals, uninfluenced by considerations of personal advantage, are of rare occurrence, and necessarily do not survive the exigencies that call them forth. The apologists of slavery, beaten in the canvass, were more successful in the field of social opinion. In the reaction which succeeded the triumph of the anti-slavery party, it seemed as if there had never been any anti-slavery sentiment in the State. They had voted, it is true, against the importation of slaves from the South, but they were content to live under a code of Draconian ferocity, inspired by the very spirit of slavery, visiting the immigration of free negroes with penalties of the most savage description. Even Governor Coles, the public-spirited and popular politician, was indicted and severely fined for having brought his own freedmen into the State and having assisted them in establishing themselves around him upon farms of their own. The Legislature remitted the fine, but the Circuit Court declared it had no constitutional power to do so, though the Supreme Court afterwards overruled this decision. Any mention of the subject of slavery was thought in the worst possible taste, and no one could avow himself opposed to it without the risk of social ostracism. Every town had its one or two abolitionists, who were regarded as harmless or dangerous lunatics, according to the energy with which they made their views known.

From this arose a singular prejudice against New England people. It was attributable partly to the natural feeling of distrust of strangers which is common to ignorance and provincialism, but still more to a general suspicion that all Eastern men were abolitionists. Mr. Cook, who so long represented the State in Congress, used to relate with much amusement how he once spent the night in a farmer's cabin, and listened to the honest man's denunciations of that —— Yankee Cook. Cook was a Ken-

tuckian, but his enemies could think of no more dreadful stigma to apply to him than that of calling him a Yankee. Senator McDougal once told us that although he made no pretense of concealing his Eastern nativity, he never could keep his ardent friends in Pike County from denying the fact and fighting any one who asserted it. The great preacher, Peter Cartwright, used to denounce Eastern men roundly in his sermons, calling them "imps who lived on oysters" instead of honest corn-bread and bacon. The taint of slavery, the contagion of a plague they had not quite escaped, was on the people of Illinois. They were strong enough to rise once in their might and say they would not have slavery among them. But in the petty details of every day, in their ordinary talk, and in their routine legislation, their sympathies were still with the slave-holders. They would not enlist with them, but they would fight their battles in their own way.

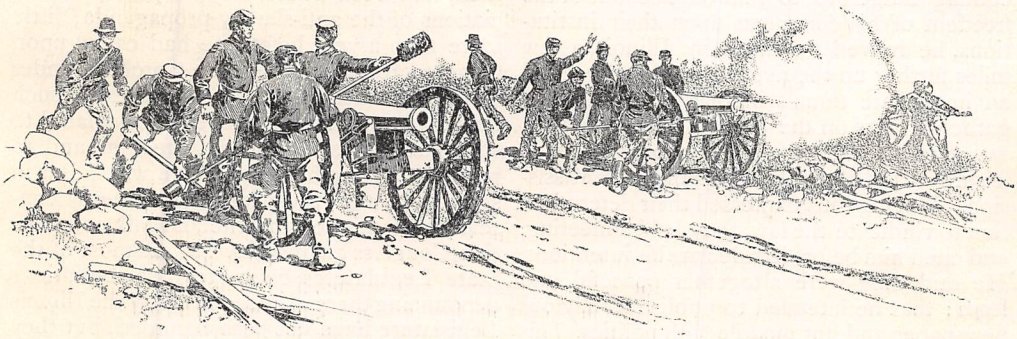
Their readiness to do what came to be called later, in a famous speech, the "dirty work" of the South was seen in the tragic death of Lovejoy, which occurred in this very year of 1837. He had for some years been publishing a religious newspaper in St. Louis, but finding the atmosphere of that city becoming dangerous to him on account of the freedom of his comments upon their institutions, he moved to Alton, in Illinois, a few miles further up the river. His arrival excited an immediate tumult in that place; a mob gathered there on the day of his arrival — it was Sunday, and the good people were at leisure — and threw his press into the Mississippi. Having thus expressed their determination to vindicate the law, they held a meeting, and cited him before it to declare his intentions. He said they were altogether peaceful and legal; that he intended to publish a religious newspaper and not meddle with politics. This seemed satisfactory to the people, and he was allowed to fish out his press, buy new types, and set up his paper. But Mr. Lovejoy was a predestined martyr. He felt there was a "woe" upon him if he held his peace against the wickedness across the river. He wrote and published what was in his heart to say, and Alton was again vehemently moved. A committee appointed itself to wait upon him; for this sort of outrage is usually accomplished with a curious formality which makes it seem to the participants legal and orderly. The preacher met them with an undaunted front and told them he must do his duty as it appeared to him; that he was amenable to law, but nothing else; he even spoke in condemnation of mobs. Such language "from a minister of the gospel" shocked and infuriated the committee and those whom they represented. "The people assembled," says Governor Ford, "and quietly took the press and types and threw them into the river." We venture to say that the word "quietly" never before found itself in such company. It is not worth while to give the details of the bloody drama that now rapidly ran to its close. There was a futile effort at compromise, which to Lovejoy meant merely surrender, and which he firmly rejected. The threats of the mob were answered by defiance from the little band that surrounded the abolitionist. A new press was ordered, and arrived, and was stored in a warehouse, where Lovejoy and his friends shut themselves up, determined to defend it with their lives. They were there besieged by the infuriated crowd, and after a short interchange of shots Lovejoy was killed, his friends dispersed, and the press once more — and this time finally — thrown into the turbid flood.

These events took place in the autumn of 1837, but they indicate sufficiently the temper of the people of the State in the earlier part of the year. There was no sympathy nor even toleration for any public expression of hostility to slavery. The zeal of the followers of Jackson, although he had ceased to be President, had been whetted by his public denunciations of the anti-slavery propaganda; little more than a year before he had called upon Congress to take measures to "prohibit under severe penalties" the further progress of such incendiary proceedings as were "calculated to stimulate the slaves to insurrection and to produce all the horrors of civil war." But in spite of all this, the people with uneasy consciences continued to write and talk and petition Congress against slavery, and most of the State Legislatures began to pass resolutions denouncing them. Those passed by the Illinois Legislature have not been recorded, but they were doubtless as vehement as possible, for a Legislature so deeply engaged in financial legerdemain as this never fails to denounce with especial energy anything likely to injure the prospects of trade. The resolutions went the way of all buncombe; the sound and fury of them have passed away into silence; but they woke an echo in one sincere heart which history will be glad to perpetuate.

There was no reason that Abraham Lincoln should take especial notice of these resolutions, more than another. He had done his work at this session in effecting the removal of the capital. He had only to shrug his shoulders at the violence and untruthfulness of the majority, vote against them, and go back to his admiring constituents, to his dinners and his toasts. But his conscience

and his reason forbade him to be silent; he felt a word must be said on the other side to redress the distorted balance. He wrote his protest, saying not one word he was not ready to stand by then and thereafter, wasting not a syllable in rhetoric or feeling, keeping close to law and truth and justice. When he had finished it he showed it to some of his colleagues for their adhesion; but one and all refused, except Dan Stone, who was not a candidate for reëlection, having retired from politics to a seat on the bench. The risk was too great for the rest to run. Lincoln was twenty-eight years old; after a youth of singular privations and struggles he had arrived at an enviable position in the politics and the society of the State. His intimate friends, those whom he loved and honored, were Browning, Butler, Logan, and Stuart,— Kentuckians all, and strongly averse to any discussion of the question of slavery. The public opinion of his county, which was then little less than the breath of his life, was all the same way. But all these considerations could not withhold him from performing a simple duty — a duty which no one could have blamed him for leaving undone. The crowning grace of the whole act is in the closing sentence: "The difference between these opinions and those contained in the said resolutions is their reason for entering this protest." Reason enough for the Lincolns and Luthers.

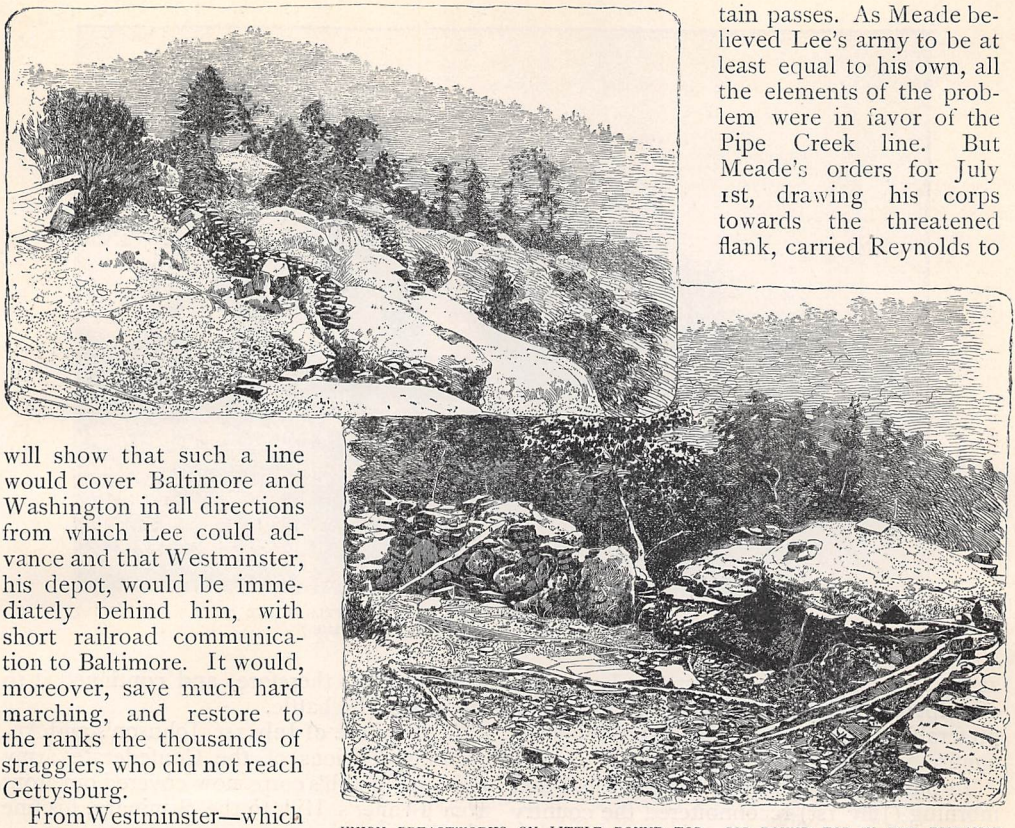
He had many years of growth and development before him. There was a long distance to be traversed between the guarded utterances of this protest and the heroic audacity which launched the proclamation of emancipation. But the young man who dared declare, in the prosperous beginning of his political life, in the midst of a community imbued with slave-State superstitions, that "he believed the institution of slavery was founded both on injustice and bad policy,"— attacking thus its moral and material supports, while at the same time recognizing all the constitutional guarantees which protected it,— had in him the making of a statesman and, if need be, a martyr. His whole career was to run in the lines marked out by these words, written in the hurry of a closing session, and he was to accomplish few acts, in that great history which God reserved for him, wiser and nobler than this.



THE SECOND DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY THE CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

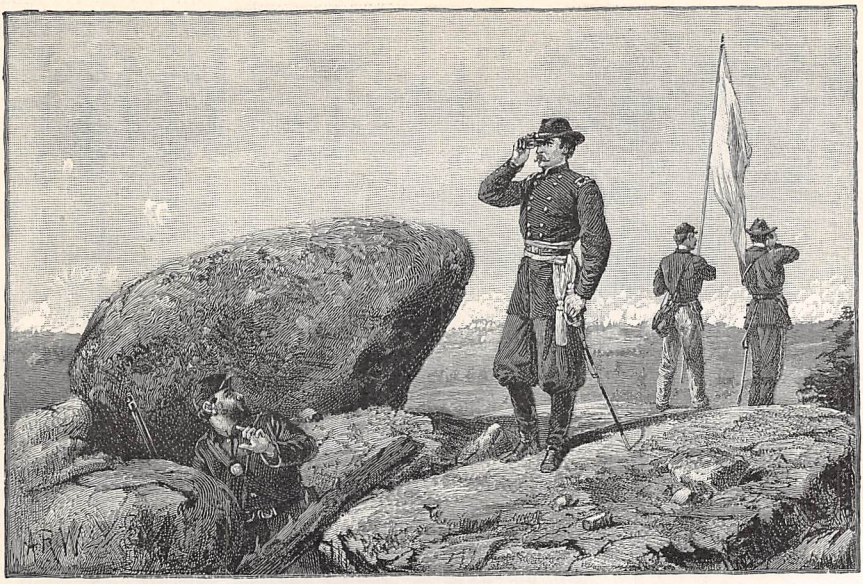
ON June 30th General Meade at Taneytown received information that the enemy was advancing on Gettysburg, and corps commanders were at once instructed to hold their commands in readiness to march against him. The next day, July 1st, Meade wrote to Reynolds that telegraphic intelligence from Couch, and the movements reported by Buford, indicated a concentration of the enemy's army either at Chambersburg, or at some point on a line drawn from that place through Heidlersburg to York. Under these circumstances, Meade informed Reynolds that he had not yet decided whether it was his best policy to move to attack before he knew more definitely Lee's point of concentration. He seems, however, soon to have determined not to advance until the movements or position of the enemy gave strong assurance of success; and that if the enemy took the offensive, he would withdraw his own army from its actual positions and form line of battle behind Pipe Creek, between Middleburg and Manchester. The considerations probably moving him to this are not difficult to divine. Examination of the map [see the November CENTURY]



UNION BREASTWORKS ON LITTLE ROUND TOP — BIG ROUND TOP IN THE DISTANCE. (FROM WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS.)

will show that such a line would cover Baltimore and Washington in all directions from which Lee could advance and that Westminster, his depot, would be immediately behind him, with short railroad communication to Baltimore. It would, moreover, save much hard marching, and restore to the ranks the thousands of stragglers who did not reach Gettysburg.

From Westminster—which is in Parr's Ridge, the eastern boundary of the valley of the Monocacy — good roads led in all directions, and gave the place the same strategic value for Meade that Gettysburg had for Lee. The new line could not be turned by Lee without imminent danger to his own army, nor could he afford to advance upon Baltimore or Washington, leaving the Army of the Potomac intact behind and so near him; — that would be to invite the fate of Burgoyne. Meade then could safely select a good "offensive-defensive line" behind Pipe Creek and establish himself there, with perfect liberty of action in all directions. Without magazines or assured communications, Lee would have to scatter his army, more or less, in order to subsist it, and so expose it to Meade; or else keep it united, and so starve it, and Meade could compel the latter alternative by simple demonstrations. There would then be but two courses for Lee,— either to attack Meade in his chosen position or to retreat without a battle. The latter, neither the temper of his army nor that of his Government would probably permit. In case of a defeat Meade's line of retreat would be comparatively short, and easily covered, whilst Lee's would be for two marches through an open country before he could gain the mountain passes. As Meade believed Lee's army to be at least equal to his own, all the elements of the problem were in favor of the Pipe Creek line. But Meade's orders for July 1st, drawing his corps towards the threatened flank, carried Reynolds to Gettysburg, and Buford's report hastened this movement. Reynolds, who probably never received the Pipe Creek circular, was eager for the conflict, and his collision with Heth assuming the dimension of a battle, caused an immediate concentration of both armies at Gettysburg. Prior to this, the assembling of Meade's army behind Pipe Creek would have been easy, and all fears of injuring thereby the *morale* of his troops were idle; the Army of the Potomac was of "sterner stuff" than that implies. The battle of July 1st changed the situation. Overpowered by numbers, the First and Eleventh corps had, after hard fighting and inflicting as well as incurring heavy losses, been forced back to Cemetery Hill, which they still held. To have withdrawn them now would have been a retreat, and might have discouraged the Federal, as it certainly would have elated the Confederate troops; especially as injurious reports unjust to both the corps named had been circulated. It would have been to acknowledge a defeat when there was no defeat. Meade therefore resolved to fight at Gettysburg. An ominous dispatch from General Halleck to Meade, that afternoon, suggesting that whilst his tactical arrangements were good, his strategy was



GENERAL G. K. WARREN AT THE SIGNAL STATION ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE BY A. R. WAUD AT THE TIME.)

at fault, that he was too far east, that Lee might attempt to turn his left, and that Frederick was preferable as a base to Westminster, probably confirmed Meade in this decision.

In pursuance of his instructions, I had that morning (July 1st) reconnoitered the country behind Pipe Creek for a battle-ground. On my return I found General Hancock at General Meade's tent. He informed me that Reynolds was killed, that a battle was going on at Gettysburg, and that he was under orders to proceed to that place. His instructions were to examine it and the intermediate country for a suitable field, and if his report was favorable the troops would be ordered forward. Before the receipt of Hancock's written report from Cemetery Hill, which was not very encouraging, General Meade had received from others information as to the state of affairs at the front, set his troops in motion towards Gettysburg, afterwards urged them to forced marches, and under his orders I gave the necessary instructions to the Artillery Reserve and Park for a battle there. The move was, under the circumstances, a bold one, and Meade, as we will see, took great risks. We left Taneytown towards eleven P. M., and reached Gettysburg after midnight. Soon after, General Meade, accompanied by General Howard and myself, inspected our lines so far as then occupied, after which he directed me to examine them again in the morning, and to see that the artillery was properly posted. He had thus recognized my "command" of the artillery; indeed, he did not know it had been suspended. I resumed it, therefore, and continued it to the end of the battle.

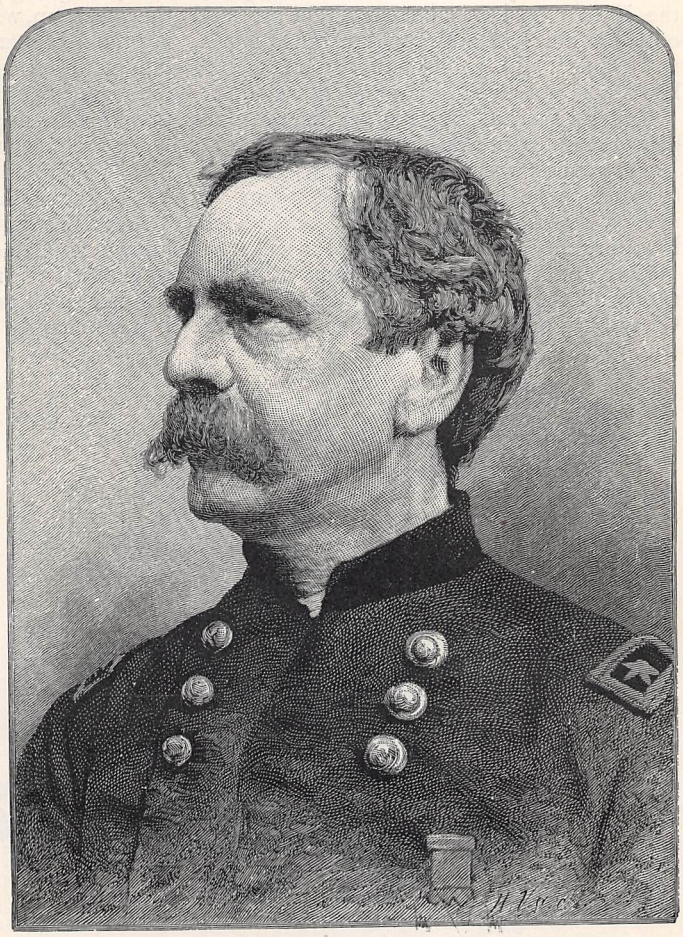
At the close of July 1st, Johnson's and Anderson's divisions of the Confederate army were up. Ewell's corps now covered our front from Benner's Hill to the Seminary, his line

BRIGADIER-GENERAL STRONG VINCENT, MORTALLY WOUNDED, JULY 2D, IN THE STRUGGLE FOR THE ROUND TOPS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

passing through the town—Johnson on the left, Early in the center, Rodes on the right. Hill's corps occupied Seminary Ridge, and early next morning extended its line from the Seminary south nearly to the Peach Orchard on the Emmettsburg road, Trimble—*vice* Pender, wounded—on the left, Anderson on the right, Pettigrew—*vice* Heth, wounded—in reserve. Of Longstreet's corps, McLaws's division and Hood's—except Law's brigade not yet up—camped that night on Marsh Creek, four miles from Gettysburg. His Reserve Artillery did not reach Gettysburg until nine A. M. of the 2d. Pickett's division had been left at Chambersburg as rear-guard, and joined the corps on the night of the 2d.

It had not been General Lee's intention to deliver a general battle whilst so far from his base unless attacked, but he now found himself by the mere force of circumstances committed to one. If it must take place, the sooner the better. His army was now nearly all on the ground, and delay, whilst it could not improve his own position, would certainly better that of his antagonist. Longstreet, indeed, urged General Lee instead of attacking to turn Meade's left, and by interposing between him and Washington, and threatening his communications, to force him to attack the Confederate army in position; but General Lee probably saw that Meade would be under no such necessity; would have no great difficulty in obtaining supplies, and—disregarding the clamor from Washington—could play a waiting game which it would be impossible for Lee to maintain in the open country. He could not advance on Baltimore or Washington with Meade in his rear, nor could his army subsist itself in a hostile region which would soon swarm with additional enemies. His communications could be cut off, for his recommendation to assemble even a small army at Culpepper to cover them and aid him had not been complied with.

A battle was a necessity to Lee, and a defeat would be more disastrous to Meade, and less so to himself, at Gettysburg than at any point east of it. With the defiles of the South Mountain range close in his rear, which could be easily held by a small force, a safe retreat through the Cumberland Valley was assured, so that his army, once through these passes, would be practically on the banks of the Potomac, at a point already prepared for crossing. Any position east of Gettysburg would deprive him of these advantages. It is more probable that General Lee was influenced by cool calculation of this nature than by hot blood, or that the opening success of a chance battle had thrown him off his balance. Whatever his reasons, he decided to accept the gage of battle offered by Meade, and to attack as soon as practicable. Ewell had made arrangements to take possession of Culp's Hill in the early morning, and his troops were under arms for the purpose by the time General Meade had finished the moonlight inspection



MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

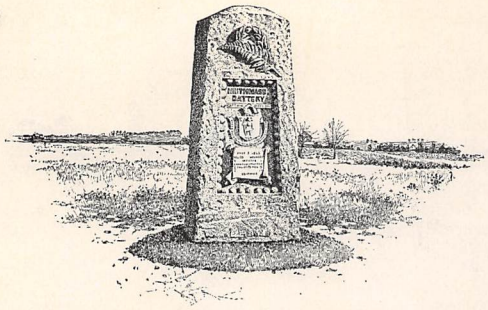
of his lines, when it was ascertained by a reconnoitering party sent out by Johnson, that the hill was occupied and its defenders on the alert; and further, from a captured dispatch from General Sykes to General Slocum, that the Fifth Corps was on the Hanover road only four miles off, and would march at four A. M. for Culp's Hill. Johnson thereupon deferred his attack and awaited Ewell's instructions.

General Lee had, however, during the night determined to attack the Federal left with Longstreet's corps, and now instructed Ewell, so soon as he heard Longstreet's guns, to make a diversion in his favor, to be converted, if opportunity offered, into a real attack.

Early on the morning of July 2d, when nearly all the Confederate army had reached Gettysburg or its immediate vicinity, a large portion of the Army of the Potomac was still on the road. The Second Corps and Sykes, with two divisions of the Fifth, arrived about seven A. M., Crawford's division not joining until noon; Lockwood's brigade — two regiments from Baltimore — at eight; De Trobriand's and Burling's brigades of the Third Corps, from Emmettsburg, at nine, and the Artillery Reserve and its large ammunition trains from Taneytown at 10:30 A. M. Sedgwick's Sixth Corps, the largest in the army, after a long night march from Manchester, reached Rock Creek at four P. M. The rapidity with which the army was assembled was creditable to it and to its commander. The heat was oppressive, the long marches, especially the night marches, were trying and had caused much straggling.

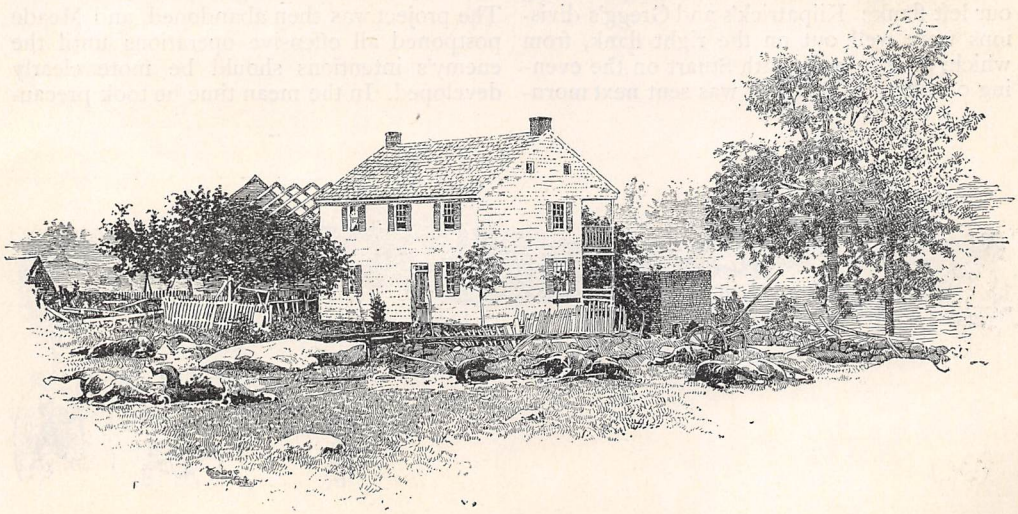
All this morning Meade was busily engaged personally or by his staff in rectifying his lines, assigning positions to the commands as they came up, watching the enemy, and studying the field, parts of which we have described in general terms, and now refer the reader to the map (page 286) to aid our further description of some necessary even if tedious details. Near the western base of Cemetery Hill is Ziegler's Grove. From this grove the distance nearly due south to the base of the Little Round Top is a mile and a half. A well-defined ridge known as Cemetery Ridge follows this line from Ziegler's for nine hundred yards to another small grove, or clump of trees, where it turns sharply to the east for two hundred yards, then turns south again, and continues in a "direct line" towards Round Top, for seven hundred yards, to "George Weikert's." So far the ridge is smooth and open, in full view of Seminary Ridge opposite, and distant from fourteen hundred to sixteen hundred yards. At Weikert's, this ridge is lost in a large body of rocks, hills, and woods, lying athwart the "direct line" to Round Top, and forcing a bend to the east in the Taneytown road. This rough space also stretches for a quarter of a mile or more *west* of this "direct line," towards Plum Run. Towards the south it sinks into low marshy ground which reaches to the base of Little Round Top, half a mile or more from George Weikert's. The west side of this

TROSTLE'S FARM, THE SCENE OF THE HARD FIGHTING BY BIGELOW'S NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

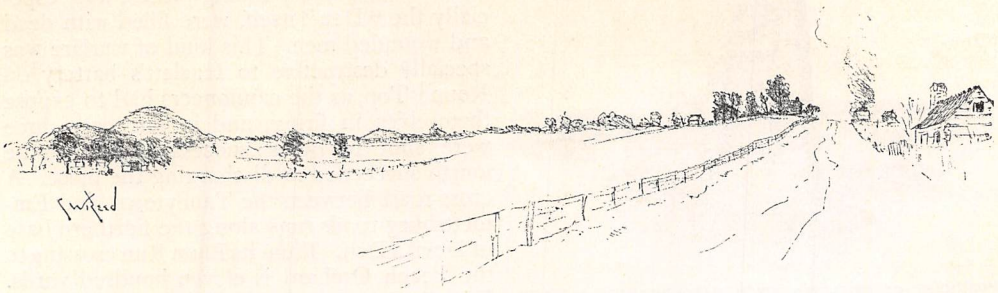


MONUMENT OF BIGELOW'S NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

broken ground was wooded through its whole extent from north to south. Between this wood and Plum Run is an open cleared space three hundred yards wide — a continuation of the open country in front of Cemetery Ridge; Plum Run flows south-easterly towards Little Round Top, then makes a bend to the south-west where it receives a small stream or "branch" from Seminary Ridge. In the angle between these streams is Devil's Den, a bold rocky hill, steep on its eastern face, and prolonged as a ridge to the west. It is five hundred yards due west of Little Round Top, and one hundred feet lower. The northern extremity is composed of huge rocks and bowlders, forming innumerable crevices and holes, from the largest of which the hill derives its name. Plum Run valley is here marshy but strewn with similar bowlders, and the slopes of the Round Tops are covered with them. These afforded lurking-places for a multitude of sharp-shooters whom, from the difficulties of the ground, it was impossible to dislodge, and who were opposed by similar methods on our part; so that at the close of the battle these hiding-places, and especially the "Den" itself, were filled with dead and wounded men. This kind of warfare was specially destructive to Hazlett's battery on Round Top, as the cannoneers had to expose themselves in firing, and in one case three were shot in quick succession, before the fourth succeeded in discharging the piece. A cross-road between the Taneytown and Emmettsburg roads runs along the northern base of Devil's Den. From its Plum Run crossing to the Peach Orchard is eleven hundred yards. For the first four hundred yards of this distance, there is a wood on the north and a wheat-field on the south of the road, beyond which the road continues for seven hundred yards to the Emmettsburg road along Devil's Den ridge, which slopes on the north to Plum Run, on the south to Plum "Branch." From Ziegler's Grove the Emmettsburg road runs diagonally across the interval between Cemetery and Seminary ridges, crossing the latter two miles from Ziegler's Grove. From Peach Orchard to Ziegler's is nearly a mile and a half. For half a mile the road runs along a ridge at right angles to that of Devil's Den, which slopes back to Plum Run. The angle at the Peach Orchard is thus formed by the intersection of two bold ridges, one from Devil's Den, the other along the Emmettsburg road. It is distant about six hundred yards from the wood which skirts the whole length of Seminary Ridge and covers the movement of troops between it and Willoughby Run, half a mile beyond. South of the Round Top and Devil's Den ridge the country is open, and the principal obstacles to free movement are the fences — generally of stone — which surround the numerous fields.



TROSTLE'S HOUSE, NEAR WHICH BIGELOW'S BATTERY LOST EIGHTY OUT OF EIGHTY-EIGHT HORSES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

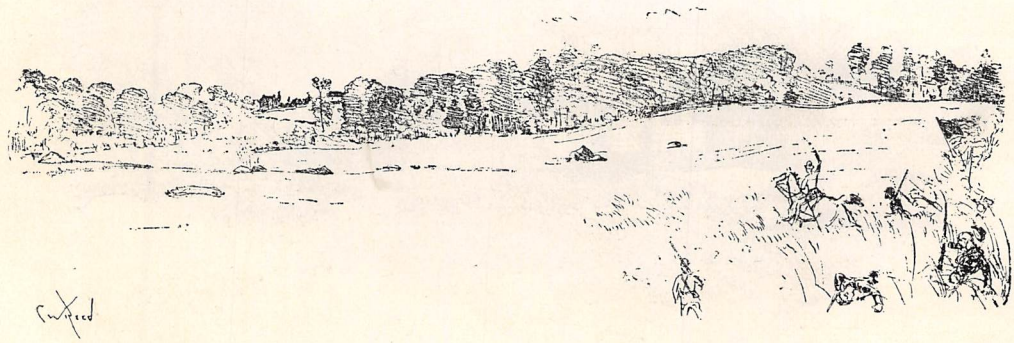


SICKLES'S POSITION AT THE PEACH ORCHARD, VIEWED FROM THE EMMETTSBURG ROAD LOOKING SOUTH, THE ROUND TOPS ON THE LEFT.

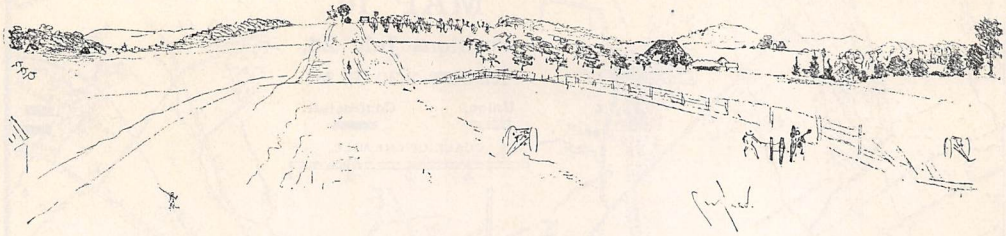
(This and the other outline sketches were made recently by C. W. Reed, who, during the battle, was with Bigelow's Battery.)

As our troops came up they were assigned to places on the line: the Twelfth Corps, General A. S. Williams,— *vice* Slocum, commanding the right wing,— to Culp's Hill, on Wadsworth's right; Second Corps to Cemetery Ridge: Hays's and Gibbon's divisions, from Ziegler's to the clump of trees, Caldwell's to the short ridge to its left and rear. This ridge had been occupied by the Third Corps, which was now directed to prolong Caldwell's line to Round Top, relieving Geary's division, which had been stationed during the night on the extreme left, with two regiments at the base of Little Round Top. The Fifth Corps was placed in reserve near the Rock Creek crossing of the Baltimore pike; the Artillery Reserve and its large trains were parked in a central position on a cross-road from the Baltimore pike to the Taneytown road; Buford's cavalry, except Merritt's brigade at Emmettsburg, was near Round Top, from which it was ordered that morning to Westminster, thus uncovering our left flank; Kilpatrick's and Gregg's divisions were well out on the right flank, from which, after a brush with Stuart on the evening of the 2d, Kilpatrick was sent next morning to replace Buford, Merritt being also ordered up to our left.

The morning was a busy and in some respects an anxious one; it was believed that the whole Confederate army was assembled, that it was equal if not superior to our own in numbers, and that the battle would commence before our troops were up. There was a gap in Slocum's line awaiting a division of infantry, and as some demonstrations of Ewell about daylight indicated an immediate attack at that point, I had to draw batteries from other parts of the line — for the Artillery Reserve was just then starting from Taneytown — to cover it until it could be properly filled. Still there was no hostile movement of the enemy, and General Meade directed Slocum to hold himself in readiness to attack Ewell with the Fifth and Twelfth, so soon as the Sixth Corps arrived. After an examination Slocum reported the ground as unfavorable, in which Warren concurred and advised against an attack there. The project was then abandoned, and Meade postponed all offensive operations until the enemy's intentions should be more clearly developed. In the mean time he took precau-



THE "WHEAT-FIELD."

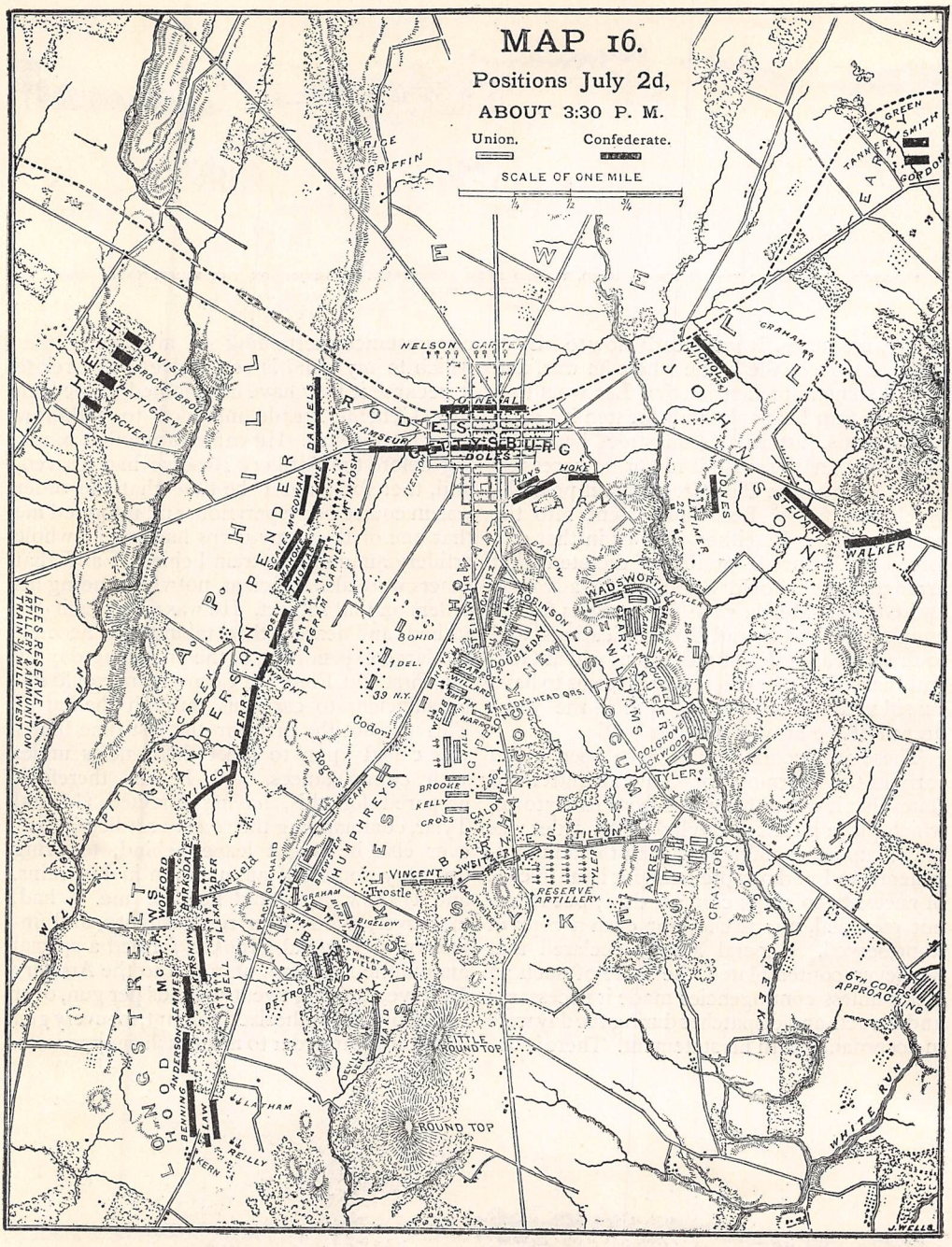


SICKLES'S POSITION AT THE PEACH ORCHARD, VIEWED FROM LONGSTREET'S POSITION ON THE EMMETTSBURG ROAD, LOOKING NORTH.

tionary measures. It was clearly now to his advantage to fight the battle where he was, and he had some apprehension that Lee would attempt to turn his flank, and threaten his communications, just what Longstreet had been advising. In this case it might be necessary to fall back to the Pipe Creek line if possible, or else to follow Lee's movement into the open country. In either case, or in that of a forced withdrawal, prudence dictated that arrangements should be made in advance, and General Meade gave instructions for examining the roads and communications, and to draw up an order of movement which General Butterfield, the chief of staff, seems to have considered an order-absolute for the withdrawal of the army without a battle.

These instructions must have been given early in the morning, for General Butterfield states that it was on his arrival from Taneytown, which place he left at daylight. An order was drawn up accordingly, given to the adjutant-general, and perhaps prepared for issue in case of necessity to corps commanders; but it was not recorded, nor issued, nor even a copy of it preserved. General Meade declared that he never contemplated the issue of such an order unless contingencies made it necessary; and his acts and dispatches during the day were in accordance with his statement. There is one circumstance pertaining to my own duties which to my mind is conclusive, and I relate it because it may have contributed to the idea that General Meade intended to withdraw from Gettysburg. He came to me that morning before the Artillery Reserve had arrived, and, therefore, about the time that the order was in course of preparation, and informed me that one of the army corps had left its whole artillery ammunition train behind it and that others were also deficient, notwithstanding his orders on that subject. He was very much disturbed, and feared that, taking into account the large expenditure of the preceding day by the First and Eleventh Corps, there would not be sufficient to carry us through the battle. This was not the first nor the last time that I was called upon to meet deficiencies under such circumstances, and I was, therefore, prepared for this, having directed General Tyler, commanding the reserve artillery, whatever else he might leave behind, to bring up every round of ammunition in his trains, and I knew he would not fail me. I had, moreover, on my own responsibility, and unknown to General Hooker, formed a special ammunition column, attached to the Artillery Reserve, carrying twenty rounds per gun, over and above the authorized amount, for every gun in the army, in order to meet such emergencies.

SICKLES'S ANGLE AT THE PEACH ORCHARD, AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD LEADING FROM THE WHEAT-FIELD TO THE PEACH ORCHARD.



I was therefore able to assure General Meade that there would be enough ammunition for the battle, but none for idle cannonades, the besetting sin of some of our commanders. He was much relieved, and expressed his satisfaction. Now, had he had at this time any intention of withdrawing the army, the first thing to get rid of would have been this Artillery Reserve and its large trains, which were then blocking the roads in our rear; and he would surely have told me of it.

Still, with the exception of occasional cannonading, and some skirmishing near the Peach Orchard, the quiet remained unbroken, although Lee had determined upon an early attack on our left. He says in his detailed report that our line extended "upon the high-ground along the Emmettsburg road, with a steep

ridge [Cemetery] in rear which was also occupied"; and in a previous "outline" report he says: "In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position [the salient angle at the Peach Orchard] from which, if he could be driven, it was thought our artillery could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to gain the crest of the ridge." It would appear from this that General Lee mistook the few troops on the Peach Orchard ridge in the morning for our main line, and that by taking it, and sweeping up the Emmettsburg road under cover of his batteries, he expected to "roll up" our lines to Cemetery Hill. That would be an "oblique order of battle," in which the attacking line, formed obliquely to its opponent, marches directly forward, constantly breaking in the *end* of his enemy's line and gaining his rear. General Longstreet was ordered to form the divisions of Hood and McLaws, on Anderson's right, so as to envelop our left and drive it in. These divisions were only three miles off at daylight, and moved early, but there was great delay in forming them for battle, owing principally to the absence of Law's brigade, for which it would have been well to substitute Anderson's fresh division, which could have been replaced by Pettigrew's, then in reserve. There seems to have been no good reason why the attack should not have been made by eight or nine A. M. at the latest, when the Federal Third Corps was not yet all up, nor Crawford's division, nor the Artillery Reserve, nor the Sixth Corps, and our lines still very incomplete. This is one of the cheap criticisms, after all the facts on both sides are known; but it is apt for its purpose, as it shows how great a risk Meade took in abandoning his Pipe Creek line for Gettysburg, on the chances of Lee's army not being yet assembled; and also, that there was no lack of boldness and decision on Meade's part. Indeed his course, from the hour that he took command, had been marked by these qualities.

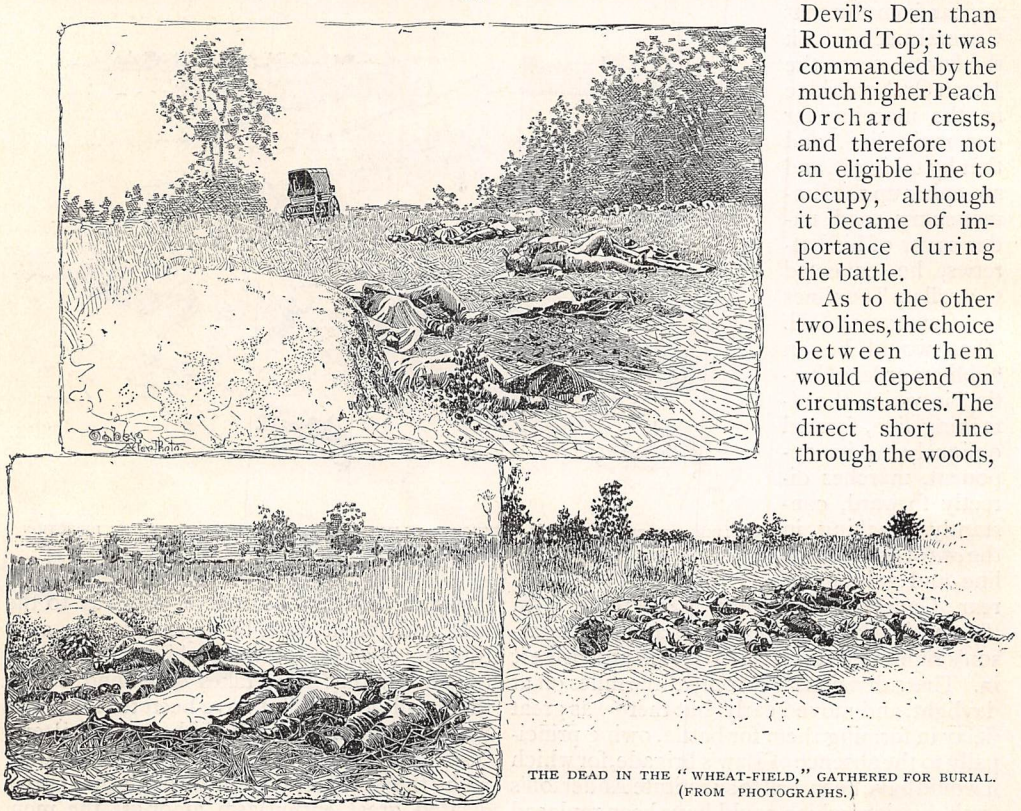
A suggestive incident is worth recording here. In the course of my inspection of the lines that morning, while passing along Culp's Hill, I found the men hard at work intrenching, and in such fine spirits as at once to attract attention. One of them finally dropped his work, and, approaching me, inquired if the reports just received were true. On asking what he referred to, he replied that twice word had been passed along the line that General McClellan had been assigned to the command of the army, and the second time it was added that he was on the way to the field and might soon be expected. He continued, "The boys are all jubilant over it, for they know that if *he* takes command everything will go right." I have been told recently by the commander of a Fifth Corps battery, that during the forced march of the preceding night the same report ran through that corps, excited great enthusiasm amongst the men, and renewed their vigor. It was probably from this corps—just arrived—that the report had spread along the line.

OUTLINE SKETCH OF WEED'S POSITION ON LITTLE ROUND TOP, LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PEACH ORCHARD.

On my return to headquarters from this inspection General Meade told me that General Sickles, then with him, wished me to examine a new line, as he thought that assigned to him was not a good one, especially that he could not use his artillery there. I had been as far as Round Top that morning, noticed the unfavorable character of the ground, and, therefore, accompanied Sickles direct to the Peach Orchard, where he pointed out the ridges, already described, as his proposed line. They commanded all the ground behind, as well as in front of them, and together constituted a favorable position for *the enemy* to hold. This was one good reason for our taking possession of it. It would, it is true, in our hands present a salient angle, which generally exposes both

its sides to enfilade fires; but here the ridges were so high that each would serve as a "traverse" for the other, and reduce that evil to a minimum. On the other hand it would so greatly lengthen our line — which in any case must rest on Round Top, and connect with the left of the Second Corps — as to require a larger force than the Third Corps alone to hold it, and it would be difficult to occupy to the front of the "direct line" than it appeared from the orchard itself. In fact there was a third line between them, which appears, as seen from the orchard, to be continuous with Cemetery Ridge, but is nearly six hundred yards in front of it. This is the open ground east of Plum Run already described, and which may be called the Plum Run line. Its left where it crosses the run abuts rather on Devil's Den than Round Top; it was commanded by the much higher Peach Orchard crests, and therefore not an eligible line to occupy, although it became of importance during the battle.

As to the other two lines, the choice between them would depend on circumstances. The direct short line through the woods,



THE DEAD IN THE "WHEAT-FIELD," GATHERED FOR BURIAL. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

and strengthen the angle if the enemy already held the wood in its front. At my instance General Sickles ordered a couple of companies to ascertain if the wood was occupied.

About this time a cannonade was opened at Cemetery Hill, which indicated an attack there, and as I had examined the Emmettsburg Ridge, I said I would not wait the result of the reconnoissance, but return to headquarters by way of Round Top, and examine that part of the proposed line. As I was leaving, General Sickles asked me if he should move forward his corps. I answered, "Not on my authority; I will report to General Meade for his instructions." I had not reached the Wheat-field when a sharp rattle of musketry showed that the enemy held the wood in front of the Peach Orchard angle.

As I rode back, a view from that direction showed how much farther Peach Orchard was and including the Round Tops, could be occupied, intrenched, and made impregnable to a front attack. But, like that of Culp's Hill, it would be a purely defensive one, from which, owing to the nature of the ground and the enemy's commanding position on the ridges at the angle, an advance in force would be impracticable. The salient line proposed by General Sickles, although much longer, afforded excellent positions for our artillery; its occupation would cramp the movements of the enemy, bring us nearer his lines, and afford us facilities for taking the offensive. It was in my judgment the better line of the two, provided it were strongly occupied, for it was the only one on the field from which we could have passed from the defensive to the offensive with a prospect of decisive results. But General Meade had not, until the arrival of the Sixth Corps, a sufficient number of troops at his disposal to

risk such an extension of his lines; it would have required both the Third and Fifth Corps, and left him without any reserve. Had he known that Lee's attack would be postponed until four P. M., he might have occupied this line in the morning; but he did not know this, expected an attack at any moment, and in view of the vast interests involved, adopted a defensive policy, and ordered the occupation of the *safe* line. In taking risks, it would not be for his army alone, but also for Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, with the political consequences of their capture. Gettysburg was not a good strategical position for us, and the circumstances under which our army was assembled limited us tactically to a strictly defensive battle.

After finishing my examination I returned to headquarters and briefly reported to General Meade that the proposed line was a good one in itself, that it offered favorable positions for artillery, but that its relations to other lines were such that I could not advise, and suggested that he examine it himself before ordering its occupation. He nodded assent, and I proceeded to Cemetery Hill.

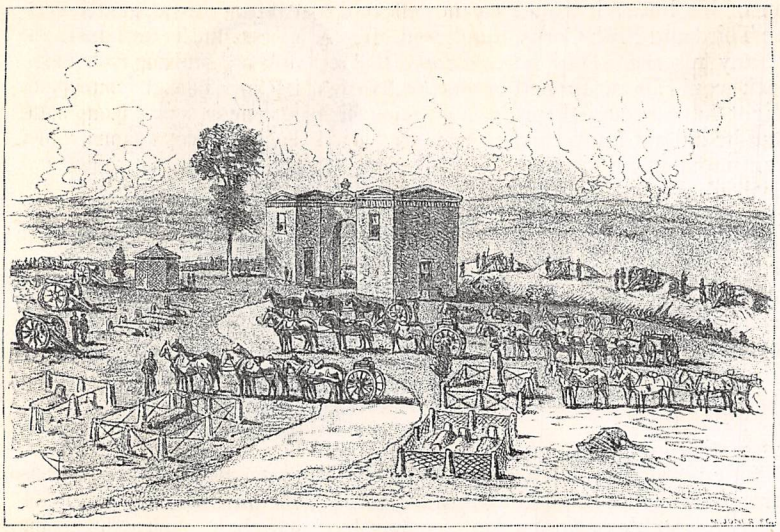
The cannonade there still continued; it had been commenced by the enemy, and was accompanied by some movements of troops towards our right. As soon as I saw that it would lead to nothing serious, I returned direct to the Peach Orchard, knowing that its occupation would require large reënforcements of artillery. I was here met by Captain Randolph, the corps chief of artillery, who informed me that he had been ordered to place his batteries on the new line. Seeing Generals Meade and Sickles, not far off, in conversation, and supposing that General Meade had consented

COLONEL GEORGE L. WILLARD, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF HAYS'S DIVISION, KILLED ON JULY 2D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL K. ZOOK, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF CALDWELL'S DIVISION, KILLED IN THE "WHEAT-FIELD" JULY 2D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

to the occupation, I sent at once to the reserve for more artillery, and authorized other general officers to draw on the same source. Here perhaps I may be allowed to say *en passant* that this large reserve, organized by the wise forethought of General McClellan, sometimes threatened with destruction, and once actually broken up, was often, as at Malvern Hill, and now at Gettysburg, an invaluable resource in the time of greatest need. When in 1864 in the Rapidan campaign it was "got rid of," it reconstituted itself, without orders, and in a few weeks, through the necessities of the army, showing that "principles vindicate themselves."

When I arrived Birney's division was already posted on the crest from Devil's Den to the Peach Orchard, and along the Emmettsburg road, Ward's brigade on the left, Graham's at the angle, De Trobriand's connecting them by a thin line. Humphreys's division was on Graham's right, near the Emmettsburg road, Carr's brigade in the front line, about the Smith house, Brewster's in second line. Burling's, with the exception of Sewell's Fifth New Jersey Regiment, then in skirmish order at the front, was sent to reënforce Birney. Seeley's battery, at first posted on the right, was soon after sent to the left of the Smith house, and replaced on the right by Turnbull's from the Artillery Reserve. Randolph had ordered Smith's battery, Fourth New York, to the rocky hill at the Devil's Den; Winslow's to the Wheat-field. He had placed Clark on the crest looking south, and his own ("E," First Rhode Island) near the angle, facing west. The whole corps was, however, too weak for the ground to be covered, and it was too late for Meade to withdraw it. Sykes's Fifth Corps had already been ordered up and was



INSIDE EVERGREEN CEMETERY, CEMETERY HILL.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

momentarily expected. As soon as fire opened, which was just as he arrived on the ground, General Meade sent also for Caldwell's division from Cemetery Ridge, and a division of the Twelfth Corps from Culp's, and soon after for troops from the Sixth Corps. McGilvery's artillery brigade soon arrived, from the reserve, and Bigelow's, Phillips's, Hart's, Ames's, and Thompson's batteries had been ordered into position on the crests, when the enemy opened from a long line of guns, stretching down to the crossing of the Emmettsburg pike. Smith's position at Devil's Den gave him a favorable oblique fire on a part of this line, and as he did not reply, I proceeded to the Den. Finding the acclivity steep and rocky, I dismounted and tied my horse to a tree before crossing the valley. My rank, brigadier-general, the command being that of a lieutenant-general, gave me a very small and insufficient staff, and even this had been recently cut down. The inspector of artillery Lieutenant-Colonel Warner, adjutant-general Captain Craig, my only aide Lieutenant Bissel, my one orderly, and even the flag-bearer necessary to indicate my presence to those seeking me, were busy conveying orders or messages, and I was alone; a not infrequent and an awkward thing for a general who had to keep up communications with every part of a battle-field and with the general-in-chief. On climbing to the summit, I found that Smith had just got his guns, one by one, over the rocks and chasms, into an excellent position. After pointing out to me the advancing lines of the enemy, he opened, and very effectively. Many guns were immediately turned on him, relieving so far the rest of the line. Telling him he would probably lose his battery, I left to seek for infantry supports, very doubtful if I would find my horse, for the storm of shell bursting over the place was enough to drive any animal wild. On reaching the foot of the cliff, I found myself in a plight at once ludicrous, painful, and dangerous. A herd of horned cattle had been driven into the valley between Devil's Den and Round Top, from which they could not escape. A shell had exploded in the body of one of them, tearing it to pieces; others were torn and wounded. All were *stampeded*, bellowing and rushing in their terror first to one side, then to the other, to escape the shells that were bursting over and amongst them. Cross I must, and in doing so I had my most trying experience of the battle of Gettysburg. Luckily the poor beasts were as much frightened as I was, but their rage was subdued by terror, and they were good enough to let me pass through scot-free, but "badly demoralized." However, my horse was safe, I mounted, and in the busy excitement that followed almost forgot my scare.

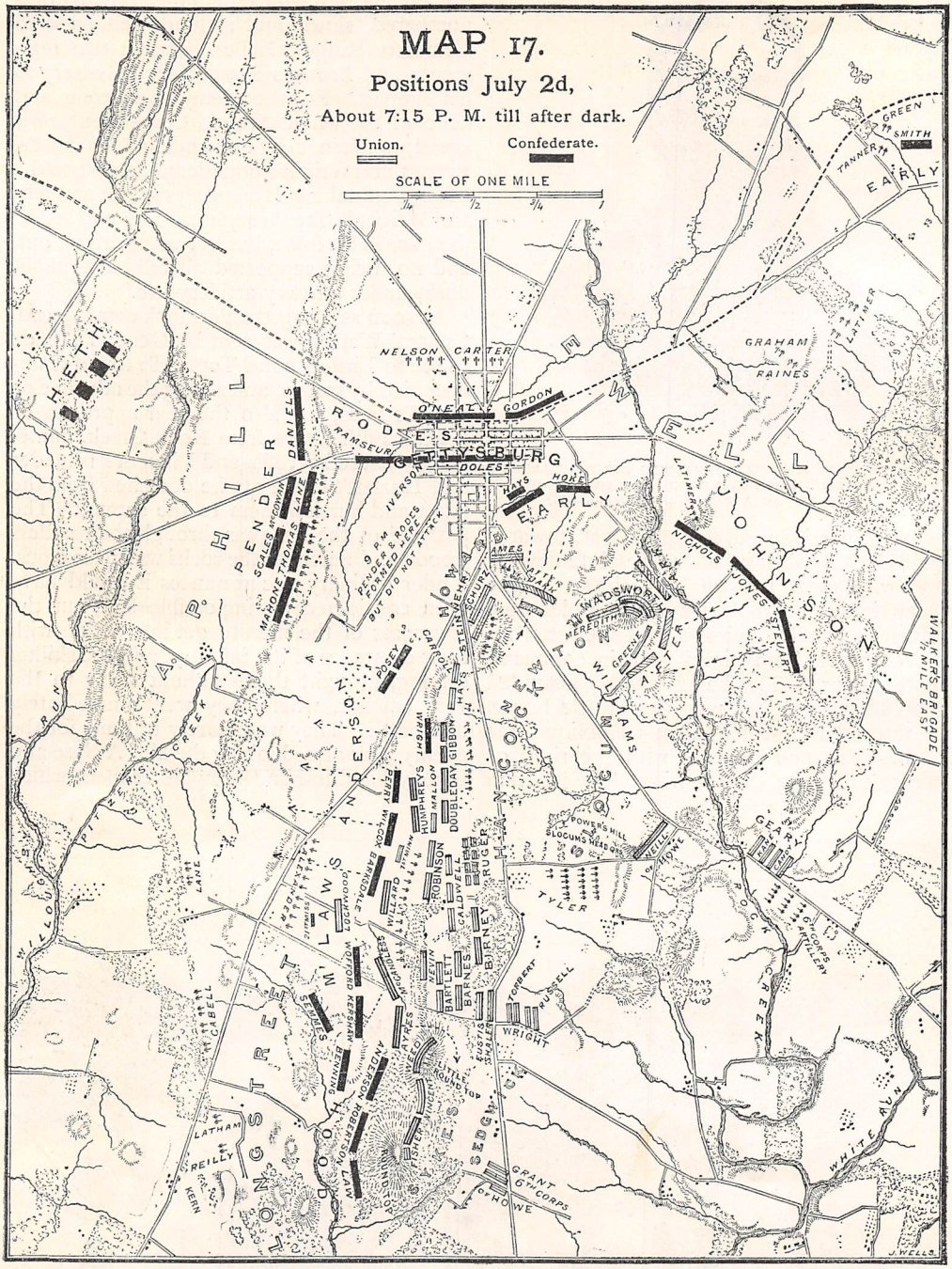
It was not until about four P. M. that Longstreet got his two divisions into position in two lines, McLaws's on the right of Anderson's division of Hill's corps, and opposite the Peach Orchard; Hood's on the extreme Confederate right and crossing the Emmettsburg road. Hood had been ordered, keeping his left on that road, to break in the end of our line, supposed to be at the orchard; but perceiving that our left was "refused" (bent back towards Devil's Den), and noticing the importance of Round Top, he suggested to Longstreet that the latter be turned and attacked. The reply was that General Lee's orders were to attack along the Emmettsburg road. Again Hood sent his message and received the same reply, notwithstanding which he directed Law's brigade upon Round Top, in which movement a portion of Robertson's brigade joined, and the rest of the division was thrown upon Devil's Den and the ridge between it and the Peach Orchard. The first assaults were repulsed, but, after hard fighting, McLaws's division

COLONEL EDWARD E. CROSS, COMMANDING THE FIRST BRIGADE OF CALDWELL'S DIVISION, KILLED NEAR DEVIL'S DEN, JULY 2D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

being also advanced, the angle was, towards six o'clock, broken in, after a resolute defense and with great loss on both sides. In the mean time three of Anderson's brigades were advancing on Humphreys, and the latter received orders from Birney, now in command of the corps, Sickles being severely wounded soon after six o'clock near the Trostle house, to throw back his left, form an oblique line in his rear, and connect with the right of Birney's division, then retiring. The junction was not effected, and Humphreys, greatly outnumbered, slowly and skillfully fell back to Cemetery Ridge, Gibbon sending two regiments and Brown's Rhode Island battery to his support. But the enemy was strong and covered the whole Second Corps front, now greatly weakened by detachments. Wilcox's, Perry's, and Wright's brigades pressed up to the ridge, outflanking Humphreys's right and left, and Wright broke through our line and seized the guns in his front, but was soon driven out, and not being supported all fell back, about dusk, under a heavy artillery fire.

As soon as Longstreet's attack commenced, General Warren was sent by General Meade to see to Little Round Top. He found it unoccupied by troops, and seeing the advance of Hood's lines, and also the near approach of Sykes's Fifth Corps from Rock Creek, immediately caused Weed's and Vincent's brigades and Hazlett's battery to be detached from the latter and hurried them to the summit. The passage of the six guns through the roadless woods and amongst the rocks was marvelous. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been considered an impossible feat, but the eagerness of the men to get into action with their comrades of the infantry, and the skillful driving, brought them without delay to the very summit, where they went immediately into battle. They were barely in time, for the enemy were also climbing the hill. A close and bloody hand-to-hand struggle ensued, which

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS ON THE BALTIMORE PIKE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



left both Round Tops in our possession. Weed and Hazlett were killed, and Vincent mortally wounded—all young men of great promise. Weed had served with much distinction as an artillerist in the Peninsular, Second Bull Run, and Antietam campaigns, had become chief of artillery of his army corps, and at Chancellorsville showed such special aptitude and fitness for large artillery commands that he was immediately promoted from captain to brigadier-general and transferred to the infantry. Hazlett was killed whilst bending over his former chief, to receive his last message, and Lieutenant Rittenhouse efficiently

commanded the battery during the remainder of the battle.

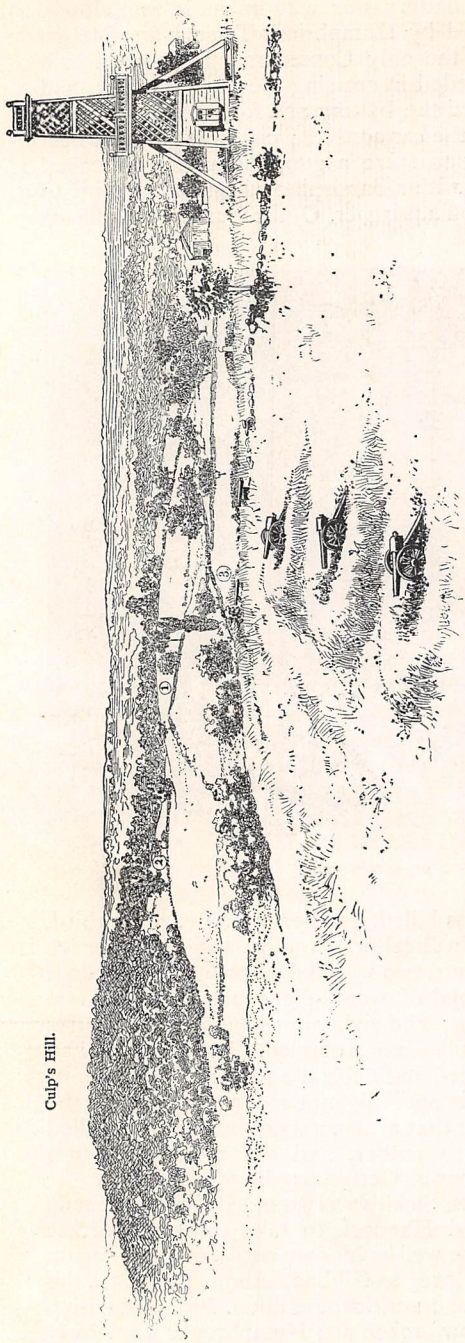
The enemy, however, clung to the woods and rocks at the base of Round Top, carried Devil's Den and its woods, and captured three of Smith's guns, who, however, effectively deprived the enemy of their use by carrying off all the implements.

The breaking in of the Peach Orchard angle low's battery was withdrawn, it was closely pressed by Humphries's Twenty-first Mississippi, the only Confederate regiment which succeeded in crossing the run. His men had entered the battery and fought hand-to-hand with the cannoneers; one was killed whilst trying to spike a gun, and another knocked down with a handspike whilst endeavoring to drag off a prisoner. Of the four battery-officers

CONFEDERATE SKIRMISHERS AT THE FOOT OF CULP'S HILL.

exposed the flanks of the batteries on its crests, which retired firing, in order to cover the retreat of the infantry. Many guns of different batteries had to be abandoned because of the destruction of their horses and men; many were hauled off by hand; all the batteries lost heavily. Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts made a stand close by the Trostle house in the corner of the field through which he had retired fighting with prolonges fixed. Although already much cut up, he was directed by McGilvery to hold that point at all hazards until a line of artillery could be formed in front of the wood beyond Plum Run; that is, on what we have called the "Plum Run line." This line was formed by collecting the serviceable batteries, and fragments of batteries, that were brought off, with which, and Dow's Maine battery fresh from the reserve, the pursuit was checked. Finally some twenty-five guns formed a solid mass, which unsupported by infantry held this part of the line, aided Humphreys's movements, and covered by its fire the abandoned guns on the field until they could be brought off, as all were, except perhaps one. When, after fully accomplishing its purpose, all that was left of Bigeone was killed, another mortally, and a third, Captain Bigelow, severely wounded. Of seven sergeants, two were killed and four wounded; or a total of twenty-eight men, including two missing; and eighty out of eighty-eight horses were killed and wounded. As the battery had sacrificed itself for the safety of the line, its work is specially noticed as typical of the service that artillery is not infrequently called upon to render, and did render in other instances at Gettysburg besides this one.

When Sickles was wounded General Meade directed Hancock to take command of the Third as well as his own corps, which he again turned over to Gibbon. About 7:15 P. M., the field was in a critical condition. Birney's division was now broken up; Humphreys's was slowly falling back, under cover of McGilvery's guns; Anderson's line was advancing. On its right, Barksdale's brigade, except the Twenty-first Mississippi, was held in check only by McGilvery's artillery, to whose support Hancock now brought up Willard's brigade, of the Second Corps. Placing the Thirty-ninth New York in reserve, Willard with his other three regiments charged Barksdale's brigade and drove

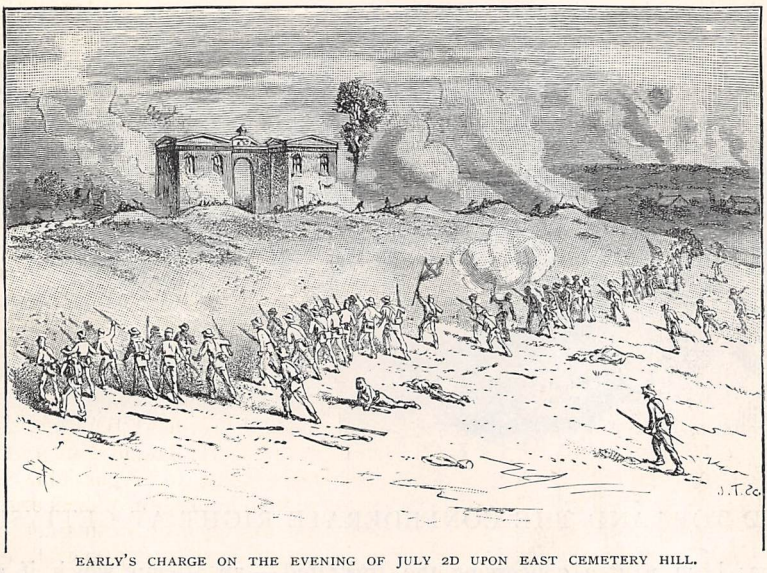


VIEW OF CULP'S HILL FROM THE POSITION OF THE BATTERIES NEAR THE CEMETERY GATE. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIPTON.)
1. Position of Stevens's 5th Maine Battery which enfiladed Early's division in the charge upon East Cemetery Hill. 2. Left of the line of field-works on Culp's Hill.
3. Position of the 33d Massachusetts behind the fence of a lane where the left of the Confederate charge was repulsed.—EDITOR.

it back nearly to the Emmettsburg road, when he was himself repulsed by a heavy artillery and infantry fire, and fell back to his former position near the sources of Plum Run. In this affair Willard was killed and Barksdale mortally wounded. Meanwhile the Twenty-first Mississippi crossed the run from the neighborhood of the Trostle house, and drove out the men of Watson's battery ("I," Fifth United States), on the extreme left of McGilvery's line, but was in turn driven off by the Thirty-ninth New York led by Lieutenant Peeples of the battery, musket in hand, who thus recovered his guns, Watson being severely wounded.

Birney's division once broken, it was difficult to stem the tide of defeat. Hood's and McLaws's divisions—excepting Barksdale's brigade—compassed the Devil's Den and its woods, and as the Federal reënforcements from other corps came piecemeal, they were beaten in detail until by successive accretions they greatly outnumbered their opponents, who had all the advantages of position, when the latter in turn retired, but were not pursued. This fighting was confined almost wholly to the woods and Wheat-field between the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, and the great number of brigade and regimental commanders, as well as of inferior officers and soldiers, killed and wounded on both sides, bears testimony to its close and desperate character. General Meade was on the ground active in bringing up and putting in reënforcements, and in doing so had his horse shot under him. At the close of the day the Confederates held the base of the Round Tops, Devil's Den, its woods, and the Emmettsburg road, with skirmishers thrown out as far as the Trostle house; the Federals had the two Round Tops, the Plum Run line, and Cemetery Ridge. During the night the Plum Run line, except the wood on its left front (occupied by McCandless's brigade, Crawford's division, his other brigade being on Big Round Top), was abandoned; the Third Corps was massed to the left and rear of Caldwell's division, which had reoccupied its short ridge, with McGilvery's artillery on its crest. The Fifth Corps remained on and about Round Top, and Ruger's division of the Twelfth returned to Culp's Hill.

When Longstreet's guns were heard, Ewell opened a cannonade, which after an hour's firing was overpowered by the Federal artillery on Cemetery Hill. Johnson's division then advanced, and found only one brigade—Greene's—of the Twelfth Corps in position, the others having been sent to the aid of Sickles at the Peach Orchard. Greene fought with skill and determination for two or three hours, and, reënforced by seven or eight hundred men of the First and Eleventh Corps, succeeded in holding his own intrenchments, the enemy taking possession of the abandoned works of Geary and Ruger. This brought Johnson's troops near the Baltimore pike, but the darkness prevented their seeing or profiting by the advantage then within their reach. When Ruger's division returned from Round Top, and Geary's from Rock Creek,



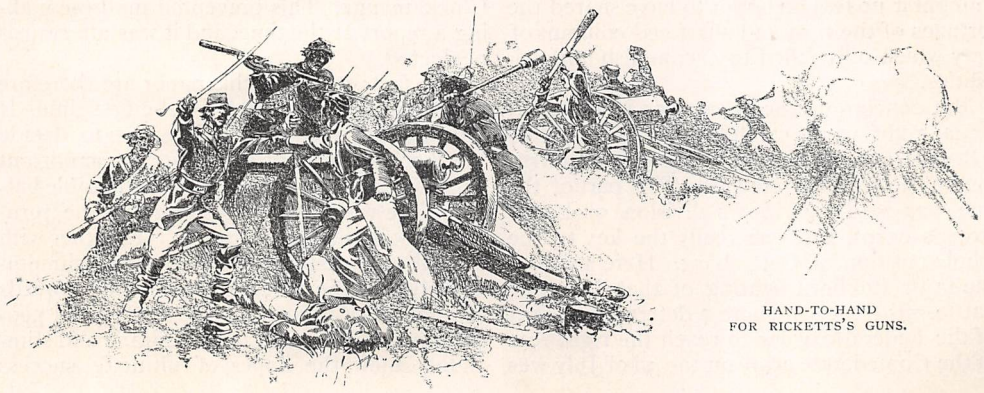
EARLY'S CHARGE ON THE EVENING OF JULY 2D UPON EAST CEMETERY HILL.

they found Johnson in possession of their intrenchments, and immediately prepared to drive him out at daylight.

It had been ordered that when Johnson engaged Culp's Hill, Early and Rodes should assault Cemetery Hill. Early's attack was made with great spirit, by Hoke's and Avery's brigades, Gordon's being in reserve; the hill was ascended through the wide ravine between Cemetery and Culp's hills, a line of infantry on the slopes was broken, and Wiederich's Eleventh Corps, and Ricketts's reserve batteries near the brow of the hill overrun; but the excellent position of Stevens's twelve-pounders at the head of the ravine, which enabled him to sweep it, the arrival of Carroll's brigade sent unasked by Hancock,— a happy inspiration, as this line had been weakened to send supports both to Greene and Sickles,— and the failure of Rodes to coöperate with Early, caused the attack to miscarry. The cannoneers of the two batteries so summarily ousted rallied, and recovered their guns by a vigorous attack with pistols by those who had them, by others with handspikes, rammers, stones, and even fence-rails; the "Dutchmen" showing that they were in no way inferior to their "Yankee" comrades, who had been "running" them ever since Chancellorsville. After an hour's desperate fighting the two Confederate brigades were driven out with heavy loss, Avery being among the killed.

At the close of this second day a consultation of corps commanders was held at General Meade's headquarters. I was not present, although summoned, but was informed that the vote was unanimous to hold our lines, and to await an attack for at least one day before taking the offensive, and General Meade so decided.

Henry J. Hunt.



HAND-TO-HAND
FOR RICKETTS'S GUNS.

FARNSWORTH'S CHARGE.

"ROUND TOP" AND THE CONFEDERATE RIGHT AT GETTYSBURG.

MORE has been written concerning the battle of Gettysburg than any other "passage of arms" between the Federal and Confederate troops during the civil war. The engagement of the 1st of July, brought on by accident, on the part of the Confederates at least, in which two corps of the Federal army under General Reynolds were defeated and driven through Gettysburg by portions of Hill's and Ewell's corps, has been often and fully described by the officers on both sides. Ewell's attack on the Federal right in the vicinity of Culp's Hill on the 2d of July, and Longstreet's advance upon the Federal left on the same day, so far as relates to one division of the latter's command (McLaws's), have been detailed with equal minuteness by those engaged. The magnificent charge of Pickett's division on the Federal center on the third day has been the theme of a host of writers who deemed it an honor to have stood in the lines of blue by which that charge was repelled, and those who, on the other hand, thought it no less an honor to have shared the fortunes of the torn and shattered columns of gray which only failed to accomplish impossibilities.

But concerning the operations of Lee's extreme right wing, extending to the foot of "Round Top," little or nothing has been written on the Confederate side. This part of the line was held by Hood's division of Longstreet's corps, and was really the key to the whole position of Gettysburg. Here some of the most stubborn fighting of that desperate battle was done, and here a determined effort of the Federal cavalry to reach the right rear of the Confederate army on the 3d of July was frustrated — an attempt which, if successful, must have resulted disastrously to that army.

The meagerness of the details of the operations referred to may be accounted for by the fact that General Longstreet personally superintended the left of his line, consisting of McLaws's division of his own corps, supported by R. H. Anderson's division of Hill's corps, and hence knew comparatively little from personal observation of the movements of Hood's division; and, also, that General Hood was wounded early in the engagement on the 2d of July, and relinquishing the command of the division, could not report its subsequent operations. As senior brigadier, I succeeded to the command of Hood's division, and directed its movements during the engagements of the 2d and 3d of July. But owing to the active and constant movements of our army for some weeks subsequent to the battle, I was only able to obtain the reports of brigade commanders a very short time previous to being ordered to the army of General Bragg at Chickamauga. This prevented me from making a report at the time, and it was afterwards neglected.

The facts stated in this paper are therefore many of them published for the first time. It remains for the impartial reader to decide whether they do not constitute an important part of the history of the most memorable battle of the war; for Gettysburg was the turning-point in the great struggle. Together with the fall of Vicksburg, which occurred simultaneously with the retreat of Lee's army towards the Potomac, it inspired the armies and people of the North with fresh courage and stimulated anew the hopes of ultimate success

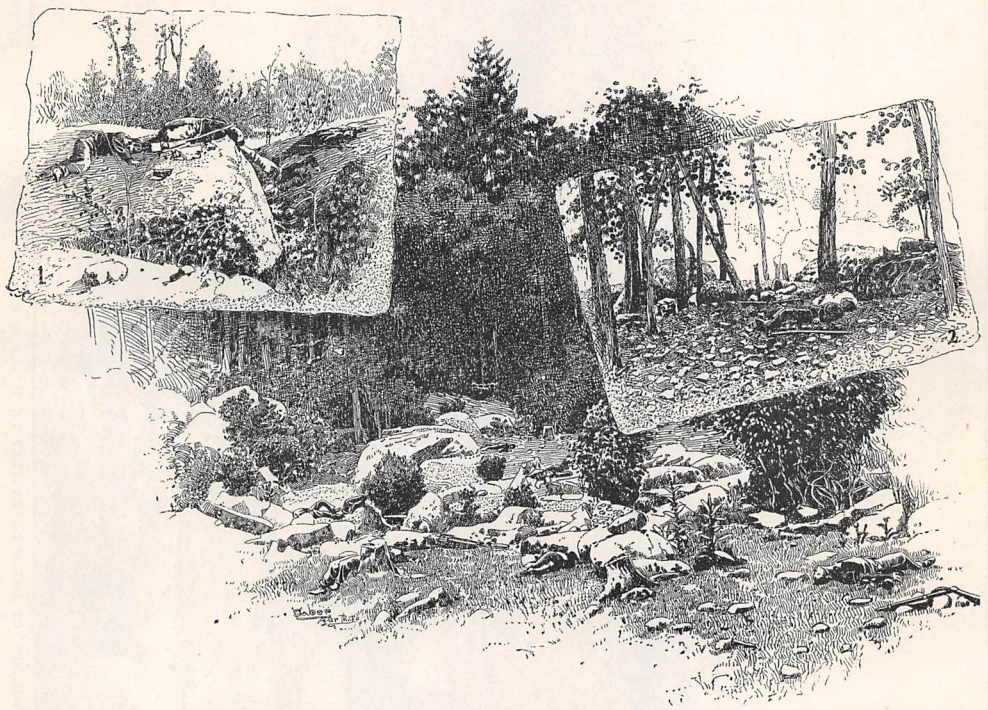
which were visibly flagging under an almost uninterrupted series of reverses to the Federal arms in Virginia, extending over a period of nearly two years. On the other hand, it was at Gettysburg that the right arm of the South was broken, and it must always stand out in Confederate annals like

> "Flodden's fatal field,
> Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
> And broken was her shield,"

in the history of a brave and kindred people.

When the fight began at Gettysburg on the 1st of July, three brigades of Hood's division were at Greenwood on the Chambersburg road and on the west side of South Mountain. My own brigade, with Bachman's battery, was at New Guilford, some miles south of Greenwood, watching our right flank. At three o'clock on the morning of the 2d I moved, under orders from General Longstreet, as rapidly as possible towards Gettysburg, and arrived there shortly before 12 M., having marched the intervening distance of twenty-four miles in that time. On my arrival I found the other brigades of Hood's division resting about a mile from the town, on the Chambersburg road. In a short time after my brigade came up, the division was moved to our right (south), traversing the angle between the Chambersburg and Emmettsburg roads, following McLaws, who was in advance. Pickett's division had not yet come up. We moved very slowly, with frequent halts and deflections from the direct course — the latter occasioned by the desire to conceal our movements from the Federal signal-station on Little Round Top.

At length, after many vexatious delays, Hood's division was pushed forward until it uncovered McLaws, and soon reached the Emmettsburg road in front of Round Top. Here our line of battle was formed at an acute angle with the road, the right being in advance of it, between the road and the mountain, and the left extending across and in rear of the road. The formation was in two lines, Law's Alabama and Robertson's Texas brigades in front, supported, at a distance of about two hundred yards, by the Georgia brigades of Benning and G. T. Anderson. McLaws's division extended the line to our left, with a similar formation. The Artillery Battalion, composed of Reilly's, Latham's, Garden's, and Bachman's batteries, twenty guns in all, were disposed at advantageous points upon the ridge occupied by the line of infantry. There were no signs of Federal cavalry or troops of any kind on our right. As a precautionary measure, however, a regiment was detached



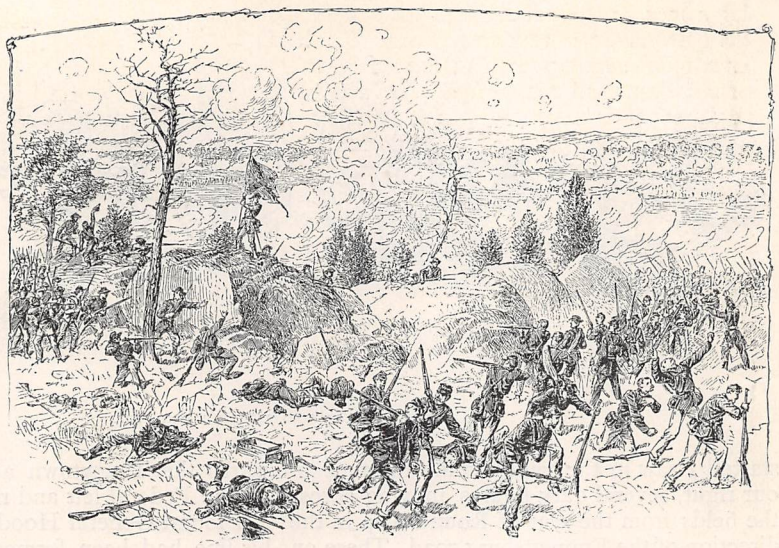
THE "SLAUGHTER PEN" AT THE BASE AND ON THE LEFT SLOPE OF LITTLE ROUND TOP. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

VIEW FROM THE POSITION OF HAZLETT'S BATTERY ON LITTLE ROUND TOP. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIPTON.)

The monument marks the position of the 91st Pennsylvania of Weed's brigade. The Emmettsburg road passes the Peach Orchard, Rogers's, and Codori's; the latter's buildings broke the center of Pickett's lines as they charged upon the ridge between Cemetery Hill and Little Round Top.—EDITOR.

from Anderson's brigade and stationed at Kern's house, half a mile down the road towards Emmettsburg.

It was now past four o'clock in the afternoon and our troops were in position for the attack. The flank movement by which they came into position is referred to in the following dispatch from the Federal signal-station on Little Round Top: "To General Meade—four o'clock P. M. The only infantry of the enemy visible is on the extreme (Federal) left; it has been moving towards Emmettsburg." It will thus be seen that the movement, in spite of our precautions, was not unobserved.



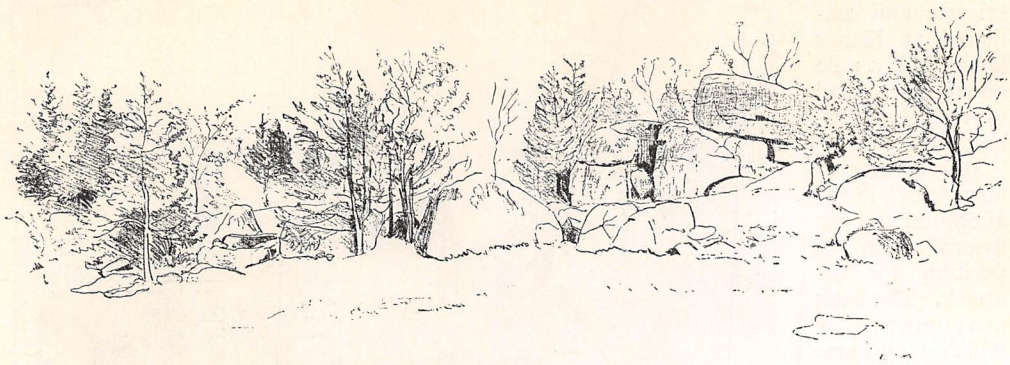
THE STRUGGLE FOR DEVIL'S DEN. (BY A. R. WAUD, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The Confederate line of battle occupied a ridge, partially wooded, with a valley intervening between it and the heights held by the Federal troops in front. The position occupied by the Federal left wing in front of us was now fully disclosed to view, and it was certainly one of the most formidable it had ever been the fortune of any troops to confront. Round Top rose like a huge sentinel guarding the Federal left flank, while the spurs and ridges trending off to the north of it afforded unrivaled positions for the use of artillery. The puffs of smoke rising at intervals along the line of hills, as the Federal batteries fired upon such portions of our line as became exposed to view, clearly showed that these advantages had not been neglected. The thick woods which in great part covered the sides of Round Top and the adjacent hills concealed from view the rugged nature of the ground, which increased fourfold the difficulties of the attack.

How far up the slope of Round Top the Federal left extended we could not tell, as the woods effectually concealed from view everything in that quarter. In order to gain information upon this important point, I sent out a detail of six picked men as scouts, with instructions to move as rapidly as possible to the summit of Round Top, making a détour to their right, and "feeling" down from that point, to locate the left of the Federal line. The entire absence of Federal cavalry on our right, as well as other indications leading to the same conclusion, convinced me that the Federals, relying upon the protection of the mountain, considered their flank secure; that it was therefore their most vulnerable point. Impressed with this view, I further instructed the scouts when they reached the summit to observe carefully the state of affairs on the other side, and to send a "runner" back to me with such intelligence as they might be able to gain. They moved off at a trot. A few moments after they had

BRIGADIER-GENERAL STEPHEN H. WEED, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF AYRES'S DIVISION, KILLED JULY 2D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

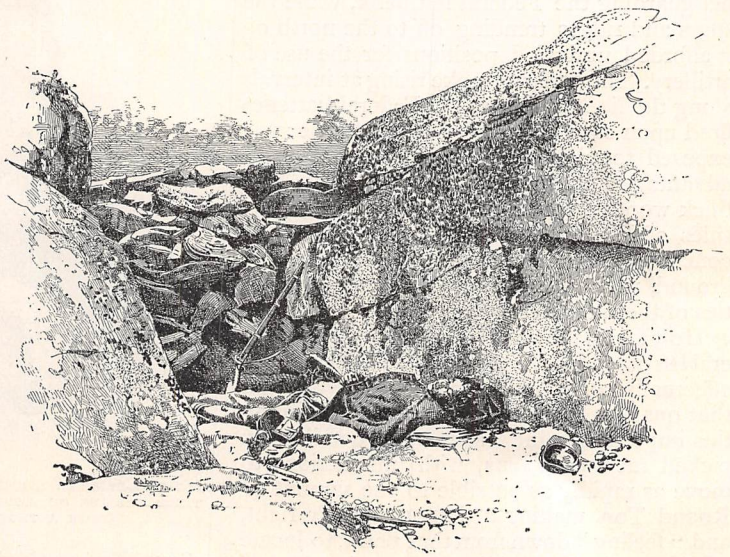
General Weed was picked off by sharpshooters in Devil's Den soon after getting his brigade in position on Little Round Top.—EDITOR.



DEVIL'S DEN, FACING LITTLE ROUND TOP.

started I saw in the valley, some distance to our right, several dark figures moving across the fields from the rear of Round Top in the direction of the Emmettsburg road. These on being captured, proved to be Federal soldiers, who seemed surprised at our sudden appearance in that quarter, and who, on being questioned, stated that they had surgeon's certificates and were "going to the rear." They indicated "the rear" by pointing towards Emmettsburg, and in reply to the question where they came from, they said from the "medical train behind the mountain"— referring to Round Top. They also stated that the medical and ordnance trains "around the mountain" were insecurely guarded, no attack being expected at that point; and that the other side of the mountain could be easily reached by a good farm road, along which they had just traveled, the distance being little more than a mile. On my way to convey this information to General Hood, I met a messenger from my scouts, who had reached the crest of Round Top. He reported that there was no Federal force on the summit, and confirmed in every particular the statements of the prisoners I had just captured. If there had previously been any question in regard to the policy of a front attack, there now remained not a "shadow of doubt" that our true *point d'appui* was Round Top, from which the Confederate right wing could be extended towards the Taneytown and Baltimore roads, on the Federal left and rear.

I found General Hood on the ridge where his line had been formed, communicated to him the information I had obtained, and pointed out the ease with which a movement by the right flank might be made. He coincided fully in my views, but said that his orders were positive to attack in front, as soon as the left of the corps should get into position. I therefore entered a formal protest against a direct attack, on the grounds: 1. That the great natural strength of the enemy's position in our front rendered the result of a direct assault extremely uncertain. 2. That, even if successful, the victory would be purchased at too great a sacrifice of life, and our troops would be in no condition to improve it. 3. That a front attack was unnecessary,— the



BETWEEN THE BOWLDERS OF DEVIL'S DEN — A DEAD CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

occupation of Round Top during the night by moving upon it from the south, and the extension of our right wing from that point across the enemy's left and rear, being not only practicable, but easy. 4. That such a movement would compel a change of front on the part of the enemy, the abandonment of his strong position on the heights, and force him to attack us in position.

General Hood called up Captain Hamilton, of his staff, and requested me to repeat the protest to him, and the grounds on which it was made. He then directed Captain Hamilton to find General Longstreet as quickly as possible and deliver the protest, and to say to him that he (Hood) indorsed it fully. Hamilton rode off at once, but in about ten minutes returned, accompanied by a staff-officer of General Longstreet, who said to General Hood, in my hearing, "General Longstreet orders that you begin the attack at once." Hood turned to me and merely said, "You hear the order?" I at once moved my brigade to the assault. I do not know whether the protest ever reached General Lee. From the brief interval that elapsed between the time it was sent to General Longstreet and the receipt of the order to begin the attack, I am inclined to think it did not. General Longstreet has since said that he repeatedly advised against a front attack and suggested a movement by our right flank. He may have thought, after the rejection of this advice by General Lee, that it was useless to press the matter further.

Just here the battle of Gettysburg was lost to the Confederate arms. It is useless to speculate upon the turn affairs might have taken if the Confederate cavalry had been in communication with the rest of the army, and if General Stuart had kept General Lee informed, as he should have done, of the movements of the Federal army. In considering the causes of the Confederate failure on that particular field, we must take the situation just as we find it. And the situation was as follows: The advance of the two armies encountered each other on the 1st of July. An engagement ensued in which the Confederates were victorious. The Federal troops retired through Gettysburg and took position along the heights east of the town — a position which, if properly defended, was practicably impregnable to a direct attack.

The whole matter then resolves itself into this: General Lee failed at Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d of July because he made his attack precisely where his enemy wanted him to make it and was most fully prepared to receive it. Even had he succeeded in driving the Federal army from its strong position by a general and simultaneous assault along the whole front (which was the only possible chance of success in that direction), he would have found his army in very much the same condition that Pyrrhus found his when, after driving the Romans from the field of Asculum, he exclaimed, "Another such victory, and I am undone!"

The failure of General Ewell to seize "Cemetery Hill" and adjacent positions, on the evening of July 1st, has been frequently assigned as one of the causes of our losing the battle. It is very doubtful whether General Ewell could have occupied those heights had he made the attempt, for General Pleasonton has asserted very positively that, on the night of the 1st of July, "we (the Federals) had more troops in position than Lee." And General Lee qualified his instructions to General Ewell to seize the heights by the words "if practicable." Under the circumstances, the fact that General Ewell did not seize them is very strong presumptive evidence that it was not practicable.

The two armies being face to face on the 2d of July, and setting aside all question of a retreat by either, General Lee's alternative to a direct attack was a movement by his right flank to the Federal left and rear. The first promised nothing but desperate fighting, heavy loss, and probable failure. The second certainly promised nothing worse, with the probabilities all in favor of a "fair field and a free fight," and that was all his army asked. Referring to this suggested movement upon the Federal left flank, General Pleasonton, who commanded the Federal cavalry at that time, has expressed the opinion that it was impracticable, and has stated further that he "had two divisions of cavalry, one in rear of the Federal position and one on Lee's right flank," to prevent it. If the cavalry had been there, as he states, they would not have amounted to even a single "ounce of prevention," as far as the movements of our infantry were concerned. But if there *was* a division, or even a single picket-post of cavalry, either Federal or Confederate, on our right flank, at any time on the 2d of July, it was kept most persistently out of sight, as my scouts, who were sent out in all directions, failed to find it.

The order of attack, which was issued as soon as the two divisions of Longstreet's corps came into position on the line already described, was to begin the movement on the right, my brigade on that flank leading, the other commands taking it up successively towards the left. It was near five o'clock P. M. when we advanced to the attack. The artillery on both sides had been warmly engaged for about fifteen minutes, and continued to fire heavily until we became engaged with the Federal infantry, when the Confederate bat-

teries ceased firing to avoid injury to our own troops, who were then, for the most part, concealed by the woods about the base of Round Top and the spurs to the north of it. General Hood was severely wounded in the arm by the fire from the Federal artillery as we moved into action.

Advancing rapidly across the valley which separated the opposing lines,— all the time under a heavy fire from the batteries,— our front line struck the enemy's skirmishers posted along the further edge of the valley. Brushing these quickly away, we soon came upon their first line of battle, running along the lower slopes of the hills known as Devil's Den, to our left of Round Top, and separated from the latter by Plum Run valley. The fighting soon became close and severe. Exposed to the artillery fire from the heights in front and on our left, as well as to the musketry of the infantry, it required all the courage and steadiness of the veterans who composed the Army of Northern Virginia — whose spirit was never higher than then — to face the storm. Not one moment was lost. With rapidly thinning ranks the gray line swept on, until the blue line in front wavered, broke, and seemed to dissolve in the woods and rocks on the mountain side. The advance continued steadily, the center of the division moving directly upon the guns on the hill adjoining Devil's Den, on the north from which we had been suffering so severely. In order to secure my right flank, I extended it well up on the side of Round Top, and my brigade, in closing to the right, left a considerable interval between its left and the right of the Texas brigade of Robertson. Into this interval I threw Benning's Georgia brigade, which had up to that time occupied the second line. At the same time seeing a heavy Federal force on Robertson's left, and no Confederate troops having come up to extend our line in that direction, Anderson's Georgia brigade, till then also in the second line, was thrown out on that flank.

Thus disposed, the division continued to move forward, encountering, as it ascended to the battery on the spur and the heights to the right and left of it, a most determined resistance from the Federal troops, who seemed to be continually reënforced. The ground was rough and difficult, broken by rocks and bowlders, which rendered an orderly advance impossible. Sometimes the Federals would hold one side of the huge bowlders on the slope until the Confederates occupied the other. In some cases my men, with reckless daring, mounted to the top of the large rocks in order to get a better view and to deliver their fire with greater effect. One of these, Sergeant Barbee of the Texas brigade, having reached a rock a little in advance of the line, stood erect on the top of it, loading and firing as coolly as if unconscious of danger, while the air around him was fairly swarming with bullets. He soon fell helpless from several wounds; but he held his rock, lying upon the top of it until the litter-bearers carried him off.

In less than an hour from the time we advanced to the attack, the hill by Devil's Den opposite our center was taken, with three pieces of the artillery that had occupied it. The remaining piece was run down the opposite slope by the gunners, and escaped capture.

In the mean time my brigade on the right, had swept over the northern slope of Round Top, cleared it of the enemy, and then, making a partial change of front to the left, advanced upon Little Round Top, which lay in rear of the spur on which the battery had been taken. This change of direction soon exposed it to a flank attack on the right by fresh Federal troops (Vincent's brigade), rendering it necessary to retire this flank and place it in the general direction of the rest of the line.

While our center and right wing were engaged as I have described, Anderson's brigade, on the left, was subjected to great annoyance and loss by movements of the enemy upon its left flank, being frequently compelled to change the front of the regiments on that flank to repel attacks from that direction.

Up to this time I had seen nothing of McLaws's division, which was to have extended our left and to have moved to the attack at the same time. I therefore halted my line, which had become broken and disorganized by the roughness of the ground over which it had been fighting, and placing it in as advantageous a position as possible for receiving any attack that the Federals might be disposed to make, I hurried back to the ridge from which we had originally advanced. I found McLaws still in position there, his troops suffering considerably from a severe fire of artillery from the opposite hills. I was informed by General Kershaw, who held the right of this division, that although he understood the general instructions that the forward movement was to be taken up from the right, he had not yet received the order to move, from his division commander. I pointed out the position of Hood's division, and urged the necessity of immediate support on its left. General Kershaw requested me to designate the point on which his right flank should be directed, and promptly moved to the attack, the movement being taken up by the whole division.

When Hood's division first attacked, General Meade, alarmed for the safety of his left wing, and doubtless fully alive to the importance of holding so vital a point as Round

Top and its adjacent spurs, commenced sending reënforcements to the threatened points. We encountered some of these in our first advance, and others were arriving as McLaws came up on our left. In its advance this division extended from the "Peach Orchard" near the Emmettsburg road, on its left, to the "Wheat-field" north of the hill on which we had captured the Federal battery, where its right wing connected with my left. As McLaws advanced, we again moved forward on his right, and the fighting continued in "see-saw" style — first one side and then the other gaining ground or losing it, with small advantage to either, until dark.

At the close of the engagement Hood's division held the hill where the battery had been taken and the ridge to its left — our right extending across Devil's Den and well up on the north-western slope of Round Top. During the night this line was strengthened by the construction of a breastwork of the loose stones that abounded all along the positions occupied by the troops, and the light of the next morning disclosed the fact that the Federal troops in front of us had improved their time in the same way. In fact, all through the night we could hear them at work as the rocks were dropped in place on the works, and no doubt they heard us just as distinctly while we were engaged in the same life-preserving operation.

Though the losses had been severe on both sides, comparatively few prisoners had been taken. But early in the night, in the confusion resulting from the fight over such rugged ground and the darkness of the wooded mountain side, men of both armies, in search of their commands, occasionally wandered into the opposing picket-lines and were captured. Many of the Federal wounded were left in our lines on the ground from which their troops had been forced back, and some of ours remained in their hands in the most advanced positions we had reached and had been compelled to abandon. Among these latter was Colonel Powell of the Fourth Texas regiment, who was shot through the body and afterwards died. Powell was a stout, portly man, with a full beard, in many respects resembling General Longstreet, which at first created the impression with his captors that they had taken that officer. Indeed it was asserted positively by some of the prisoners we picked up during the night that General Longstreet was badly wounded and a prisoner in their hands, and they obstinately refused to credit our statements to the contrary.

Early in the morning of the 3d two of my batteries, Latham's and Garden's, were sent to Colonel, afterward General, E. P. Alexander, who commanded our artillery in the center, to assist in the cannonade of the Federal position south of Cemetery Hill, preparatory to the assault of Pickett's division at that point; and about nine o'clock A. M. General Longstreet came over to my position on the right, and instructed me to be ready to renew the attack on our front. Under the circumstances that then existed, such an attack would have been simply unadulterated madness. I have already described the difficult nature of the ground in our front. These difficulties were greatly increased by extemporized breastworks of rock all along the Federal line, which afforded good protection for their infantry and were fully manned by a force much superior to our own. On the other hand, we had been weakened in the desperate attack of the preceding evening by losses amounting to one-fourth of the whole force carried into action. More than two thousand officers and men of our division had been killed and wounded, among them Generals Anderson and Robertson, and about one-half of the field-officers of the various regiments. McLaws's division, on our left, had suffered nearly as severely, General Barksdale of that division being killed and General Semmes mortally wounded.

The cannonade in the center soon began, and presented one of the most magnificent battle-scenes witnessed during the war. Looking up the valley towards Gettysburg, the hills on either side were capped with crowns of flame and smoke, as three hundred guns, about equally divided between the two ridges, vomited their iron hail upon each other. Dense clouds of smoke settled over the valley, through which the shells went hissing and screaming on their errand of death. Numbers of these from opposite directions exploded midway over the valley, apparently with venomous impatience, as they met each other in mid-air, lighting up the clouds with snake-like flashes of lurid lightning.

While this grand artillery duel was progressing, and before our infantry had moved to the attack, a new danger threatened us on the right. This was the appearance of Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, which moved up on that flank and commenced massing in the body of timber which extended from the base of Round Top westward towards Kern's house, on the Emmettsburg road. Reilly's and Bachman's batteries were ordered to change front to the right so as to bear upon this position, and at once opened fire upon the cavalry, which retired beyond the wood and out of sight. In order to protect my flank more fully, I withdrew the First Texas regiment of Robertson's brigade from the main line, and placed it in position midway between Round Top and the Emmettsburg road, with

skirmishers extending from its left and connecting at right angles with the extreme right of the main line on the slope of the mountain. I also detached the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments of Anderson's brigade, and sent them to the support of the Ninth, which had been stationed at Kern's house. About the time these dispositions were completed, Colonel Black, of the First South Carolina Cavalry, reported to me with about one hundred men who had been gathered up from the medical trains, most of them partly disabled and only a part mounted, and with three guns of Hart's battery of horse artillery. Hart's guns were stationed on the Emmettsburg road, and the cavalry extended the right flank beyond that road. This new flanking line was formed at right angles to the main line, and crossed the Emmettsburg road near Kern's house.

One brigade of the Federal cavalry (Merritt's) moved across the road and deployed a strong line of dismounted skirmishers in front of Colonel Black's command, which was too weak to offer any effectual resistance. Hart's guns, however, were well handled, and did good service as long as the enemy remained in reach of them. To meet this flanking movement, I had to extend the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments to the right, and heavy skirmishing continued as the lines developed, with occasional efforts of the Federals to break through, until about half-past three o'clock P. M., when my two regiments were stretched out to a bare line of skirmishers.

It is not an easy task to operate against cavalry with infantry alone, on an extended line and in an open country where the former, capable of moving much more rapidly, can choose its own points of attack and can elude the blows of its necessarily more tardy adversary. But Merritt's brigade was now dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, and I lost no time in taking advantage of this temporary equality as to the means of locomotion. Detaching the two remaining regiments of Anderson's brigade (Eleventh and Fifty-ninth Georgia) from the main line, I moved them rapidly to our extreme right, now about a mile from Kern's house, attacked Merritt's reserve, and then, changing front to the left, struck his skirmish-line "on its end" and "doubled it up" as far as the Emmettsburg road. This reduced my front to manageable dimensions and left some force at my disposal to meet any concentrated attack that the cavalry might make.

I had just returned to the position occupied by our artillery, which was in the angle formed by the main and flanking lines, when Farnsworth's cavalry brigade charged the line held by the First Texas regiment. It was impossible to use our artillery to any advantage owing to the "close quarters" of the attacking cavalry with our own men — the leading squadrons forcing their horses up to the very muzzles of the rifles of our infantry. That portion of the cavalry which covered the front of the First Texas regiment was handsomely repulsed; but the First Vermont regiment, forming the Federal right wing, overlapped the First Texas on its left, and, striking the skirmish-line only, rode through it into the open valley in rear of our main line on the spurs of Round Top. When I first became satisfied, through information from the Texas skirmishers, that Farnsworth's brigade was massing in their front, the Ninth Georgia regiment was ordered from Kern's house to the support of the batteries, the former position being now safe, as the other four regiments of Anderson's brigade were concentrated near that point. Hearing the firing and knowing its cause, the Ninth Georgia came up at a run, just as the First Vermont Cavalry rode through our skirmish-line, led by General Farnsworth in person. Instead of moving directly upon our batteries, the cavalry directed its course up the valley towards Gettysburg, passing between the position of our artillery and our main line. Watching the direction they had taken, I sent Lieutenant Wade, of my staff, rapidly across the valley in advance of them, with orders to detach the first regiment he should come to, on the main line, and send it down on a run to "head them off" in that direction. He was also ordered to follow the line to the extreme right and direct Colonel Oates (Fifteenth Alabama) to strengthen his flanking skirmish-line and to close up the gap on the left of the First Texas where the cavalry had broken in.

Farnsworth and his cavalry, in the mean time, were riding in gallant style, with drawn sabers and unopposed, up the valley. As they approached Slyder's house, and as I stood intently watching them, I saw a ragged Confederate battle-flag fluttering among the trees at the foot of the opposite ridge, and the men with it soon after appeared, running out into the open ground on the further side of the valley. It was the Fourth Alabama regiment, Law's brigade, which had been taken from the main line and sent down by Lieutenant Wade. The men opened fire as they ran. The course of the cavalry was abruptly checked and saddles were rapidly emptied. Recoiling from this fire, they turned to their left and rear, and directed their course up the hill towards the position occupied by our batteries. Bachman's battery promptly changed front to its left, so as to face the approaching cavalry, and, together with its infantry supports, opened a withering fire at close range. Turning again to their left, Farnsworth and

the few of his men who remained in their saddles directed their course towards the point where they had originally broken in, having described by this time almost a complete circle. But the gap where they had entered was now closed, and receiving another fire from that point, they again turned to the left and took refuge in the woods near the the base of Round Top. When the last turn to the left was made, about half a dozen of their number separated from the main body and escaped by "running the gauntlet" to the right of the First Texas regiment.

While these movements were in progress I could plainly distinguish General Farnsworth, who led the charge, and whom I then supposed to be Kilpatrick. He wore a linen havelock over his military cap, and was evidently wounded at the time he entered the woods. Here, with his little handful of gallant followers, he rode upon the skirmish-line of the Fifteenth Alabama regiment, and, pistol in hand, called upon Lieutenant Adrian, who commanded the line, to surrender. The skirmishers in return fired upon him, killing his horse and wounding General Farnsworth in several places. As he fell to the ground, Adrian approached him and demanded his surrender. He curtly refused to surrender, at the same time killing himself with the pistol which he still held in his hand. During the afternoon the pickets of the First Texas regiment had been so near the point where the Federal cavalry were preparing for the attack as to hear their voices distinctly when raised at all above the ordinary tone. Just before the charge was made they heard some one say, in an excited, angry tone, "Colonel, if you are afraid to attack, by ——, I will lead the charge myself." I afterwards learned that the speaker was General Kilpatrick, and that the words were addressed to General Farnsworth, who was aware of the difficulties of the movement and would not have made it if the matter had been left to his own judgment. However this may have been, he certainly bore himself with the most conspicuous gallantry throughout that fatal charge.*

General Longstreet, aware of the danger that threatened our right from the attack of Kilpatrick's division, came over to my position late in the afternoon and expressed his satisfaction at the result and the promptness and good conduct of the troops engaged. We had all day held our front line, gained the evening before, ready and able to repel any attack from the superior force in our front, and with troops drawn from that line had given to General Kilpatrick his congé on our right flank. It seemed to us on the Confederate right that there was at least one little spot of "silver lining" in the cloud that hung so darkly over the field of Gettysburg after the disastrous charge of Pickett.

Late in the afternoon of July 3d, I was ordered to withdraw the division from the lines it had held since the evening of the 2d to the ridge near the Emmettsburg road, from which it had advanced to the attack on that day. McLaws's division, which had held the line to our left during the day, retired first, and I ordered my brigade commanders to take up the movement from left to right. The courier who delivered the order to General Benning holding the left of the division, in designating the position to which he was to retire, pointed to the line McLaws had just abandoned. Benning, supposing that McLaws had been moved for the purpose of reënforcing our line on some other part of the field, dispatched Colonel DuBose with the Fifteenth Georgia Regiment in that direction. McCandless's Federal brigade had, in the mean time, advanced to the ground previously held by McLaws, and attacked the Fifteenth Georgia when it attempted to take up that position. Colonel DuBose made a gallant but fruitless attempt to hold his ground, expecting support from the other regiments of his brigade. Being attacked in front and on both flanks by McCandless's brigade, reënforced by Bartlett's, he was driven back with considerable loss. He retired from one position to another, fighting as he retreated, and finally succeeded in extricating his regiment and rejoining his brigade. The loss of the Fifteenth Georgia in this affair was very heavy, including one hundred and one prisoners, beside the killed and wounded. In the mean time General Benning, having received a second order to retire, withdrew the remainder of his brigade without loss. The other brigades of the division were quietly withdrawn, the Federals in their front making no advance. We remained quietly in our new position across the Emmettsburg road until near daylight on the morning of the 5th, when we took up the line of march with the rest of the army towards Fairfield Gap and the Potomac.

E. M. Law.

* Major Clifford Thomson, of General Pleasonton's staff, writes that when General Kilpatrick ordered General Farnsworth to charge, the latter, referring to the two or three stone fences between his command and the enemy, replied that in view of the obstacles it would be simply a slaughter of men. Kilpatrick answered, in effect, that if Farnsworth was afraid to make the charge he would lead it himself, and Farnsworth replied: "General Kilpatrick, you can't lead men anywhere that I cannot go. If you give me the order to charge I will do so, but you take the responsibility." Just before the battle Custer, Merritt, and Farnsworth were recommended to be brigadier generals and were given such commands. Farnsworth's commission was dated June 29th, five days before his death. As he had been on detached service, it had not reached him, being carried among Pleasonton's headquarters' papers until after the battle. His previous rank had been captain in the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.— EDITOR.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Capitulation of Harper's Ferry.

ARMY WATER-CART.

RECENT contributions from distinguished officers of the Confederate army, relative to the battle of Antietam and the capitulation of Harper's Ferry, although substantially correct so far as they go, are necessarily incomplete, and do not present the situation and circumstances under which the last-named event took place from the stand-point of the other side.

On the 8th of September, 1862,— being then in command of the Union forces at Martinsburg, Virginia, about two thousand five hundred of all arms,— I reported to General Wool at Baltimore, commanding the Department, that the enemy was approaching from the north in a force estimated at 15,000 to 20,000, and asked for instructions. General Wool replied:

"If 20,000 men should attack you, you will of course fall back. Harper's Ferry would be the best position I could recommend." * * *

After reconnoissance, and some skirmishing with the enemy's advance, demonstrating that his force was too large to successfully oppose, especially as there were no defenses at Martinsburg, the post was, in accordance with General Wool's views, evacuated, and Harper's Ferry reached on the 12th.

Upon reporting to Colonel Miles, the officer in command, he showed me the following dispatch:

"WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 7, 1862. COLONEL MILES, Harper's Ferry: Our army [McClellan's] is in motion; it is important that Harper's Ferry be held to the latest moment. The Government has the utmost confidence in you, and is ready to give you full credit for the defense it expects you to make. H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."

In view of the foregoing dispatch, and of the fact that I had been ordered from Harper's Ferry to the command at Martinsburg a few days previously by General Wool, it was manifest that the authorities intended to retain Miles in command — very properly so, as he was an officer of forty years' experience.

The defenses of Harper's Ferry, if worthy of the name, consisted of a small work on the crest of Maryland Heights called Stone Fort; another well down the western slope, where a battery of heavy naval guns was established. There was also down the western slope from the Stone Fort a line of intrenchments terminating at a work near the Potomac called Fort Duncan, but this line was not occupied except at the upper end.

On Bolivar Heights a line of rifle-pits extended from near the Potomac southward to the Charlestown road, where a small work for the protection of artillery was situated.

In the rear of this line eastward, and in the upper part of the town, was an earthwork known as Camp Hill. Loudoun Heights (east of the Shenandoah) were not occupied by our troops.

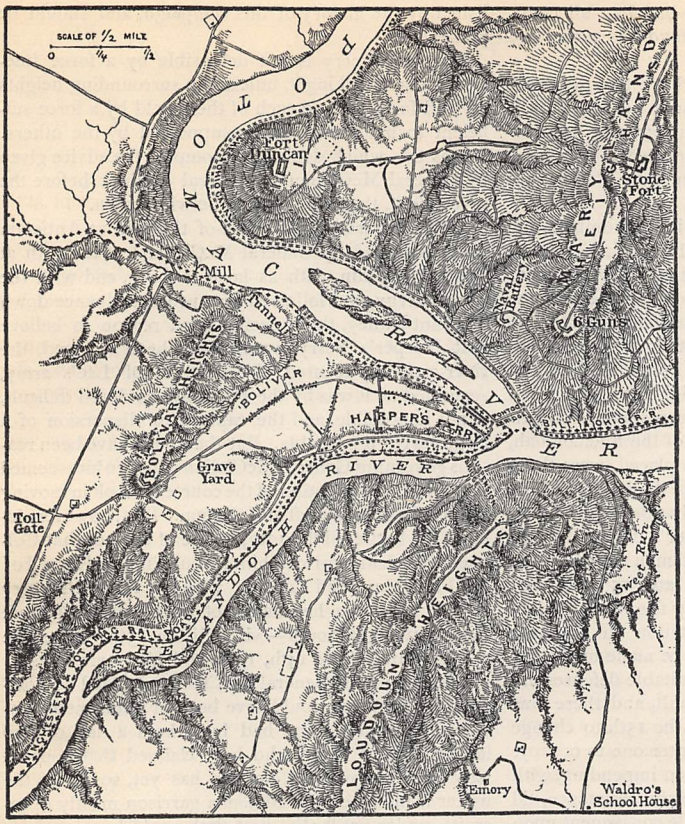
The troops constituting the garrison were disposed by Colonel Miles as follows: on Maryland Heights, about two thousand; on Bolivar Heights, from the Potomac to the Charlestown road, thence at a right angle to the Shenandoah, a distance in all of at least a mile and a half, seven thousand men; in the work at Camp Hill, about eight hundred; and the remainder, about one thousand, guarded the bridges and other points on the rivers.

The distance from Maryland Heights to the nearest point on Bolivar Heights, by way of the pontoon bridge, was two and a quarter miles; to the intersection of the Charlestown road, three miles. Thus the principal points to be defended were not within supporting distance of each other in case of assault, nor was either of them properly fortified.

On the 13th the divisions of Generals McLaws and R. H. Anderson, by order of General Lee, reached Maryland Heights, and attacked the force stationed there, under Colonel Ford, who after some fighting abandoned the position — as he stated, by order of Colonel Miles, but the latter denied having given such an order. Be this as it may, it is certain that the enemy could have easily taken it with the force at his command, whenever he chose to do so.

It has generally been considered that Colonel Miles should have tried to hold that position, even if it became necessary to mass his whole force there. The reasons given by him to the writer for not doing so were: (1) That his orders required him to hold Harper's Ferry, and this would be a violation of such orders; (2) that water would be inaccessible. Moreover, it was manifest that if Harper's Ferry were evacuated, the enemy would close in from beyond Bolivar Heights, and from Loudoun Heights, and cross to the north side of the Potomac, thus wholly enveloping our small force with Lee's entire army, and virtually concentrating the latter in front of McClellan, with the river-crossing at Harper's Ferry, the principal object of its occupation, given up to the enemy.

Whether this view was correct or not, it is a fact that the maintenance of the line on Bolivar Heights till the morning of September 15th prevented the presence of the divisions of Generals A. P. Hill, McLaws, and Anderson with Lee, until the 17th, the day of Antietam, being four full days after General McClellan had received a copy of General Lee's orders directing the movement against Harper's Ferry, and



MAP OF THE DEFENSES AND APPROACHES OF HARPER'S FERRY.

disclosing the fact that fully one-third of his army was south of the Potomac, and much more than that, including the force under McLaws and Anderson, engaged in the movement against Harper's Ferry.

Officers of the Confederate army, before alluded to, writing for the June CENTURY (1886), have described the situation of that part of Lee's army north of the Potomac during the 14th, 15th, and 16th as one of "imminent peril," "very serious," etc., etc., virtually admitting that it might have then been defeated. Thus it will be seen that there were two sides to the question whether Maryland Heights was the "Key to Harper's Ferry" under the then existing circumstances, and that the detention of the Confederate forces around that place was prolonged, instead of abbreviated, by the continued occupation of Bolivar Heights, instead of the abandonment of the position for that on Maryland Heights.

During the afternoon of the 14th General Jackson, who had completed the investment of the place by his arrival on the 13th, moved forward with a view to occupy the ridge which is a prolongation of Bolivar Heights south of the Charlestown road and descends toward the Shenandoah River. To oppose this movement troops were advanced, but after a spirited engagement it was manifest that we could not prevent his establishment in the position sought, and at night our force was withdrawn within the lines of defense.

During the evening a consultation took place at which it was determined to send out all the cavalry, as it was of very little use in the defense of the place, and in case of the capture or surrender of the post, the horses and equipments would be valuable to the enemy. Colonel Arno Voss, Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, ranking cavalry officer, commanded the force which thus escaped. The question whether the infantry could not also escape was discussed and given up, because it was deemed impossible to march it fast enough. Moreover, Colonel Miles considered that he had no right to evacuate Harper's Ferry. The testimony of the cavalry officers, given subsequently, was, with one exception, to the effect that the road was impracticable for artillery, difficult for infantry, and that they could not have escaped.

Soon after daylight on the morning of the 15th fire was opened by the enemy's artillery, comprising probably nearly or quite fifty pieces; those established at the southern extremity of Bolivar Heights completely enfilading that part of our line extending from the Charlestown road northward to the Potomac; those placed on the south-western slope of Loudoun Heights, and on the west side of the Shenandoah near by, delivering their fire at an acute angle to our line, being half enfilade; those at or near the crest of Loudoun Heights taking us in rear; and still others in the valley beyond Bolivar Heights firing directly at our front.

The fire was chiefly converged upon the batteries we had established at and near the intersection of Bolivar Heights and the Charlestown road, that being the point upon which it was manifest General Jackson would deliver the expected assault.

The writer, being in command of the forces in this quarter, ordered the massing of the artillery there and the movement of the regiment holding Camp Hill to the front. These orders, as I afterward learned, were countermanded by Colonel Miles, who deemed it necessary to retain a force near the river-crossing; at all events, the order was not executed.

The artillery fight continued until half-past eight in the morning, when it was apparent the assault might be expected immediately. At this time Colonel Miles visited the work at the Charlestown road and said to the writer that the situation seemed hopeless, and that the place might as well be surrendered without farther sacrifice of life. It was replied that such a step should only be taken upon the judgment of a council of war, whereupon Colonel Miles called the commanders of brigades together, who, after consultation, and with great reluctance on the part of some, voted unanimously for capitulation if honorable terms could be obtained, for the following reasons:

First. The officer commanding had lost all confidence in his ability further to defend the place, and was the first to advise surrender.

Second. There was no reason to hope that the attenuated line on Bolivar Heights could be maintained, even for half an hour, against the greatly superior force massed for the assault, supported if necessary by an attack on our rear by Generals Walker and McLaws.

Third. Great as was the disparity in numbers, the disparity in position was greater. Harper's Ferry and Bolivar Heights were dominated by Maryland and Loudoun Heights, and the other positions held by the enemy's artillery. The crest of Maryland Heights is at an elevation of one thousand and sixty feet; the southern point, nearest Harper's Ferry, six hundred and forty-nine feet; Loudoun Heights, nine hundred and fifty-four feet. The south-western slope of the latter and the grounds near by, west of the Shenandoah, where batteries of the enemy were placed, were three hundred to six hundred feet high. The elevation of Bolivar Heights is about three hundred feet, while Camp Hill and the town of Harper's Ferry are still lower. Thus all our movements of men or guns during the engagements of the 14th and 15th, as well as the effect of their own plunging fire, were plainly visible from the enemy's signal-station on Loudoun Heights. No effective reply could be made to the fire from these elevated positions, no suitable defenses existed from which to resist the assault, and there was no opportunity on the morning of the 15th to change our position, if there had been a better one to occupy.

Fourth. Awaiting the assault, then impending, with no hope of even a temporary successful resistance, did not seem to justify the sacrifice of life consequent upon such a course — the situation being regarded as one of the unfortunate chances of war, unavoidable under existing circumstances.

The writer was appointed by Colonel Miles commissioner to arrange the terms of capitulation, and at the urgent request of other officers I accepted the unwelcome duty, in the hope of obtaining honorable conditions. Immediately after the council broke up, Colonel Miles was mortally wounded; he died the next day.

As commissioner I was received very courteously by the Confederate officers, and the terms of capitulation agreed upon with General A. P. Hill provided that all private property of individuals and the side-arms of officers should be retained by them. Refugees, of whom there were a considerable number, were not to be treated as prisoners, except such, if any, as were deserters from the Confederate army. There were none of this class. All the Union troops were immediately paroled, and were not to serve again until regularly exchanged. A number of the prominent officers of the Confederate army spoke of our situation as hopeless from the hour when the investment was completed.

This paper has been prepared for the sole purpose of presenting the salient facts in the case, with no purpose of condemning or vindicating any one connected with it, directly or indirectly, and all incidents not actually necessary to show the causes of the event have been omitted by reason of the limited space which a magazine article allows.

But it is believed that the following facts are established by the history of this campaign, and should be presented.

Harper's Ferry is not defensible by a force inferior to that attacking it, unless the surrounding heights be well fortified, and each of them held by a force sufficient to maintain itself unsupported by the others. It was this which doubtless prompted the advice given by General McClellan to General Halleck before the investment, that the garrison be withdrawn.

Had the hard-fought battle of the 17th at Antietam been delivered by General McClellan on the 14th at South Mountain, with as large a force, and with the same energy, and followed by a prompt advance down Pleasant Valley, there seems good reason to believe that Harper's Ferry would have been relieved, the river-crossing secured, the reunion of Lee's army, separated as it was by the Potomac, rendered difficult, if not impossible, and the capture or dispersion of a large part of it probable. But there may have been reasons governing General McClellan which to him seemed to demand the adoption of the course he took in moving against the enemy's left at Antietam. This, however, delayed the battle till the 17th, in face of the fact that Colonel Miles had informed him through Major Russell of the First Maryland Cavalry, who left Harper's Ferry on the 13th, that he could not hold that place more than forty-eight hours — viz., till the 15th. Thus the opportunities of the 14th, 15th, and 16th were lost.

Of course after General McClellan decided to postpone the battle, it would have been of immense advantage if Harper's Ferry had been held a day or two longer; but of those who have claimed that it could have been longer held, no one has yet, so far as the writer is informed, stated *how* a garrison mostly of recruits, under fire for the first time, could have successfully defended an area of three square miles, assailed from all sides by veterans three times their number, posted, with artillery, in positions commanding the whole field. The writer with due deference expresses the opinion that the force under Jackson could have carried the place by assault, within an hour after his arrival before it, or at any time thereafter prior to the surrender, in spite of any resistance which under the circumstances could have been made.

Julius White.

The report of the Military Commission censured Colonels Miles and Ford and Major Baird. It affirmed that there was nothing in the conduct of Colonels D'Utassy and Trimble to call for censure; and that General Julius White merited the approbation of the Commission, adding, "He appears from the evidence to have acted with decided capability and courage."—EDITOR.

Ripley's Brigade at South Mountain.

I FIND that some persons construe the article of General D. H. Hill, in the June CENTURY, as reflecting upon the troops composing the brigade of General R. S. Ripley, at the battle of Boonsboro' or South Mountain. General Hill disclaims any such intention on his part, and the facts are these:

He correctly states Ripley's manœuvres at Boonsboro' until we reached a position at the foot of the mountain,— on the west side,— when General Ripley said to me (colonel of the Third North Carolina Infantry) that we were entirely cut off from the rest of the army, except G. B. Anderson's brigade, which was on our right, and that he assumed the command

of the two brigades, directing me to take command of the three regiments (Colonel Doles, with his Fourth Georgia, having been detached and sent to a position on the north of the Pike) and that he would remain near me; directing me, at the same time, to advance slowly up the mountain with a strong line of skirmishers in front. Upon reaching the summit, after toiling through the dense undergrowth of laurel, Captain Thruston, in command of the skirmish line, reported troops in his front, a few minutes later confirming his first impression that they were G. B. Anderson's brigade, presenting their left flank and advancing towards his left.

This was promptly reported, through my adjutant, to General Ripley, who directed me to withdraw to my original position; which having been accomplished, I was directed to hold my then position until further orders. After nightfall I moved forward, changing front to left, a short distance, to the support of General Drayton, remaining there without "drawing trigger" until we took up the line of march for Sharpsburg, about ten to twelve at night. While, therefore, we accomplished nothing tangible, we were in position to do any duty for which we might be called.

At Sharpsburg the command made a record of which any troops might well feel proud. General Ripley, for the first time, went to the front with his command, and was wounded before the action became general. This placed Colonel Doles in command as senior colonel. In speaking of the troops here, I can do so only for the Fourth Georgia and Third North Carolina, and no soldiers ever did duty more faithfully or more cheerfully than did they.

I carried into action, the morning of the 17th of September, 520 men, and the loss on that and the following day was 330 men, and 23 out of 27 officers, of which latter 7 were killed or died from their wounds within a few days. Most of the loss was sustained in less than two hours of fighting on the first day. We were in position near the "East Wood," having gone into action through the yard of the Mumma house (which was set fire to by my orders), and for an hour were fighting three lines of Federals, when a division, in column of battalion, came up, and, halting within one hundred yards of my right company, the right of the brigade, opened fire, enfilading my command and causing the heavy loss sustained in so short a time. This necessitated a prompt change of front on my part, and while this was being done I was disabled and carried off the field, not, however, before I had the satisfaction of seeing my brave men held well in hand by my senior captain, S. D. Thruston, who was soon after promoted.

The following circumstances, though not coming under my own observation, are well authenticated.

Captain Thruston sent a message to General Longstreet — "Captain Thruston sends his compliments to General Longstreet and requests reënforcements, as he has only one man to every panel of fence, and the enemy are strong and very active in his front." To which General Longstreet replied — "Tell Captain Thruston he must hold his position if he has only one man to every sixteen panels of fence. I have no assistance to send him." This order was strictly obeyed. The regiment remained on that hill and under that fence — with the rails of which the enemy's guns were playing "battledoor and shuttlecock" — from midday of the 17th to ten A. M. of the 18th, with not so much as one drop of water.

While Captain Thruston was riding with General D. H. Hill, on the morning of the 18th, to obtain a regiment to relieve his from the position at that fence, General Hill remarked, "My dear sir, we have too many cowards in our army." To which Captain Thruston replied, "General, you cannot apply that epithet to my regiment, as their fighting yesterday showed for itself." "No, sir," said General Hill; "your regiment fought nobly yesterday" — a well-deserved compliment, and valued more highly as coming from one competent to give, but not profuse in giving, compliments of the kind.

I have never doubted that the remarkable tenacity and bull-dog courage with which that brigade held its position, in the face of odds of ten to one, had much to do with preventing the enemy from penetrating our lines, both on the 17th and 18th.

The inaction of the brigade at Boonsboro' was not of their own choosing, and the fault lay not with them!

William L. De Rosset.

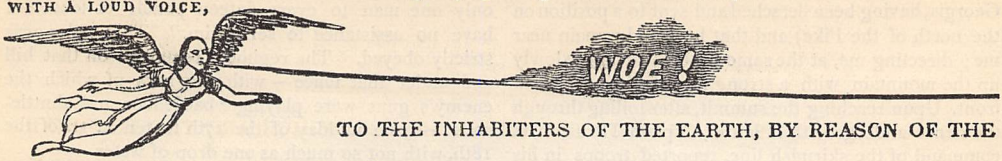
WILMINGTON, N. C., September 24, 1886.

General Lee Trusting in Providence at Antietam.

I HAVE read everything I have ever seen in print in regard to the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and one incident that may or may not be of importance I have never seen mentioned. About 4 P. M. on the day of the battle, a full brigade of Federal troops — five regiments, I think — forded the Antietam at an obscure ford about half-way between Sharpsburg and the mouth of the Antietam, or, as I remember, about one mile below Sharpsburg, and, being entirely in the rear of the Confederate army, formed line facing Sharpsburg, at right angles with the Antietam, and advanced nearly half a mile. I believed then and believe now that had they made ever so faint an attack, or indeed had their presence been known to the Confederates, nothing could have prevented an entire change of result. I went in person — under orders — to General Lee, and communicated this fact, and was informed that he could do nothing; "that every man was engaged, and he was compelled to trust to Providence." I was gone from my post about three-fourths of an hour, and upon my return found the brigade hastily recrossing the river, and I have never learned what troops they were; nor have I ever heard any mention of this fact!

Frank A. Bond.

Rev. viii. 13.—And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven, - - - - WITH A LOUD VOICE,



TO THE INHABITERS OF THE EARTH, BY REASON OF THE

FROM "THE MIDNIGHT CRY,"

A LITTLE MILLERITE.

EVERYBODY in those parts called it the "Holler." It was X—— in the Postal Gazetteer, and X—— Mills on the letters and papers addressed to its post-office. The mail-bag thrown off there from the stage running between what in the local dialect was called "Fonder" and the Fish House was a heavy one for so remote a clearing in the north woods of eastern New York.

That stage route, in the summer-time, was largely patronized by fishermen — gentlemen from New York and Albany chiefly — off for a Waltonian holiday along the trout streams of Sir William Johnson's old domain. Another class of passengers, going up and down the road in all seasons, were the preachers of the sect called Christians (pronounced *Christ*-yans by their Trinitarian contemporaries), grave-visaged men, to whom the X—— post-office was a kind of Mecca. The rambling building in which it was located was the publication house of the sect. There its weekly magazine was edited and printed, and much of its distinctive literature. The "White Pilgrim" was not unknown to the passengers on that stage route, a "Christian" preacher, whose white apparel and simple eloquence made him famous on his missionary circuit.

The quarterly committee meetings at the X—— office and the frequent conferences of the preachers gave the place a peculiar individuality. That was forty years ago, when postal rates were a considerable item to such a publication "Concern," and therein lay the secret of its location at the "Holler." Its editor and superintendent was the postmaster. He was also the pastor of the only congregation in the place, a large one, made up of a few rich farmers, farm laborers, mill hands, and the employees of the "Concern." He was indisputably a man of affairs — a kind of Sir William Johnson in miniature, remembering the difference in the religious and moral character of the two men.

A low, wide dwelling-house, under great locusts, the woods behind the orchard crowding the apple-trees close to the door. Where else under the sun of the State of New York was it ever the fashion to paint window-sashes black, and outside doors all the colors of the rainbow? The house was a melancholy, bilious yellow; but such a glory of flowering vines as it was decked out with, such a smooth-shaven lawn all around it, and beds of pinks and double poppies and cock's-feather and the rest! The great stumps serving for fence-posts were hillocks of bouncing-bets and morning-glories.

Back of the pretty dwelling-house, in full sight from the road, was the "office." Its piazza had an appearance of holding fast to the top of the steep hill over which the building extended in the rear. A steep woody bank — a stream at the foot — little or nothing about the exterior of the building to indicate that it was a printing-office, book-bindery, editorial room, pastor's study, and district-school library.

It is there these reminiscences of a little Millerite properly begin. That house was my childhood's home. My father was the postmaster, etc., of the "Holler."

As I remember X—— (and I have not seen it for more than forty years), it was far more prosaic than picturesque, with its dreary common on one side of the main street and a fire-blackened chimney standing in the midst of ruins and brambles on the other. The one discouraged store was usually closed. The roar of the saw-mill dam and the drowsy buzz of its saws kept up a certain atmosphere of activity; but the summers were short and the winters long — the knotty russets hardly gathered before the fences were under the snow.

The beauty of the "Holler" was in the "crik," a tributary of the little Sacondaga of Sir William Johnson's time,— vagrant of the forest that it was,— creeping stealthily out of the thicket as if to see what the mill was scolding about; never meaning to be entrapped into doing a bit of the world's work; rebelling at its moment's slavery to leap the dam for

OTHER VOICES OF THE TRUMPET OF THE THREE ANGELS, WHICH ARE YET TO SOUND.

PUBLISHED IN BOSTON, 1843.

freedom; scurrying away in a foaming rage; shooting under the bridge of the main street straight into the meshes of the paper-mill, from whose black raceway it made a mad rush for the forest again; muttering, as one child interpreted its sullen roar, that it would never, never be heard from again. Then there was the belt of hoary pines watching the clearing from over the inner wall of beeches and maples—forever watching, it seemed to me, for some one to whom they could beckon, so melancholy were they with being left out there alone in the wind and the storm. It had been sweet waking some morning and finding them gone, if one had never known who cut them down. But the view of a spur of the Adirondacks from a near hill-top was an important part of my life in X——; those far-off heights I dreamed of climbing some day.

Never a spire or turret in the place, nothing but the chimney in ruins for an architectural aspiration. The meeting-house, a mile or less through the woods from the corners, was one of those weather-palsied representations of Zion happily disappearing from the land. The school-house, a poor, lonesome, little red school-house, was a half mile away from the corners in another direction. To have concentrated the religious and educational institutions of X—— nearer the post-office would have caused heartburning in the country round about, no doubt. The "Holler" could not expect to monopolize everything.

A commonplace picture, but a happy home, nevertheless. My father's good people were devoted to him, and he had no higher ambition than spending his days where he had found prosperity and honor. We children used to receive many presents, I remember, nor did we fall short of expecting gifts as a matter of course. Will anything ever bring the joy that came with a *red* flannel rabbit one old lady gave me when the story of the loss of my pet in a neighbor's trap caused so much feeling in the parish? These glimpses of the picture of my childhood are so closely related to what came to pass, they may hardly be spared from reminiscences of the fanaticism sweeping over that home like a withering blast.

II.

It was in the early summer of 1843 that my father became a convert to the doctrines of William Miller. He was in attendance upon Anniversary Week in New York when he heard the lectures upon the prophecies concerning the second coming, which led him to announce his decision to "leave all" and proclaim the "midnight cry." Leaving all for him meant severing his connection with the publication house, giving up his pastorate, burning his ships behind him, in short. But what need had he of ships if the world was to come to its end that year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three?

My first remembrance of the "tidings" is hearing the doctrine ridiculed. Everybody was laughing at my father's believing what he did, calling him a Millerite, and asking to see our ascension robes. I can remember a consciousness that we had become *peculiar*—a thrust-out feeling which was very painful, a conviction that my father was unjustly and wickedly treated, and that by those he had believed to be his friends. If the world was to be burned up very soon, why should he not make it known? If he did not know the truth of the matter, who did? It was terrible to hear the subject laughed about. Father had taken us children into his study directly upon his return from New York, and, having prayed with us, had told us very clearly what was coming to pass, and that speedily. If we were good children, we would be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, when that terrible trumpet sounded and the mountains were falling and the dead coming out of their graves. We believed every word he said, and the end of one world came to us while he spake.

The excitement in the little settlement was something to be remembered. In the hail of ridicule and persecution my father's faith intensified of course. He could bear ridicule better than the pleading of near friends. We children heard it all, lived it all—what the committee said, what the congregation said, why so-and-so would not hear him preach his farewell sermon, and who had been converted to his new gospel, with all the

"Thou O king, sawest and behold a great image This great image whose brightness was excellent stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. Dan. 2 31.

The seven times or 2520 years beg

Duration of the Roman Gov

BABYLON 13.9 YRS. This image's head was of Fine Gold

MEDIA & PERSIA 207 YRS. His Breast and Arms of Silver

GRECIA 173 YRS. His Belly & sides of Brass

His Legs of Iron

ROME 666 IMPERIAL YRS.

677 600 500 400 300 200 100 100 200 300 400

A PICTORIAL CHART

Arranged and Published by **J.V.**

49 Jubile

The Lion. Dan. 7. 4.

The Bear Dan. 7. 5.

The Leopard. Dan. 7. 6.

I saw a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and brake in pieces and stamped the residue with the feet of it. Dan. 7. 7.

Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast for it is the number of a man, & his number is six hundred threescore & six. Rev. 13. 18.

PAGAN 666 BEAST YRS.

10 Kings Rev

30 YR

677 600 500 400 300 200 100 100 200 300 400 500

The 2300 day

Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, to seal up the vision and prophecy and to anoint the Most Holy. Dan. 9. 24.

Seventy weeks 490 yrs.

Pagan Rome, The continual or daily

Pagan Rome represent Rome, Pagan & Papal (and not Antiochus Epiphanes, who died 164 yrs B.C.) for it stood up against the prince of princes. Dan. 8. 9. 12.

508 538

Pagan Rome

Babylon not included in this vision.

Dan. 8. 3-7.

Dan. 8. 8.

Dan. 8. 5.

The little horn of the Macedonian Goat

PAGAN 666 ROME YRS.

677 600 500 400 300 200 100 100 200 300 400 500

an 677 years B.C: and will end in 1843.

Prophetic calculation

2520	7 Times or yrs.
677	12
1843	84
	30
	2520

ernment from its connection with the people of God 158 yrs. B.C.

Here the ten kings rise & continue until the stone shall smite the Image on the feet & grind it to powder.

His Feet part of Iron, and part of Clay

Dan. 2. 34. 35. "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the Image upon his feet that were of iron and clay and brake them to pieces; Then was the iron, the clay the brass, the silver, the gold broken to pieces together and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors, and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them, and the stone that smote the Image became a great mountain & filled the whole earth."

ROME 1335 KINGLY YRS.

Dan. 12. 4.

And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces & consume all these kingdoms & it shall stand forever.

70 600 700 800 900 1000 1100 1200 1300 1400 1500 1600 1700 1800 1843

OF DANIEL'S VISIONS

HIMES. 14 Devonshire St. Boston.

538	3½ Times or yrs.
1260	12
45	42
1843	30
	1260

ars or 2450 yrs.

Time, times and the dividing of time, or 1260 years.

And the ten horns out of this kingdom, are ten kings that shall arise, and another shall rise after them, and he shall be diverse from the first and he shall subdue three kings. And he shall speak great words against the most High and shall wear out the saints of the Most High; and think to change times and laws; and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time. Dan. 7. 24. 25.

St. Dan. 12. 12.

PAPAL 1260 ROME YRS.

600 700 800 900 1000 1100 1200 1300 1400 1500 1600 1700 1800 1843

s. Dan. 8: 14.

508
1335
1843

1335 days Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the Thousand Three hundred and Five and thirty days. Dan. 12. 12.

The 1290 days. And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Dan. 12. 11.

Papal Rome is also represented by the little horn of the Macedonian Goat for it continued until the end, when it is "broken without hand." the same time that the stone strikes the feet of the Image to grind it to powder.

Grecian Goat 4 horns & the little horn. Dan. 8. 21. 25

Papal Rome

1798 1843 45

PAPAL 1260 ROME YRS.

600 700 800 900 1000 1100 1200 1300 1400 1500 1600 1700 1800 1843

worldly gossip about the struggle for the post-office and the editorship. Our going away from X—— to live in a great city, the little while longer that time should last, was a merciful diversion for us who saw a martyr's halo around our father's head.

Can any of my readers imagine, unless their early religious experience has something in common with mine, what it was for a child truly to believe all the little Millerite did: that at any moment, terribly near at the latest, there would come that fearful upheaval of the earth, that fiery rending apart of the heavens, and in the indescribable confusion of angelic trumpets, and the shrieking of the damned, God himself would descend with a great shout to burn up the world, the sea, and the dry land?

That was a faith sapping the well-springs of a child's joy—making its life like a path through a jungle; the wild beast, ready to spring, was surely in the thicket, and some day there would be an end of the dread of him. It was something that made waking in the still night a painful experience, and a thunder-storm a fearful ordeal, while every sunset brought the inner voice, "The morning may never come." When I think of the years I repeated in my child's prayer every night, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, if you come before morning," I see how much in common I had with the little Hindoos; but they were never snatched from their beds at midnight to see a sign of Siva, the destroyer, coming down in his wrath.

There were notable saints among those Millerite children. "Millerite! Millerite! when are you going up?" was shouted at us from the market-place. We were, in a sense, isolated—not considered safe comrades for children whose parents were on the rock of respectable orthodoxy. We looked at the doomed world with wistful regret, and envied those children who did not go to a Millerite hall or a tent upon Sunday, but to a fine church with an organ. But then we were not permitted to forget that the "churches" were "Babylon," and that by and by Babylon would fall, and then would come our reward.

It was in the office at X—— that I remember seeing Father Miller, a gentle old man, shaking with palsy. That was the album and acrostic age. An old lady has shown me what Father Miller wrote in her album one day while he sat there in the office, surrounded by converts and opponents:

"*S*ay, Maria, say, hath Christ thy soul redeemed,
*A*nd is thy Saviour by thy soul esteemed?
*R*eligion's blessed spirit, doth this abound,
*A*nd grace and mercy scatter light around?
*H*ow stands thy reckoning with thy Lord and Friend,
'*M*idst wreck of matter when this world shall end?
*M*ost Holy Father grant thee wisdom's power,
*A*mid the storm of wrath in that dread hour.
*R*ouse up the slumbering mind to watch and pray—
*S*alvation's coming, he will not delay—
*H*aste thee and meet him while he's on his way.
"WM. MILLER."

February, 1844, saw us moving away from X——, some of my father's old parishioners, converts to Millerism, carrying us and our goods in their big sleighs as far as Utica—a long journey, the weather bitter cold, the roads blocked with snow. It was a "shovel-brigade," and to cheer our hearts, father and the brethren would sing of "the coming" when they could. They left leaflets at many of the houses we passed,—warnings and expositions of prophecy,—and father preached at the inns where we stopped at night; but the converts were few, if any.

I remember looking back at the old house as we drove by the red pickets which seemed trying to get a good-bye glimpse of us over the drifts, thinking how soon everything would pass away with a great noise. But then my new bonnet was becoming, and I had a smart white muff—a stumbling-block to the good Millerite sister who could not see how father could have bought it, and the *last* winter so nearly over. But another good soul, a dim-eyed old lady who said she never expected to see me again until the grand "rizin'," had slipped a package of molasses-candy inside my muff. So, taking all in all, farewell to the "Holler" was not so depressing as it might have been.

I can hear my father answering in his calm, measured voice, when asked by the landlord how long we would want the house we had taken in R——, "Until the Lord comes." "If time lasts" was the condition of every anticipation and promise. Father brought little furniture for the new home, only what was needed for the free hospitality of a "Pilgrims' Hotel." The walls were covered with charts illustrating apocalyptic and prophetical visions—those realistic conceptions of the supernatural, bewildering one uninitiated in their mysteries. There was a difficulty in keeping a servant in the house, of course, which, with the unreliability and undesirability of the sisters as helpers in domestic affairs, gave my mother little time for attending the meetings—something she did not mourn over. Once, when rebuked for her absorption in the things of this life, she replied that the ascension of saints from her outlook depended entirely upon the stepping-stones they found in sinners.

That was the summer before the tenth day of the seventh month, the 24th of October,

the date fixed upon as the one clearly designated by the prophets of old as the time when all things of earth should be consummated.

It is needless reviewing the argument here. The leaders in Millerism were not illiterate men, but Bible students, who, as a rule, had filled pulpits of comparative eminence before "going into Millerism." The greatest accession was from the Baptists and the Methodists.

The fixing upon the tenth day of the seventh month, "and probably at the hour of even," was the full fruition of the literal interpretation of prophecy — of following the system as far as a literal interpretation could go. The literature of this phase of the fanaticism is abundant and creditable to the writers. The open followers of Father Miller that summer of 1844, the time "the tenth day doctrine" was received by them, exceeded fifty thousand in the United States. The declaration, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man," — an obstacle in the way of many who admitted the theory in detail, — was removed by the explanation that by searching the Scriptures the believer was to *know*, could not help knowing, when the Lord was nigh. "When ye see these things, *know* ——." Could they help knowing what they saw, what they could work out like a mathematical problem?

The few weeks remaining before the consummation of all things were devoted to assembling themselves together for watching and prayer, for combined effort in snatching brands from the burning. At the head centers of the fanaticism daily and nightly meetings were held in some large public hall, while the "big tent" traveled about the country with a force of preachers. The expectancy of the believers grew more and more ecstatic as the time drew near, and the lawlessness of the scoffer in deriding him increased. That the public generally was interested in the subject is proved by an examination of the newspapers of the day, several of them having a special column for "Signs and Wonders" and explanation of singular phenomena. Men's hearts seemed failing them for fear, lest Father Miller might be right after all.

There was no going to school for the children of the consistent Millerite that summer. Sending children to school was counting upon a future, was a denial of faith in the speedy coming. Considering what we had to contend with at school, there was little rebellion on our part. I for one have always felt indebted to the political demonstrations of that summer for saving diversion from prayer-meetings, baptisms, and solemn fast-days. It was the Polk-Clay canvass, and many and great were the processions with coons and cabins, and uproarious songs. The fast-days became almost continuous as time hastened on, and to us children, at least, the milk and honey of the new dispensation seemed unreasonably postponed. I used to think it very hard that we were not permitted to go to the evening meetings, when the "scoffers" behaved unseemly; but mother would never consent to that, eager as we were to see what the papers described the next morning for the amusement of a wicked world.

How well grounded we children were in the prophecies! The book of Daniel was our story-book. We could play at "meeting," when the pranks of the scoffers were an outlet for our spirits; we could give for a sermon a fair version of Nebuchadnezzar's dream and the interpretation thereof, piling up books and boxes to represent the great wooden image on the preacher's stand at the hall, taking away kingdom after kingdom until nothing was left but "these last days," awaiting the stone cut out without hands. We liked to make pictures on our slates like those on the chart, and to work the mathematical problems of the 2300 days, the 70 weeks, the 1290 and 1335 days. We thought we knew something about "vials" and "woes" and "trumpets," and many things we must have grown grewsome in discussing.

The standard chart never pleased me half so well as that of a Canadian traveling preacher, representing the fulfillment of the signs of "the coming" according to his crude ideas of art as well as prophecy. For the darkening of the sun, there was a woman with a candle, looking up into a tree where what was meant to represent fowls were roosting at what we were told was midday. It was the spectacular display of the falling of the stars from heaven that delighted me most. They were coming down in a brisk shower, children running to pick them up and carry them away by armfuls. Under the picture was this verse:

> "Do you remember what you see
> In eighteen hundred thirty-three,
> When you out of your bed did rise
> And see the stars fall from the skies?"

It was a great trial to this brother that he was not encouraged to travel with his chart.

But the meetings as a rule were most wearisome to the little Millerites. Private judgment acknowledging no authority contended with private judgment that would be infallible authority. Naturally on the fast-days the saints even lost their tempers over disputed interpretations. That was the time we children would steal to the rear of the great hall, quite a company of us, and fall to chattering about worldly things, watching the great spiders in

their webs across the windows; or, if the discussion proved a long one, we would slip down the stairs and go rambling off among the mills of the neighborhood, down to the river's edge, and under the first arch of the aqueduct, hopping from one flat stone to another in the low, swift current, not far above the high falls. Only for Millerism, what had we ever known of the interior of those mills, or learned how far out we dare go on the water-table of the aqueduct?

Now, if the Millerites had ascension robes, how is it I never saw one? I well remember hearing them talked about. My ascension robe was something I was quite used to hearing inquired after. Father Miller took great pains to find one, but never succeeded. But the world is never going to give up its belief that the Millerites had long white garments in which they clothed themselves preparatory for "going up." The ascension robe has a place in history in spite of every effort to prove it a myth.

I remember that last day, but not as vividly as I should think I would. Perhaps its terrors had become so familiar to us children that, had they been realized we had met them with stolid composure. In my steadfast faith in my father's love for me I had found comparative peace. I knew he would never shake me from his arms into the fire, and I meant to have a firm hold on him when the crisis arrived. If anybody was saved he would be, and he would never be saved without his family. I kept very close to him as the time drew near, and so was not sorry that the dawning of "the tenth day" found him too ill to rise from his pillow. The strain upon his strength had been beyond his iron endurance. He called us to his bedside, and after a short prayer he sang:

"The last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting —
He now will appear."

That is my only memory of that day. I have no recollection of the high wind at night which snapped off the big Whig pole not far from our house — a terrible storm, frightening many into believing that the end of the world had truly come. Among the interesting incidents of that day, however, was the testimony given by a leading hatter in our city, to his faith in the end of the world before the morrow. Throwing open the doors of his place of business, he invited the crowd to come in and help themselves to hats, umbrellas, etc., which they naturally did. A baker in an adjoining town distributed his bread, cakes, and pies in the same way.

"This is the last issue of this sheet" was the beginning of a leading editorial in one of the Millerite papers that week. "Before another week has passed, the Lord will have descended from heaven and the judgment of this world will have been consummated." The faith that put that into type was in earnest. One naturally looks for the next week's editorial: "We are yet on the shores of mortality, but He is at the door. He has given a few days more for the trial of our faith. All is in accordance with the parable of the Ten Virgins. When they had arisen and trimmed their lamps there was still to be a season when the lamps of the virgins would be going out. How could that be without a passing by of the tenth day? Until that time the lamps would burn. There must be a season wherein the foolish may give up their faith. The tarrying time is given to show us how exact the Lord is in fulfilling the letter of his promises."

And the days went on and on. The seventh month was followed by the eighth, the year went out, and another came in. And still He did not come after the manner the Millerite had foretold.

The ranks of the believers were thinned by the disappointment. There was a falling away from the faith with many, a going back to Babylon. But the backsliders were the passive minds as a rule, not the bone and sinew of the movement. The hymn sung by the steadfast during that "tarrying time" floats mournfully down from the past:

"How long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
With thy so long delay."

They turned to their well-worn Bibles and found abundant consolation in hitherto unnoted missing links of prophecy, chronological chasms, mistaken renderings of the Greek text, miscalculations evolved from the difference between Jewish time and Roman time, etc., etc. They did not slumber, nor suffer their lamps to go out.

Hundreds of the believers who had given their all for the sounding of the "midnight cry" were homeless and penniless when the winter of 1844 came upon them. The scoffers they had warned of sure-coming destruction were merry with full barns, while the ungarnered harvests of the prophets were rotting under the snow. Jonah watching the sky above Nineveh is the type of the disappointed Millerite. Oh, how different had it been with Noah had he builded in vain!

Yea, verily, all things continued as they were, and there was a persistence in that continuance which strangely had little effect upon the confident expectancy of the remnant of the believers — a remnant represented in one of the important sects of Christendom to-day,

Wm Miller

FROM A PAINTING BY W. M. PRIOR.

a body whose members see in every important political event a fulfillment of prophecy, who read their newspapers Apocalypse in hand, and will tell you just how the future map of Europe is laid out by the prophets, and where the battle of Armageddon will be fought. They have lost the name of Millerite. Their fundamental doctrine is the old one of fanaticism, the literal interpretation of Holy Scripture according to private judgment.

The effect of Millerism upon the religious sentiment of to-day, the trend of the world's thought, is not so insignificant as might be supposed. Its effect upon the aggregate is the evolution of its effect upon the individual, upon the children of the followers of William Miller in particular. The Christ of my childhood was not the loving Christ of my later years. He was an offended judge, coming to burn up the world, and how I wished he might be driven out of the heavens, his throne taken by one who would let the world go on as it was! Not until I was a girl in my teens, and one of a merry set at boarding-school, did I lose that sickening dread with which for years I had fallen asleep.

It was at that time I almost ceased saying my prayers, glad when I could forget their omission. Then came the Sahara of Skepticism; how else had been reached the path to a certain faith?

The children of the Millerites are indebted to their early experience for a quickening of their inner life, which, forced and unnatural as it was, proved their after-salvation from formal acceptance of religious teaching without questioning or doubt. They are to be found, as a rule, identified with orthodoxy, and are characterized by a healthy independence of thought, a tendency to probe for the fundamentals of doctrine. I think it may be said of them that they have a wholesome aversion to the literal interpretation of Scripture, the letter that killeth, as it killed much of the joy of their childhood. "According to that system," they say, "the world would have come to an end in 1843 or 1844. There would have been no help for it." To them Millerism was a spiritual cyclone, clearing away the thick fog of naturalism.

"We cannot understand," wrote Theodore Parker, "the mental and religious state of men who saw the divine in a serpent, a cat, or an enchanted ring; yet each religious doctrine has some time stood for a truth. It was devised to help pious hearts, and has imperfectly accomplished its purpose. It could not have been but as it was. Religious history is a tale of confusion. But, looking deeper, we see it is a series of developments, all tending towards one great and beautiful end, the harmonious perfection of man. Each form may perish, but its truth never dies."

Jane Marsh Parker.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

To our Readers — In Confidence.

THE larger magazines of our day are evidently made up with a view of presenting such a variety of contents that every intelligent reader can, in each number, find something especially adapted to his or her taste. This is the reason a modern editor so easily comforts himself upon the advent of any one of those numerous advisory or objurgatory epistles which he is sure to receive in the course of a twelvemonth. Bless you, my dear sir, or madam, he says,—at least to himself,—the essay, or story, or poem you have put yourself to the trouble of reading was never meant for you at all! Turn over a few pages and you will find your own special part of the magazine; doubtless, in fact, you actually did so five minutes after dispatching that scathing criticism to the editor of your "favorite magazine." If you see nothing in Stockton, and want more of Cable and Harris and the rest, remember a letter has just been sent by your next-door neighbor, perhaps indeed by the member of your family who sits opposite to you at the breakfast-table, saying he or she really cannot read Cable, and does not know what Harris was made for, but will take all of Stockton that the new patent steam printing-and-folding Hoe press can supply!

Perhaps no series of articles ever published in a magazine has been followed by so large, so eager, and so persistent an audience as the War Series of THE CENTURY; and yet we are aware that there are some who have found certain of these valuable, and to very many readers intensely interesting, contributions too disconnected, or too technical, or even too warlike (!) for pleasurable reading.

But there are in every number of every magazine articles which are intended to interest, not one class of readers, but all classes. We wish, therefore, to take our friends into the editorial confidence and to say that both the readers of the War Series and those who have not been interested in them will find no difficulty in following with complete understanding the Life of Lincoln begun in the November CENTURY. Here is a connected, logical, historical story, which can be read chapter by chapter for the interest or charm of narrative contained in every separate sub-division of the work; and which can also be followed continuously from month to month for the serial interest of the narrative, which has from beginning to end the sequence and logical progress of a great drama.

In point of fact, even were this Life of Lincoln less lucidly and persuasively written than it is, there would be a sort of patriotic duty in its perusal. This is the book that Lincoln himself helped to make and would wish to be judged by. But it is more than this; for we believe that no other book yet written will be found to contain a clearer and more authentic statement, from the national point of view, of the political origin of the military struggle of 1861–1865. The American who neglects the present opportunity to make himself acquainted with this vital epoch in the history of his country will be less intelligent in his patriotism than the faithful reader of the authorized Life of the great President. English and other distant readers of THE CENTURY, not a few of whom have found the War Series difficult to master, will be able to follow the Life without confusion, and with a surety of obtaining, as a consequence, a thorough understanding of the man and of his times, of the war itself and of the reasons for it.

But it is, of course, especially to the American reader that the Life of Lincoln has an interest. Both its letter-press and illustrations will be studied by him with something more than ordinary curiosity. Among other things, he will find that Abraham Lincoln, as President of the United States, was no accident of politics; that it was almost as a matter of course that he came to be the standard-bearer of the party of liberty in America. In *this* sense there was no accident and no miracle about Lincoln, as many have supposed. But there was indeed a miracle, and one which grows greater the more it is looked into: namely, the old miracle of individual genius! Why did the boy that fished little Abe out of Knob Creek remain the simple, worthy, but, save for this one act, unknown personage that he still is, while the boy that was fished out became a man fit for the companionship of King Solomon and of Shakspere? Not a President merely, not a martyr merely,—accidents may create either,—and not merely a Liberator; but a man of such surpassing character and sagacity as to dominate by native right in one of the most terrific conflicts recorded in human annals!

The Eight-hour Working-day.

THE argument for a decrease of the daily hours of labor to eight has taken two forms. One of these asserts that there are now more workmen than are required for effective production, and that a decrease of the daily hours of labor in the case of the employed would bring about a demand for the services of those who are now unemployed, and so "make room" for the latter. This line of argument, though often used in our popular American reviews, may be dismissed as ridiculous. If there were anything in it, its object could be attained as easily by requiring each employed workman to work with one arm tied behind him. "Room" for unemployed workmen is not made by decreasing, but by legitimately increasing production. The introduction of a single new process, such as nickel-plating, is a greater "relief" to unemployed labor than all that trade-unions or statutes could offer. The other line of argument is far more respectable. It holds that the proposed reduction would not operate practically to decrease the amount of production, thus ignoring the problem of "making room" for the unemployed; but that the workman's cheerfulness, hopefulness, and increased efficiency would make good the decrease in working-time, leaving the saved time for rest, recreation, and mental improvement. Those who advance this argument offer in evidence, as they have a fair right to do, the historical results of previous reductions of working-hours; and the evidence is well worthy of consideration, provided

we bear in mind the essential distinction between the natural and unforced decrease and the attempt to decrease working-hours by statute.

Under early conditions, there may be said to have been two classes of labor, agricultural and artisan. Whether the agricultural laborer were working for an employer or on a corvee, his daily hours of labor were practically equivalent to his waking-hours; and he is probably little better off yet on the greater part of the earth's surface. It seems to be the artisan who has gained most largely. The strongest authority to the contrary is Professor Thorold Rogers. He gives little space in his "Work and Wages" to the subject of hours of labor; but he takes several opportunities to insist that the normal working-day in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was one of eight hours, so that "the artisan who is demanding at this time an eight-hours' day in the building trades is simply striving to recover what his ancestor worked by four or five centuries ago." And yet, in almost the only two items directly referring to the question, his own evidence states the normal working-days of the past as fourteen and a half hours for agricultural laborers and twelve for artisans. He believes that two and a half hours are to be deducted from these figures for meals; but even then the remainder would be much short of an eight-hour day.

It is most likely that the conditions of early artisan labor, at any rate, were such as to make any comparison or estimate very difficult. The guild system was patriarchal. The master fixed his own hours of labor; his apprentices, like the children of his family, worked according to his estimate of their strength; and his journeymen, or adult employees, though paid by the day or year, evidently worked by conventional piece-estimates; the sawing of a hundred boards, for example, being taken as a day's work. Under such a system, it would not be easy to say what was the normal day's work. The guild statutes, indeed, always ordain that no one "shall work longer than from the beginning of the day until curfew"; but this limit is so generous as to be practically useless. The Statute of Apprentices (5 Eliz., c. 4) provides that daily hours of labor for apprentices should be limited to twelve; and this would seem to point to fourteen or fifteen hours as the outside limit for the stronger journeymen, who answer to our modern workmen.

The industrial change from the domestic to the factory system, toward the end of the last century, consisted in the disappearance of the old guild-master and his family inmate the apprentice, the substitution of the modern individual master or employer, emancipated from guild or other control, and the confusion of the apprentice, the journeyman, and the female employee into one class, the operative or workman. The result was the modern factory. A long struggle followed to transfer the provisions of the Statute of Apprentices to the new order of things; but the masters succeeded in wiping out this last remnant of the old system in 1814. All the new class of workmen were now thrown on self-defense, but burdened by the tyrannical acts against combinations, which gave a criminal character to attempts by workmen to unite to begin or maintain strikes. These were abolished after 1824 in England, though it is but a few years since some of our American States have repealed what had long been a dead letter.

We have now had, for half a century at least, two classes, master and workmen, settling hours of labor by treaty, instead of three, master, apprentice, and journeyman, all bound by guild rules or their survivals; and any decrease has been mainly natural.

Under the new factory system, the masters at first had every advantage over their men; and the hours were for a time increased, sometimes to an inhuman degree. In the long run, the advantage was on the side of the workmen. Collected in great establishments, they felt a new confidence in the presence of their own numbers; and their larger numbers brought public attention more directly upon their complaints and grievances. The daily hours of labor have certainly been decreasing for fifty years in England and America, until they now shift around what may be considered the normal amount of about sixty hours per week.

The decrease has not been accompanied by any falling off in quantity or quality of production. On the contrary, the general rule has been that the working-day has decreased as the labor has become more efficient and has produced more largely. The silk factories of northern Italy are open from five A. M. until ten P. M., the operatives making ninety-four and one-half hours per week, or fifteen and three-fourths hours per day. The contrast between this and the fifty-two hours per week, or eight and two-thirds hours per day, of an operative in an English machine factory, is the extreme; but the superior efficiency of the English laborer makes the shorter hours in the comparison really the longer, measured in results. The same tendency shows itself even within a country. When we leave the localities of the more efficient labor in England, the hours of labor invariably increase. In international comparisons, the English consular reports are a most convenient authority. The following table, cited by Mr. J. S. Jeans, giving the normal hours of weekly labor in the factories of different countries, will show something of this relation of efficiency to contraction of hours of labor:

	Textile Factories.	*Machine Factories.*
Germany	72	60
France	72	60
Austria	66	66
Russia	72 to 84	72
Switzerland	66	66
Belgium	72	62
Italy	69 to 90	72
Holland	72	64
United States	60	60
Great Britain	56	52

If we consider the question only under the conditions which now affect labor, the general tendency to a decrease in hours of labor, together with the concentration of this tendency in countries of well-known efficiency, as shown in the table above, seems to confirm the historical argument for the eight-hour day. But it seems to show also (1) that, *as things now are*, this tendency has a limit somewhere between nine and ten hours a day; (2) that a decrease to this limit is not made so easily as to the limit of forty or fifty years ago, but meets a resistance more pronounced as the limit is approached; (3) that only a careful organization of labor, having an unusually intelligent consideration for the necessities of the employer, and that in a few very efficient trades and countries, such as the machine factories of

Great Britain, can carry the limit below nine hours; and (4) the statistics of special trades show that a reduction below nine hours regularly represents the imperative influence of winter weather on certain outdoor occupations, accompanied by the unpleasant result of reduction of wages, and in any event foreign to the special subject under consideration.

However strongly such conclusions may support the argument that decrease of hours of labor does not result of necessity in a decrease of production, it must be remembered that they lend no countenance to the notion that a *statutory* decrease of hours of labor can have any good effect: on the contrary, all the indications go to show that it would have a very bad effect in losing the decrease which efficiency has thus far gained, in banishing capital and business from the place where statutory decrease had been attempted, and in compelling the renewal of the decreasing process in another place and probably under more unfavorable conditions. If capital and labor, under healthy conditions, have carried efficiency of production to its highest present limit, and consequent decrease of hours of labor to its lowest present natural limit, the state of affairs has become exceptionally delicate of adjustment, and any interference can only throw it out of balance, decrease efficiency, and either decrease wages or increase hours of labor in order to make successful competition possible with more favorably situated labor and capital. The desired decrease must be natural rather than merely statutory.

Every indication points us to the belief that such a further reduction in hours of labor, even below the eight-hour limit, is not only possible, but exceedingly probable, if it is allowed to come naturally, not artificially; that the progress of art and science is constantly tending, where it is unchecked, to make less labor necessary for man's subsistence. Nothing could be so certain to check or destroy this tendency as an organized effort by labor to gain a forced, artificial, and unfair advantage over its employers. When hours of labor are far above the limit possible at the time, statutory interference can do comparatively little harm; the nearer they approach the natural limit, the more does statutory interference tend to drive them up again. Labor organizations can do very little by striving for a *legal* eight-hour day; they can do very much by striving to sweep away passion and prejudice, by upholding peace, order, and security, the conditions of efficient production, and by inculcating an intelligent consideration of facts by their members. Only in this way can they gain or approach an eight-hour working-day.

Appropriations and the Veto.

It would not be surprising if, when Congress meets again, the President's annual message should renew the request that Congress approve an amendment to the Constitution, giving to the President the power to veto particular items of appropriation bills while approving the rest of them. Every President of late years has urged this step upon the attention of Congress, and Congress has persistently ignored it, with the exception of a committee report in flat opposition to it. Yet the argument in its favor only gathers strength as the years pass.

The growth of the country in wealth and resources brings with it an unavoidable change in the nature of its system. A large part of its government tends to take on the character of a machine, and of a machine with which it is dangerous to meddle. Experience, if it has been properly utilized, comes to show about the amount necessary for the annual support of great departments of the Government, and the arrangement of the items of the appropriation bills for them becomes largely a perfunctory office. The annual amount of the great appropriation bills can be guessed in advance within comparatively small limits. To give the State Department, for example, less than a certain amount would only cripple its efficiency for the year, and the normal amount is not difficult to get at. The result is that a percentage of the annual appropriations tends steadily to become a matter of routine.

Such a tendency, if judiciously guarded, would not be at all bad in its nature. It ought, on the contrary, to act in the direction of economy of effort by the appropriating body, by making it certain of part of its work in advance, and by enabling it to give more of its time and effort to the rest of its work. When it does not so act, the fault is regularly in the appropriating body, through its determination to make use of these routine appropriations for the purpose of grasping an illegitimate increase of power over the other departments of government. The knowledge that some of the appropriations have become fixed only moves the legislative body to make these fixed appropriations the vehicle to carry new appropriations by means never designed in the foundation of the political system. The new items are presented to the possessor of the veto power as a part of the routine appropriations, and he must approve all or veto all. The message sent by the Legislature to the Executive runs in reality thus: "We are aware that you have a constitutional voice in the adoption of new appropriations through your possession of the veto power. But we know, also, that some of these appropriations have become fixed through process of time, and that their delay would throw the Government into temporary confusion. We intend to make use of that knowledge to make you approve appropriations of which you really disapprove, and thus to balk a part of your constitutional functions. We send you the routine appropriations, with just as many new appropriations as we dare introduce without absolutely forcing a veto. You must approve or veto the whole mass. If we have calculated correctly, the percentage of new matter is not large enough for you to go to the country with a *primâ facie* case for a general veto. In any event, the people will be apt to hold you, rather than us, to be the responsible party for any confusion in the Government, so that you had better quietly sign the whole." If such a message were really sent *ipsissimis verbis*, what self-respecting Executive could do anything else than accept the challenge and impose the veto? And yet, how else can the action of the legislative body be interpreted?

The political organization of the States is so closely similar to that of the Federal Government, that the pressure of this evil has naturally been felt in the States as well. As constitutional change is easier in their case, the remedy has been applied by some of them in the form of a modification of the veto power, allowing the Governor to veto detached items of an

appropriation bill while approving the rest. The change was introduced by Georgia in 1865, and was followed by Texas in 1866, by West Virginia in 1872, by Pennsylvania in 1873, by Arkansas and New York in 1874, by Alabama, Florida, Missouri, Nebraska, and New Jersey in 1875, by Colorado in 1876, by California and Louisiana in 1879, and by Illinois in 1884. There are thus fifteen of our States which have adopted this provision. If we deduct from the remainder the four States which give their Governors no veto power, and class as doubtful the States in which the veto may be overridden by a mere majority vote of each House, we shall find that the list given comprises a remarkably large proportion of the States in which it would be effective. Another point which deserves notice is the fact that the list includes so large a proportion of the States which have great expenditures and business interests to care for, and are therefore more likely to feel the pressure of the evil and to seek for a remedy. Whatever other remedy may be suggested, that which has been approved and adopted by California, Georgia, Louisiana, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania is fairly entitled to respectful consideration.

The amendment, as adopted by Georgia, was brief, providing that the Governor "may approve any appropriation and disapprove any other appropriation in the same bill; and the latter shall not be effectual unless passed by two-thirds of each House." The forms adopted by other States have shown a tendency to become more complicated, in order to avoid possible misunderstandings. That of New York, probably the most complete which has been devised thus far, is as follows:

"If any bill presented to the Governor contain several items of appropriation of money, he may object to one or more of such items while approving of the other portion of the bill. In such case, he shall append to the bill, at the time of signing it, a statement of the items to which he objects; and the appropriation so objected to shall not take effect. If the Legislature be in session, he shall transmit to the House in which the bill originated a copy of such statement, and the items objected to shall be separately reconsidered. If on reconsideration one or more of such items be approved by two-thirds of the members elected to each House, the same shall be part of the law, notwithstanding the objections of the Governor. All the provisions of this section in relation to bills not approved by the Governor, shall apply in cases in which he shall withhold his approval from any item or items contained in a bill appropriating money."

The New York amendment could easily be adapted to fit the Federal Constitution; and it is evident that it would at once remove the power of Congress to force new appropriations upon the President through the medium of the routine appropriations. Another evil, almost peculiar to Congress, would still remain. Congress would still have the power to insert new legislation, what are known as "riders," in the routine appropriation bills, and thus attempt to evade the President's legitimate veto power. The bill might still be made to state that "none of the appropriations herein contained shall take effect unless" something is done which Congress wishes and the President is known to oppose. The use of the word "paragraph" instead of "item" might perhaps put an end to both mischiefs at one blow.

There is but one argument against the proposed amendment which there is any difficulty in meeting, and the opposition will undoubtedly turn upon it. It will be argued that the change would so diminish the power of Congress, and so increase that of the President, as to make the latter absolute over the appropriations. The argument ignores many essential features of the case. In the first place, the proposed change is no more than a definite separation of the routine from the temporary appropriations, leaving each to be dealt with in its appropriate fashion. Congress may still make the routine appropriations what it will, and the President will have no power to increase them; it may introduce what new appropriations it will, and the President will have nomore than his constitutional voice in the matter. The only effect of the change will be to preserve to the Executive his constitutional function, which circumstances tend strongly to diminish. The framers of the Government could not have foreseen that so large a part of the appropriations would come to be settled in practice, so as to need comparatively little discussion and to be merely a weapon in the hands of Congress for the coercion of the Executive. The proposed change will only restore the balance to what it was originally meant to be.

Again, the argument ignores the fact that the change has already been tried in practice, and that none of the States which have adopted it show any disposition to abandon it. Are we then to conclude that fifteen of our States, including some of the wealthiest, have given their Governors absolute power over the appropriations? Has the change made Governor Hill any more a despot in New York than was Governor Dix? The States are the very best of fields on which to try such experiments; but when this field has been used, are the results to be altogether ignored?

Finally, the argument ignores the fact that it is really the Legislature which has secured almost absolute power over the appropriations, through the natural growth of routine appropriations and the possibility of inserting temporary appropriations therein. This is the evil which the States have guarded against, and the Federal Government is only asked to profit by their experience. To assume that the evil is itself good, and that any proposed remedy is itself an evil, is hardly sound logic. It is true that Congress hardly ever attempts to use its power to the full limits, for fear of exposing the evil to plain view by forcing a veto of good and bad appropriations alike; but this means no more than that the firmness of the President is the measure of the modesty of Congress. Congress lays claim to an arbitrary power which was never meant for it; and the results can hardly be better stated than in the quaint words of Franklin in 1769:

"The arbitrary government of a single person is more eligible than the arbitrary government of a body of men. A single man may be afraid or ashamed of doing injustice; a body is never either one or the other, if it is strong enough. It cannot apprehend assassination; and, by dividing the shame among them, it is so little apiece that no one minds it."

It is much to be desired that, at this session of Congress, some organized effort shall be made to bring about a consideration of the proposed amendment, as a remedy for a growing evil, which has more than once thrown the government into at least temporary confusion, and which may yet threaten worse consequences, when it shall be too late to remedy them.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Union of the American Churches.

FROM A METHODIST EPISCOPAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE discussion in THE CENTURY of the feasibility of a more perfect union of the American churches has taken a wide range, and included a great variety of topics. It is not clear that the writers of the articles already printed are aiming at the same object. Doctor Shields* is asking, or at least hoping, for an organic unity of our churches, to be effected hereafter by common consent. He defines organic unity to be "such unity as inheres in their internal organization." Is there not here a confusion of ideas? The unity of the churches is an established, a divine fact, and that unity is necessarily organic. The church is already one by virtue of the life which pertains to all its members, as members of Christ. Paul's account of this unity is very clear. "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? . . . Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular (severally members thereof)." If such opposites as Jews and Gentiles could in the Pauline period be one body, much more can the Christian opposites of the modern period enter, through the life-giving Spirit, into the composition of one body. Paul's idea is then of a divinely created unity of the church, which subsists in all ages, which remains the same, whether Christians recognize it or not. As the human race is one, being of one blood, notwithstanding the wars which nations wage with each other, so the church is one, notwithstanding the conflicts, spiritual and carnal, which Christians are waging with one another. As in the one case the conduct of men, so in the other the conduct of Christians, is out of harmony with divinely established relations. And that this unity, created by the Spirit, is organic, Paul additionally shows when he says to the Ephesians: "[That we] may grow up into him in all things which is the head, even Christ: From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

There is small hope of profit from a discussion which begins with a confusion of terms; which sets out to create by human means a condition already established by divine means, and which asks men to do what it is not in the power of all men, however combined, to accomplish. The Christian Church is not a dead but a living body; and its unity consists, as already stated, in the life which it has derived from its head, through the ministration of the Holy Spirit.

Dr. Shields, looking for organic unity by human means, proposes to find it for the United States in the combination of the American churches, Protestant and Catholic, under one government or confederacy. They would then be the united Christian churches of America. He proposes as a means to this end an agreement either in doctrine, or in polity, or in liturgy; the first two are, however, dismissed as being, for the present, unattainable. The respected representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church concur in this suggestion of a visible organic unity, and offer, as the readiest means of attaining it, the acceptance by the American churches of Apostolic succession. We cannot doubt that this offer is made in all sincerity. But it involves several difficulties. First, it makes the unity of the church consist in an external organization. If this be so, the church has been without organic unity ever since the Greeks and Latins separated from each other; and has been much worse off since the Protestants broke away from the Latin Church. Again, only one of the three successional churches, Greek, Latin, and Anglican, can be the true church; for there is only one body of Christ, and if unity consists in an external organization, it rests in one only of the three. Which shall it be? † But a third and more important difficulty is found in the fact that the majority of the Protestant Christians of the United States attach no value to an Apostolic succession derived through bishops. They do not see how the bestowal of it can effect the unity of Christ's Church.

We might well pause here to ask the question, "Suppose all the churches of our country to be under one government, what would be the good of it?" Would we really be better off? Would we not have in place of our present elastic ecclesiastical mechanism one so cumbrous that much movement would be well-nigh impossible? Does not the gain which we derive under our system of the separate action of churches more than balance the supposable loss from the lack of administrative unity? The progress of Christianity in the United States during this century has been one of the most amazing facts in the history of the century; and is not this largely due to the independence of action enjoyed by each group or family of churches? Must all this abounding energy be tamed down under the pressure of a dull, dreary uniformity? For my part, I should dread the effect, conceiving the thing possible, of bringing the American churches under a single administrative unity. Where would Methodism have been, if, before proceeding upon its career of evangelism, it had had to wait for orders from some central power? That system which leaves most room for spontaneity of action is far the best, at least for Protestantism. For myself, I have a dread of over-much ecclesiasticism; the trouble we had to get clear of Rome ought to be a reminder to us Protestants that a concentrated ecclesiastical unity is sure to be a concentrated ecclesiastical tyranny.

I confess that I rubbed my eyes when I read Dr.

* In THE CENTURY for November, 1885.

† Cyprian holds that salvation is possible in *one* external organism only, which alone is the church.

Shields's proposal to unite American Catholics and Protestants in one ecclesiastical government, as though it were conceivable that Catholics would recognize any other authority than that which is seated at Rome. But I was still more astonished when I found him calling Protestantism one extreme, and Roman Catholicism another, and asking if we may not "look somewhere between these extremes for the path of wisdom and safety." Has he fully weighed the import of these words? Let us see what they really mean. There are, and for the purposes of this discussion it may be said that there can be, only three forms of Christianity. First, that which recognizes one mediator only between God and man; second, that which recognizes human mediators, as necessary to salvation; and third, that which denies the need of any mediator. The third of these forms, known in America as liberal Christianity, may be dismissed from present consideration; the questions of modern life pertain to the other two. Now I think that the essence of Protestantism consists in our deliverance from dependence upon human mediators and human mediation. In other words, Protestantism has taught us that every Christian is his own priest, and can go directly to God through Jesus Christ, for the blessings of forgiveness of sin and a new life. He does not depend for pardon on the judicial act of a human priest. This may seem to the secular mind a small distinction, but it has most important consequences in the civil, social, and political life of the world. The doctrine that all Christians, as priests, are equal before God has as its corollary the doctrine that all citizens are equal before the law. The church governed by the universal priesthood, all whose members are thus equal, precedes in modern history the state governed by the body of equalized citizens. The divine republic is the parent of the political republic. Under the sacerdotal system of a limited human priesthood, the believer remains morally a child; under Protestantism, he grows to manhood, being educated in a sense of his direct responsibility to God. Under the one system he is taught that he must give answer for his conduct to God and his conscience; under the other, that he must give answer for conduct to a human priest, who can bind or loose the soul at pleasure. All that the modern world has gained of progress has been achieved by the overthrow of sacerdotal Christianity. We but state a truism when we say that but for such overthrow there would have been no modern world. Modern civilization has been made possible solely by the denial of the right of the human priest to absolve man from sin. Politically, as well as spiritually, we are the children of the Reformation. Not only is this true of Protestant states, but Catholic states, in order to enter upon the path of progress, have begun by the overthrow of sacerdotal Christianity. Italy, as a state, breaks with the church in order to recover her autonomy; Mexico does the same; united Germany the same; France did the same in the revolution of the last century. The sacerdotal principle is, in these cases, denied as far as the state is concerned; for sacerdotal Christianity claims supremacy over the state as well as over the individual. All modern progress has, therefore, been conditioned upon the rejection of a human priesthood.

What Doctor Shields asks of us is to look somewhere "between the extremes of Protestantism and Catholicism for the path of wisdom and safety." Safety in what? In religion? Surely not. In morals? Again surely not. In politics? Shall we forsake the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and again be subject to bondage? We maintain that in the matter of progress Protestantism has the right of way, and that to it alone we must look for the solution of the spiritual and political problems of the age. There is no middle ground between Protestantism and Rome, because there is no middle ground between the principle of one only divine mediator and the principle of a body of human mediators reconciling man to God.

It is startling to hear a Presbyterian speaking of Protestantism as an "extreme." I have always read that Protestantism is the recovery of New Testament Christianity; and if it is extreme, it is only so as the New Testament is extreme. Its formal principle is the rejection of the coördinate authority (with Scripture) of human tradition in matters of faith and practice, and a very precious principle it is. How is it possible to bring into the unity of one administration systems of such opposite ideas as are the Protestant and the Roman? It may be asked, Is, then, our outlook for the future an outlook upon a never-ending series of theological and ecclesiastical conflicts? My own opinion is that as the states have overthrown the sacerdotal principle in order to recover their autonomy, so will the individuals composing the states follow in the same line of direction. The states have taken the first step, the individual members of Catholic nations will follow. I cannot believe, therefore, that the drift of American Christianity, or, for that matter, of the churches of Europe, has been towards a middle position between the extremes of Romanism and Protestantism. As for the American churches, their drift has been more and more towards Evangelicalism, which we may call Protestant radicalism, inasmuch as it includes a most positive denial of the sacerdotal principle. Statistics prove beyond question that evangelical, as distinct from sacerdotal, Christianity is the faith of the vast majority of the American people.

We come next to the means proposed by Dr. Shields for the organic unity of the American churches, to wit, the adoption by them of the English Prayer-book. We can safely leave the Roman Catholic — for he is included in this scheme — to make his own answer. But we can fancy him saying: "My prayer-book has a central idea, the offering up of the body and blood of Christ for the sins of the people; but yours is a thing of shreds and patches, without any principle of unity whatever. It has borrowed so much from every quarter that its meaning is the perpetual puzzle of the Protestant ages." This would be irreverent, but I fear expresses substantially the Catholic estimate of the English Liturgy. As to the power of this book to become a bond of union among American Protestants, one fact completely overthrows all of Dr. Shields's hopes. The Methodists have inherited the English Liturgy; a revision of it was provided for them by Mr. Wesley when he organized them into a church in 1784. Most of this service-book has been retained, the chief exceptions being the forms for morning and evening prayer. The baptismal, the marriage, the communion, and the burial services, the forms of ordination, have been, with important excisions, in use among the Methodists for a century; but dur-

ing all this period they have been moving farther and farther away from the Church of England and its representative in this country. The Church of England has seen since 1833 a great revival of what are called Church principles; Methodism has been diverging more and more from Church principles. The prospect of a union of Methodists with Anglicans, on the ground of a common liturgy, is *nil;* meanwhile, aggregate Methodism has grown to be as large a body as the total of Anglicanism, yet with each succeeding year Methodists are more resolved to maintain their independent position. The truth is, the two bodies are, in their practical work, moving on different lines, and could not coalesce without injury to both.

Is there, however, no way out of the present merely formally fraternal relations of the Protestant churches with one another? Can we not come to a closer union? It seems to me that we should

I. Recognize the organic unity of the churches as a divinely established fact, and seek not to create that unity, which is impossible for us to do, but to find for it a better expression in our church life;

II. Enter into a closer coöperative union as a means (1) of thereby declaring our essential unity, (2) of cultivating spiritual fellowship, (3) of better maintaining Christian morals as against practical ungodliness, and Christain faith as against unbelief;

III. Recognize for decency's sake, if no more, one another's churchly standing, so that the efforts to obtain a more perfect union may not carry upon their face an aspect of insincerity.

The limits assigned to this article will not permit any elaboration of the second and third propositions.

George R. Crooks.

George Bancroft on the Legal-Tender Decisions.

UNDER the above head, "Topics of the Time" for May contains an article in criticism of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States of March 3, 1884, in the case of Juillard *v.* Greenman. Of this decision it speaks as "the worst possible decision that the subject admits of"; of its "monstrous doctrine"; of it as evincing ability to prove "that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse"; and as one readily lending itself to sarcastic treatment.

Beside this, it summarizes, with approval, Mr. Bancroft's effort, in which one is to find justification of the above characterizations. Of this summary the first point is that Mr. Bancroft "shows that when the framers of the Constitution came to that branch of the instrument which treats of the public finances, they solemnly, and by the vote of nine States against two, cast out of it the power to 'emit bills of credit.'"

Passing directly to the consideration which might connect this historical fact with the subject in hand, the very pertinent question is stated: "What were bills of credit?" Then this answer is given: "Mr. Bancroft shows by a careful turning of the colonial records that bills of credit were nothing else than Government legal-tender notes."

This statement it then follows into two distinctions, with a carefulness which would have been highly commendable had the statement itself been correct. But it is not correct. It is a misstatement, substantial and fundamental, to the matter under consideration — one which turns awry the main argument. It is here, where good standing was absolutely essential to Mr. Bancroft's success, that the ground fails him.

Bills of credit are something else than Government legal-tender notes. They are Government notes. There is the difference. They are Government notes, whether they are legal tender or not. A Government note which is not legal tender is a bill of credit. It is a bill of credit as fully — a bill of credit to all intents and purposes as known to the Constitution — as though it were legal tender. The ordinary treasury note, issued long before our late war, was a bill of credit as much as is the present legal-tender greenback. Every bill of our present National Banks which is now in circulation and serving the wants of our community is a bill of credit.

The pertinent question, which this summary states, has been put to the Supreme Court, and has been answered. The answers are now ancient: given in 1837 and 1830, one by Chief Justice Marshall himself,—answers apparently unknown to Mr. Bancroft and the writer who summarizes his pamphlet. The term "bills of credit," as then judicially defined, comprehended all Government notes issued to serve as currency. No difference was recognized between such paper which was, and such paper which was not, legal tender. It was, all alike, bills of credit. (Craig *v.* Missouri, 4 Peters, 410; Briscoe *v.* The Bank, 11 Id., 257.)

The court did not leave this point to be matter of implication. They expressly decided it. It was urged upon them that the paper then at bar was not a bill of credit, because it was not (as, in fact, it was not) legal tender; and the court declined to sustain the point thus taken. They decided the paper in question to be a bill of credit, when it was not impressed with the quality of legal tender. (Craig *v.* Missouri, before cited.)

Thirty years and more later, the court again considered this subject; and they then definitely declared that the bills issued (as now) by our National Banks were bills of credit. They were bills of credit of the United States, because the United States was responsible for their redemption: that is, ultimately. (It is well known that these bills are not legal tender.) (Veazie Bank *v.* Fenno, 8 Wall., 548.)

Such Government paper — that is, paper issued to serve as currency, resting on the pledged faith of the Government — had been issued by the United States, as occasion required, for more than fifty years.

And now the court declared, on the authority of this repeated practice of the Government and of uniform previous decisions, that the United States was authorized to emit bills of credit.

This decision was announced by the late Chief Justice Chase, who afterwards gave the opinion against the constitutionality of the legal-tender laws; and to the point here stated it was the opinion of a unanimous court. Mr. Bancroft and the writer in the May CENTURY both see what escaped the attention of the learned Chief Justice — to wit, that that decision carried with it the constitutionality of the legal-tender laws. They rest their case against those laws on the want of power in Congress to emit bills of credit; and Chief Justice Chase, as the mouthpiece of the court, affirmed that power.

Congress does possess and has long exercised the constitutional authority to emit bills of credit. And this authority includes the authority to make such bills legal tender. Congress, being authorized to emit them, may make them legal tender or not, at its discretion.

Beyond this brief consideration of this strongest point made by Mr. Bancroft, your magazine cannot afford me space.

Thomas H. Talbot.

THE three decisions or declarations referred to by Mr. Talbot in the order of their dates are:

1. That certificates of indebtedness issued by a State (Missouri), bearing interest and intended to circulate as money, are "bills of credit" within the prohibition of the Constitution, and therefore void.

2. That the notes of a bank, the capital of which is owned wholly by a State (Kentucky), and the officers of which bank are appointed by the Legislature, are not "bills of credit" within the meaning of the Constitution.

3. That the notes of a National Bank, no part of the capital of which is owned by the National Government, are "bills of credit" within the meaning of the Constitution.

It would be easy to show that the second of these opinions is inconsistent with the first, and the third with the second, but this is not now important, since all three agree upon the point that the legal-tender character is not essential to "bills of credit" within the meaning of the Constitution. Mr. Talbot is so far right in his contention. But Mr. Bancroft is not wrong. He does not affirm that legal tender is or was an essential feature of "bills of credit" anterior to the adoption of the Constitution. The mistake of quoting him to that purpose was our own. How far this error was fundamental to the purposes of the article in the May number of THE CENTURY might be made the subject of a separate discussion, but such discussion would neither invalidate Mr. Bancroft's argument nor advance the interests of legal or monetary science. In order to recast the article upon Mr. Bancroft's lines, it would be necessary to say that, the right to issue a Government paper currency being prohibited, still more is the right to make such currency legal tender between private individuals prohibited. The fact that treasury notes were issued by the Federal Government, which passed into circulation (and were probably intended to) prior to the year 1861, does not carry overwhelming presumptions in favor of their constitutionality, since the right to issue them was always challenged. As late as 1844, the Secretary of the Treasury, having put out a few treasury notes bearing only a nominal rate of interest, the Committee of Ways and Means of the House, in a very able report rebuking this operation, drew the line of demarkation between treasury notes and bills of credit, holding that the former, being in the nature of temporary loans, payable at a definite time with interest, were allowable, while the latter, being intended for a paper circulation payable on demand, were prohibited, the power to issue them having been not merely not granted to the Congress but expressly refused. (See Knox's "United States Notes," pp. 53–61.)

Mr. Knox (p. 20) summarizes the note issues of the Government as follows:

"No notes were issued from 1789 to 1812, a period of 23 years. Notes bearing interest were issued in the years 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815, and at various dates from 1837 to 1847. They were again issued in 1857, and subsequently in the years 1860, 1861, and thereafter. The periods for the issue of these notes may be summarized as follows: first, the war of 1812; second, the financial crisis of 1837; third, the Mexican war; fourth, the financial crisis of 1857 or during the Buchanan administration; and fifth, the war of the rebellion. It will thus be seen that there have been *four* emergencies in which Congress has seen fit to authorize interest-bearing notes, and only *one* in which it has authorized *bills of credit*, or circulating notes payable on demand in lawful money."

The Writer of the Article.

Practical Help for Ireland.

[AT our request, Mrs. Ernest Hart of London has prepared the following description of an interesting experiment which has attracted much attention in England and, we are informed, is to be undertaken in America, viz., the systematic revival of cottage industries.— EDITOR C. M.]

IN the spring of 1883 — a period of great distress in Ireland, and especially in the congested villages of Donegal — my husband and I visited that region in order to re-study the Irish question and the causes of Irish misery. Here we found, separated from the more prosperous parts of Ulster by vast bog-lands, thirty to forty miles in extent, crowded colonies of Celts, a primitive Catholic people, speaking but little English, the descendants of the "mire Irish," who were driven out of the "fat lands" of Ulster in the settlement of James I. These "idle Irish" have by a most laborious process reclaimed every inch of soil from the ungenerous bog-land, built their own cottages, and drained and trenched and flanked their farms entirely by spade labor; but during that and previous bad years they would have starved but for money sent from America, and for relief given in seed-potatoes by their old and constant friends the Quakers. Yet everywhere in these crowded and famine-stricken villages we heard but one demand, and that was for work. A brave, simple, independent, and penurious people are these Donegal peasantry, and work we determined to give them; but how? Could poor, far-away Donegal compete with the thousand mills of Bradford and Manchester? Reflection on the peculiar conditions and capabilities of a peasantry rooted in the soil, but willing to work at home industries, bade me hope; and in spite of wise political economists who told me I could not put back the clock, that I was attempting the impossible, I determined to try to revive, with the aid of the modern influences of art and science, the old cottage industries which once flourished among these people. A Donegal "farm" consists of from five to ten acres of bog-land that has to be reclaimed, and the "farmer" migrates in the summer to England or Scotland as a farm-laborer; if during the long winter months of enforced agricultural idleness he and his family could be employed at some industry that could be pursued at home, it would, I thought, be sufficient to lift the family out of destitution, and the recurrent spring famines would be forestalled. What could the people do? They could spin, weave, knit, embroider, sew, and make lace. Spinning was and is still done on the primitive large wheel, the wheel being turned with one hand, while the thread is manipulated with the other. The carding was careless and the thread

uneven; the weaving was slovenly done in narrow looms which have not even the flying shuttle, and the rough gray cloth made had no sale in the large towns. There were, however, many excellent knitters, as the knitting industry, owing to the cheapness of labor, had survived; but embroidery or "sprigging" had been killed outright by Swiss machine competition. To make a long story short, I set to work to remedy these defects and then to find a market for the goods. I sent yarn and wool and patterns, with careful and minute instructions, into the mountain villages; I established agencies in the most remote districts; I insisted on the exact fulfillment of orders, and gave technical information about dyeing, washing, weaving, etc., and now, after nearly three years' steady cultivation of these industries, homespuns, made entirely by hand, are turned out of these village looms, which compete with the Scotch in texture, quality, and price, and which are bought by Poole and other fashionable tailors, as well as patronized and worn by Mr. Parnell. The peasants also produce hand-knitted hosiery and gloves, which have taken the highest awards; delicate hand-sewn under-linen for trousseaux and outfits, and needle-point laces fit for bridal dresses. The benefit to the people is not only in the money which now comes into these poverty-stricken villages, but also in the impetus thus given to Irish home industries and the encouragement to good work. These forgotten peasant folk have been brought into communication with the outside world; they have been lifted out of their despair, and have been taught that by intelligent industry they also can claim a position as workers in the world.

I have left it to the last to speak of the "Kells Art Embroideries," of which an exhibition will be opened in New York at the rooms of the Associated Artists in December. In the need which I felt to find employment for the skilled embroidery workers of Ireland, I chanced to hit on a happy idea, consisting in the use of polished flax threads of beautiful tints, worked in a broad and effective manner on flaxen materials in designs suggested by the Irish illuminated MSS. of the seventh and eighth centuries. This, primarily, is the "Kells Flax-on-Flax Art Embroidery"; but other fabrics and designs are now included under the designation, and much of the work shown in New York will consist of silk embroideries in Celtic designs on cloth spun, woven, or dyed by the Donegal peasants. These embroideries won the gold medal at the International Inventions Exhibition of 1885; nearly all the members of the royal family have purchased specimens of them, and the Queen recently gave us an order for a pair of "Kells" embroidered curtains. In this industry not only peasant girls, but destitute ladies — the innocent victims of the present crisis — are employed. Altogether the Donegal Industrial Fund employs in Ireland nearly one hundred embroiderers, one hundred and twenty spinners and weavers, four hundred knitters, and numerous other workers. Springing but three years ago from the smallest beginnings, a few pounds of money and a few pounds of yarn, the Donegal Industrial Fund, for which my husband and a few private friends have subscribed the necessary capital,— still all too small,— has now a growing business, a handsome depot in London at Donegal House, 43 Wigmore street, and agencies in most of the large cities in England, in Melbourne, New York, etc. The basis of the undertaking is the sharing of profits with the workers.* We and those who act with us desire no recompense but to see the artistic success of the enterprise and the benefit of the Irish peasants. If larger funds were available other industries, such as basket-making, wood-carving, toy-making, etc., could be developed, the present success placed on a firmer footing, the methods of working improved, and the means of finding markets increased. Why should not the silent and lonely valleys of Black Donegal, through which numerous rivers run to waste, be made as merry with water-mills as the uplands of Bohemia, Saxony, and Bavaria? In these countries the steady and intelligent cultivation of small industries is beginning to make one factor in German competition with even the great industrial forces of Birmingham and Manchester. At the bottom of the political question in Ireland is the agricultural question, and at the bottom of the agricultural question is the economic question. To treat the symptoms only is not sound medicine.

Alice M. Hart.

* I may mention that our accounts are audited twice a year by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

A GOOD memory is no evidence of superior intelligence.

THOSE who have a great deal to say, say it in a few words.

WE cannot spare any of the passions, for what are the virtues but the passions subdued?

ALL simple people are not great, but all great people are simple.

I BELIEVE in the immortality of the soul, not because I *can* prove it, but because I can't.

Uncle Esek.

A Rhyme of the Corn-field.

UP at early morn,
A-plowin' out corn
In the ten-acre lot.

I foller the row,
Whistlin' as I go.
Goodness, ain't it hot!

Sun two hours high —
Suds, but I'm dry!
Guess'll go'n' git a drink.

Been't the house most'n hour,
An' now't's goin' to shower.
Have to stop, I kinder think.

An hour's noonin' past,
Back to work at last—
  Didn't rain, after all.

Plowed five rows more;
Now't's half-past four—
  Wish the hired girl'd call.

Down goes the sun;
Only ten rows done,
  Not two hours' stiddy work.

D'ye reely want to know
Why I've been s'awful slow?—
  'Taint because I'm a shirk.

I kinder hate ter tell,
But I guess I might as well—
  No, it ain't any hoax.

Won't wonder I worked slow,
I guess, when you know—
  She's a-vis'tin' our folks.

Maurice Perkins.

In a note to the Editor Mr. Perkins says:

"I have been a farmer boy, and I give, in my crude way, a suggestion of the action of 'plowin' out corn' in the measure of the rhyme. That which I have accomplished, however, is a perpetuation of the peculiar rural Wolverene dialect used in southern Michigan. My friend, James Whitcomb Riley, has given us to perfection the Hoosier dialect, but the Wolverene differs from it in some particulars, notably the frequent use of 'guess,' etc.

"If one has ever followed a hop-skip-and-jump shovel-plow through a corn-field on a hot day, with his sweetheart visiting at the house so 'aggravating' near, he will see something in the rhyme that suggests those glorious days when love made him commit the sin of shirking his duty."

Lines to a Very Shy Young Woman.

FALSE Violet! I sought for thee,
That I might know
If thou didst bend so low
Prompted by tender modesty,
— Or show!

I will disclose thy subtlety:
Looks that are shy,
Thou know'st, do win mine eye—
(This truth, fair maid, I challenge thee,
Deny!)

And so, since it becometh thee
And charms my heart,
Thou dost affect this part!
Thus, all thy sweet simplicity
Is art.

Margaret Deland.

Uncle Gabe at the Party.

DE twangin' ob de banjo an'
De scrapin' ob de fiddle;
Tak' my arm, Mis' Dinah, an'
We'll sashay down de middle.
Dinah's jis' as fin' a gal as eber you did see,
I'se sumpin' ole, Mis' Dinah, wid a twitchin' in de knee,
But keep a-goin'!

Swing ya pardners, gen'lemen,
An' don't ya stop to t'ink.
Run aroun', Mis' Dinah, lik'
De turkey 'fore de mink;
Cæsar's aftah Dinah, an' 'e tryin' to ketch her sho';
I'd keep up wid 'em bettah, but I ain't so peert no mo',
But keep a-goin'!

'Pears to me de dancin' am
A-gittin' mighty fas';
Dinah's skitin' up de front,
An' I is mos' de las'.
Gosh! ole nigga, hurry up, dey'll leab' ya 'way behin';
An' dere's dat Cæsar grinnin' lik' his teef was melonrin'!
But keep a-goin'!

De yaller moon's a-shinin' on
Ole Farmah Taylah's patch;
Wait until we'se 'gwine hom',
We'll take a leetle snatch.
Dese awful red, dese awful green, de seeds is black as Satan;
Jis' jump aroun' heah, chillern, fur de watermelon's waitin'!
Ur! he! he!

Duvva Morgan Smith.

Momentous Words.

WHAT spiteful chance steals unawares
Wherever lovers come,
And trips the nimblest brain and scares
The bravest feeling dumb?

We had one minute at the gate,
Before the others came;
To-morrow it would be too late,
And whose would be the blame!

I gazed at her, she glanced at me;
Alas! the time sped by:
"How warm it is to-day," said she;
"It looks like rain," said I.

Anthony Morehead.

The Perils of a Poet.

LORINDA was a poet born,
And at the age of twenty,
With life and fame in peachy bloom,
Of lovers she had plenty.

It happened just about this time
Appeared her masterpieces;
Soon after which, lo! one by one,
Her lovers' list decreases.

"What does it mean," Lorinda thinks,
"That lovers thus forsake me?
With doubled fame, I am as fair
As Nature well can make me.

"Yet Paul Divine glanced right away,
When at him I was gazing,
Indifferent, proud, when once his look
Set both my cheeks ablazing.

"And Gabriel withdrew his hand
As mine went forth to meet it;
When only just a week ago
He would have knelt to greet it."

Ah! ah! the light is breaking in:
The maid at last discovers
That verse which has attracted fame
Has been repelling lovers.

Let me not quote the poems now,
But only give their titles:
Their *face*, I'm very sure, will be
The index of their *vitals!*

"*While glows my eye, my heart is dead.*"
That one came out on Monday;
And though the tides of love had run
As high as those of Fundy,

In just a week they ebbed so fast
That when her second sonnet,
"*Lay not my hand in thine again,*"
Had praises heaped upon it,

Lorinda proved all suitors slack,
Her eyes they all were blind to;
As to detention of her hand,
That no one seemed inclined to.

With sore regret and wonderment,
Lorinda now rehearses
Those telling lines she lately sang—
The key to love's reverses:

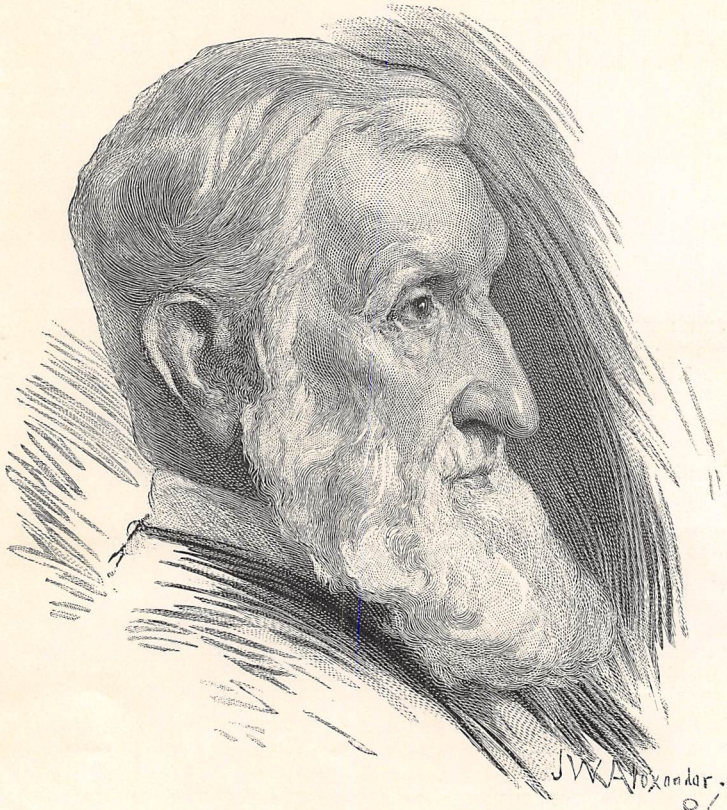
"O specious Fancy! how you lie
For sake of being famous!
You've made my lovers think you fact,
And lost me even Amos!"

The maid wrote chiefly after this
Of battles, heroes, minsters,
Until the hour of thirty struck
Her name among the spinsters.

Now she begins of love again,
And sings alone from feeling;
Those rhythmic edicts of her youth
That Fancy gave repealing.

So that her latest poems are,
—And critics say, much *stronger*,—
"*The heart, though dead, can live again,*"
And "*Clasp my hand yet longer!*"

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



T.J.

DRAWN BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Geo. Bancroft.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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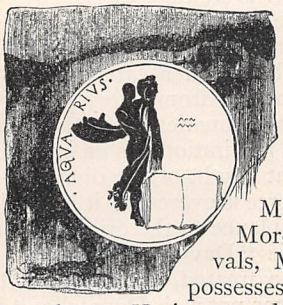
FRENCH SCULPTORS. II.



IT is agreeable in many ways to turn from the rounded and complete impeccability of M. Dubois to the fancy of M. Saint-Marceaux. More than any of his rivals, M. Saint-Marceaux possesses the charm of unexpectedness. He is not perhaps to be called an original genius, and his work will probably leave French sculpture very nearly where it found it. Indeed one readily perceives that he is not free from the trammels of contemporary convention. But how easily he wears them, and if no "severe pains and birth-throes" accompany the evolution of his conceptions, how graceful these conceptions are! They are perhaps of the Canova family; the "Harlequin," for instance, which has had such a prodigious success, is essentially Milanese sculpture; essentially even the "Genius Guarding the Secret of the Tomb" is a fantastic rather than an original work. But how the manner, the treatment, triumphs over the Canova insipidity! It is not only Milanese sculpture better done, the execution beautifully sapient and truthful instead of cheaply imitative, the idea broadly enforced by the details instead of frittered away among them; it is Milanese sculpture essentially elevated and dignified. Loosely speaking, the mere *article de vertu* becomes a true work of art. And this transformation, or rather this development of a germ of not too great intrinsic importance, is brought about in the work of Saint-Marceaux by the presence of an element utterly foreign to the Canova sculpture and its succession — the element of character. If to the clever workmanship of the Italians he merely opposed workmanship of a superior kind as well as quality — thoroughly artistic workmanship, that is to say — his sculpture would be far less interesting than it is. He does indeed noticeably do this; there is a felicity entirely delightful, almost magical, in every detail of his work. But when one compares it with the sculpture of M. Dubois, it is not of this that one thinks so much as of a certain individual character with which M. Saint-Marceaux always contrives to endue it. This is not always in its nature sculptural, it must be admitted, and it approaches perhaps too near the character of *genre* to have the enduring interest which purely sculptural qualities possess. But it is always individual, piquant, and charming, and in it consists M. Saint-Marceaux's claim upon us as an artist. No one else, even given his powers of workmanship, that is to say as perfectly equipped as he, could have treated so thoroughly conventional a *genre* subject as the "Harlequin" as he has treated it. The mask is certainly one of the stock properties of the subject, but notice how it is used to confer upon the whole work a character of mysterious witchery. It is as a whole, if you choose, an *article de Paris*, with the distinction of being seriously treated; the modeling and the movement admirable as far as they go, but well within the bounds of that anatomically artistic expression which is the *raison d'être* of sculpture and its choice of the human form as its material. But the character saves it from this category; what one may almost call its psychological interest redeems its superficial triviality. M. Saint-Marceaux is always successful in this way. One has only to look at the eyes of his figures to be convinced how subtle is his art of expressing character. Here he swings quite clear of all convention and manifests his genius positively and directly. The unfathomable secret of the tomb is in the spiritual expression

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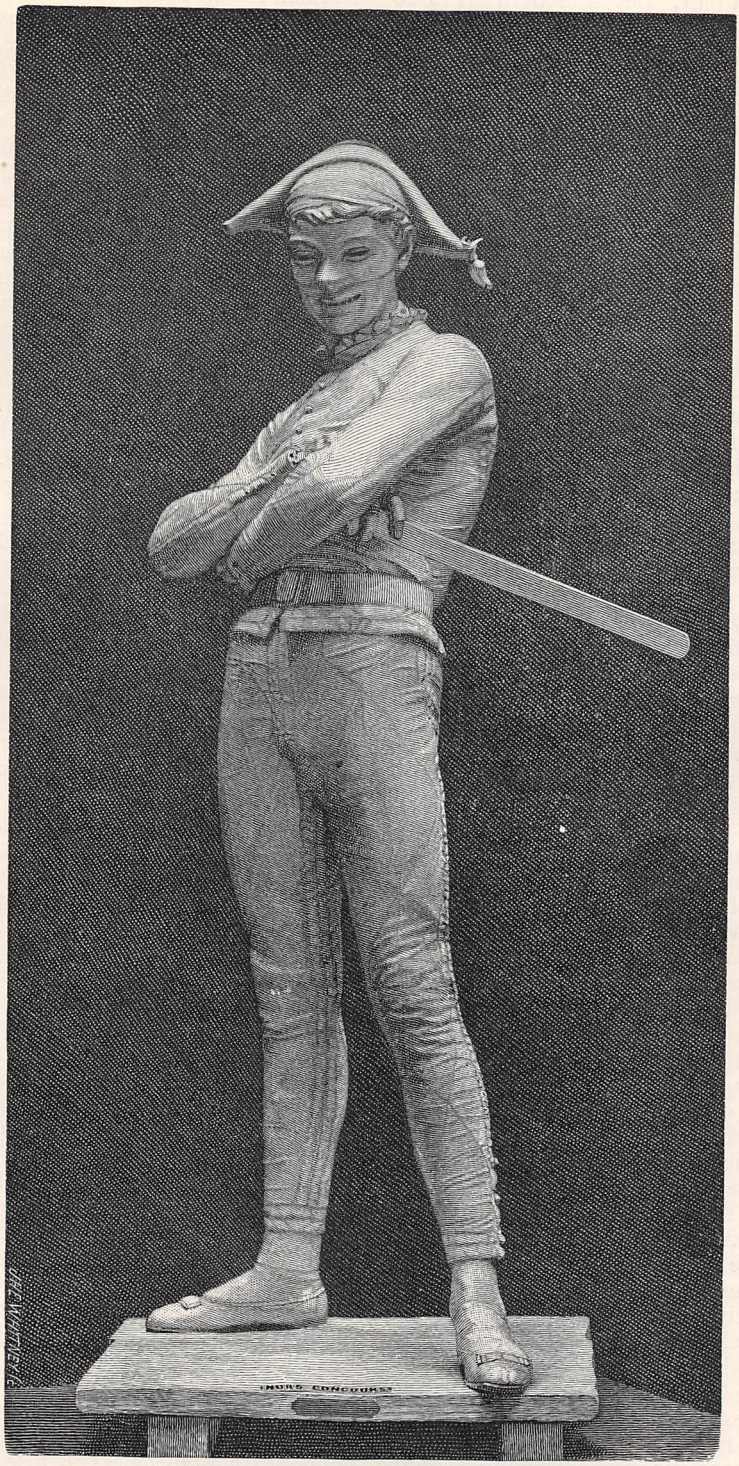
of the guarding genius, and the elaborately complex movement concentrated upon the urn and directly inspired by the Ephebes of the Sistine ceiling is a mere blind. The same is true of the portrait heads which within his range M. Saint-Marceaux does better than almost any one. M. Renan's "Confessions" hardly convey as distinct a notion of character as his bust exhibited at the Triennial. Several heads displayed at one of the exhibitions of the Société Internationale were hardly less remarkable. Long after the sharp edge of one's interest in the striking pose of his "Harlequin" and the fine movement and bizarre features of his "Genius" has worn away, their curious spiritual interest, the individual *cachet* of their character, will sustain them. And so integrally true is this of all the productions of M. Saint-Marceaux's talent, that it is quite as perceptible in works where it is not accentuated and emphasized as it is in those of which we have been speaking; it is a quality that will bear refining, that is even better indeed in its more subtile manifestations. The figure of the Luxembourg gallery, the young Dante reading Virgil, is an example; a girl's head, the forehead swathed in a turban, of the Société Internationale's Exhibition just referred to, is another. The charm of these is more penetrating, though they are by no means either as popular or as "important" works as the "Genius of the Tomb" or the "Harlequin." In the time to come M. Saint-Marceaux will probably rely more and more on their quality of grave and yet alert distinction, and less on striking and eccentric variations of themes from Michael Angelo like the "Genius," and illustrations like the "Harlequin" of the artistic potentialities of the Canova sculpture.

With considerably less force than M. Dubois and decidedly less piquancy than M. Saint-Marceaux, M. Antonin Mercié has perhaps greater refinement than either. His outline is a trifle softer, his sentiment more gracious, more suave. His work is difficult to characterize satisfactorily, and the fact may of course proceed from its lack of force, as well as from the well-understood difficulty of translating into epithets anything so essentially elusive as suavity and grace of form. At one epoch in any examination of contemporary French sculpture that of M. Mercié seems the most interesting; it is so free from exaggeration of any kind on the one hand, it realizes its idea so satisfactorily on the other, and this idea is so agreeable, so refined, and at the same time so dignified. The "David" here engraved is an early work now in the Luxembourg gallery, and the reader may judge how well it justifies these remarks. Being an early work, one cannot perhaps insist on its originality; in France a young sculptor must be original at his peril; his education is so complete, he must have known and studied the beauties of classic sculpture so thoroughly, that not to be impressed by them so profoundly as to display his appreciativeness in his first work is apt to argue a certain insensitiveness. And every one cannot have creative genius. What a number of admirable works we should be compelled to forego if creative genius were demanded of an artist of the present day when the best minds of the time are occupied with other things than art! One is apt to forget that in our day the minds that correspond with the artistic miracles of the Renaissance are absorbed in quite different departments of effort. M. Mercié's "David" would perhaps never have existed but for Donatello's. As far as plastic motive is concerned, it may without injustice be called a variant of that admirable creation, and from every point of view except that of dramatic grace it is markedly inferior to its inspiration; as an embodiment of triumphant youth, of the divine ease with which mere force is overcome, it has only a superficial resemblance to the original. But if with M. Mercié "David" was simply a classic theme to be treated, which is exactly what it of course was not with Donatello, it is undeniable that he has expressed himself very distinctly in his treatment. A less sensitive artist would have vulgarized instead of merely varying the conception, whereas one can easily see in M. Mercié's handling of it the ease, science, and felicitous movement which have since expressed themselves more markedly, more positively, but hardly more unmistakably, in the sculptor's maturer works. Of these the chief is perhaps the "Gloria Victis," which now decorates the Square Montholon; and its identity of authorship with the "David" is apparent in spite of its structural complexity and its far greater importance both in subject and execution. Its subject is the most inspiring that a French sculptor since the events of 1870–71 (so lightly considered by those who only see the theatric side of French character) could treat. Its general interest, too, is hardly inferior; there is something generally ennobling in the celebration of the virtues of the brave defeated which surpasses the commonplace of pæans. M. Mercié was, in this sense, more fortunate than the sculptor to whom the Berlinese owe the bronze commemoration of their victory. Perhaps to call his treatment entirely worthy of the theme, is to forget the import of such works as the tombs of the Medici Chapel at Florence. There is a region into whose precincts the dramatic quality penetrates only to play

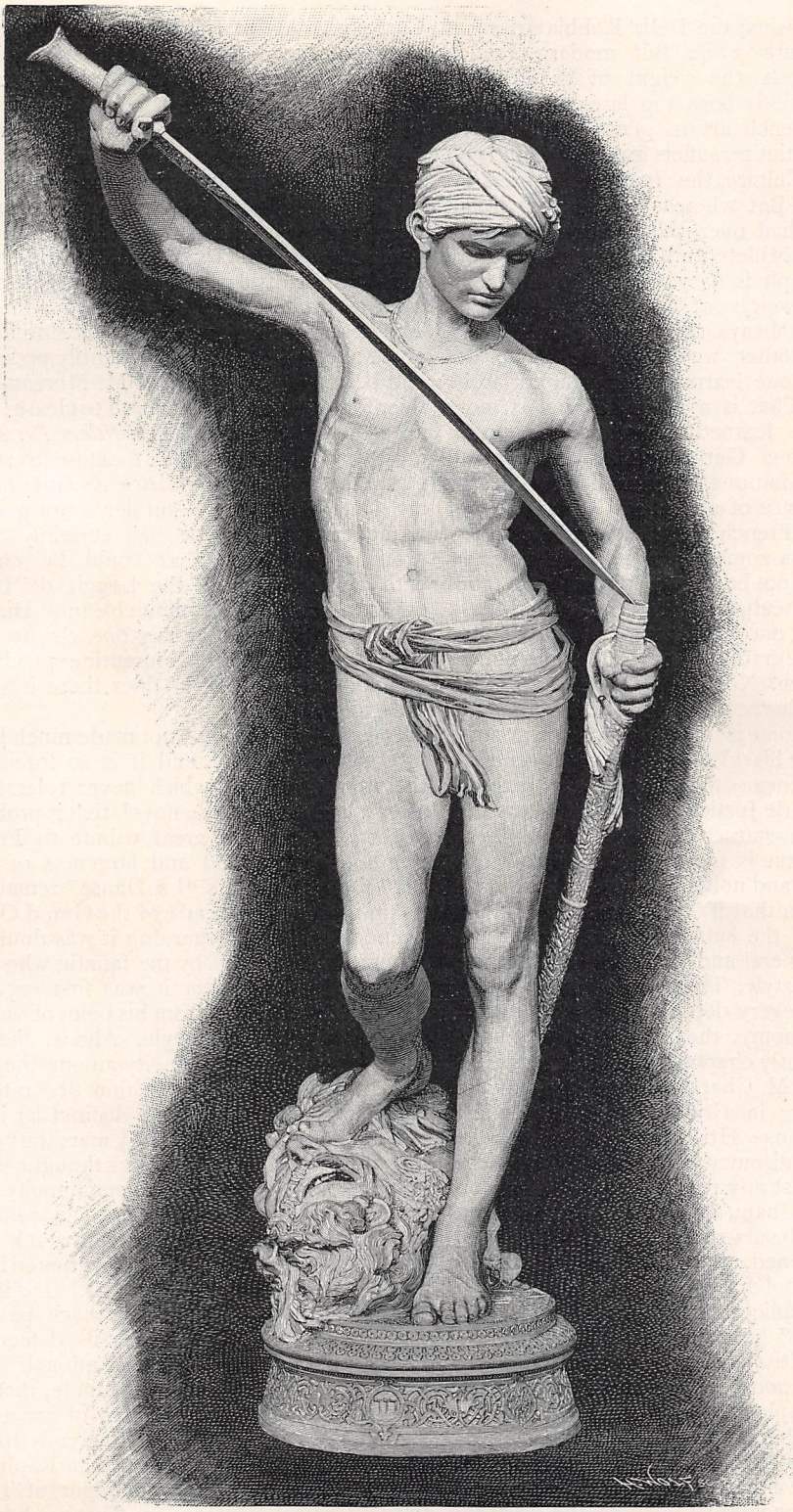


ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY, AFTER THE STATUE BY SAINT-MARCEAUX.

HARLEQUIN.

an insufficient part. But in modern art to do more than merely to keep such truths in mind, to insist on satisfactory plastic illustrations of them, is not only to prepare disappointment for one's self, but to risk misjudging admirable and elevated effort; and to regret the fact that France had only M. Mercié and not Michael Angelo to celebrate her "Gloria Victis" is to commit both of these errors. After all, the subjects are different, and the events of 1870–71 had compensations for France which the downfall of Florentine liberty was without; so that, indeed, a note of unmixed melancholy, however lofty its strain, would have been a discord which M. Mercié has certainly avoided. He has avoided it in rather a marked way, it is true. His monument is rather dramatic and stirring than inwardly moving. It is rhetorical rather than truly poetic; and the admirable quality of its rhetoric, its complete freedom from vulgar or sentimental alloy,— its immense superiority to Anglo-Saxon rhetoric, in fine,— does not conceal the truth that it is rhetoric, that it is prose and not poetry after all. Mercié's "Gloria Victis" is very fine; I know nothing so fine in modern sculpture outside of France. But then there is not very much that is fine at all in modern sculpture outside of France; and modern French sculpture, and M. Mercié along with it as one of its most eminent ornaments, have made it impossible to speak of them in a relative way. The antique and the Renaissance sculpture alone furnish their fit association, and like the Renaissance and the antique sculpture they demand a positive and absolute, and not a comparative criticism.

Well, then, speaking thus absolutely and positively, the cardinal defect of French sculpture — and the refined and distinguished work of M. Mercié better perhaps than almost any other assists us to see this — is its over-carefulness for style. This is indeed the explanation of what I mentioned at the outset as the chief characteristic of this sculpture, the academic inelasticity, namely, with which it essays to reproduce the Renaissance romanticism. But for the fondness for style integral to the French mind and character, it would perceive the contradiction between this romanticism and any canons except such as are purely intuitive and indefinable. "Style," says Buffon (speaking of literary style, to be sure, but his definition is equally applicable to style in general), "style is nothing other than the order and movement which we put into our thoughts." In comparison with the Renaissance sculptors, the French sculptors of the present day are certainly too exclusive devotees of this order and movement, and too little occupied with the thought itself — too little individual. In comparison with the antique, this is less apparent, but I fancy not less real. We are so accustomed to think of the antique as the pure and simple embodiment of style, as a sublimation, so to speak, of the individual into style itself, that in this respect we are scarcely fair judges of the antique. In any case we know very little of it; we can hardly speak of it except by periods. But it is plain that the Greek is so superior to any subsequent sculpture in this one respect of style, that we rarely think of its other qualities. Our judgment is inevitably a comparative one, and inevitably a comparative judgment fixes our attention on the Greek supremacy of style. Indeed, in looking at the antique the thought itself is often alien to us, and the order and movement, being more nearly universal perhaps, are all that occupy us. A family tombstone lying in the cemetery at Athens, and half buried in the dust which blows from the Piræus roadway, has more style than M. Mercié's "Quand-Même" group for Belfort, which has been the subject of innumerable encomiums, and which has only style and no individuality whatever to commend it. And the Athenian tombstone was probably furnished to order by the marble-cutting artist of the period, corresponding to those whose signs one sees at the entrances of our own large cemeteries. Still we may be sure that the ordinary Athenian citizen who adjudged prizes between Æschylus and Sophocles, and to whom Pericles addressed the oration which only exceptional culture nowadays thoroughly appreciates, found plenty of individuality in the decoration of the Parthenon, and was perfectly conscious of the difference between Phidias and his pupils. Even now, if one takes the pains to think of it, the difference between such works as the so-called "Genius" of the Vatican and the Athenian marbles, or between the Niobe group at Florence and the Venus torso at Naples, for example, seems markedly individual enough, though the element of style is still to our eyes the most prominent quality in each. Indeed, if one really reflects upon the subject, it will not seem exaggeration to say that to any one who has studied both with any thoroughness it would be more difficult to individualize the mass of modern French sculpture than even that of the best Greek epoch — the epoch when style was most perfect, when its reign was, as it sometimes appears to us, most absolute. And if we consider the Renaissance sculpture, its complexity is so great, its individuality is so pronounced, that one is apt to lose sight of the important part which style really plays in it. In a work by Donatello we see first of all his thought; in a Madonna of Mino's it is the idea



A. MERCIÉ.

DAVID.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

which charms us; the Della Robbia frieze at Pistoja is pure *genre*. But modern French sculpture feels the weight of De Musset's handicap — it is born too late into a world too old. French art in general feels this, I think, and painting suffers from it equally with sculpture. Culture, the Institute, oppress individuality. But whereas Corot and Millet have triumphed over the Institute, there are hardly any Millets and Corots of sculpture whose triumph is as yet assured. The tendency, the weight of authority, the verdict of criticism, always conservative in France, are all the other way. At the École des Beaux-Arts one learns, negatively, not to be ridiculous. That is a great deal; it is more than can be learned anywhere else nowadays — witness German, Italian, above all English exhibitions. Positively one learns the importance of style; and if it were not for modern French sculpture, one would say that this was something the importance of which could not be exaggerated. But in modern French sculpture it is exaggerated, and, what is fatal, one learns to exaggerate it in the schools. The traditions of Houdon are noticeably forgotten. Not that Houdon's art is not eminently characterized by style; the "San Bruno" at Rome is in point of style an antique. But compare his "Voltaire" in the foyer of the Comédie Française with M. Chapu's "Berryer" of the Palais de Justice, to take one of the very finest portrait-statues of the present day. M. Chapu's statue is more than irreproachable, it is elevated and noble, it is in the grand style; but it is plain that its impressiveness is due to the fact that the subject is conceived as the Orator in general and handled with almost a single eye to style. The personal interest which accentuates every detail of the "Voltaire" — the physiognomy, the pose, the right hand, are marvelously characteristic — simply is not sought for in M. Chapu's work. Of this quality there is more in Houdon's bust of Molière, whom of course Houdon never saw and of whom no undisputed portrait exists, I believe, than in almost any production of the modern school. M. Chapu's works, and such exceptions as the heads of Baudry and Renan already mentioned, apart, one perceives that the modern school has made too many statues of the République, too many "Ledas" and "Susannahs" and "Quand-Mêmes" and "Gloria Victis." And its penchant for Renaissance canons only emphasizes the absolute commonplace of many of these.

On the other hand, if Houdon's felicitous harmony of style and individual force are forgotten, there is hardly any recognized succession to the imaginative freedom, the *vêrve*, the triumphant personal fertility of Rude and Carpeaux. At least, such as there is has not preserved the dignity and in many instances scarcely the decorum of those splendid artists. Much of the sculpture which figures at the yearly Salons is, to be sure, the absolute negation of style; its main characteristic is indeed eccentricity; its main virtues, sincerity (which in art, of course, is only a very elementary virtue) and good modeling (which in sculpture is equally elementary). Occasionally in the midst of this display of fantasticality there is a work of promise or even of positive interest. The observer who has not a weak side for the graceful conceits, invariably daintily presented and beautifully modeled, of M. Moreau-Vauthier for example, must be hard to please; they are of the very essence of the *article de Paris*, and only abnormal primness can refuse to recognize the truth that the *article de Paris* has its art side. M. Moreau-Vauthier is not perhaps a modern Cellini; he has certainly never produced anything that could be classed with the "Perseus" of the Loggia de' Lanzi, or even with the Fontainebleau "Diana"; but he does more than any one else to keep alive the tradition of Florentine preciosity, and about everything he does there is something delightful.

Still the fantastic has not made much headway in the Institute, and it is so foreign to the French genius, which never tolerates it after it has ceased to be novel, that it probably never will. It is a great tribute to French "catholicity of mind and largeness of temper" that Carpeaux's "La Danse" remains in its position on the façade of the Grand Opéra. French sentiment regarding it was doubtless accurately expressed by the fanatic who tried to ink it indelibly after it was first exposed. This vandal was right from his point of view — the point of view of style. Almost the one work of absolute spontaneity among the hundreds which without and within decorate M. Garnier's edifice, it is thus a distinct jar in the general harmony; it distinctly mars the "order and movement" of M. Garnier's thought, which is fundamentally opposed to spontaneity. But imagine the devotion to style of a *milieu* in which a person who would throw ink on a confessedly fine work of art is actuated by an impersonal dislike of incongruity! Dislike of the incongruous is almost a French passion, and, like all qualities, it has its defect, the defect of tolerating the conventional. It is through this tolerance, for example, that one of the freest of French critics of art, a true Voltairean, Stendhal, was led actually to find Guido's ideal of beauty higher than Raphael's, and to miss entirely the grandeur of Tintoretto. Critical opinion in France has not changed radically since Stendhal's day.

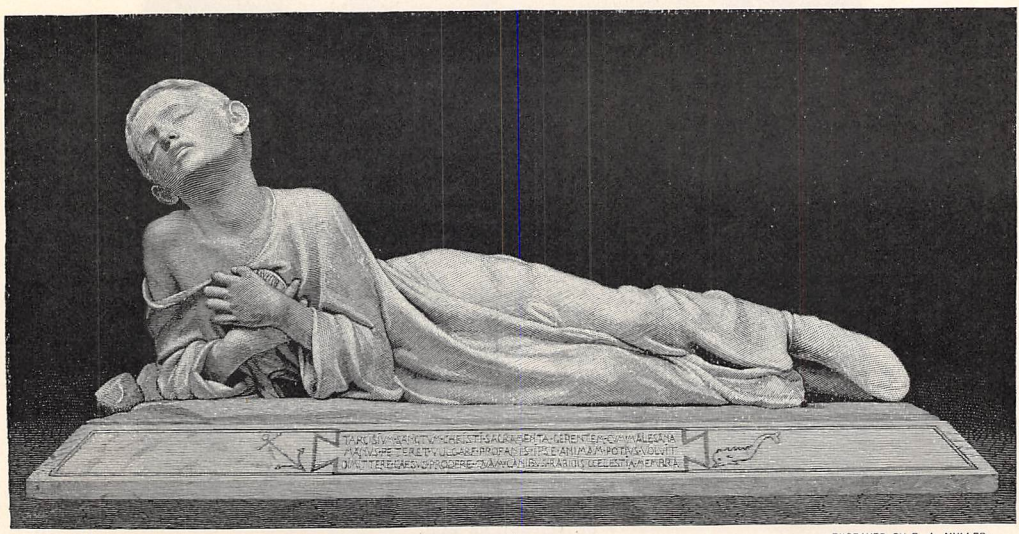
A. FALGUIÈRE.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

The French sculptor may draw his inspiration from the sources of originality itself, his audience will measure the result by conventions. It is this fact undoubtedly which is largely responsible for the over-carefulness for style already remarked. Hence the work of M. Aimée-Millet and of Professors Guillaume and Cavelier, and the fact that they are professors. Hence also the election of M. Falguière to succeed to the chair of the Beaux-Arts left vacant by the death of Jouffroy. All of these have done admirable work. Professor Guillaume's Gracchi group at the Luxembourg is alone enough to atone for a mass of productions of which the "Castalian Fount" of a recent Salon is the cold and correct representative. Cavelier's "Gluck," destined for the Opéra, is spirited even if a trifle galvanic. Millet's "Apollo," which crowns the main gable of the Opéra, stands out among its author's other works as a miracle of grace and rhythmic movement. M. Falguière's admirers, and they are numerous, will object to the association here made. Falguière's range has always been a wide one, and everything he has done has undoubtedly merited a portion of the prodigious encomiums it has invariably obtained. Yet, estimating it in any other way than by energy, variety and mass, it is impossible to praise it highly with precision. It is too plainly the work of an artist who can do one thing as well as another, and of which cleverness is, after all, the spiritual standard. Bartholdi, who also should not be forgotten in any sketch of French sculpture, would, I am sure, have acquitted himself more satisfactorily than Falguière has done in the colossal groups of the Trocadéro and the Arc de l'Étoile. To acquit himself satisfactorily is Bartholdi's specialty. These two groups are the largest and most important that a sculptor can have to do. The crowning of the Arc de Triomphe at least was a splendid opportunity. Neither of them has any distinction of outline, of mass, of relation, or of idea. Both are conventional to the last degree. That on the Arc has even its ludicrous details, such as occur only from artistic absent-mindedness in a work conceived and executed in a fatigued and hackneyed spirit. The "Saint Vincent de Paul" of the Panthéon, which justly passes for the sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*, is in idea a work of large humanity. M. Falguière is behind no one in ability to conceive a subject of this kind with propriety, and his subject here is inspiring if ever a subject was. The "Petit Martyr" of the Luxembourg has a real charm, but it too is content with too little, as one finds out in seeing it often; and it is in no sense a large work, scarcely larger than the tiresomely popular "Running Boy" of the same museum, which nevertheless in its day marked an epoch in modeling. Indeed, so slight is the spiritual hold that M. Falguière has on one, that it really seems as if he were at his best in such a frankly carnal production as his "Diana" of the Triennial Exposition. The idea is nothing or next to nothing, but the surface *faire* is superb, and if Professor Falguière can communicate the secret of such modeling to his pupils at the Beaux-Arts, no one will regret the choice of so skillful a sculptor to succeed Jouffroy over candidates of greater artistic force.

W. C. Brownell.



A. FALGUIÈRE. ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

THE LITTLE MARTYR.

COMETS AND METEORS.

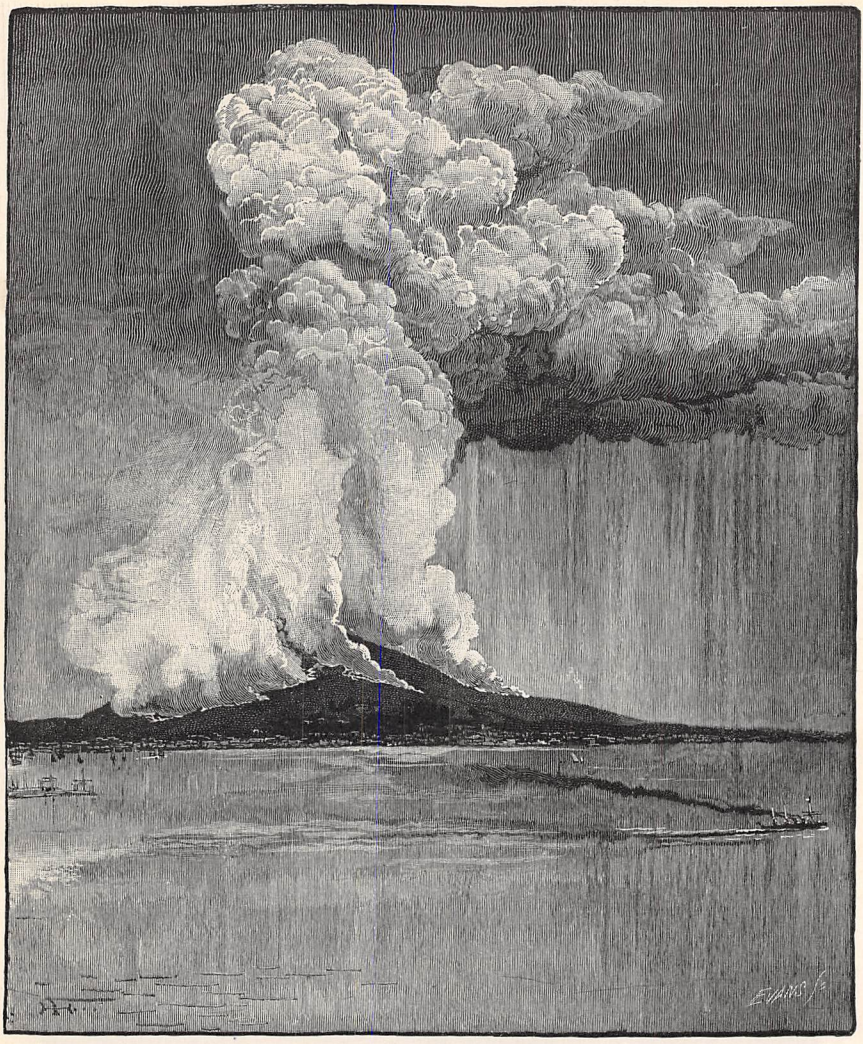
THE NEW ASTRONOMY.

THE CAMP AT MT. WHITNEY. (FROM "PROFESSIONAL PAPERS OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE," VOL. XV.)

WHAT is truth? What is fact, and what is fancy, even with regard to solid visible things that we may see and handle?

Among the many superstitions of the early world, and credulous fancies of the middle ages, was the belief that great stones sometimes fell down out of heaven on to the earth.

Pliny has a story of such a black stone, big enough to load a chariot; the Mussulman still adores one at Mecca; and a mediæval emperor of Germany had a sword which was said to have been forged from one of these bolts shot out of the blue. But, with the revival of learning, people came to know better! That stones should fall down from the sky was clearly, they thought, an absurdity; indeed, according to the learned opinion of that time, one would hardly ask a better instance of the difference between the realities which science recognized and the absurdities



VESUVIUS DURING AN ERUPTION.

which it condemned than the fancy that such a thing could be. So at least the matter looked to the philosophers of the last century, who treated it much as they might treat certain alleged mental phenomena, for instance, if they were alive to-day, and at first refused to take any notice of these stories, when from time to time they still came to hand. When induced to give the matter consideration, they observed that all the conditions for scientific observation were violated by these bodies, since the wonder always happened at some far-off place, or at some past time, and (suspicious circumstance!) the stones only fell in the presence of ignorant and unscientific witnesses, and never when scientific men were at hand to examine the facts. That there were many worthy, if ignorant, men who asserted that they had seen such stones fall, seen them with their very eyes, and held them in their own hands, was accounted for by the general love of the marvelous and by the ignorance of the common mind, unlearned in the conditions of scientific observation, and unguided by the great principle of the uniformity of the laws of nature. Such a tone, of course, cannot be heard among us who never hastily pronounce anything a departure from the laws of nature, while uncertain that these can be separated from the laws of the fallible human mind, in which alone nature is seen. But in the last century philosophers had not yet become humble, or scientific men diffident of the absoluteness of their own knowledge, and so it seemed that no amount of evidence was enough to

gain an impartial hearing in the face of the settled belief that the atmosphere extended only a few miles above the earth's surface, and that the region beyond, whence alone such things could come, was an absolute void extending to the nearest planet.

It used to be supposed that we were absolutely isolated, not only from the stars but from other planets, by vast empty spaces extending from world to world — regions altogether vacant except for some vagrant comet; but of late years we are growing to have new ideas on this subject, and not only to consider space as far from void or tenantless, but to admit, as a possibility at least, that there is a sort of continuity between our very earth's surface, the air above it, and all which lies beyond the blue overarching dome of our own sky. Our knowledge of the physical nature of the universe without has chiefly come from what the spectroscope, overleaping the space between us and the stars, has taught us of them; as a telegram might report to us the existence of a race across the ocean, without telling anything of what lay between. It would be a novel path to the stars, and to the intermediate regions whence these once mythical stones are now actually believed to come, if we could take the reader to them by a route which enabled us to note each step of a continuous journey from the earth's surface out into the unknown; but if we undertake to start upon it, he will understand that we must almost at the outset leave the ground of comparative certainty on which we have hitherto rested, and need to speak of things on this road which are still but probabilities, and even some which are little more than conjectures, before we get to the region of comparative certainty again, a region which, strange to say, exists far away from us, while that of doubt lies close at hand. For we may be said without exaggeration to know more about Sirius than about the atmosphere a thousand miles above the earth's surface; indeed, it would be more just to say that we are sure not only of the existence but of the elements that compose a star, though a million of times as far off as the sun, while at the near point named we are not sure of so much as that the atmosphere exists at all.

To begin our outward journey in a literal sense, we might rise from the earth's surface some miles in a balloon, when we should find our progress stayed by the rarity of the air. Below us would be a gray cloud-ocean, through which we could see here and there the green earth beneath, while above us there would still be something in the apparently empty air, for if the sun has just set it will still be *light* all round us. Something then, in a cloudless sky, still exists to reflect the rays towards us, and this something is made up of separately invisible specks of dust and vapor, but very largely of actual dust, which probably forms the nucleus of each mist-particle. That discrete matter of some kind exists here has long been recognized from the phenomena of twilight; but it is, I think, only recently that we are coming to admit that a shell of actual solid particles in the form of dust probably incloses the whole globe, up to far above the highest clouds.

In 1881 the writer had occasion to conduct a scientific expedition to the highest point in the territories of the United States, on one of the summits of the Sierra Nevadas of southern California, which rise even above the Rocky Mountains.

The illustration on page 339 represents the camp occupied by this party below the summit, where the tents, which look as if in the bottom of a valley, are yet really above the highest zone of vegetation, and at an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet.

Still above these rise the precipices of barren rock seen in the background, their very bases far above the highest visible dust-clouds, which overspread like a sea the deserts at the mountain's foot; precipices which when scaled lift the observer into what is, perhaps, the clearest and purest air to be found in the world. It will be seen from the mere looks of the landscape that we are far away here from ordinary sources of contamination in the atmosphere. Yet even above here on the highest peak, where we felt as if standing on the roof of the continent and elevated into the great aërial currents of the globe, the telescope showed particles of dust in the air, which the geologists deemed to have probably formed part of the soil of China and to have been borne across the Pacific, but which also, as we shall see later, may owe something to the mysterious source of the phenomena already alluded to.

It is far from being indifferent to us that the dust is there, for, to mention nothing else, without it, it would be night till the sunrise, and black night again as soon as the sun's edge disappeared below the horizon. The morning and the evening twilight, which in northern latitudes increase our average time of light by some hours and add very materially to the actual days of man's life, are probably due almost wholly to particles scarcely visible in the microscope, and to the presence of such atoms, smaller than the very motes ordinarily seen in the sunbeam, which, as Mr. Aitken has shown, fill the air we breathe; so minute and remote are the causes on which the habits of life depend.

Before we can see that a part of this impalpable, invisible dust is also perhaps a link between our world and other members of the

solar system, we must ask how it gets into the atmosphere. Is it blown up from the earth, or does it fall down out of the miscalled "void" of space?

If we cast a handful of dust into the air, it will not mount far above the hand unless we set the air in motion with it, as in ascending smoke-currents, and the greatest explosions we can artificially produce hurl their finer products but a few hundred feet at most from the soil. Utterly different are the forces of nature. We have on page 340 a reproduction from a photograph of an eruption of Vesuvius —a mere toy-volcano compared to Etna or Hecla. But observe the smoke-cloud which rises high in the sunshine, looking solid as the rounded snows of an Alp, while the cities and the sea below are in the shadow. The smoke that mounts from the foreground, where the burning lava-streams are pouring over the surface and firing the woods, is of another kind from that rolling high above. *This* comes from within the mountain, and is composed of clouds of steam mingled with myriads of dust-particles from the comminuted products of the earth's interior, and we can see ourselves that it is borne away on a level, miles high in the upper air.

But what is this to the eruption of Sumbawa or Krakatao? The latter occurred in 1883, and it will be remembered that the air-wave started by the explosion was felt around the globe, and that, probably owing to the dust and water-vapor blown into the atmosphere, the sunsets even in America became of that extraordinary crimson we all remember three years ago, and coincidently, that dim, reddish halo made its appearance about the sun the world over, which is hardly yet gone. Very careful estimates of the amount of ashes ejected have been made; and though most of the heavier particles are known to have fallen into the sea within a few miles, a certain portion—the lightest—was probably carried by the explosion far above the lower strata of the atmosphere, to descend so slowly that some of it may still be there. Of this lighter class the most careful estimates must be vague, but according to the report of the official investigation by the Dutch government that which remained floating is something enormous. An idea of its amount may be gained by supposing these impalpable and invisible particles to condense again from the upper sky, and to pour down on the highest edifice in the world, the Washington Monument. If the dust were allowed to spread out on all sides, till the pyramidal slope was so flat as to be permanent, the capstone of the monument would not only be buried before the supply was exhausted, but buried as far below the surface as that pinnacle is now above.

Of the explosive suddenness with which the mass was hurled, we can judge something (comparing small things with great) by the explosion of dynamite.

It happened once that the writer was standing by a car in which some railway porters were lifting boxes. At that moment came an almost indescribable sound, for it was literally stunning, though close and sharp as the crack of a whip in one's hand, and yet louder than the nearest thunder-clap. The men leaped from the car, thinking that one of the boxes had exploded between them; but the boxes were intact, and we saw what seemed a pillar of dust rising above the roof of the station, hundreds of yards away. When we hurried through the building, we found nothing on the other side but a bare plain, extending over a mile, and beyond this the actual scene of the explosion that had seemed to be at our feet. There had been there, a few minutes before, extensive buildings and shops belonging to the railroad, and sidings on which cars were standing, two of which, loaded with dynamite, had exploded.

Where they had been was a crater-like depression in the earth, some rods in diameter; the nearest buildings, great solid structures of brick and stone, had vanished, and the more distant wooden ones and the remoter lines of freight-cars on the side-tracks presented a curious sight, for they were not shattered so much as bent and leaning every way, as though they had been built of pasteboard, like card-houses, and had half yielded to some gigantic puff of breath. All that the explosion had shot skyward had settled to earth or blown away before we got in sight of the scene, which was just as quiet as it had been a minute before. It was like one of the changes of a dream.

Now it is of some concern to us to know that the earth holds within itself similar forces, on an incomparably greater scale. For instance, the explosion which occurred at Krakatao, at five minutes past ten, on the 27th of August, 1883, according to official evidence, was heard at a distance of 1800 miles, and the puff of its air-wave injured dwellings two hundred miles distant, and, we repeat, carried into the highest regions of the atmosphere and around the world matter which it is at least possible still affects the aspect of the sun today from New York or Chicago.

Do not the great flames which we have seen shot out from the sun at the rate of hundreds of miles a second, the immense and sudden perturbations in the atmosphere of Jupiter, and the scarred surface of the moon, seem to

be evidences of analogous phenomena, common to the whole solar system, not wholly unconnected with those of earthquakes, and which we can still study in the active volcanoes of the earth?

If the explosion of gunpowder can hurl a cannon-shot three or four miles into the air, how far might the explosion of Krakatao cast its fragments? At first we might think there must be some proportionality between the volume of the explosion and the distance, but this is not necessarily so. Apart from the resistance of the air, it is a question of the velocity with which the thing is shot upward, rather than the size of the gun, or the size of the thing itself, and with a sufficient velocity the projectile would never fall back again. "What goes up must come down" is, like most popular maxims, true only within the limits of ordinary experience; and even were there nothing else in the universe to attract it, and though the earth's attraction extend to infinity, so that the body would never escape from it, it is yet quite certain that it would, with a certain initial velocity (very moderate in comparison with that of the planet itself), go up and *never* come back; while under other and possible conditions it might voyage out into space on a comet-like orbit, and be brought back to the earth, perhaps in after ages, when the original explosion had passed out of memory or tradition. But because all this is possible, it does not follow that it is necessarily true; and if the reader ask why he should then be invited to consider such suppositions at all, we repeat that in our journey outward, before we come to the stars, of which we know something, we pass through a region of which we know almost nothing; and this region, which is peopled by the subjects of conjecture, is the scene, if not the source, of the marvel of the falling stones, concerning which the last century was so incredulous, but for which we can, aided by what has just been said, now see at least a possible cause, and to which we now return.

Stories of falling stones, then, kept arising from time to time during the last century as they had always done, and philosophers kept on disbelieving them as they had always done, till an event occurred which suddenly changed scientific opinion to compulsory belief.

On the 26th of April, 1803, there fell, not in some far-off part of the world, but in France, not one alone, but many thousand stones, over an area of some miles, accompanied with noises like the discharge of artillery. A committee of scientific men visited the spot on the part of the French Institute, and brought back, not only the testimony of scores of witnesses or auditors, but the stones themselves. Soon after stones fell in Connecticut, and here and elsewhere, as soon as men were prepared to believe, they found evidence multiplied; and such falls, it is now admitted, though rare in any single district, are of what may be called frequent occurrence as regards the world at large; for, taking land and sea together, the annual stone-falls are probably to be counted by hundreds.

It was early noticed that these stones consisted either of a peculiar alloy of iron, or of minerals of volcanic origin, or both, and the first hypothesis was that they had just been shot out from terrestrial volcanoes. As they were, however, found, as in the case of the Connecticut meteorite, thousands of miles from any active volcanoes, and were seen to fall, not vertically down, but as if shot horizontally overhead, this view was abandoned. Next the idea was suggested that they were coming from volcanoes in the moon; and though this had little to recommend it, it was adopted in default of a better, and entertained down to a comparatively very recent period. These stones are now collected in museums, where any one may see them, and are to be had of the dealers in such articles by any who wish to buy them. They are coming to have such a considerable money value that, in one case at least, a lawsuit has been instituted for their possession between the finder, who had picked the stones up on ground leased to him, and claimed them under the tenant's right to wild game, and his landlord, who thought they were his as part of the real estate.

Leaving the decision of this novel law-point to the lawyers, let us notice some facts now well established.

The fall is usually preceded by a thundering sound, sometimes followed or accompanied by a peculiar sound described as like that of a flock of ducks rising from the water. The principal sound is often, however, far louder than any thunder, and sometimes of stunning violence. At night this is accompanied by a blaze of lightning-like suddenness and whiteness, and the stones commonly do not fall vertically, but as if shot from a cannon at long range. They are usually burning hot, but, in at least one authenticated instance, one was so intensely cold that it could not be handled. They are of all sizes, from tons to ounces, comparatively few, however, exceeding a hundredweight, and they are oftenest of a rounded form, or looking like pieces of what was originally round, and usually wholly or partly covered with a glaze formed of the fused substance itself. If we slowly heat a lump of loaf sugar all through, it will form a pasty mass, while we may also hold it without inconvenience in our fingers to the gas-flame a few sec-

onds, when it will be melted only on the side next the sudden heat, and rounded by the melting. The sharp contrast of the melted and the rough side is something like that of the meteorites; and just as the sugar does not burn the hand, though close to where it is brought suddenly to a melting heat, a mass of ironstone may be suddenly heated on the surface, while it remains cold on the inside. But, however it got there, the stone undoubtedly comes from the intensely cold spaces above the upper air; and what is the source of such a heat that it is melted in the cold air, and in a few seconds?

Everybody has noticed that if we move a fan gently, the air parts before it with little effort, while, when we try to fan violently, the same air is felt to react; yet if we go on to say that if the motion is still more violent the atmosphere will resist like a solid, against which the fan, if made of iron, would break in pieces, this may seem to some an unexpected property of the "nimble" air through which we move daily. Yet this is the case, and if the motion is only so quick that the air cannot get out of the way, a body hurled against it will rise in temperature like a shot striking an armor-plate. It is all a question of speed, and that of the meteorite is known to be immense. One has been seen to fly over this country from the Mississippi to the Atlantic in an inappreciably short time, probably in less than two minutes; and though at a presumable height of over fifty miles, the velocity with which it shot by gave every one the impression that it went just above his head, and some witnesses of the unexpected apparition looked the next day to see if it had struck their chimneys. The heat developed by arrested motion in the case of a mass of iron moving twenty miles a second can be calculated, and is found to be much more than enough, not only to melt it, but to turn it into vapor; though what probably does happen is, according to Professor Newton, that the melted surface-portions are wiped away by the pressure of the air and volatilized to form the luminous train, the interior remaining cold, until the difference of temperature causes a fracture, when the stone breaks and pieces fall — some of them at red-hot heat, some of them possibly at the temperature of outer space, or far below that of freezing mercury.

Where do these stones come from? What made them? The answer is not yet complete, but if a part of the riddle is already yielding to patience, it is worthy of note, as an instance of the connection of the sciences, that the first help to the solution of this astronomical enigma came from the chemists and the geologists.

The earliest step in the study, which has now been going on for many years, was to analyze the meteorite, and the first result was that it contained no elements not found on this planet. The next was that, though none of these elements were unknown, they were not combined as we see them in the minerals we dig from the earth. Next it was found that the combinations, if unfamiliar at the earth's surface and nowhere reproduced exactly, were at least very like such as existed down beneath it, in lower strata, as far as we can judge by specimens of the earth's interior cast up from volcanoes. Later, a resemblance was recognized in the elements of the meteorites to those found by the spectroscope in shooting stars, though the spectroscopic observation of the latter is too difficult to have even yet proceeded very far. And now, within the last few years, we seem to be coming near to a surprising solution.

It has now been shown that meteoric stones sometimes contain pieces of essentially different rocks fused together, and pieces of detritus — the wearing down of older rocks. Thus, as we know that sandstone is made of compacted sand, and sand itself was in some still earlier time part of rocks worn down by friction — when it is shown, as it has been by M. Meunier, that a sandstone with threads of copper in it (like some of our Lake Superior formations) has come to us in a meteorite, his conclusion that these stones may be part of some old world is one that, however startling, we cannot refuse at least to consider. According to this view, there may have been a considerable planet near the earth, which, having reached the last stage of planetary existence shown in the case of our present moon, went one step further — went, that is, out of existence altogether, by literal breaking up and final disappearance. We have seen the actual moon scarred and torn in every direction, and are asked to admit the possibility that a continuance of the process on a similar body has broken it up into the fragments that come to us. We do not say that this is the case, but that (as regards the origin of some of the meteorites at least) we cannot at present disprove it. We may at any rate present to the novelist seeking a new *motif* that of a meteorite bringing to us the story of a lost race, in some fragment of art or architecture of its lost world.

We are not driven to this world-shattering hypothesis by the absence of others, for we may admit these to be fragments of a larger body without necessarily concluding that it was a world like ours, or, even if it were, that the world which sent them to us is destroyed. In view of what we have been learning of the tremendous explosive forces we see in action on the sun and probably on other planets, and

even in terrestrial volcanoes to-day, it is certainly conceivable that some of these stones may have been ejected by some such process from any sun, or star, or world we see. The reader is already prepared for the suggestion that part of them may be the product of terrestrial volcanoes in early epochs, when our planet was yet glowing sunlike with its proper heat, and the forces of nature were more active; and that these errant children of mother earth's youth, after circulating in lengthened orbits, are coming back to her in her age.

Do not let us, however, forget that these are mostly speculations only, and perhaps the part of wisdom is not to speculate at all till we learn more facts; but are not the facts themselves as extraordinary as any invention of fancy?

Although it is true that the existence of the connection between shooting stars and meteorites lacks some links in the chain of proof, we may very safely consider them together; and if we wish to know what the New Astronomy has done for us in this field, we should take up some treatise on astronomy of the last century. We turn in one to the subject of falling stars, and find that "This species of Star is only a light Exhalation, almost wholly sulphurous, which is inflamed in the free Air much after the same manner as Thunder in a Cloud by the blowing of the Winds." That the present opinion is different we shall shortly notice.

All of us have seen shooting stars, and they are indeed something probably as old as this world, and have left their record in mythology as well as in history. According to Moslem tradition, the evil genii are accustomed to fly at night up to the confines of heaven in order to overhear the conversation of the angels, and the shooting stars are the fiery arrows hurled by the latter at their lurking foes, with so good an aim that we are told that for every falling star we may be sure that there is one spirit of evil the less in the world. The scientific view of them, however, if not so consolatory, is perhaps more instructive, and we shall here give most attention to the latter.

To begin with, there have been observed in history certain times when shooting stars were unusually numerous. The night when King Ibrahim Ben Ahmed died, in October, 902, was noted by the Arabians as remarkable in this way, and it has frequently been observed since that, though we can always see some of these meteors nightly, there are at intervals very special displays of them. The most notable modern one was on November 13th, 1833, and this was visible over much of the North American continent, forming a spectacle of terrifying grandeur.

An eye-witness in South Carolina wrote: "I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of the three plantations, amounting in all to about 600 or 800. While earnestly listening for the cause I heard a faint voice near the door, calling my name. I arose, and, taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'O my God, the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me the most—the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth; east, west, north, and south, it was the same."

The illustration on page 349 does not exaggerate the number of the fiery flashes at such a time, though the zigzag course which is observed in some is hardly so common as it here appears.

When it was noted that the same date, November 13th, had been distinguished by star-showers in 1831 and 1832, and that the great shower observed by Humboldt in 1799 was on this day, the phenomenon was traced back and found to present itself about every thirty-three years, the tendency being to a little delay on each return; so that Professor Newton and others have found it possible with this clue to discover in early Arabic and other mediæval chronicles and in later writers descriptions which, fitted together, make a tolerably continuous record of this thirty-three-year shower, beginning with that of King Ibrahim already alluded to. The shower appeared again in November, 1867 and 1868, with less display, but with sufficient brilliance to make the writer well remember the watch through the night, and the count of the flying stars, his most lively recollection being of their occasional colors, which in exceptional cases ranged from full crimson to a vivid green. The count on this night was very great, but the number which enter the earth's atmosphere even ordinarily is most surprising; for, though any single observer may note only a few in his own horizon, yet, taking the world over, at least ten millions appear every night, and on these special occasions very many more. This November shower comes always from a particular quarter of the sky, that occupied by the constellation Leo, but there are others, such as that of August 10th (which is annual), in which the "stars" seem to be shot

at us from the constellation Perseus: and each of the numerous groups of star-showers is now known by the name of the constellation whence it seems to come, so that we have *Perseids* on August 10th, *Geminids* on December 12th, *Lyrids* April 20th, and so on.

The great November shower, which is coming once more in this century, and which every reader may hope to see towards 1899, is of particular interest to us as the first whose movements were subjected to analysis, for it has been shown by the labors of Professor Newton, of Yale, and Adams, of Cambridge, that these shooting stars are bodies moving around the sun in an orbit which is completed in about thirty-three years. It is quite certain, too, that they are not exhalations from the earth's atmosphere, but little solids, invisible till they shine out by the light produced by their own fusion. Each, then, moves on its own track, but the general direction of all the tracks concurs; and though some of them may conceivably be solidified gases, we should think of them not as gaseous in form, but as solid shot, of the average size of something like a cherry, or perhaps even of a cherry-stone, yet each an independent planetoid, flying with a hundred times the speed of a rifle-bullet on its separate way as far out as the orbit of Uranus; coming back three times in a century to about the earth's distance from the sun, and repeating this march forever, unless it happen to strike the atmosphere of the earth itself, when there comes a sudden flash of fire from the contact, and the distinct existence of the little body, which may have lasted for hundreds of thousands of years, is ended in a second.

If the reader will admit so rough a simile, we may compare such a flight of these bodies to a thin swarm of swift-flying birds — thin, but yet immensely long, so as to be, in spite of the rapid motion, several years in passing a given point, and whose line of flight is cut across by us on the 13th of November, when the earth passes through it. We are only there on that day, and can only see it then; but the swarm is years in all getting by, and so we may pass into successive portions of it on the anniversary of the same day for years to come. The stars appear to shoot from Leo, only because that constellation is in the line of their flight when we look up to it, just as an interminable train of parallel flying birds would appear to come from some definite point on the horizon.

We can often see the flashes of meteors at over a hundred miles, and though at times they may seem to come thick as flakes of falling snow, it is probable, according to Professor Newton, that even in a "shower" each tiny planetoid is more than ten miles from its nearest neighbor, while on the average it is reckoned that we may consider that each little body, though possibly no larger than a pea, is over two hundred miles from its neighbor, or that to each such grain there is nearly 10,000,000 cubic miles of void space. Their velocity as compounded with that of the earth is enormous, sometimes forty to fifty miles per second (according to a recent but unproved theory of Mr. Denning's, it would be much greater), and it is this enormous rate of progress that affords the semblance of an abundant fall of rain, notwithstanding the distance at which one drop follows another. It is only from their light that we are able to form a rough estimate of their average size, which is, as we have seen, extremely small, but, from their great number, the total weight they add to the earth daily may possibly be a hundred tons, probably not very much more. As they are as a rule entirely dissipated in the upper air, often at a height of from fifty to seventy miles, it follows that many tons of the finest pulverized and gaseous matter are shot into the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours from outer space, so that here is an independent and constant supply of dust, which we may expect to find coming down from far above the highest clouds.

Now, when the reader sees the flash of a shooting star, he may, if he please, think of the way the imagination of the East accounts for it, or he may look at what science has given him instead. In the latter case he will know that a light which flashed and faded almost together came from some strange little entity which had been traversing cold and vacant space for untold years, to perish in a moment of more than fiery heat; an enigma whose whole secret is unknown, but of which, during that instant flash, the spectroscope caught a part, and found evidence of the identity of some of its constituents with those of the observer's own body.

Of comets, the Old Astronomy knew that they came to the sun from great distances in all directions, and in calculable orbits; but as to *what* they were, this, even in the childhood of those of us who are middle-aged, was as little known as to the centuries during which they still from their horrid heads shook pestilence and war. We do not know even now by any means exactly what they are, for enough yet remains to be learned about them still to give their whole study the attraction which belongs to the unknown; and yet we learn so much, and in a way which to our grandfathers would have been so unexpected, connecting together the comet, the shooting star, and the meteorite, that the astronomer who

perhaps speaks with most authority about these to-day was able not long ago, in beginning a lecture, to state that he held in his hand what had been a part of a comet; and what he held was, not something half vaporous or gaseous, as we might suppose from our old associations, but a curious stone like this on page 350, which, with others, had fallen from the sky in Iowa, a flashing prodigy, to the terror of barking dogs, shying horses, and fearful men, followed by clouds of smoke and vapor, and explosions that shook the houses like an earthquake, and "hollow bellowings and rattling sounds, mingled with clang and clash and roar," as an auditor described it. It is only a fragment of a larger stone which may have weighed tons. It looks inoffensive enough now, and its appearance affords no hint of the commotion it caused in a peaceable neighborhood only ten years ago. But what, it may be asked, is the connection between such things and comets?

To answer this, let us recall the statement that the orbit of the November meteor swarm has been computed, which means that those flying bodies have been found to come only from one particular quarter out of all possible quarters, at one particular angle out of all possible angles, at one particular velocity out of all possible velocities, and so on, so that the chances are endless against mere accident's producing another body which agreed in all these particulars, and others beside. Now, in 1867 the remarkable fact was established that a comet seen in the previous year (Comet 1, 1866) had the same orbit as the meteoroids, which implies, as we have just seen, that the comet and the meteors were in some way closely related.

The paths of the August meteors and of the Lyrids also have both been found to agree closely with those of known comets, and there is other evidence which not only connects the comets and the shooting stars, and makes it probable that the latter are due to some disintegration of the former, but even looks as though the process were still going on. And now with this in mind we may, perhaps, look at these drawings with more interest.

We have all seen a comet, and we have all felt, perhaps, something of the awe which is called up by the thought of its immensity and its rush through space like a runaway star. Its head is commonly like a small luminous point, from which usually grows as it approaches the sun a relatively enormous brush or tail of pale light, which has sometimes been seen to stretch across the whole sky from zenith to horizon. It is useless to look only along the ecliptic road for a comet's coming; rather may we expect to see it rushing down from above, or up from below, sometimes with a speed which is possibly greater than it could get from any fall — not so much, that is, the speed of a body merely dropping towards the sun by its weight, as that of a missile hurled into the orderly solar system from some unknown source without, and also associated with some unknown power; for while it is doubtful whether gravity is sufficient to account for the velocity of all comets, it seems certain that gravity can in no way explain some of the phenomena of their tails.

Thousands of comets have been seen since the Christian era, and the orbits of hundreds have been calculated since the time of Newton. Though they may describe any conic section, and though most orbits are spoken of as parabolas, this is rather a device for the analyst's convenience than the exact representation of fact. Without introducing more technical language, it will be enough to say here that we learn in other cases from the form of the orbit whether the body is drawn essentially by the sun's gravity, or whether it has been thrown into the system by some power beyond the sun's control, to pass away again, out of that control, never to return. It must be admitted, however, that though several orbits are so classed, there is not any one known to be beyond doubt of this latter kind, while we are certain that many comets, if not all, are erratic members of the solar family, coming back again after their excursions, at regular, though perhaps enormous, intervals.

But what we have just been saying belongs rather to the province of the Old Astronomy than the New, which concerns itself more with the nature and appearance of the heavenly bodies than the paths they travel on. Perhaps the best way for us to look at comets will be to confine our attention at first to some single one, and to follow it from its earliest appearance to its last, by the aid of pictures, and thus to study, as it were, the species in the individual. The difficulty will be one which arises from the exquisitely faint and diaphanous appearance of the original, which no ordinary care can possibly render, though here the reader has had done for him all that the wood-engraver can do.

We will take as the subject of our illustration the beautiful comet which those of us who are middle-aged can remember seeing in 1858, and which is called Donati's from the name of its discoverer. We choose this one because it is the subject of an admirable monograph by Professor Bond of the Harvard College Observatory, from which our engravings have, by permission, been made.

Let us take the history of this comet, then, as a general type of others; and to begin at

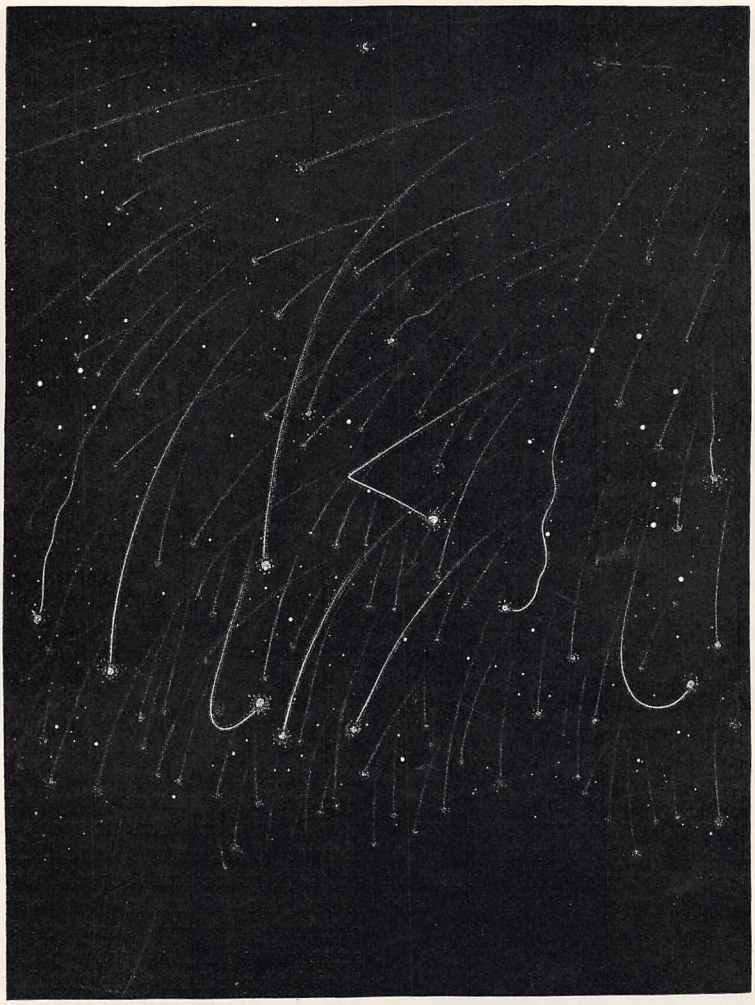
the beginning, we must make the very essential admission that the origin of the comet's life is unknown to us. Where it was born or how it was launched on its eccentric path we can only guess, but do not know, and how long it has been traversing it we can only tell later. On the second of June, 1858, this one was discovered in the way most comets are found, that is, by a comet-hunter, who detected it as a telescopic speck long before it became visible to the naked eye, or put forth the tail which was destined to grow into the beautiful object many of us can remember seeing. For over a century now there has been probably no year in which the heavens have not been thus searched by a class of observers who make comet-hunting a specialty.

The father of this very valuable class of observers appears to have been Messier, a Frenchman of the last century and of the purest type of the comet-hunters, endowed by nature with the instinct for their search that a terrier has for rats. In that grave book, Delambre's "History of Astronomy," as we plod along its dry statements and through its long equations, we find, unexpected as a joke in a table of logarithms, the following piece of human nature (quoted from Messier's contemporary, La Harpe):

"He [Messier] has passed his life in nosing out the tracks of comets. He is a very worthy man, with the simplicity of a baby. Some years ago he lost his wife, and his attention to her prevented him from discovering a comet he was on the search for, and which Montaigne of Limoges got away from him. He was in despair. When he was condoled with on the loss he had met, he replied, with his head full of the comet, 'Oh, dear! To think that when I had discovered twelve, this Montaigne should have got my thirteenth,' and his eyes filled with tears, till, remembering what it was he ought to be weeping for, he moaned, 'Oh, my poor wife!' but went on crying for his comet."

Messier's scientific posterity has greatly multiplied, and it is rare now for a comet to be seen by the naked eye before it has been caught by the telescope of one of these assiduous searchers. Donati had, as we see, observed his some months before it became generally visible, and accordingly the engraving on page 350 shows it as it appeared on the evening of September 16th, 1858, when the tail was already formed, and, though small, was distinct to the naked eye, near the stars of the Great Bear. The reader will easily recognize in the plate the familiar "dipper," as the American child calls it, where the leading stars are put down with care, so that he may, if he please, identify them by comparison with the originals in the sky, even to the little companion to Mizar (the second in the handle of the "dipper," and which the Arabs say is the lost Pleiad). We would suggest that he should note both the length of the tail on this evening as compared with the space between any two stars of the "dipper" (for instance, the two right-hand ones called the "pointers") and its distance from them, and then turn to page 352, where we have the same comet as seen a little over a fortnight later, on October 3d. Look first at its new place among the stars. The "dipper" is still in view, but the comet has drifted away from it toward the left and into other constellations. The large star close to the left margin of the plate, with three little stars below and to the right, is Arcturus; and the western stars of the Northern Crown are just seen higher up. Fortunately the "pointers" with which we compared the comet on September 16th are still here, and we can see for ourselves how it has not only shifted but grown. The tail is three times as long as before. It is rimmed with light on its upper edge, and fades away so gradually below that one can hardly say where it ends. But,—wonderful and incomprehensible feature!—shot out from the head, almost as straight as a ray of light itself, but fainter than the moonbeam, now appears an extraordinary addition, a sort of spur, which we can hardly call a new tail, it is so unlike the old one, but which appears to have been darted out into space as if by some mysterious force acting through the head itself. What the spur is, what the tail is, even what the nucleus is, we cannot be said really to know even to-day; but of the tail and of the nucleus or speck in the very head of the comet (too small to be visible in the engraving), we may say that the hairy tail *(comes)* gives the comet its name, and *is* the comet to popular apprehension, but that it is probably the smallest part of the whole mass, while the little shining head, which to the telescope presents a still smaller speck called the nucleus, contains, it now seems probable, the only element of possible danger to the earth.

While admitting our lack of absolute knowledge, we may, if we agree that meteorites were once part of a comet, say that it now seems probable that the nucleus is a hard, stone-like mass, or collection of such masses, which comes from "space" (*i.e.*, from we don't know how far) to the vicinity of the sun, and there is broken by the heat as a stone in a hot fire. (Sir Isaac Newton calculates, in an often quoted passage of the Principia, that the heat which the comet of 1680 was subjected to in its passage by the sun was 2000 times that of red-hot iron.) We have seen the way in which meteoric stones actually do crack in pieces with heat in our own atmosphere, partly, perhaps, from the expansion of the



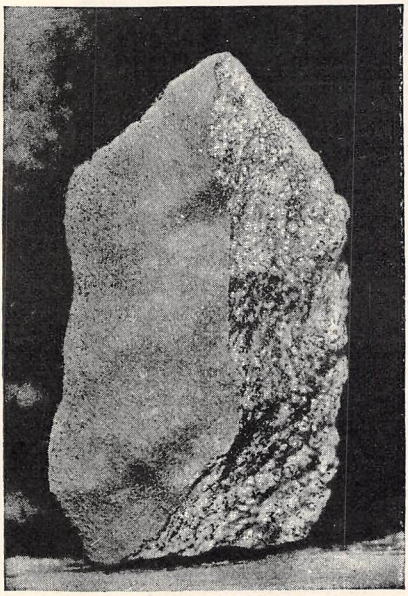
METEORS OBSERVED NOVEMBER 13TH–14TH, 1868, BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND FIVE O'CLOCK, A. M.
(PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

gases the stone contains, and it seems entirely reasonable to suppose that they may do so from the heat of the sun, and that the escaped gases may contribute something toward the formation of the tail, which is always turned away from the sun, and which always grows larger as that is approached, and smaller as it is receded from. However this may be, there is no doubt that the original solid which we here suppose may form the nucleus is capable of mischief, for it is asserted that it often passes the earth's orbit with a velocity of as much as one hundred times that of a cannon-ball; that is, with ten thousand times the destructive capacity of a ball of the same weight shot from a cannon.

One week later, October 9th, the comet had passed over Arcturus with a motion toward our left into a new region of the sky, leaving Arcturus, which we can recognize with the upper one of its three little companions, on the right. Above it is the whole sickle of the Northern Crown, and over these stars the extremity of the now lengthened tail was seen to spread, but with so thin a veil that no art of the engraver can here adequately represent its faintness. The tail then, as seen in the sky, was now nearly twice its former size, though for the reason mentioned it may not appear so in our picture. It should be understood, too, that even the brightest parts of the original were far fainter than they seem here in comparison with the stars, which in the sky are brilliant points of light, which the engraver can only represent by dots of the whiteness of the paper. This being observed, it will be better understood that in the sky itself the faintest stars were viewed ap-

COMET OF DONATI, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1858.*

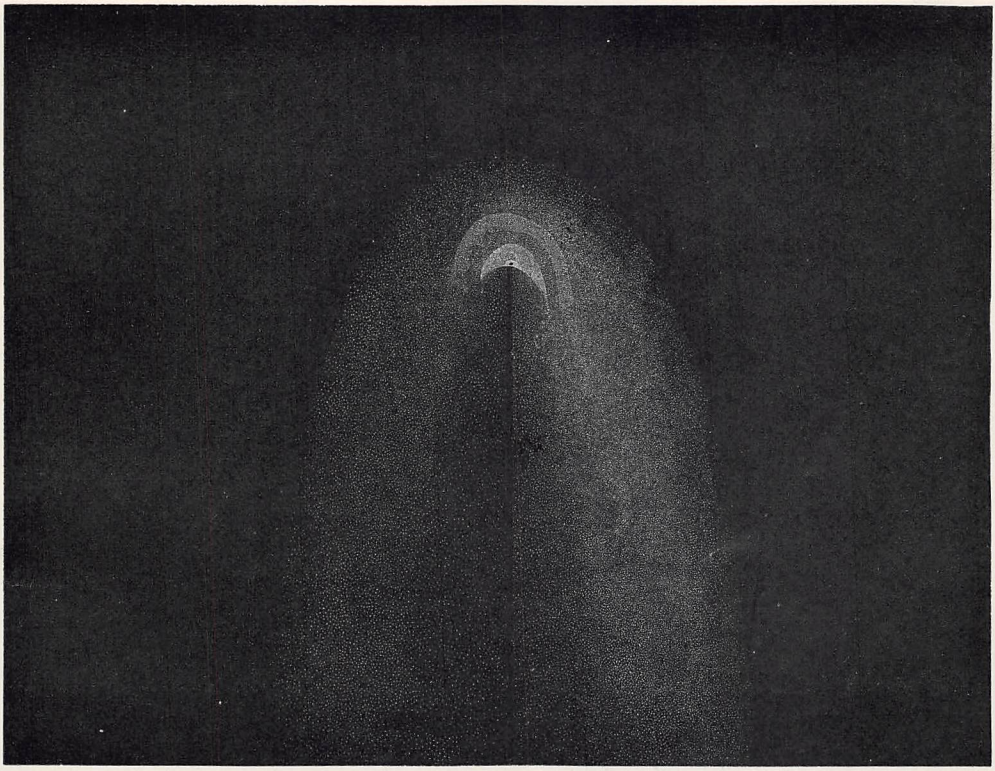
parently undimmed through the brighter parts of the comet, while we can but faintly trace here another most faint but curious feature, a division of the tail into faint cross-bands like auroral streamers, giving a look as if it were yielding to a wind, which folded it into faint ridges like those which may be seen in the smoke of a steamer as it lags far behind the vessel. In fact, when we speak of "the" tail it must be understood, as M. Faye reminds us, to be in the same sense that we speak of the plume of smoke that accompanies an ocean steamer, without meaning that it is the same thing which we are watching from night to night, more than we do that the same smoke-particles accompany the steamer as it moves across the Atlantic. In both cases the form alone probably remains; the thing itself is being incessantly dissipated and renewed. There is no air here, and yet some of these appearances in the original almost suggest the idea of medium inappreciably thin as compared with the head of the comet, but whose resistance is seen in the more unsubstantial tail, as that is drawn through it and bent backward, as if by a wind blowing toward the celestial pole.



A PART OF A COMET.

The most notable feature, however, is the development of a second ray or spur, which has been apparently darted through millions of miles in the interval since we looked at it, and an almost imperceptible bending backward in both, as if they too felt the resistance of something in what we are accustomed to think of as an absolute and perfect void. These tails are a peculiarly mysterious feature. They are apparently shot out in a direction opposite to the sun (and consequently opposed to the

* The five wood-cuts of this comet are after steel plates in "Annals of Harvard Observatory."



COMET OF DONATI, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1858. (TELESCOPIC VIEW OF HEAD.)

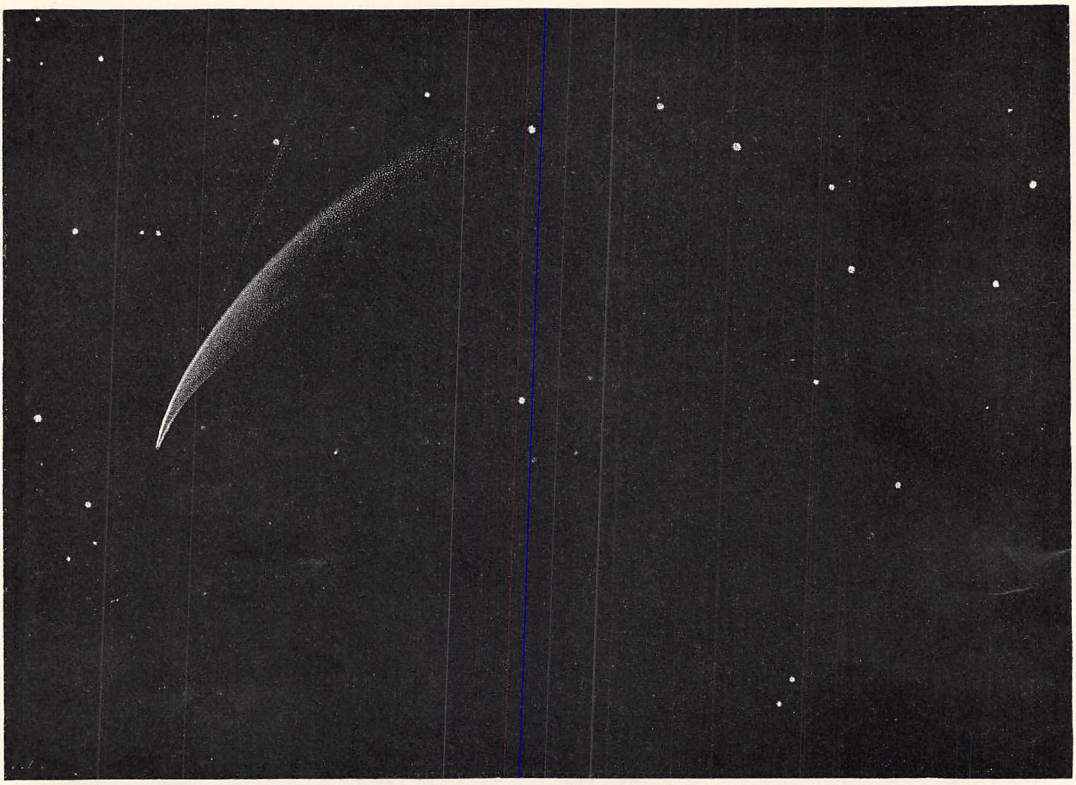
direction of gravity) at the rate of millions of miles a day.

Beyond the fact that the existence of some *repulsive* force in the sun, a "negative gravity" actually existent, not in fancy, but in fact, seems pointed at, astronomers can offer little but conjecture here; and while some conceive this force as of an electrical nature, others strenuously deny it. We ought to admit that up to the present time we really know nothing about it, except that it exists.

At this date (October 9th) the comet had made nearly its closest approach to the earth, and the general outline has been compared to that of the wing of some bird, while the actual size was so vast that even at the distance from which it was seen it filled an angle more than half of that from the zenith to the horizon.

All the preceding drawings have been from naked-eye views, but if the reader would like to look more closely he can see on page 354 one taken on the night of October 5th through the great telescope at Cambridge, Mass. We will leave this to tell its own story, only remarking that it is not possible to reproduce the phantom-like faintness of the original spur, here too distinctly seen, or indeed to indicate fairly the infinite tenuity of the tail itself. Though millions of miles thick, the faintest star is yet perceptibly undimmed by it, and in estimating the character and quantity of matter it contains, after noting that it is not self-luminous, but shines only like the moon by reflected sunlight, we may recall the acute observation of Sir Isaac Newton where he compares the brightness of a comet's tail with that of the light reflected from the particles in a sunbeam an inch or two thick, in a darkened room, and, after observing that if a little sphere of common air one inch in diameter were rarified to the degree that must obtain at only 4000 miles from the earth's surface it would fill all the regions of the planets to far beyond the orbit of Saturn, suggests the excessively small quantity of vapor that is really requisite to create this prodigious phantom.

The writer has had occasion for many years to make a special study of the reflection of light from the sky, and if such studies may authorize him to express any opinion of his own, he would give his adhesion to the remark of Sir John Herschel, that the actual weight of matter in such a cometary tail may be conceivably only an affair of pounds or even ounces. But if this is true of the tail, it does not follow of the nucleus, just seen in this



COMET OF DONATI, OCTOBER 3D, 1858.

picture, but of which the engraving on page 351 gives a much more magnified view. It is a sketch of the head alone, taken from a telescopic view on the 24th of September. Here the direction of the comet is still toward the sun (which must be supposed to be some indefinite distance beyond the upper part of the drawing), and we see that the lucid matter appears to be first jetted up, and then forced backward on either side, as if by a wind *from* the sun, to form the tail, presenting successive crescent-shaped envelopes of decreasing brightness, which are not symmetrical, but one-sided, while sometimes the appearance is that of spurts of luminous smoke, wavering as if thrown out of particular parts of the internal nucleus "like a squib not held fast." Down the center of the tail runs a wonderfully straight black line, like a shadow cast from the nucleus. Only the nucleus itself still evades us, and even in this, the most magnified view which the most powerful telescope till lately in existence could give, remains a point.

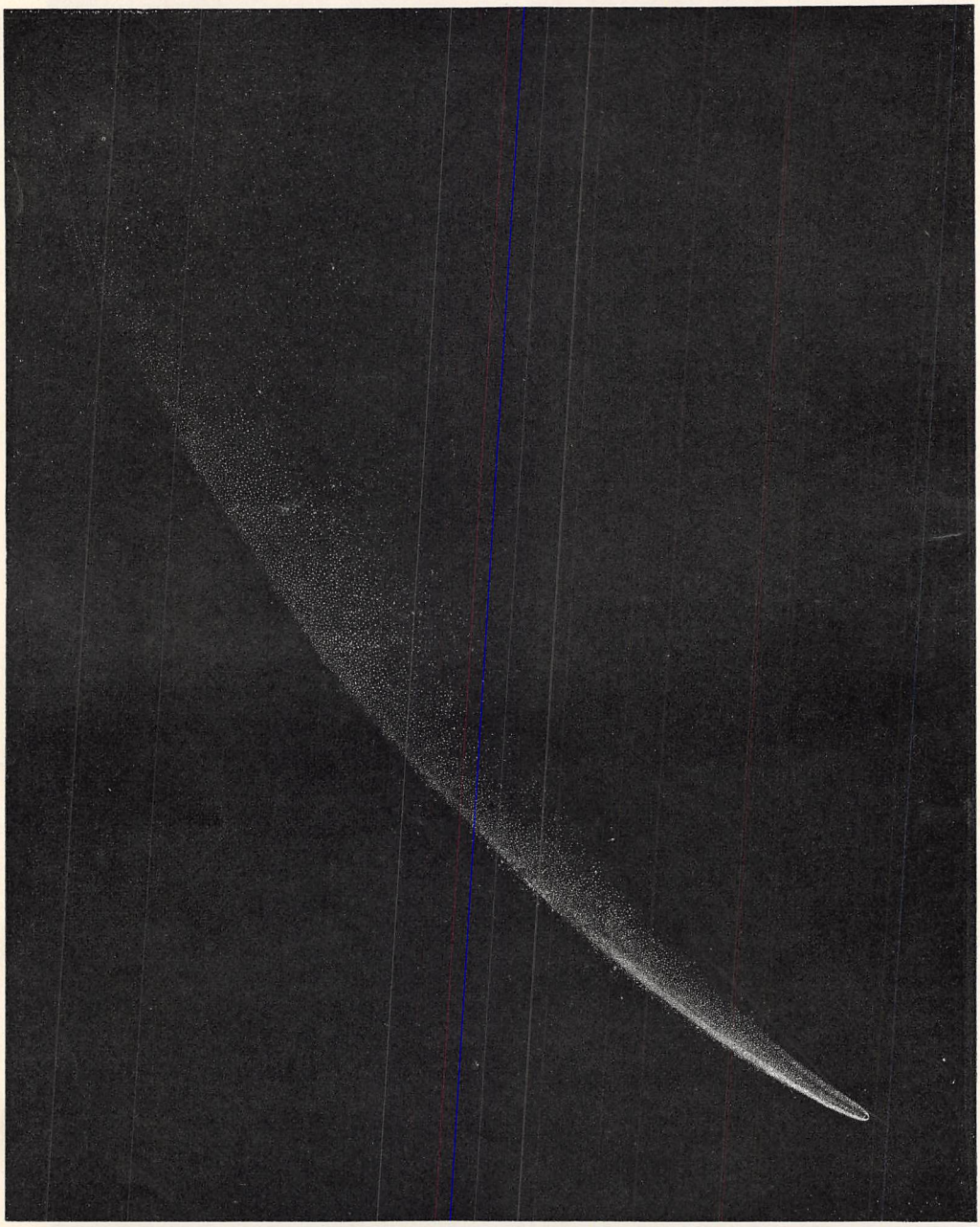
Considering the distance of the comet and the other optical conditions, this is still perfectly consistent with the possibility that it may have an actual diameter of a hundred miles or more. It "may" have, observe, not it "has," for in fact we know nothing about it, but that it is at any rate less than some few hundred miles in diameter, and it may, for anything we can positively say, not be more than a very large stone, in which case our atmosphere would probably act as an efficient buffer if it struck us; or it may have a mass which, coupled with its terrible speed, would cause the shock of its contact not so much to pulverize the region it struck, as dissipate it and everything on it instantly into vapor.

Of the remarkable investigations of the spectroscope on comets, we have only room left to say that they inform us that the most prominent cometary element seems to be carbon,— carbon, which Newton two hundred years before the spectroscope, and before the term "carbonic-acid gas" was coined by some guess or divination, had described in other words, as possibly brought to us by comets to keep up the carbonic-acid-gas supply in our air,— carbon, which we find in our own bodies, and which, according to this view, the comets are original sources of.

That *we* may be partly made of old and used-up comets! — surely it might seem that a madder fancy never came from the brain of a lunatic at the full of the moon!

COMET OF DONATI, OCTOBER 9TH, 1858.

Science may easily be pardoned for not giving instant reception to such an idea, but let us also remember, first, that it is a consequence of that of Sir Isaac Newton, and that in the case of such a man as he we should not be hasty to think we understand his ignorance, when we may be "ignorant of his understanding," and, second, that it has been rendered at least debatable by Dr. Hunt's recent researches whether it is possible to account for



COMET OF DONATI, OCTOBER 5TH, 1858. (TELESCOPIC VIEW.)

the perennial supply of carbon from the earth's atmosphere, without looking to some means of renewal external to the planet.

The old dread of comets is passing away, and all that science has to tell us of them indicates that, though still fruitful sources of curiosity and indeed wonder, they need no longer be objects of terror. Though there be, as Kepler said, more comets in the sky than fish in the ocean, the encounter of the earth with a comet's tail would be like the encounter with a shadow, and the chance of a collision with the nucleus is remote indeed. We may sleep undisturbed though a new comet

is announced every month, though it is true that here as elsewhere lie remote possibilities of evil.

The consideration of the unfamiliar powers certainly latent in nature, such as belong to a little tremor of the planet's surface or such as was shown in that scene I have described, when the comparatively insignificant effect of the few tons of dynamite was to make solid buildings unrealities, which vanished away as quickly as magic-lantern pictures from a screen, may help us to understand that the words of the great poet are but the possible expression of a physical fact, and that "the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,"—and we with them,— may indeed conceivably some day vanish as the airy nothings at the touch of Prospero's wand, and without the warning to us of a single instant that the security of our ordinary lives is about to be broken. We concede this, however, in the present case only as an abstract possibility; for the advance of astronomical knowledge is much more likely to show that the kernel of the comet is but of the bigness of some large meteorite, against which our air is an efficient shield, and the chance of evil is in any case most remote — in any case only such as may come in any hour of our lives from any quarter, not alone from the earthquake or the comet, but from "The pestilence that walketh in darkness"; from the infinitely little below and within us, as well as from the infinite powers of the universe without.

S. P. Langley.

CARANCRO.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Dr. Sevier," etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

I. — SOSTHÈNE.

BAYOU TECHE is the dividing line. On its right is the land of bayous, lakes, and swamps; on its left the beautiful short-turfed prairies of western Louisiana. The Vermillion river divides the vast prairie into the countries of Attakapas on the east and Opelousas on the west. On its west bank, at its head of navigation, lies the sorry little town of Vermillionville, near about which on the north and east the prairie rises and falls with a gentle swell, from whose crests one may, as from the top of a wave, somewhat overlook the surrounding regions.

Stand on whichever one you may, the prospect stretches away, fair and distant, in broad level or gently undulating expanses of crisp, compact turf, dotted at remote intervals by farms, each with its low-roofed house nestled in a planted grove of oaks, or, oftener, Pride of China trees. Far and near herds of horses and cattle roam at will over the plain. If for a moment, as you pass from one point of view to another, the eye be shut in, it is only where in some lane you are walled in by fields of dense, tall sugar-cane or cotton, or by huge, green Chickasaw hedges, studded with their white-petaled, golden-centered roses. Eastward the plain breaks into slight ridges which, by comparison with the general level, are called hills; while toward the north it spreads away in quieter swells, with more frequent fields and larger houses.

North, south, east, and west, far beyond the circle of these horizons, not this parish of Lafayette only, but St. Landry, St. Martin, Iberia, St. Mary's, Vermillion,—all are the land of the Acadians. This quarter off here to northward was named by the Nova Scotian exiles, in memory of the land from which they were driven, the Beau Bassin. These small homestead groves that dot the plain far and wide are the homes of their children. Here is this one on a smooth, green billow of the land just without the town. It is not like the rest—a large brick house, its Greek porch half hid in a grove of oaks. On that dreadful day, more than a century ago, when the British in far-off Acadie shut into the chapel the villagers of Grand Pré, a certain widow fled with her children to the woods, and there subsisted for ten days on roots and berries, until finally, the standing crops as well as the houses being destroyed, she was compelled to accept exile, and in time found her way, with others, to these prairies. Her son founded Vermillionville. Her grandson rose to power — sat in the Senate of the United States. From early manhood to hale gray age the people of his State were pleased to hold him, now in one capacity, now in another, in their honored service; they made him Senator, Governor, President of Convention, what you will. I have seen the portrait for which he sat in early manhood to a noted English court painter: dark, waving

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locks; strong, well-chiseled features; fine, clear eyes; an air of warm, steady-glowing intellectual energy. It hangs still in the home of which I speak. And I have seen an old ambrotype of him taken in the days of this story: hair short-cropped, gray; eyes thoughtful, courageous; mouth firm, kind, and ready to smile.

It must have been some years before this picture was taken, that, as he issued from his stately porch,— which the oaks, young then, did not hide from view as they do now,— coming forth to mount for his regular morning ride, a weary-faced woman stood before him, holding by the hand a little, toddling boy. She was sick; the child was hungry. He listened to her tale. Their conversation was in French.

"Widow, are you? And your husband was a Frenchman: yes, I see. Are you an Acadian? You haven't the accent."

"I am a Creole," she said, with a perceptible flush of resentment. So that he responded amiably:

"Yes; and, like all Creoles, proud of it, as you are right to be. But I am an Acadian of the Acadians, and never wished I was anything else."

He found her a haven a good half-day's ride out across the prairies westward in the home of his long-time acquaintance, Sosthène Gradnego, who had no more heart than his wife had to say no to either their eminent friend or a houseless widow; and so, as to children, had so many already that one more was nothing. They did not feel the burden of her, she died so soon; but they soon found she had left with them a positive quantity in her little prattling, restless, high-tempered Bonaventure. Bonaventure Deschamps; he was just two years younger than their own little Zoséphine.

Sosthène was already a man of some note in this region — a region named after a bird. Why would it not often be well so to name places — for the bird that most frequents the surrounding woods or fields? How pleasant to have one's hamlet called Nightingale, or Whip-poor-will, or Goldfinch, or Oriole! The home of Zoséphine and Bonaventure's childhood was in the district known as Carancro; in bluff English, Carrion Crow.

II. BONAVENTURE AND ZOSÉPHINE.

THEY did not live *a la chapelle;* that is, in the village of six or eight houses clustered about the small wooden spire and cross of the mission chapel. Sosthène's small ground-story cottage, with garret stairs outside in front on the verandah and its five-acre farm behind, was not even on a highway nor on the edge of any rich *bas fond* — creek-bottom. It was *au large* — far out across the smooth, unscarred turf of the immense prairie, conveniently near one of the clear, circular ponds — *maraises* — which one sees of every size and in every direction on the seemingly level land. Here it sat, as still as a picture, within its hollow square of China trees, which every third year yielded their limbs for fuel; as easy to overlook the first time — as easy to see the next time — as a bird sitting on her eggs. Only the practiced eye could read aright the infrequent obscure signs of previous travel that showed the way to it — sometimes no more than the occasional soilure of the short turf by a few wheels or hoofs where the route led into or across the *coolées* — rivulets — that from *marais* to *marais* slipped southward toward the great marshes of the distant, unseen gulf.

When I say the parent of one of these two children and guardian of the other was a man of note, I mean, for one thing, his house was painted. That he was the owner of thousands of cattle one need not mention, for so were others who were quite inconspicuous, living in unpainted houses, rarely seeing milk, never tasting butter; men who at call of their baptismal names would come forth from these houses barefooted and bareheaded in any weather, and, while their numerous progeny grouped themselves in the doorway one behind another in inverse order of age and stature, would either point out your lost way, or, quite as readily as Sosthène, ask you in beneath a roof where the coffee-pot never went dry or grew cold by day. Nor would it distinguish him from them to say he had many horses or was always well mounted. It was a land of horsemen. One met them incessantly; men in broad hats and dull homespun, with thin, soft, untrimmed brown beards, astride of small but handsome animals, in Mexican saddles, the girths and bridles of plaited hair, sometimes a *pialle*, or *arriatte* — *lasso* — *lariat* of plaited raw-hide coiled at the saddle-bow. "Adieu, Onesime" — always adieu at meeting, the same as at parting. "Adieu, François; adieu, Christofle; adieu, Lazare;" and they with their gentle, brown-eyed, wild-animal gaze, "Adjieu."

What did make Sosthène notable was the quiet thing we call thrift, made graceful by certain rudiments of taste. To say Sosthène means Madame Sosthène as well; and this is how it was that Zoséphine Gradnego and Bonaventure Deschamps, though they went not to school, nevertheless had "advantages." For instance, the clean, hard-scrubbed cypress floors beneath their pattering feet; the neat round parti-colored mats at the doors that served them for towns and villages; the strips of home-woven carpet that stood for roads — this one to Mermentau, that one to Côte Gelée, a third *a la chapelle;* the walls of unpainted pine; the beaded joists under the ceiling; the home-made furniture; bedsteads and wardrobes of stained woods, and hickory chairs with rawhide seats, hair uppermost; the white, fringed counterpanes on the high feather-beds; especially, in the principal room, the house's one mantelpiece, of wood showily stained in three colors and surmounted by a pair of gorgeous vases beneath which the two children used to stand and feast their eyes, worth fifty cents if they were worth one — these were as books to them in-doors; and out in the tiny garden, where they played wild horse and wild cow and lay in ambush for butterflies, they came under the spell of marigolds, prince's feathers, lady-slippers, immortelles, portulaca, jonquil, lavender, althæa, love-apples, sage, violets, amaryllis, and that grass ribbon they call *jarretière de la vierge* — the virgin's garter.

Time passed; the children grew. The children older than they in the same house became less and less like children, and began to disappear from the family board and roof by a mysterious process called marrying, which greatly mystified Zoséphine, but equally pleased her by the festive and jocund character of the occasions, times when there was a ravishing abundance of fried rice cakes and *boulettes* — beef balls.

To Bonaventure these affairs brought less mystery and less unalloyed pleasure. He understood them better. Some boys are born lovers. From the time they can reach out from the nurse's arms they must be billing and cooing and choosing a mate. Such was ardent little Bonaventure; and none of the Gradnego weddings ever got quite through its ceremony without his big blue eyes being found full of tears — tears of mingled anger and desolation — because by some unpardonable oversight he and Zoséphine were still left unmarried. So that the pretty damsel would have to take him aside and kiss him as they clasped, and promise him, "Next time — next time, without fail!"

Nevertheless he always reaped two proud delights from these events. For one, Sosthène always took him upon his lap and introduced

him as his little Creole. And the other, the ex-governor came to these demonstrations — the great governor! who lifted him to his knee and told him of those wonderful things called cities, full of people that could read and write; and about steamboats and steam cars.

At length one day, when weddings had now pretty well thinned out the ranks of Sosthène's family, the ex-governor made his appearance though no marriage was impending. Bonaventure, sitting on his knee, asked why he had come, and the ex-governor told him there was war.

"Do you not want to make haste and grow up and be a dragoon?"

The child was silent, and Sosthène laughed a little as he said privately in English, which tongue his exceptional thrift had put him in possession of:

"Aw, naw!" — he shook his head amusedly —"he dawn't like hoss. Go to put him on hoss, he kick like a frog. Yass; squeal wuss 'n a pig. But still, sem time, you know, he ain't no coward; git mad in minute; fight like little ole ram. Dawn't ondstand dat little fellah; he love flower' like he was a gal."

"He ought to go to school," said the ex-governor. And Sosthène, half to himself, responded in a hopeless tone:

"Yass." Neither Sosthène nor any of his children had ever done that.

III. ATHANASIUS.

WAR it was. The horsemen grew scarce on the wide prairies of Opelousas. Far away in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, on bloody fields, many an Acadian volunteer and many a poor conscript fought and fell for a cause that was really none of theirs, simple, non-slave-holding peasants; and many died in camp and hospital — often of wounds, often of fevers, often of mere longing for home. Bonaventure and Zoséphine learned this much of war: that it was a state of affairs in which dear faces went away, and strange ones came back with tidings that brought bitter wailings from mothers and wives, and made *les vieux* — the old fathers — sit very silent. Three times over that was the way of it in Sosthène's house.

It was also a condition of things that somehow changed boys into men very young. A great distance away, but still in sight southwestward across the prairie, a dot of dark green showed where dwelt a sister and brother-in-law of Sosthène's *vieille* — wife. There was not the same domestic excellence there as at Sosthène's; yet the dooryard was very populous with fowls, within the house was always heard the hard thump, thump of the loom or the loud moan of the spinning-wheel; and the children were many. The eldest was Athanase. Though but fifteen he was already stalwart, and showed that intelligent sympathy in the family cares that make such offspring the mother's comfort and the father's hope. At that age he had done but one thing to diminish that comfort or that hope. One would have supposed an ambitious chap like him would have spent his first earnings, as other ambitious ones did, for a saddle; but 'Thanase Beausoliel had bought a fiddle.

He had hardly got it before he knew how to play it. Yet, to the father's most welcome surprise, he remained just as bold a rider and as skillful a thrower of the *arriatte* as ever. He came into great demand for the Saturday night balls. When the courier with a red kerchief on a wand came galloping round, the day before, from *île* to *île*,—for these descendants of a maritime race call their homestead groves islands,— to tell where the ball was to be, he would assert, if there was even a hope of it, that 'Thanase was to be the fiddler.

In this way 'Thanase and his pretty little *jarmaine* — first cousin — Zoséphine, now in her fourteenth year, grew to be well acquainted. For at thirteen, of course, she began to move in society, which meant to join in the contra-dance. 'Thanase did not dance with her, or with any one. She wondered why he did not; but many other girls had similar thoughts about themselves. He only played, his playing growing better and better, finer and finer, every time he was heard anew. As to the few other cavaliers, very willing were they to have it so. The music could not be too good, and if 'Thanase was already perceptibly a rival when hoisted up in a chair on top of a table, fiddle and bow in hand, "twisting," to borrow their own phrase — "twisting the ears of that little red beast and rubbing his abdomen with a stick," it was just as well not to urge him to come down into the lists upon the dancing floor. But they found one night, at length, that the music could be too good — when 'Thanase struck up something that was not a dance, and lads and damsels crowded around standing and listening and asking ever for more, and the ball turned out a failure because the concert was such a success.

The memory of that night was of course still vivid next day, Sunday, and Zoséphine's memory was as good as any one's. I wish you might have seen her in those days of the early bud. The time had returned when Sosthène could once more get all his household — so had marriages decimated it — into one vehicle, a thing he had not been able to do for almost these twenty years. Zoséphine and Bonaventure sat on a back seat contrived for them in the family *calèche*. In front were the broad-brimmed Campeachy hat of Sosthène

and the meek, limp sunbonnet of *la vieille*. About the small figure of the daughter there was always something distinguishing, even if you rode up from behind, that told of youth, of mettle, of self-regard; a neatness of fit in the dress, a firm erectness in the little slim back, a faint proudness of neck, a glimpse of ribbon at the throat, another at the waist; a something of assertion in the slight crispness of her homespun sunbonnet, and a ravishing glint of two sparks inside it as you got one glance within — no more. And as you rode on, if you were a young blade, you would be — as the soldier lads used to say — all curled up; but if you were an old mustache, you would smile inwardly and say to yourself, "She will have her way; she will make all winds blow in her chosen direction; she will please herself; she will be her own good luck and her own commander-in-chief, and, withal, nobody's misery or humiliation, unless you count the swain after swain that will sigh in vain." As for Bonaventure, sitting beside her, you could just see his bare feet limply pendulous under his wide palm-leaf hat. And yet he was a very real personage.

"Bonaventure," said Zoséphine,—this was as they were returning from church, the wide raw-hide straps of their huge wooden two-wheeled vehicle creaking, as a new saddle would if a new saddle were as big as a house,— "Bonaventure, I wish you could learn how to dance. I am tired trying to teach you." (This and most of the unbroken English of this story stands for Acadian French.)

Bonaventure looked meek for a moment and then resentful as he said:

"'Thanase does not dance."

"'Thanase! Bah! What has 'Thanase to do with it? Who was even thinking of 'Thanase? Was he there last night? Ah yes! I just remember now he was. But even he could dance if he chose; while you — you can't learn! You vex me. 'Thanase! What do you always bring him up for? I wish you would have the kindness just not to remind me of him! Why does not some one tell him how he looks, hoisted up with his feet in our faces, scratching his fiddle? Now, the fiddle, Bonaventure — the fiddle would just suit you. Ah, if you could play!" But the boy's quick anger so flashed from his blue eyes that she checked herself and with contemplative serenity added:

"Pity nobody else can play so well as that tiresome fellow. It was positively silly, the way some girls stood listening to him last night. I'd be ashamed, or, rather, too proud, to flatter such a high-headed care-for-nobody: I wish he wasn't my cousin!"

Bonaventure, still incensed, remarked with quiet intensity that he knew why she wished 'Thanase was not a cousin.

"It's no such a thing!" exclaimed Zoséphine so forcibly that Madame Sosthène's sunbonnet turned around, and a murmur of admonition came from it. But the maiden was smiling and saying blithely to Bonaventure:

"Oh, you — you can't even guess well." She was about to say more, but suddenly hushed. Behind them a galloping horse drew near, softly pattering along the turfy road. As he came abreast, he dropped into a quiet trot.

The rider was a boyish yet manly figure in a new suit of gray home-made linsey, the pantaloons thrust into the tops of his sturdy russet boots, and the jacket ending underneath a broad leather belt that carried a heavy revolver in its holster at one hip. A Campeachy hat shaded his face and shoulders, and a pair of Mexican spurs tinkled their little steel bells against their huge five-spiked rowels on his heels. He scarcely sat in the saddle-tree — from hat to spurs you might have drawn a perpendicular line. It would have taken in shoulders, thighs, and all.

"Adjieu," said the young centaur; and Sosthène replied from the creaking calèche, "Adjieu, 'Thanase," while the rider bestowed his rustic smile upon the group. Madame Sosthène's eyes met his, and her lips moved in an inaudible greeting; but the eyes of her little daughter were in her lap. Bonaventure's gaze was hostile. A word or two passed between uncle and nephew, including a remark and admission that the cattle thieves were getting worse than ever; and with a touch of the spur, the young horseman galloped on.

It seems enough to admit that Zoséphine's further remarks were silly without reporting them in full.

"Look at his back! What airs! If I had looked up, I should have laughed in his face!" etc. "Well," she concluded, after much such chirruping, "there's one comfort — he doesn't care a cent for me. If I should die to-morrow, he would forget to come to the funeral. And you think I wouldn't be glad? Well, you're mistaken, as usual. I hate him, and I just know he hates me; everybody hates me!"

The eyes of her worshiper turned upon her. But she only turned her own away across the great plain to the vast arching sky, and patted the calèche with a little foot that ached for deliverance from its Sunday shoe. Then her glance returned, and all the rest of the way home she was as sweet as the last dip of cane-juice from the boiling battery.

IV. THE CONSCRIPT OFFICER.

By and by 'Thanase was sixteen. Eighteen was the lowest age for conscription, yet he was in the Confederate uniform. But then so

was his uncle Sosthène; so was his father. It signified merely that he had been received into the home guard. The times were sadly unsettled. Every horseman, and how much more every group of horsemen, that one saw coming across the prairie was watched by anxious eyes, from the moment they were visible specks, to see whether the uniform would turn out to be the blue or the gray. Which was the more unwelcome I shall not say, but this I can, that the blue meant invasion and the gray meant conscription. Sosthène was just beyond the limit of age, and 'Thanase two years below it, but 'Thanase's father kept a horse saddled all the time, and slept in-doors only on stormy nights.

Do not be misled: he was neither deserter nor coward; else the nickname which had quite blotted out his real name would not have been Chaouache — savage, Indian. He was needed at home, and — it was not his war. His war was against cattle-thieves and like marauders, and there was no other man in all Carancro whom these would not have had on their track rather than him. But one gray dawn they found there was another not unlike him. They had made an attempt upon Sosthène's cattle one night; had found themselves watched and discovered; had turned and fled westward half the night, and had then camped in the damp woods of a *bas fond*; when, just as day was breaking and they were looking to their saddles about to mount — there were seven of them — just then — listen! — a sound of hoofs!

Instantly every left foot is in stirrup, but before they can swing into the saddle a joyous cry is in their ears, and pop! pop! pop! pop! ring the revolvers as, with the glad, fierce cry still resounding, three horsemen launch in upon them — only three, but those three a whirlwind. See that riderless horse, and this one, and that one! And now for it — three honest men against four remaining thieves! Pop! pop! dodge, and fire as you dodge! Pop! pop! pop! down he goes; well done, gray-bearded Sosthène! Shoot there! Wheel here! Wounded? Never mind — ora! Another rogue reels! Collar him, Chaouache! drag him from the saddle — down he goes! What, again! Shoot there! Look out, that fellow's getting away! Ah! down goes Sosthène's horse, breaking his strong neck in the tumble. Up, bleeding old man — bang! bang! Ha, ha, ora! that finishes — ora! 'Twas the boy saved your life with that last shot, Sosthène, and the boy — the youth is 'Thanase.

He has not stopped to talk; he and his father are catching the horses of the dead and dying jayhawkers. Now bind up Sosthène's head, and now 'Thanase's hip. Now strip the dead beasts and take the dead men's weapons, boots, and spurs. Lift this one moaning villain into his saddle and take him along, though he is going to die before ten miles are gone over. So they turn homeward, leaving high revel for the carrion-crows.

Think of Bonaventure, the slender, the intense, the reticent — with 'Thanase limping on rude but glorious crutches for four consecutive Saturdays and Sundays up and down in full sight of Zoséphine, savior of her mother from widowhood, owner of two fine captured horses, and rewarded by Sosthène with five acres of virgin prairie. If the young fiddler's music was an attraction before, fancy its power now, when the musician had to be lifted to his chair on top of the table.

Bonaventure sought comfort of Zoséphine, and she gave it, tittering at 'Thanase behind his back, giving Bonaventure knowing looks, and sticking her sunbonnet in her mouth.

"Oh, if the bullet had only gone into the dandy's fiddle-bow arm!" she whispered gleefully.

"I wish he might never get well!" said the boy.

The girl's smile vanished; her eyes flashed lightning for an instant; the blood flew to her cheeks, and she bit her lip.

"Why don't you, now while he cannot help himself — why don't you go to him and hit him square in the face, like — " her arm flew up, and she smote him with her sunbonnet full between the eyes — "like that!" She ran away, laughing joyously, while Bonaventure sat down and wept with rage and shame.

Day by day he went about his trivial tasks and efforts at pastime with the one great longing that Zoséphine would more kindly let him be her slave, and something — anything — take 'Thanase beyond reach.

Instead of this 'Thanase got well, and began to have a perceptible down on his cheek and upper lip, to the great amusement of Zoséphine.

"He had better take care," she said one day to Bonaventure, her eyes leaving their mirth and expanding with sudden seriousness, "or the conscript officer will be after him, though he is but sixteen."

Unlucky word. Bonaventure's bruised spirit seized upon the thought. They were on their way even then *a la chapelle*; and when they got there he knelt before Mary's shrine and offered the longest and most earnest prayer, thus far, of his life, and rose to his feet under a burden of guilt he had never known before.

It was November. The next day the wind came hurtling over the plains out of the northwest, bitter cold. The sky was all one dark gray. At evening it was raining. Sosthène said, as he sat down to supper, that it was

going to pour and blow all night. Chaouache said much the same thing to his wife as they lay down to rest. Farther away from Carancro than many of Carancro's people had ever wandered, in the fire-lighted public room of a village tavern, twelve or fifteen men were tramping busily about, in muddy boots and big clanking spurs, looking to pistols and carbines of miscellaneous patterns, and securing them against weather under their as yet only damp and slightly bespattered great-coats, no two of which were alike. They spoke to each other sometimes in French, sometimes in English that betrayed a Creole rather than an Acadian accent. A young man with a neat *kepi* tipped on one side of his handsome head stood with his back to the fire, a saber dangling to the floor from beneath a captured Federal overcoat. A larger man was telling him a good story. He listened smilingly, dropped the remnant of an exhausted cigarette to the floor, put his small, neatly booted foot upon it, drew from his bosom one of those silken tobacco-bags that our sisters in war-time used to make for all the soldier boys, made a new cigarette, lighted it with the flint and tinder for which the Creole smokers have such a predilection, and put away his appliances, still hearkening to the story. He nodded his head in hearty approval as the tale was finished. It was the story of Sosthène, Chaouache, 'Thanase, and the jayhawkers. He gathered up his saber and walked out, followed by the rest. A rattle of saddles, a splashing of hoofs, and then no sound was heard but the wind and the pouring rain. The short column went out of the village at full gallop.

Day was fully come when Chaouache rose and stepped out upon his galérie. He had thought he could venture to sleep in bed such a night; and, sure enough, here morning came and there had been no intrusion. 'Thanase, too, was up. It was raining and blowing still. Across the prairie, as far as the eye could reach, not a movement of human life could be seen. They went in again, made a fire of a few fagots and an armful of cotton-seed, hung the kettle, and emptied the old coffee from the coffee-pot.

The mother and children rose and dressed. The whole family huddled around the good, hot, cotton-seed fire. No one looked out of window or door: in such wind and rain where was the need? In the little log stable hard by, the two favorite saddle-horses remained unsaddled and unbridled. The father's and son's pistol belts, with revolvers buttoned in their holsters, hung on the bedposts by the headboards of their beds. A long sporting rifle leaned in a corner near the chimney.

Chaouache and 'Thanase got very busy plaiting a horse-hair halter, and let time go by faster than they knew. Madame Chaouache, so to call her, prepared breakfast. The children played with the dog and cat. Thus it happened that still nobody looked out into the swirling rain. Why should they? Only to see the wide, deluged plain, the round, drenched groves, the *maraises* and sinuous *coolées* shining with their floods, and long lines of benumbed, wet cattle seeking in patient, silent Indian file for warmer pastures. They knew it all by heart.

Yonder farthest *île* is Sosthène's. The falling flood makes it almost undiscernible. Even if one looked, he would not see that a number of horsemen have come softly plashing up to Sosthène's front fence, for Sosthène's house and grove are themselves in the way. They spy Bonaventure. He is just going in upon the galérie with an armful of China-tree fagots. Through their guide and spokesman they utter, not the usual halloo, but a quieter hail, with a friendly beckon.

"Adjieu." The men were bedraggled, and so wet one could not make out the color of the dress. One could hardly call it a uniform, and pretty certainly it was not blue.

"Adjieu," responded Bonaventure, with some alarm; but the spokesman smiled reassuringly. He pointed far away south-westward, and asked if a certain green spot glimmering faintly through the rain was not Chaouache's *île*, and Bonaventure, dumb in the sight of his prayer's answer, nodded.

"And how do you get there?" the man asks, still in Acadian French; for he knows the prairies well enough to be aware that one needs to know the road even to a place in full view across the plain. Bonaventure, with riot in his heart, and knowing he is drifting over the cataract of the sinfulest thing that ever in his young life he has had the chance to do, softly lays down his wood and comes to the corner of the galérie.

It is awful to him, even while he is doing it, the ease with which he does it. If, he says, they find it troublesome crossing the marshy place by Numa's farm,—*le platin à côte d'i' habitation à Numa*,— then it will be well to *virer de bord*— go about *et naviguer au large* — sail across the open prairie. "Adjieu." He takes up his fagots again and watches the spattering squad trot away in the storm, wondering why there is no storm in his own heart.

They are gone. Sosthène, inside the house, has heard nothing. The storm suffocates all sounds not its own, and the wind is the wrong way anyhow. Now they are far out in the open. Chaouache's *île* still glimmers to them far ahead in the distance, but if some one could only look from the front window of its

dwelling, he would see them coming. And that would spoil the fun. So they get it into line with another man's grove nearer by, and under that cover quicken to a gallop. Away, away; splash, splash, through the *coolées*, around the *maraises*, clouds of wild fowl that there is no time to shoot into rising now on this side now on that; snipe without number, gray as the sky, with flashes of white, trilling petulantly as they flee; giant snowy cranes lifting and floating away on waving pinions, and myriads of ducks in great eruptions of hurtling, whistling wings. On they gallop; on they splash; heads down; water pouring from soaked hats and caps; cold hands beating upon wet breasts; horses throwing steaming muzzles down to their muddy knees and shaking the rain from their worried ears; so on and on and on.

The horse-hair halter was nearly done. The breakfast was smoking on the board. The eyes of the family group were just turning toward it with glances of placid content, when a knock sounded on the door, and almost before father or son could rise or astonishment dart from eye to eye, the door swung open, and a man stood on the threshold, all mud and water and weapons, touching the side of his cap with the edge of his palm and asking in French, with an amused smile forcing its way about his lips:

"Can fifteen of us get something to eat, and feed our horses?"

Chaouache gave a vacant stare and silently started toward the holsters that hung from the bedpost; but the stranger's right hand flashed around to his own belt, and, with a repeater half drawn, he cried:

"Halt!" And then, more quietly, "Look out of the door, look out the window."

Father and son looked. The house was surrounded.

Chaouache turned upon his wife one look of silent despair. Wife and children threw themselves upon his neck, weeping and wailing. 'Thanase bore the sight a moment, maybe a full minute; then drew near, pressed the children with kind firmness aside, pushed between his father and mother, took her tenderly by the shoulders, and said in their antique dialect, with his own eyes brimming:

"Hush! hush! he will not have to go."

At a gentle trot the short column of horsemen moves again, but with its head the other way. The wind and rain buffet and pelt horse and rider from behind. Chaouache's door is still open. He stands in it with his red-eyed wife beside him and the children around them, all gazing mutely, with drooping heads and many a slow tear, after the departing cavalcade.

None of the horsemen look back. Why should they? To see a barefoot man beside a woman in dingy *volante* and *casaquin*, with two or three lads of ten or twelve in front, whose feet have known sunburn and frost but never a shoe, and a damsel or two in cotton homespun dress made of one piece from collar to hem, and pantalettes of the same reaching to the ankles — all standing and looking the picture of witless incapacity, and making no plea against tyranny! Is that a thing worth while to turn and look back upon? If the blow fell upon ourselves or our set, that would be different; but these illiterate and lowly ones — they are — you don't know — so dull and insensible. Yes, it may be true that it is only *some* of them who feel less acutely than *some* of us — we admit that generously; but when you insinuate that when we overlook parental and fraternal anguish tearing at such hearts the dullness and insensibility are ours, you make those people extremely offensive to us, whereas you should not estrange them from our tolerance.

Ah, poor unpitied mother! go back to your toils; they are lightened now — a little; the cooking, the washing, the scrubbing. Spread, day by day, the smoking board, and call your spared husband and your little ones to partake; but you — your tears shall be your meat day and night, while underneath your breath you moan, "'Thanase! 'Thanase!"

V. THE CURÉ OF CARANCRO.

It was an unexpected and capital exchange. They had gone for a conscript; they came away with a volunteer.

Bonaventure sat by the fire in Sosthène's cottage, silent and heavy, holding his small knees in his knit hands and gazing into the flames. Zoséphine was washing the household's few breakfast dishes. *La vieille* — the mother — was spinning cotton. *Le vieux* — Sosthène — sat sewing up a rent in a rawhide chair bottom. He paused by and by, stretched, and went to the window. His wife caught the same spirit of relaxation, stopped her wheel, looked at the boy moping in the chimney corner, and, passing over to his side, laid a hand upon his temple to see if he might have fever.

The lad's eyes did not respond to her; they were following Sosthène. The husband stood gazing out through the glass for a moment, and then, without moving, swore a long, slow execration. The wife and daughter pressed quickly to his either side and looked forth.

There they came, the number increased to eighteen now, trotting leisurely through the subsiding storm. The wife asked what they were, but Sosthène made no reply; he was counting them: twelve, thirteen, fourteen — fourteen

with short guns, another one who seemed to wear a sword, and three, that must be —

"Cawnscreep," growled Sosthène, without turning his eyes. But the next moment an unusual sound at his elbow drew his glance upon Zoséphine. "*Diable!*" He glared at her weeping eyes, his manner demanding of her instant explanation. She retreated a step, moved her hand toward the approaching troop, and cried distressfully:

"*Tu va oére!*"—"You will see!"

His glance was drawn to Bonaventure. The lad had turned toward them, and was sitting upright, his blue eyes widened, his face pale, and his lips apart; but ere Sosthène could speak his wife claimed his attention.

"Sosthène!" she exclaimed, pressing against the window-pane, "Ah, Sosthène! Ah, ah! they have got 'Thanase!"

Father, mother, and daughter crowded against the window and one another, watching the body of horse as it drew nigh. Bonaventure went slowly and lay face downward on the bed.

Now the dripping procession is at hand. They pass along the dooryard fence. At the little garden gate they halt. Only 'Thanase dismounts. The commander exchanges a smiling word or two with him, and the youth passes through the gate, and, while his companions throw each a tired leg over the pommel and sit watching him, comes up the short, flowery walk and in at the opening door.

There is nothing to explain, they have guessed it; he goes in his father's stead. There is but a moment for farewells.

"Adjieu, Bonaventure."

The prostrate boy does not move. 'Thanase strides up to the bed and looks at one burning cheek, then turns to his aunt.

"*Li malade?*"—"Is he ill?"

"*Sa l'air a ca,*" said the aunt. (*Il a l'air*—he seems so.)

"Bien, n'onc', Sosthène, adjieu." Uncle and nephew shake hands stoutly. "Adjieu," says the young soldier again, to his aunt. She gives her hand and turns to hide a tear. The youth takes one step toward Zoséphine. She stands dry-eyed, smiling on her father. As the youth comes her eyes, without turning to him, fill. He puts out his hand. She lays her own on it. He gazes at her for a moment, with beseeching eye—"Adjieu." Her eyes meet his one instant—she leaps upon his neck—his strong arms press her to his bosom—her lifted face lights up—his kiss is on her lips—it was there just now, and now—'Thanase is gone and she has fled to an inner room.

Bonaventure stood in the middle of the floor. Why should the boy look so strange? Was it anger, or fever, or joy? He started out.

"*A ou-ce-tu va Bonaventure?*"—"Whereabouts are you going?"

"*Va crier les vaches.*"—"Going to call the cows."

"At this time of day?" demanded *la vieille*, still in the same tongue. "Are you crazy?"

"Oh!—no!" the boy replied, looking dazed. "No," he said; "I was going for some more wood." He went out, passed the woodpile by, got round behind a corn crib, and stood in the cold, wet gale watching the distant company lessening on the view. It was but a short, dim, dark streak creeping across the field of vision like some slow insect on a window-glass. A spot just beyond it was a grove that would presently shut the creeping line finally from sight. They reached it, passed beyond, and disappeared; and then Bonaventure took off the small, soft-brimmed hat that hung about his eyes, and, safe from the sight and hearing of all his tiny world, lifted his voice, and with face kindling with delight swung the sorry covering about his head and cried three times:

"Ora! Or-r-ra! Ora-a-a-a!"

But away in the night Madame Sosthène, hearing an unwonted noise, went to Bonaventure's bedside and found him sobbing as if his heart had broken.

"He has had a bad dream," she said; for he would not say a word.

The curé of Carancro was a Creole gentleman who looked burly and hard when in meditation; but all that vanished when he spoke and smiled. In the pocket of his cassock there was always a deck of cards, but that was only for the game of solitaire. You have your pipe or cigar, your flute or violoncello; he had his little table under the orange tree and his game of solitaire.

He was much loved. To see him beyond earshot talking to other men you would say he was by nature a man of affairs, whereas, when you came to hear him speak you find him quite another sort: one of the Elisha kind, as against the Elijahs; a man of the domestic sympathies, whose influence on man was personal and familiar; one of the sort that heal bitter waters with a handful of salt, make poisonous pottage wholesome with a little meal, and find easy, quiet ways to deliver poor widows from their creditors with no loss to either; a man whom men reverenced, while women loved and children trusted him.

The ex-governor was fond of his company, although the curé only smiled at politics and turned the conversation back to family matters. He had a natural gift for divining men's, women's, children's personal wants, and every one's distinctively from every other one's. So that to everybody he was an actual personal friend.

He had been a long time at Carancro. It was he who buried Bonaventure's mother. He was the connecting link between Bonaventure and the ex-governor. Whenever the curé met this man of worldly power there were questions asked and answered about the lad.

A little while after 'Thanase's enlistment the priest and the ex-governor, who, if I remember right, was home only transiently from camp, met on the court-house square of Vermillionville, and stood to chat a bit while others contemplated from across the deep, red mud of the street these two interesting representatives of sword and gown. Two such men standing at that time must naturally, one would say, have been talking of the strength of the defenses around Richmond, or the Emperor Maximilian's operations in Mexico, or Kirby Smith's movements, hardly far enough away to make it seem comfortable. But in reality they were talking about 'Thanase.

"He cannot write," said the curé; "and if he could, no one at home could read his letters."

The ex-governor promised to look after him.

"And how," he asked, "does Sosthène's little orphan get on?"

The curé smiled. "He is well — physically. A queer, high-strung child; so old, yet so young. In some things he will be an infant as long as he lives; in others, he has been old from the cradle. He takes everything in as much earnest as a man of fifty. What is to become of him?"

"Oh, he will come out all right," said the ex-governor.

"That depends. Some children are born with fixed characters: you can tell almost from the start what they are going to be. Be they much or little, they are complete in themselves, and it makes comparatively little difference into what sort of a world you drop them."

"'Thanase, for instance," said the ex-governor.

"Yes, you might say 'Thanase; but never Bonaventure. He is the other type; just as marked and positive traits, but those traits not yet builded into character: a loose mass of building material, and the beauty or ugliness to which such a nature may arrive depends on who and what has the building of it into form. What he may turn out to be at last will be no mere product of circumstances; he is too original for that. Oh, he's a study! Another boy under the same circumstances might turn out entirely different; and yet it will make an immense difference how his experiences are allowed to combine with his nature." The speaker paused a moment, while Bonaventure's other friend stood smiling with interest; then the priest added, "He is just now struggling with his first great experience."

"What is that?"

"It belongs," replied the curé, smiling in his turn, "to the confidences of the confessional. But," he added, with a little anxious look, "I can tell you what it will do; it will either sweeten his whole nature more and more or else make it more and more bitter, from this time forth. And that is no trifle to you or me; for whether for good or bad, in a large way or in a small way, he is going to make himself felt."

The ex-governor mused. "I'm glad the little fellow has you for a friend, father. — I'll tell you; if Sosthène and his wife will part with him and you will take him to live with you, and, mark you, not try too hard to make a priest of him, I will bear his expenses."

"I will do it," said the curé.

It required much ingenuity of argument to make the Gradnego pair see the matter in the desired light; but when the curé promised Sosthène that he would teach the lad to read and write, and then promised *la vieille* that Zoséphine should share this educational privilege with him, they let him go.

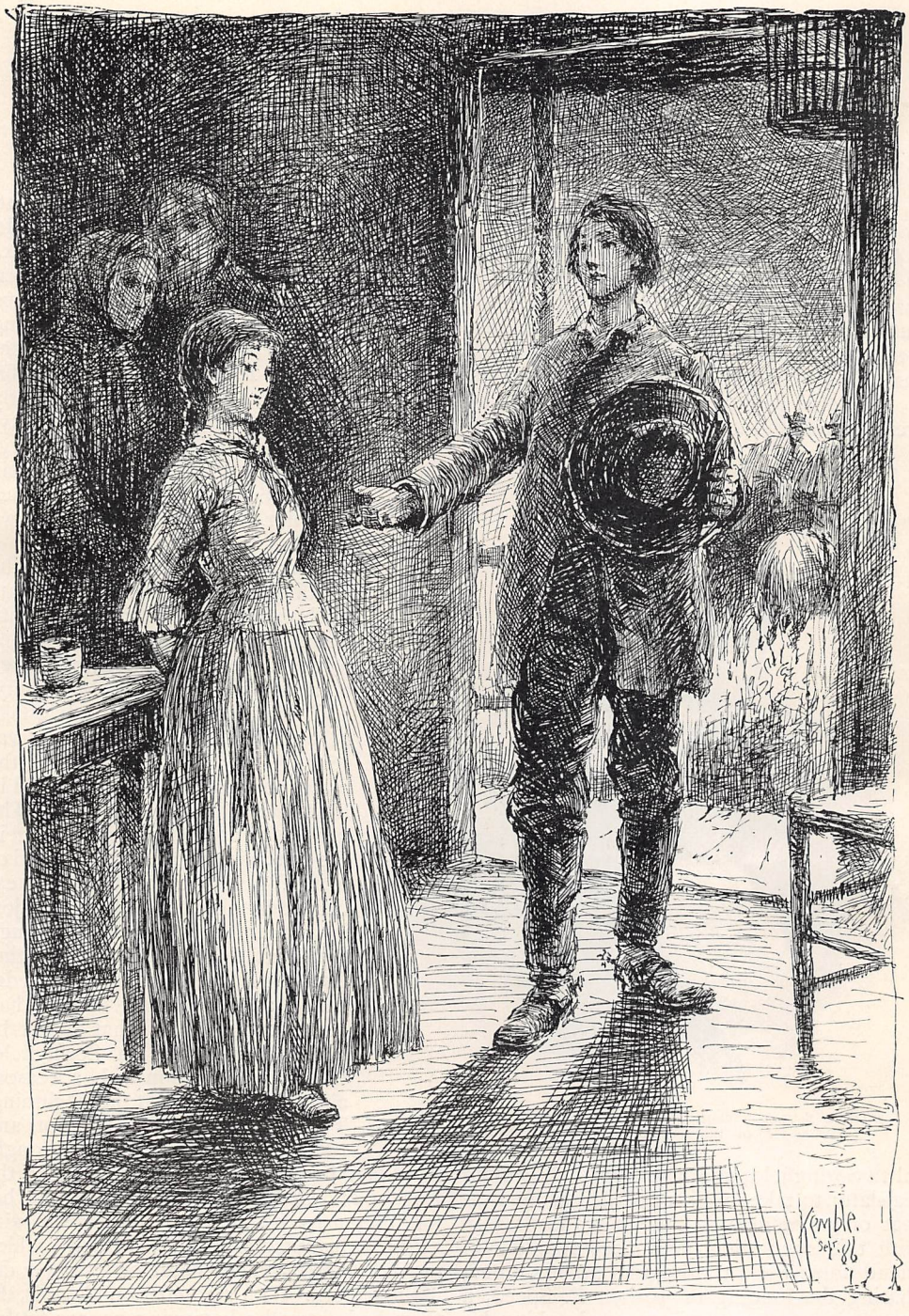
Zoséphine was not merely willing, but eager to see the arrangements made. She beckoned the boy aside and spoke to him alone.

"You must go, Bonaventure. You will go, will you not — when I ask you? Think how fine that will be — to be educated! For me, I cannot endure an uneducated person. But — ah! *ca sré vaillant, pour savoir lire.* [It will be bully to know how to read.] *Aié ya yaie!*" — she stretched her eyes and bit her lip with delight — "*C'est t'y qui, pour savoir écrire!* [That's fine to know how to write.] I will tell you a secret, dear Bonaventure. Any girl of sense is *bound* to think it much greater and finer for a man to read books than to ride horses. She may not want to, but she has to do it; she can't help herself!"

Still Bonaventure looked at her mournfully. She tried again.

"When I say any girl of sense I include myself — of course! I think more of a boy — or man, either — who can write letters than of one who can play the fiddle. There, now, I have told you! And when you have learned those things, I will be proud of you! And besides, you know, if you don't go, you make me lose my chance of learning the same things; but if you go, we will learn them together!"

He consented. She could not understand the expression of his face. She had expected gleams of delight. There were none. He went with silent docility and without a tear; but also without a smile. When in his new home the curé from time to time stole glances at his



"ADJIEU."

face fixed in unconscious reverie, it was full of a grim, unhappy satisfaction.

"Self is winning or dying hard. I wish no ill to 'Thanase; but if there is to be any bad news of him, I hope, for the sake of this boy's soul, it will come quickly." So spoke the curé alone, to his cards.

George W. Cable.

(To be concluded.)

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN IN SPRINGFIELD.

MR. LINCOLN had made thus far very little money — nothing more, in fact, than a bare subsistence of the most modest character. But he had made some warm friends, and this meant very much among the early Illinoisians. He had become intimately acquainted, at Vandalia, with William Butler, who was greatly interested in the removal of the capital to Springfield, and who urged the young legislator to take up his residence at the new seat of government. Lincoln readily fell in with this suggestion, and accompanied his friend home when the Legislature adjourned, sharing the lodging of Joshua F. Speed, a young Kentucky merchant, and taking his meals at the house of Mr. Butler for several years.

WILLIAM BUTLER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1850, IN POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, MISS SALOME BUTLER.)

In this way began Mr. Lincoln's residence in Springfield, where he was to remain until called to one of the highest of destinies intrusted to men, and where his ashes were to rest forever in monumental marble. It would have seemed a dreary village to any one accustomed to the world, but in a letter written about this time, Lincoln speaks of it as a place where there was a "good deal of flourishing about in carriages" — a town of some pretensions to elegance. It had a population of fifteen hundred. The county contained nearly eighteen thousand souls, of whom seventy-eight were free negroes, twenty registered indentured servants, and six slaves. Scarcely a perceptible trace of color, one would say, yet we find in the Springfield paper a leading article† beginning with the startling announcement, "Our State is threatened to be run over with free negroes." The county was one of the richest in Illinois, possessed of a soil of inexhaustible fertility, and divided to the best advantage between prairie and forest. It was settled early in the history of the State, and the country was held in high esteem by the aborigines. The name of Sangamon is said to mean in the Pottawatomie language "land of plenty."‡ Its citizens were of an excellent class of people, a large majority of them from Kentucky, though representatives were not wanting from the Eastern States, men of education and character. There had been very little of what might be called pioneer life in Springfield. Civilization came in with a reasonably full equipment at the beginning. The Edwardses in fair top-boots and ruffled shirts; the Ridgelys brought their banking business from Maryland; the Logans and Conklings were good lawyers before they arrived; another family came with a cotton manufactory from Kentucky, which proved its aristocratic character by never doing any work. With a population like this, the town had, from the beginning, a more settled and orderly type than was usual in the South and West. A glance at the advertising columns of the newspaper will show how much

† "Sangamon Journal," November 7, 1835.
‡ Reynolds's "Life and Times," p. 237.

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JOSHUA SPEED AND WIFE. (FROM A PAINTING BY HEALY, ABOUT 1864.)

attention to dress was paid in the new capital. "Cloths, cassinetts, cassimeres, velvet, silk, satin, and Marseilles vestings, fine calf boots, seal and morocco pumps, for gentlemen," and for the sex which in barbarism dresses less and in civilization dresses more than the male, "silks, barèges, crêpe lisse, lace veils, thread lace, Thibet shawls, lace handkerchiefs, fine prunella shoes, etc." It is evident that the young politician was confronting a social world more formidably correct than anything he had as yet seen.

Governor Ford began some years before this to remark with pleasure the change in the dress of the people of Illinois: the gradual disappearance of leather and linsey-woolsey, the hunting-knife and tomahawk, from the garb of men; the deer-skin moccasin supplanted by the leather boot and shoe; the leather breeches tied around the ankle replaced by the modern pantaloons; and the still greater improvement in the adornment of women, the former bare feet decently shod, and homespun frocks giving way to gowns of calico and silk, and the heads tied up in red cotton turbans disappearing in favor of those surmounted by pretty bonnets of silk or straw. We admit that these changes were not unattended with the grumbling ill-will of the pioneer patriarchs; they predicted nothing but ruin to a country that thus forsook the old ways "which were good enough for their fathers." But with this change in dress came other alterations which were all for the better — a growing self-respect among the young; an industry and thrift by which they could buy good clothes; a habit of attending religious service, where they could show them; a progress in sociability, civility, trade, and morals.*

The taste for civilization had sometimes a whimsical manifestation. Mr. Stuart said the members of the Legislature bitterly complained of the amount of game — venison and grouse of the most delicious quality — which was served them at the taverns in Vandalia; they clamored for bacon — they were starving, they said, "for something civilized." There was plenty of civilized nourishment in Springfield. Wheat was fifty cents a bushel, rye thirty-three; corn and oats were twenty-five, potatoes twenty-five; butter was eight cents a pound, and eggs were eight cents a dozen; pork was two and a half cents a pound.

The town was built on the edge of the

* Ford's "History," p. 94.

MRS. LUCY G. SPEED, MOTHER OF JOSHUA SPEED. (FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH BUSH, ABOUT 1834.)

woods, the north side touching the timber, the south encroaching on the prairie. The richness of the soil was seen in the mud of the streets, black as ink, and of an unfathomable depth in time of thaw. There were, of course, no pavements or sidewalks; an attempt at crossings was made by laying down large chunks of wood. The houses were almost all of wood, and were disposed in rectangular blocks. A large square had been left in the middle of the town, in anticipation of future greatness, and there, when Lincoln began his residence, the work of clearing the ground for the new State-house was already going forward. In one of the largest houses looking on the square, at the north-west corner, the county court had its offices, and other rooms in the building were let to lawyers. One of these was occupied by Stuart and Lincoln, for the friendship formed in the Black Hawk war and strengthened at Vandalia induced "Major" Stuart to offer a partnership to "Captain" Lincoln.*

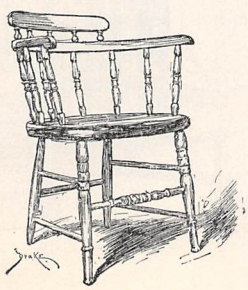
Lincoln did not gain any immediate eminence at the bar. His preliminary studies had been cursory and slight, and Stuart was then too much engrossed in politics to pay the unremitting attention to law which that jealous mistress requires. He had been a candidate for Congress the year before, and had been defeated by W. L. May. He was a candidate again in 1838, and was elected over so agile an adversary as Stephen Arnold Douglas. His paramount interest in these canvasses necessarily prevented him from setting to his junior partner the example, which Lincoln so greatly needed, of close and steady devotion to their profession. It was only several years later that Lincoln found with Judge Logan the companionship and inspiration which he required, and began to be really a lawyer. During the first year or two he is

* It is not unworthy of notice that in a country where military titles were conferred with ludicrous profusion and borne with absurd complacency, Lincoln, who had actually been commissioned, and had served as captain, never used the designation after he laid down his command.

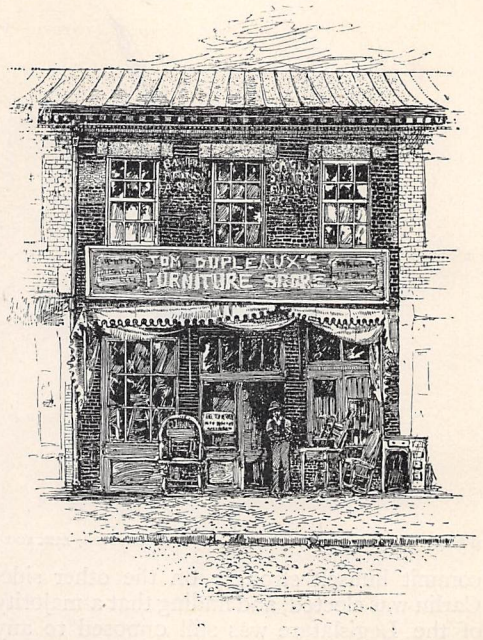
principally remembered in Springfield as an excellent talker, the life and soul of the little gatherings about the county offices, a story-teller of the first rank, a good-natured, friendly fellow whom everybody liked and trusted. He relied more upon his influence with a jury than upon his knowledge of law in the few cases he conducted in court, his acquaintance with human nature being far more extensive than his legal lore.

THE COLLAPSE OF "THE SYSTEM."

LINCOLN was not yet done with Vandalia, its dinners of game, and its political intrigue. The archives of the State were not removed to Springfield until 1839, and Lincoln remained a member of the Legislature by successive reëlections from 1834 to 1842. He was called down to Vandalia in the summer of 1837, by a special session of the Legislature. The magnificent schemes of the foregoing winter required some repairing. The banks throughout the United States had suspended specie payments in the spring, and as the State banks in Illinois were the fiscal agents of the railroads and canals, the Governor called upon the law-makers to revise their own work, to legalize the suspension, and bring their improvement system within possible bounds. They acted as might have been expected: complied with the former suggestion, but flatly refused to touch their masterpiece. They had been glorifying their work too energetically to destroy it in its infancy. It was said you could recognize a legislator that year in any crowd by his automatic repetition of the phrase, "Thirteen hundred—fellow-citizens! — and fifty miles of railroad!" There was nothing to be done but go on with the stupendous folly. Loans were effected with surprising and fatal facility, and "before the end of the year, work had begun at many points on the railroads. The whole State was excited to the highest pitch of frenzy and expectation. Money was as plenty as dirt. Industry, instead of being



OFFICE CHAIR USED IN LINCOLN AND STUART'S OFFICE.
(IN POSSESSION OF O. H. OLDROYD.)



LINCOLN AND STUART'S LAW-OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD.

stimulated, actually languished. We exported nothing," says Governor Ford, "and everything from abroad was paid for by the borrowed money expended among us." Not only upon the railroads, but on the canal as well, the work was begun on a magnificent scale. Nine millions of dollars were thought to be a mere trifle in view of the colossal sum expected to be realized from the sale of canal lands, three hundred thousand acres of which had been given by the General Government. There were rumors of coming trouble, and of an unhealthy condition of the banks; but it was considered incivism to look too curiously into such matters. One frank patriot, who had been sent as one of a committee to examine the bank at Shawneetown, when asked what he found there, replied with winning candor, "Plenty of good whisky and sugar to sweeten it."*

But a year of baleful experience destroyed a great many illusions, and in the election of 1838 the subject of internal improvements was treated with much more reserve by candidates. The debt of the State, issued at a continually increasing discount, had already attained enormous proportions; the delirium of the last few years was ending, and sensible people began to be greatly disquieted. Nevertheless, Mr. Cyrus Edwards boldly made his canvass for Governor as a supporter of the system of internal improvements, and his opponent, Thomas Carlin, was careful not to

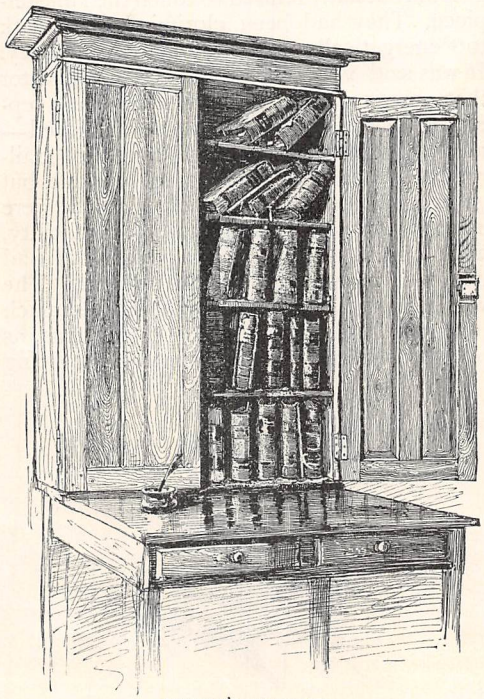
* Ford's "History," p. 197.

LINCOLN'S INKSTAND.
(FROM THE KEYES LINCOLN MEMORIAL COLLECTION, CHICAGO.)

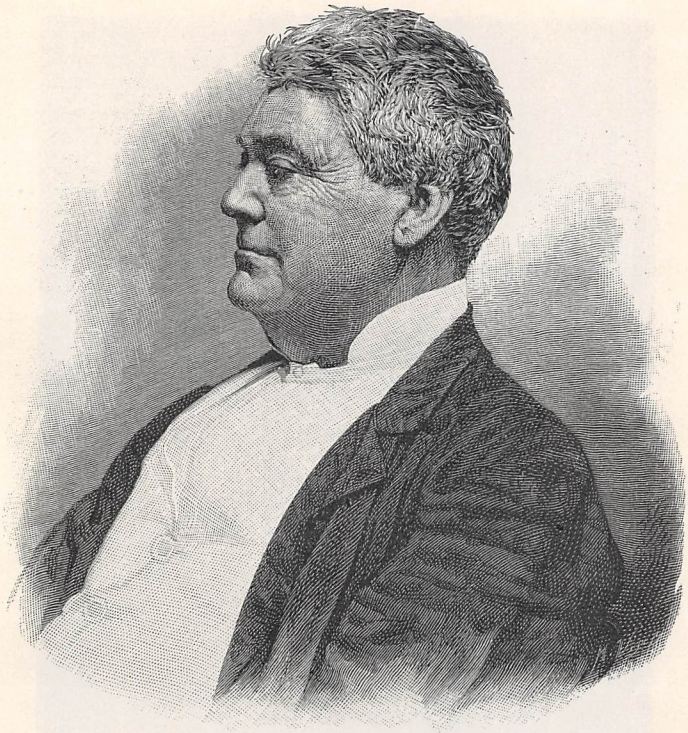
commit himself strongly on the other side. Carlin was elected, and finding that a majority of the Legislature was still opposed to any steps backward, he made no demonstration against the system at the first session. Lincoln was a member of this body, and, being by that time the unquestioned leader of the Whig minority, was nominated for Speaker, and came within one vote of an election. The Legislature was still stiff-necked and perverse in regard to the system. It refused to modify it in the least, and voted, as if in bravado, another eight hundred thousand dollars to extend it.

But this was the last paroxysm of a fever that was burnt out. The market was glutted with Illinois bonds; one banker and one broker after another, to whose hands they had been recklessly confided in New York and London, failed, or made away with the proceeds of sales. The system had utterly failed; there was nothing to do but repeal it, stop work upon the visionary roads, and endeavor to invent some means of paying the enormous debt. This work taxed the energies of the Legislature in 1839, and for some years after. It was a dismal and disheartening task. Blue Monday had come after these years of intoxication, and a crushing debt rested upon a people who had been deceiving themselves with the fallacy that it would somehow pay itself by acts of the Legislature. Many were the schemes devised for meeting these oppressive obligations without unduly taxing the voters; one of them, not especially wiser than the rest, was contributed by Mr. Lincoln. It provided for the issue of bonds for the payment of the interest due by the State, and for the appropriation of a special portion of State taxes to meet the obligations thus incurred. He supported his bill in a perfectly characteristic speech, making no effort to evade his share of the responsibility for the crisis, and submitting his views with diffidence to the approval of the Assembly. His plan was not adopted; it was too simple and straightforward, even if it had any other merits, to meet the approval of an assembly intent only upon getting out of immediate embarrassment by means which might save them trouble on the stump hereafter. There was even an undercurrent of sentiment in favor of repudiation. But the payment of the interest for that year was provided for by an ingenious expedient, which shifted upon the Fund Commissioners the responsibility of deciding what portion of the debt was legal, and how much interest was therefore to be paid. Bonds were sold for this purpose at a heavy loss.

This session of the Legislature was enlivened by a singular contest between the Whigs and Democrats in relation to the State banks. Their suspension of specie payments had been legalized up to "the adjournment of the next session of the Legislature." They were not now able to resume, and it was held by the Democrats that if the special session adjourned *sine die* the charter of the banks would be forfeited, a purpose the party was eager to accomplish. The Whigs, who were defending the banks, wished to prevent the adjournment of the



LINCOLN'S BOOKCASE.
(FROM THE KEYES LINCOLN MEMORIAL COLLECTION, CHICAGO.)



MILTON HAY, 1886. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. F. TRUESDELL.)

special session until the regular session should begin, during the course of which they expected to renew the lease of life now held under sufferance by the banks—in which, it may be here said, they were finally successful. But on one occasion, being in the minority, and having exhausted every other parliamentary means of opposition and delay, and seeing the vote they dreaded imminent, they tried to defeat it by leaving the house in a body, and, the doors being locked, a number of them, among whom Mr. Lincoln's tall figure was prominent, jumped from the windows of the church where the Legislature was then holding its sessions. "I think," says Mr. Gillespie, who was one of those who performed this feat of acrobatic politics, "Mr. Lincoln always regretted it, as he deprecated everything that savored of the revolutionary."

Two years later the persecuted banks, harried by the demagogues and swindled by the State, fell with a great ruin, and the financial misery of the State was complete. Nothing was left of the brilliant schemes of the historic Legislature of 1836 but a load of debt which crippled for many years the energies of the people, a few miles of embankments which the grass hastened to cover, and a few abutments which stood for years by the sides of leafy rivers, waiting for the bridges and the trains which were never to come.

During the winter of 1840–1 occurred the first clash of opinion and principle between Mr. Lincoln and his life-long adversary, Mr. Douglas. There are those who can see only envy and jealousy in that strong dislike and disapproval with which Mr. Lincoln always regarded his famous rival, and we regret that one of his biographers has taken this injurious view of the matter. But we think that few men have ever lived who were more free from those degrading passions than Abraham Lincoln, and the personal reprobation with which he always visited the public acts of Douglas arose from his sincere conviction that the man was essentially without fixed political morals. They had met for the first time in 1834 at Vandalia, where Douglas was busy in getting the circuit attorneyship away from John J. Hardin. He held it only long enough to secure a nomination to the Legislature in 1836. He went there to endeavor to have the capital moved to Jacksonville, where he lived, but he gave up the fight for the purpose of having himself appointed Register of the Land Office at Springfield. He held this place as a means of being nominated for Congress the next year; he was nominated and defeated. In 1840 he was engaged in another scheme

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, 1841. (FROM A PAINTING BY HENRY INMAN, IN POSSESSION OF BENJAMIN HARRISON.)

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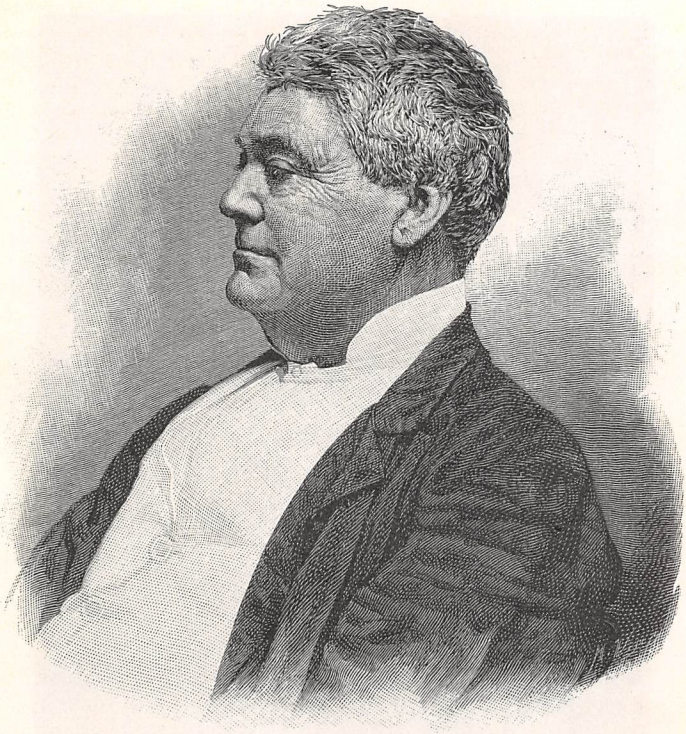

MILTON HAY, 1886. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. F. TRUESDELL.)

special session until the regular session should begin, during the course of which they expected to renew the lease of life now held under sufferance by the banks—in which, it may be here said, they were finally successful. But on one occasion, being in the minority, and having exhausted every other parliamentary means of opposition and delay, and seeing the vote they dreaded imminent, they tried to defeat it by leaving the house in a body, and, the doors being locked, a number of them, among whom Mr. Lincoln's tall figure was prominent, jumped from the windows of the church where the Legislature was then holding its sessions. "I think," says Mr. Gillespie, who was one of those who performed this feat of acrobatic politics, "Mr. Lincoln always regretted it, as he deprecated everything that savored of the revolutionary."

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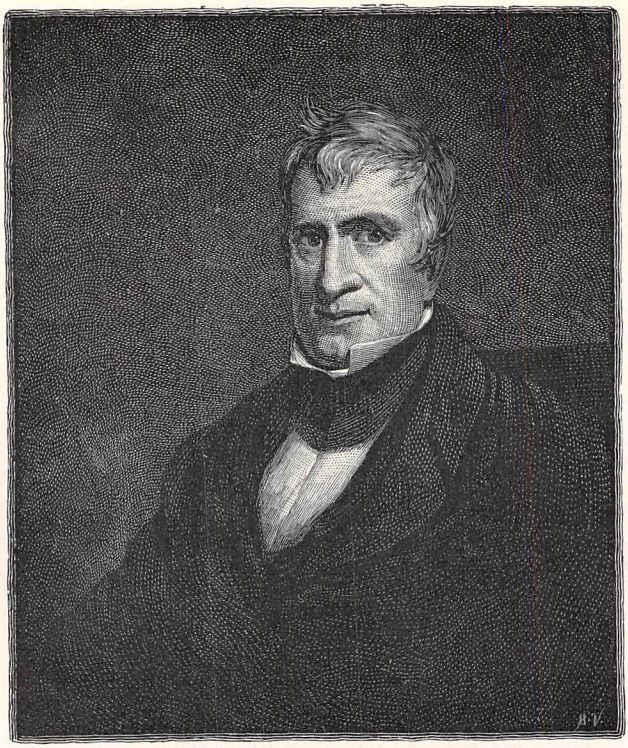

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"2d. It is a fatal blow at the independence of the judges and the constitutional term of their offices.

"3d. It is a measure not asked for or wished for by the people.

"4th. It will greatly increase the expense of our courts or else greatly diminish their utility.

"5th. It will give our courts a political and partisan character, thereby impairing public confidence in their decisions.

"6th. It will impair our standing with other States and the world.

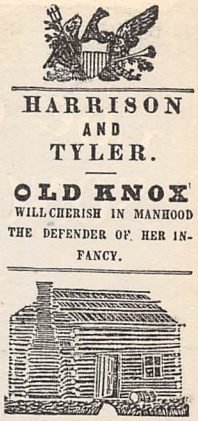
"7th. It is a party measure for party purposes from which no practical good to the people can possibly arise, but which may be the source of immeasurable evils.

"The undersigned are well aware that this protest will be altogether unavailing with the majority of this body. The blow has already fallen; and we are compelled to stand by, the mournful spectators of the ruin it will cause."

It will be easy to ridicule this indignant protest as the angry outcry of beaten partisans; but fortunately we have evidence which cannot be gainsaid of the justice of its sentiments and the wisdom of its predictions. Governor Ford,* himself a Democratic leader as able as he was honest, writing seven years after these events, condemns them as wrong and impolitic, and adds, "Ever since this reforming measure the Judiciary has been unpopular with the Democratic majorities. Many and most of the judges have had great personal popularity — so much so as to create complaint of so many of them being elected or appointed to other offices. But the Bench itself has been the subject of bitter attacks by every Legislature since." It had been soiled by unclean contact and could not be respected as before.

LAW IN SPRINGFIELD.

DURING all the years of his service in the Legislature, Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield in the dingy little office at the corner of the square. A youth named Milton Hay, who afterwards became one of the foremost lawyers of the State, had become acquainted with Lincoln at the County Clerk's office and proposed to study law with him. He was at once accepted as a pupil, and as his days were otherwise employed he gave his nights to reading, and as his vigils were apt to be prolonged he furnished a bedroom adjoining the office, where Lincoln often passed the night with him. Mr. Hay gives this interesting account of the practice of law in those days:

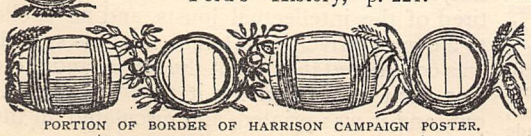


HARRISON AND TYLER CAMPAIGN BADGE. (IN POSSESSION OF BENJAMIN HARRISON.)

"In forming our ideas of Lincoln's growth and development as a lawyer, we must remember that in those early days litigation was very simple as compared with that of modern times. Population was sparse and society scarcely organized, land was plentiful and employment abundant. There was an utter absence of the abstruse questions and complications which now beset the law. There was no need of that close and searching study into principles and precedents which keeps the modern law-student buried in his office. On the contrary, the very character of this simple litigation drew the lawyer into the street and neighborhood, and into close and active intercourse with all classes of his fellow-men. The suits consisted of actions of tort and assumpsit. If a man had an uncollectible debt, the current phrase was, 'I'll take it out of his hide.' This would bring on an action for assault and battery. The free comments of the neighbors on the fracas or the character of the parties would be productive of slander suits. A man would for his convenience lay down an irascible neighbor's fence, and indolently forget to put it up again, and an action of trespass would grow out of it. The suit would lead to a free fight, and sometimes furnish the bloody incidents for a murder trial.

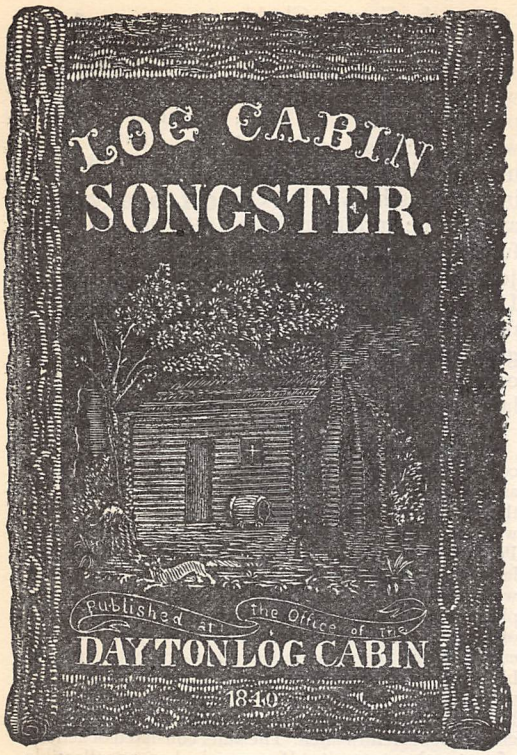
"Occupied with this class of business, the half-legal, half-political lawyers were never found plodding in their offices. In that case they would have waited long for the recognition of their talents or a demand for their services. Out of this characteristic of the times also grew the street discussions I have adverted to. There was scarcely a day or hour when a knot of men might not have been seen near the door of some prominent store, or about the steps of the court-house, eagerly discussing a current political topic — not as a question of news, for news was not then received quickly or frequently, as it is now, but rather for the sake of debate; and the men from the country, the pioneers and farmers, always gathered eagerly about these groups and listened with open-mouthed interest, and frequently manifested their approval or dissent in strong words, and carried away to their neighborhoods a report of the debaters' wit and skill. It was in these street talks that the rising and aspiring young lawyer found his daily and hourly forum. Often by good luck or prudence he had the field entirely to himself, and so escaped the dangers and discouragements of a decisive conflict with a trained antagonist."

Mr. Stuart was either in Congress or engaged in actively canvassing his district a great part of the time that his partnership with Lincoln continued, so that the young lawyer was thrown a good deal on his own



PORTION OF BORDER OF HARRISON CAMPAIGN POSTER. (IN POSSESSION OF BENJAMIN HARRISON.)

*Ford's "History," p. 221.



COVER OF SONG BOOK USED IN HARRISON CAMPAIGN. (IN POSSESSION OF BENJAMIN HARRISON.)

resources for occupation. There was not enough business to fill up all his hours, and he was not at that time a close student, so that he soon became as famous for his racy talk and good-fellowship at all the usual lounging-places in Springfield as he had ever been in New Salem. Mr. Hay says, speaking of the youths who made the County Clerk's office their place of rendezvous, "It was always a great treat when Lincoln got amongst us. We were sure to have some of those stories for which he already had a reputation, and there was this peculiarity about them, that they were not only entertaining in themselves, but always singularly illustrative of some point he wanted to make." After Mr. Hay entered his office, and was busily engaged with his briefs and declarations, the course of their labors was often broken by the older man's wise and witty digressions. Once an interruption occurred which affords an odd illustration of the character of discussion then prevalent. We will give it in Mr. Hay's words:

"The custom of public political debate, while it was sharp and acrimonious, also engendered a spirit of equality and fairness. Every political meeting was a free fight open to every one who had talent and spirit, no matter to which party the speaker belonged. These discussions used often to be held in the court-room, just under our office, and through a trap-door, made there when the building was used for a store-house, we could hear everything that was said in the hall below. One night there was a discussion in which Baker took part. He was a fiery fellow, and when his impulsiveness was let loose among the rough element that composed his audience, there was a fair prospect of trouble at any moment. Lincoln was lying on the bed, apparently paying no attention to what was going on. Lamborn was talking, and we suddenly heard Baker interrupting him with a sharp remark, then a rustling and uproar. Lincoln jumped from the bed and down the trap, lighting on the platform between Baker and the audience, and quieted the tumult as much by the surprise of his sudden apparition as by his good-natured and reasonable words."

He was often unfaithful to the Quaker traditions in those days of his youth. Those who witnessed his wonderful forbearance and self-restraint in later manhood would find it difficult to believe how promptly and with what pleasure he used to resort to measures of repression against a bully or brawler. On the day of election in 1840, word came to him that one Radford, a Democratic contractor, had taken possession of one of the polling-places with his workmen, and was preventing the Whigs from voting. Lincoln started off at a gait which showed his interest in the matter in hand. He went up to Radford and persuaded him to leave the polls without a moment's delay. One of his candid remarks is remembered and recorded: "Radford! you'll spoil and blow, if you live much longer." Radford's prudence prevented an actual collision, which, it must be confessed, Lincoln regretted. He told his friend Speed he wanted Radford to show fight so that he might "knock him down and leave him kicking."*

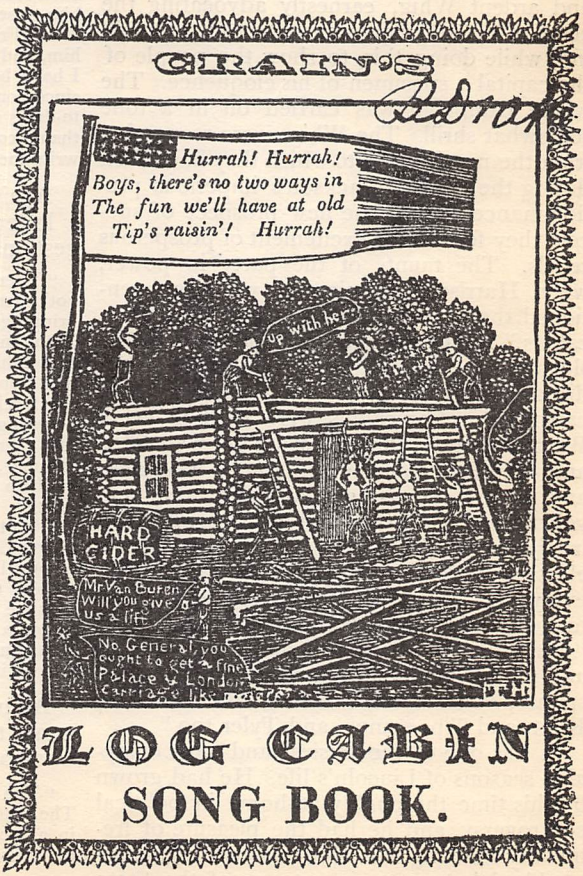
Early in the year 1840 it seemed possible that the Whigs might elect General Harrison to the Presidency, and this hope lent added energy to the party even in the States where the majority was so strongly against them as in Illinois. Lincoln was nominated for Presidential Elector and threw himself with ardor into the canvass, traversing a great part of the State and speaking with remarkable effect. Only one of the speeches he made during the year has been preserved entire: this was an address delivered in Springfield as one of a series — a sort of oratorical tournament participated in by Douglas, Calhoun, Lamborn and Thomas, on the part of the Democrats, and Logan, Baker, Browning, and Lincoln on the part of the Whigs. The discussion began with great enthusiasm and with crowded houses, but by the time it came to Lincoln's duty to close the debate the fickle public had tired of the intellectual jousts, and he spoke to a comparatively thin house. But his speech was considered the best of the series, and there was such a demand for it that he wrote it out, and it was printed and circulated in the

* Lamon, p. 230.

spring as a campaign document. It was a remarkable speech in many respects — and in none more than in this, that it represented the highest expression of what might be called his "first manner." It was the most important and the last speech of its class which he ever delivered — not destitute of sound and close reasoning, yet filled with boisterous fun and florid rhetoric. It was, in short, a rattling stump speech of the sort then universally popular in the West, and which is still considered a very high grade of eloquence in the South. But it is of no kindred with his Inaugural addresses, and resembles the Gettysburg speech no more than "The Comedy of Errors" resembles "Hamlet." One or two extracts will give some idea of its humorous satire and its lurid fervor. Attacking the corruptions and defalcations of the administration party he said, "Mr. Lamborn insists that the difference between the Van Buren party and the Whigs is that, although the former sometimes err in practice they are always correct in principle, whereas the latter are wrong in principle; and the better to impress this proposition he uses a figurative expression in these words, 'The Democrats are vulnerable in the heel, but they are sound in the heart and head.' The first branch of the figure — that is, the Democrats are vulnerable in the heel — I admit is not merely figuratively but literally true. Who that looks but for a moment at their Swartwouts, their Prices, their Harringtons, and their hundreds of others scampering away with the public money to Texas, to Europe, and to every spot of the earth where a villain may hope to find refuge from justice, can at all doubt that they are most distressingly affected in their heels with a species of running itch. It seems that this malady of their heels operates on the sound-headed and honest-hearted creatures very much as the cork leg in the comic song did on its owner, which, when he once got started on it, the more he tried to stop it the more it would run away. At the hazard of wearing this point threadbare, I will relate an anecdote which seems to be too strikingly in point to be omitted. A witty Irish soldier who was always boasting of his bravery when no danger was near, but who invariably retreated without orders at the first charge of the engagement, being asked by his captain why he did so, replied, 'Captain, I have as brave a heart as Julius Cæsar ever had, but somehow or other whenever danger approaches, my cowardly legs will run away with it.' So with Mr. Lamborn's party — they take the public money into their hands for the most laudable purpose that wise heads and honest hearts can dictate; but before they can possibly get it out again, their rascally vulnerable heels will run away with them."

The speech concludes with these swelling words:

"Mr. Lamborn refers to the late elections in the States, and from their results confidently predicts every State in the Union will vote for Mr. Van Buren at the next Presidential election. Address that argument to cowards and knaves: with the free and the brave it will affect nothing. It may be true; if it must, let it. Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. I know that the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, bidding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing; while on its bosom are riding, like demons on the wave of Hell, the imps of the Evil Spirit, and fiendishly taunting all those who dare to resist its destroying course with the hopelessness of



COVER OF SONG BOOK USED IN HARRISON CAMPAIGN.
(IN POSSESSION OF BENJAMIN HARRISON.)

their efforts; and knowing this, I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it I, too, may be; bow to it, I never will. The probability that we may fall in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just. It shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its almighty architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly alone, hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before Heaven, and in face of the world, I swear eternal fealty to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love. And who that thinks with me will not fearlessly adopt that oath that I take? Let none falter who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if after all we should fail, be it so. We still shall have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the cause approved of our judgment, and adored of our hearts, in disaster, in chains, in torture, in death, we never faltered in defending."

These perfervid and musical metaphors of devotion and defiance have often been quoted as Mr. Lincoln's heroic challenge to the slave power, and Bishop Simpson gave them that lofty significance in his funeral oration. But they were simply the utterances of a young and ardent Whig, earnestly advocating the election of "old Tippecanoe" and not unwilling, while doing this, to show the people of the capital a specimen of his eloquence. The whole campaign was carried on in a tone somewhat shrill. The Whigs were recovering from the numbness into which they had fallen during the time of Jackson's imperious predominance, and in the new prospect of success they felt all the excitement of prosperous rebels. The taunts of the party in power, when Harrison's nomination was first mentioned, their sneers at "hard cider" and "log-cabins," had been dexterously adopted as the slogan of the opposition, and gave rise to the distinguishing features of that extraordinary campaign. Log-cabins were built in every Western county, tuns of hard cider were filled and emptied at all the Whig mass meetings; and as the canvass gained momentum and vehemence, a curious kind of music added its inspiration to the cause; and after the Maine election was over, with its augury of triumph, every Whig who was able to sing, or even to make a joyful noise, was roaring the inquiry, "Oh, have you heard how old Maine went?" and the profane but powerfully accented response, "She went, hell-bent, for Governor Kent, and Tippecanoe, and Tyler too."

It was one of the busiest and most enjoyable seasons of Lincoln's life. He had grown by this time thoroughly at home in political controversy, and he had the pleasure of frequently meeting Mr. Douglas in rough-and-tumble debate in various towns of the State as they followed Judge Treat on his circuit. If we may trust the willing testimony of his old associates, Lincoln had no difficulty in holding his own against his adroit antagonist, and it was even thought that the recollection of his ill success in these encounters was not without its influence in inducing Douglas and his followers, defeated in the nation, though victorious in the State, to wreak their vengeance on the Illinois Supreme Court.

In Lincoln's letters to Major Stuart,* then in Washington, we see how strongly the subject of politics overshadows all others in his mind. Under date of November 14, 1839, he writes:

"I have been to the Secretary's office within the last hour, and find things precisely as you left them; no new arrivals of returns on either side. Douglas has not been here since you left. A report is in circulation here now that he has abandoned the idea of going to Washington; but the report does not come in very authentic form so far as I can learn. Though, speaking of authenticity, you know that if we had heard Douglas say that he had abandoned the contest, it would not be very authentic. There is no news here. Noah,† I still think, will be elected very easily. I am afraid of our race for representative. Dr. Knapp has become a candidate; and I fear the few votes he will get will be taken from us. Also some one has been tampering with old squire Wyckoff, and induced him to send in his name to be announced as a candidate. Francis refused to announce him without seeing him, and now I suppose there is to be a fuss about it. I have been so busy that I have not seen Mrs. Stuart since you left, though I understand she wrote you by to-day's mail, which will inform you more about her than I could. The very moment a speaker is elected, write me who he is. Your friend, as ever."

Again he writes, on New Year's Day, 1840, a letter curiously destitute of any festal suggestions:

"There is a considerable disposition on the part of both parties in the Legislature to reinstate the law bringing on the Congressional elections next summer. What motive for this the Locos have, I cannot tell. The Whigs say that the canal and other public works will stop, and consequently we shall then be clear of the foreign votes, whereas by another year they may be brought in again. The Whigs of our district say that everything is in favor of holding the election next summer, except the fact of your absence; and several of them have requested me to ask your opinion on the matter. Write me immediately what you think of it.

"On the other side of this sheet I send you a copy of my Land Resolutions, which passed both branches of our Legislature last winter. Will you show them to Mr. Calhoun, informing him of the fact of their passage through our Legislature? Mr. Calhoun suggested a similar proposition last winter; and perhaps if he finds himself backed by one of the States he may be induced to take it up again."

After the session opened, January 20th, he wrote to Mr. Stuart, accurately outlining the work of the winter:

"The following is my guess at what will be done. The Internal Improvement System will be put down in a lump without benefit of clergy. The Bank will be resuscitated with some trifling modifications."

* Copied from the MS. in Major Stuart's possession.
† Noah Matheny, County Clerk.

State affairs have evidently lost their interest, however, and his soul is in arms for the wider fray. "Be sure to send me as many Lives of Harrison as you can spare. Be very sure to send me the Senate Journal of New York for September, 1814," — he had seen in a newspaper a charge of disloyalty made against Mr. Van Buren during the war with Great Britain, but, as usual, wanted to be sure of his facts,— "and in general," he adds, "send me everything you think will be a good war-club. The nomination of Harrison takes first-rate. You know I am never sanguine; but I believe we will carry the State. The chance for doing so appears to me twenty-five per cent. better than it did for you to beat Douglas. A great many of the grocery sort of Van Buren men are out for Harrison. Our Irish blacksmith Gregory is for Harrison. You have heard that the Whigs and Locos had a political discussion shortly after the meeting of the Legislature. Well, I made a big speech [the one from which we have just quoted] which is in progress of printing in pamphlet form. To enlighten you and the rest of the world, I shall send you a copy when it is finished."

The sanguine mood continues in his next letter, March 1st:

"I have never seen the prospects of our party so bright in these parts as they are now. We shall carry this county by a larger majority than we did in 1836 when you ran against May. I do not think my prospects individually are very flattering, for I think it probable I shall not be permitted to be a candidate; but the party ticket will succeed triumphantly. Subscriptions to the 'Old Soldier' pour in without abatement. This morning I took from the post-office a letter from Dubois, inclosing the names of sixty subscribers, and on carrying it to Francis [Simeon Francis, editor of the 'Sangamon Journal'] I found he had received one hundred and forty more from other quarters by the same day's mail. Yesterday Douglas, having chosen to consider himself insulted by something in the 'Journal,' undertook to cane Francis in the street. Francis caught him by the hair and jammed him back against a market-cart, where the matter ended by Francis being pulled away from him. The whole affair was so ludicrous that Francis and everybody else, Douglas excepted, have been laughing about it ever since."

Douglas seems to have had a great propensity to such rencontres, of which the issue was ordinarily his complete discomfiture, as he had the untoward habit of attacking much bigger and stronger men than himself. He weighed at that time little, if anything, over a hundred pounds, yet his heart was so valiant that he made nothing of assaulting men of ponderous flesh like Francis, or of great height and strength like Stuart. He sought a quarrel with the latter, during their canvass in 1838, in a grocery, with the usual result. A bystander who remembers the incident says that Stuart "jest mopped the floor with him."

In the same letter Mr. Lincoln gives a long list of names to which he wants documents to be sent. It shows a remarkable personal acquaintance with the minutest needs of the canvass: this one is a doubtful Whig; that one is an inquiring Democrat; that other a zealous young fellow who would be pleased by the attention; three brothers are mentioned who "fell out with us about Early and are doubtful now"; and finally he tells Stuart that Joe Smith is an admirer of his, and that a few documents had better be mailed to the Mormons, and he must be sure, the next time he writes, to send Evan Butler his compliments.

It would be strange, indeed, if such a politician as this were slighted by his constituents, and in his next letter we find how groundless were his forebodings in that direction. The convention had been held; the rural delegates took all the nominations away from Springfield except two, Baker for the Senate, and Lincoln for the House of Representatives. "Ninian," he says, meaning Ninian W. Edwards, "was very much hurt at not being nominated, but he has become tolerably well reconciled. I was much, very much, wounded myself, at his being left out. The fact is, the country delegates made the nominations as they pleased, and they *pleased* to make them all from the country, except Baker and me, whom they supposed necessary to make stump speeches. Old Colonel Elkin is nominated for Sheriff — that's right."

Harrison was elected in November, and the great preoccupation of most of the Whigs was, of course, the distribution of the offices which they felt belonged to them as the spoils of battle. This demoralizing doctrine had been promulgated by Jackson, and acted upon for so many years that it was too much to expect of human nature that the Whigs should not adopt it, partially at least, when their turn came. But we are left in no doubt as to the way in which Lincoln regarded the unseemly scramble. It is probable that he was asked to express his preference among applicants, and he writes under date of December 17:

"This affair of appointments to office is very annoying — more so to you than to me doubtless. I am, as you know, opposed to removals to make places for our friends. Bearing this in mind, I express my preference in a few cases as follows: for Marshal, first, John Dawson, second, B. F. Edwards; for postmaster here, Dr. Henry; at Carlinville, Joseph C. Howell."

The mention of this last post-office rouses his righteous indignation, and he calls for justice upon a wrong-doer.

"There is no question of the propriety of removing the postmaster at Carlinville. I have been told by so

many different persons as to preclude all doubt of its truth, that he boldly refused to deliver from his office during the canvass all documents franked by Whig members of Congress."

Once more, on the 23d of January, 1841, he addresses a letter to Mr. Stuart, which closes the correspondence, and which affords a glimpse of that strange condition of melancholia into whose dark shadow he was then entering, and which lasted, with only occasional intervals of healthy cheerfulness, to the time of his marriage. We give this remarkable letter entire, from the manuscript submitted to us by the late John T. Stuart:

"DEAR STUART: Yours of the 3d instant is received, and I proceed to answer it as well as I can, though from the deplorable state of my mind at this time I fear I shall give you but little satisfaction. About the matter of the Congressional election, I can only tell you that there is a bill now before the Senate adopting the general ticket system; but whether the party have fully determined on its adoption is yet uncertain. There is no sign of opposition to you among our friends, and none that I can learn among our enemies; though of course there will be if the general ticket be adopted. The Chicago 'American,' Peoria 'Register,' and Sangamon 'Journal' have already hoisted your flag upon their own responsibility; and the other Whig papers of the district are expected to follow immediately. On last evening there was a meeting of our friends at Butler's, and I submitted the question to them and found them unanimously in favor of having you announced as a candidate. A few of us this morning, however, concluded that as you were already being announced in the papers, we would delay announcing you, as by your authority, for a week or two. We thought that to appear too keen about it might spur our opponents on about their general ticket project. Upon the whole I think I may say with certainty that your reëlection is sure, if it be in the power of the Whigs to make it so.

"For not giving you a general summary of news, you *must* pardon me; it is not in my power to do so. I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better I cannot tell; I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible; I must die or be better, it appears to me. The matter you speak of on my account you may attend to as you say, unless you shall hear of my condition forbidding it. I say this because I fear I shall be unable to attend to any business here, and a change of scene might help me. If I could be myself, I would rather remain at home with Judge Logan. I can write no more. Your friend as ever.

(Signed) "A. LINCOLN."

LINCOLN'S MARRIAGE.

THE foregoing letter brings us to the consideration of a remarkable passage in Lincoln's life. It has been the cause of much profane and idle discussion among those who were constitutionally incapacitated from appreciating ideal sufferings, and we would be tempted to refrain from adding a word to what has already been said if it were possible to omit all reference to an experience so important in the development of his character.

In the year 1840 he became engaged to be married to Miss Mary Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky, a young lady of good education and excellent connections, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, at Springfield.* The engagement was not in all respects a happy one, as both parties doubted their mutual compatibility, and a heart so affectionate and a conscience so sensitive as Lincoln's found material for exquisite self-torment in these conditions. His affection for his betrothed, which he thought was not strong enough to make happiness with her secure; his doubts, which yet were not convincing enough to induce him to break off all relations with her; his sense of honor, which was wounded in his own eyes by his own act; his sense of duty, which condemned him in one course and did not sustain him in the opposite one — all combined to make him profoundly and passionately miserable. To his friends and acquaintances, who were unacquainted with such finely wrought and even fantastic sorrows, his trouble seemed so exaggerated that they could only account for it on the ground of insanity. But there is no necessity of accepting this crude hypothesis; the coolest and most judicious of his friends deny that his depression ever went to such an extremity. Orville H. Browning, who was constantly in his company, says that his worst attack lasted only about a week; that during this time he was incoherent and distraught; but that in the course of a few days it all passed off, leaving no trace whatever. "I think," says Mr. Browning, "it was only an intensification of his constitutional melancholy; his trials and embarrassments pressed him down to a lower point than usual."

This taint of constitutional sadness was not peculiar to Lincoln; it may be said to have been endemic among the early settlers of the West. It had its origin partly in the circumstances of their lives, the severe and dismal loneliness in which their struggle for existence for the most part went on. Their summers

* Mrs. Lincoln was the daughter of the Hon. Robert S. Todd of Kentucky. Her great-uncle, John Todd, accompanied General George Rogers Clark to Illinois, and was present at the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. In December, 1778, he was appointed by Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, to be lieutenant of the county of Illinois, then a part of Virginia. He was killed at the battle of Blue Licks, in 1782. His brother Levi, Mrs. Lincoln's grandfather, was also at that battle, and was one of the few survivors of it.

Colonel John Todd was one of the original proprietors of the town of Lexington, Ky. While encamped on the site of the present city, he heard of the opening battle of the Revolution, and named his infant settlement in its honor.—Arnold's "Life of Lincoln," p. 68.

were passed in the solitude of the woods; in the winters they were often snowed up for months in the more desolate isolation of their own poor cabins. Their subjects of conversation were limited, their range of thoughts and ideas narrow and barren. There was as little cheerfulness in their manners as there was incentive to it in their lives. They occasionally burst out into wild frolic, which easily assumed the form of comic outrage, but of the sustained cheerfulness of social civilized life they knew very little. One of the few pioneers who have written their observations of their own people, Mr. John McConnell,* says, "They are at the best not a cheerful race; though they sometimes join in festivities, it is but seldom, and the wildness of their dissipation is too often in proportion to its infrequency. There is none of that serene contentment which distinguishes the tillers of the ground in other lands.... Acquainted with the character [of the pioneer,] you do not expect him to smile much, but now and then he laughs."

Besides this generic tendency to melancholy, very many of the pioneers were subject in early life to malarial influences, the effect of which remained with them all their days. Hewing out their plantations in the primeval woods amid the undisturbed shadow of centuries, breaking a soil thick with ages of vegetable decomposition, sleeping in half-faced camps, where the heavy air of the rank woods was in their lungs all night, or in the fouler atmosphere of overcrowded cabins, they were especially subject to miasmatic fevers. Many died, and of those who survived a great number, after they had outgrown the more immediate manifestations of disease, retained in nervous disorders of all kinds the distressing traces of the maladies which afflicted their childhood. In the early life of Lincoln these unwholesome physical conditions were especially prevalent. The country about Pigeon Creek was literally devastated by the terrible malady called "milk-sickness," which carried away his mother and half her family. His father left his home in Sangamon County also, on account of the frequency and severity of the attacks of fever and ague which were suffered there; and, in general, Abraham was exposed through all the earlier part of his life to those malarial influences which made, during the first half of this century, the various preparations of Peruvian bark a part of the daily food of the people of Indiana and Illinois. In many instances this miasmatic poison did not destroy the strength or materially shorten the lives of those who absorbed it in their youth; but the effects remained in periodical attacks of gloom and depression of spirits which would seem incomprehensible to thoroughly healthy organizations, and which gradually lessened in middle life, often to disappear entirely in old age.

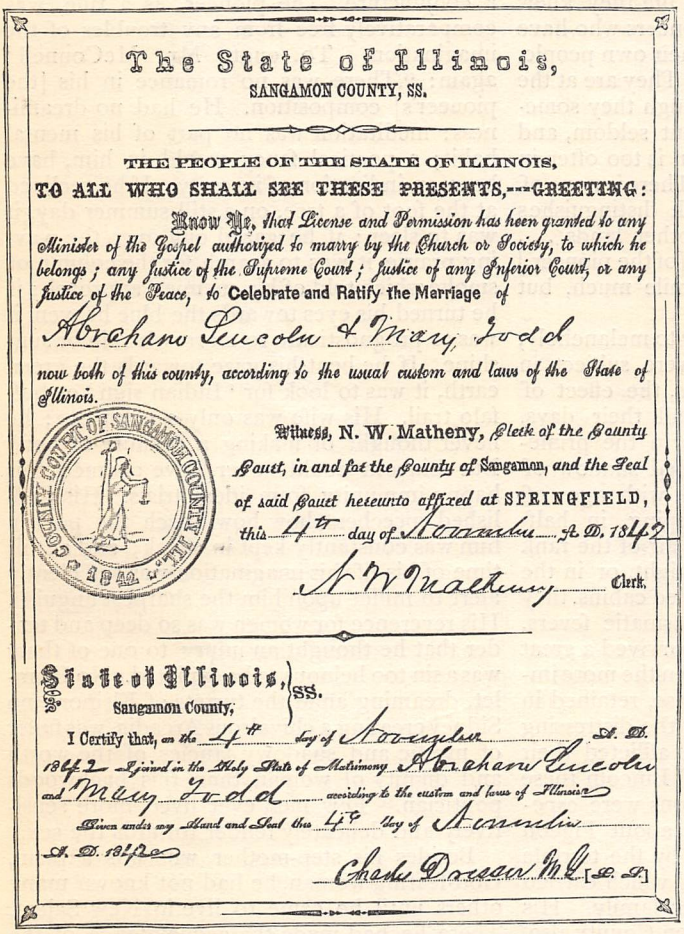
Upon a temperament thus predisposed to look at things in their darker aspect, it might naturally be expected that a love-affair which was not perfectly happy would be productive of great misery. But Lincoln seemed especially chosen to the keenest suffering in such a conjuncture. The pioneer, as a rule, was comparatively free from any troubles of the imagination. To quote Mr. McConnell† again: "There was no romance in his [the pioneer's] composition. He had no dreaminess; meditation was no part of his mental habit; a poetical fancy would, in him, have been an indication of insanity. If he reclined at the foot of a tree, on a still summer day, it was to sleep; if he gazed out over the waving prairie, it was to search for the column of smoke which told of his enemies' approach; if he turned his eyes towards the blue heaven, it was to prognosticate to-morrow's rain or sunshine. If he bent his gaze towards the green earth, it was to look for 'Indian sign' or buffalo trail. His wife was only a helpmate; he never thought of making a divinity of her." But Lincoln could never have claimed this happy immunity from ideal trials. His published speeches show how much the poet in him was constantly kept in check; and at this time of his life his imagination was sufficiently alert to inflict upon him the sharpest anguish. His reverence for women was so deep and tender that he thought an injury to one of them was a sin too heinous to be expiated. No Hamlet, dreaming amid the turrets of Elsinore, no Sidney creating a chivalrous Arcadia, was fuller of mystic and shadowy fancies of the worth and dignity of woman than this backwoods politician. Few men ever lived more sensitively and delicately tender towards the sex.

Besides his step-mother, who was a plain, God-fearing woman, he had not known many others until he came to live in New Salem. There he had made the acquaintance of the best people the settlement contained, and among them had become much attached to a young lady named Ann Rutledge, the daughter of one of the proprietors of the place. She died in her girlhood, and though there does not seem to have been any engagement between them, he was profoundly affected by her death. But the next year a young lady from Kentucky appeared in the village, to whom he paid such attentions as in his opinion fully committed him as a suitor for her hand. He admired her, and she seems to have merited the admiration of all the manhood

* "Western Characters," p. 134.

† "Western Characters," p. 126.

there was in New Salem. She was handsome and intelligent and of an admirable temper and disposition. While they were together he was constant in his attentions, and when he was at Vandalia or at Springfield, he continued his assiduities in some of the most singular love-letters ever written. They are filled mostly with remarks about current politics, and with arguments going to show that she had better not marry him! At the same time he clearly intimates that he is at her disposition if she is so inclined. At last, feeling that his honor and duty were involved, he made a direct proposal to her, and received an equally direct, kind, and courteous refusal. Not knowing but that this indicated merely a magnanimous desire to give him a chance for escape, he persisted in his offer, and she in her refusal. When the matter had ended in this perfectly satisfactory manner to all parties, he sat down and wrote, by way of epilogue to the play, a grotesquely comic account of the whole affair to a lady with whom and her husband he had contracted an intimate friendship at Vandalia. This letter has been published and severely criticised as showing a shocking lack of gentleman-like feeling. But those who take this view forget that he was writing to an intimate friend of a matter which had greatly occupied his own mind for a year; that he mentioned no names, and that he threw such an air of humorous unreality about the whole story that the lady who received it never dreamed that it recorded an actual occurrence until twenty-five years afterwards, when, having been asked to furnish it to a biographer, she was warned against doing so by the President himself, who said there was too much truth in it for print. The only significance the episode possesses is in showing this almost abnormal development of conscience in the young man who was perfectly ready to enter into a marriage which he dreaded simply because he thought he had given a young lady reason to think that he had such intentions. While we admit that this would have been an irremediable error, we cannot but wonder at the nobleness of the character to which it was possible.



The State of Illinois,
SANGAMON COUNTY, SS.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS,
TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS,---GREETING:

Know Ye, that License and Permission has been granted to any Minister of the Gospel authorized to marry by the Church or Society, to which he belongs; any Justice of the Supreme Court; Justice of any Inferior Court, or any Justice of the Peace, to Celebrate and Ratify the Marriage of

Abraham Lincoln & Mary Todd

now both of this county, according to the usual custom and laws of the State of Illinois.

Witness, N. W. Matheny, Clerk of the County Court, in and for the County of Sangamon, and the Seal of said Court hereunto affixed at SPRINGFIELD, this 4th day of November A. D. 1842

N W Matheny Clerk.

State of Illinois, } ss.
Sangamon County,

I Certify that, on the 4th day of November A. D. 1842 I joined in the Holy State of Matrimony Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd according to the custom and laws of Illinois

Given under my Hand and Seal this 4th day of November A. D. 1842

Charles Dresser M.G. [L. S.]

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
(IN POSSESSION OF KEYES LINCOLN MEMORIAL COLLECTION, CHICAGO.)

In this vastly more serious matter, which was, we may say at once, the crucial ordeal of his life, the same invincible truthfulness, the same innate goodness, the same horror of doing a wrong, are combined with an exquisite sensibility and a capacity for suffering which mark him as a man "picked out among ten thousand." His habit of relentless self-searching reveals to him a state of feeling which strikes him with dismay; his simple and inflexible veracity communicates his trouble and his misery to the woman whom he loves; his freedom, when he has gained it, yields him nothing but an agony of remorse and humiliation. He could not shake off his pain, like men of cooler heads and shallower hearts. It

PHOTOGRAPH SENT TO MRS. LUCY G. SPEED. (IN POSSESSION OF J. B. SPEED.)

took fast hold of him and dragged him into awful depths of darkness and torture. The letter to Stuart, which we have given, shows him emerging from the blackest period of that time of gloom. Immediately after this, he accompanied his close friend and confidant, Joshua F. Speed, to Kentucky, where, in a way so singular that no writer of fiction would dare to employ the incident, he became almost cured of his melancholy, and came back to Illinois and his work again.

Mr. Speed was a Kentuckian, carrying on a general mercantile business in Springfield — a brother of the distinguished lawyer, James Speed, of Louisville, who afterwards became Attorney-General of the United States. He was one of those men who seem to have to a greater extent than others the genius of friendship, the Pythias, the Pylades, the Horatios of the world. It is hardly too much to say that he was the only — as he was certainly the last — intimate friend that Lincoln ever had. He was his closest companion in Springfield, and in the evil days when the letter to Stuart was written he took him with brotherly love and authority under his special care. He closed up his affairs in Springfield, and went with Lincoln to Kentucky, and, introducing him to his own cordial and hospitable family circle, strove to soothe his perturbed spirit by every means which unaffected friendliness could suggest. That Lincoln found much comfort and edification in that genial companionship is shown by the fact that after he became President he sent to Mr. Speed's mother a photograph of himself, inscribed, "For Mrs. Lucy G. Speed, from whose pious hand I accepted the present of an Oxford Bible twenty years ago." But the principal means by which the current of his thoughts was changed was never dreamed of by himself or by his friend when they left Illinois. During this visit Speed himself fell in love, and became engaged to be married; and either by a singular chance or because the maladies of the soul may be propagated by constant association, the feeling of despairing melancholy, which he had found so morbid and so distressing an affliction in another, took possession of himself, and threw him into the same slough of despondency from which he had been laboring to rescue Lincoln. Between friends so intimate there were no concealments, and from the moment Lincoln found his services as

nurse and consoler needed, the violence of his own sorrow seemed to diminish. The two young men were in Springfield together in the autumn, and Lincoln seems by that time to have laid aside his own peculiar besetments, in order to minister to his friend. They knew the inmost thoughts of each other's hearts and each relied upon the honesty and loyalty of the other to an extent rare among men. When Speed returned to Kentucky, to a happiness which awaited him there, so bright that it dazzled and blinded his moral vision, Lincoln continued his counsels and encouragements in letters which are remarkable for their tenderness and delicacy of thought and expression. Like another poet, he looked into his own heart and wrote. His own deeper nature had suffered from these same fantastic sorrows and terrors; of his own grief he made a medicine for his comrade.

While Speed was still with him, he wrote a long letter, which he put into his hands at parting, full of wise and affectionate reasonings, to be read when he should feel the need of it. He predicts for him a period of nervous depression — first, because he will be "exposed to bad weather on his journey, and, secondly, because of the absence of all business and conversation of friends which might divert his mind and give it occasional rest from the intensity of thought which will sometimes wear the sweetest idea threadbare, and turn it to the bitterness of death." The third cause, he says, " is the rapid and near approach of that crisis on which all your thoughts and feelings concentrate." If in spite of all these circumstances he should escape without a "twinge of the soul," his friend will be most happily

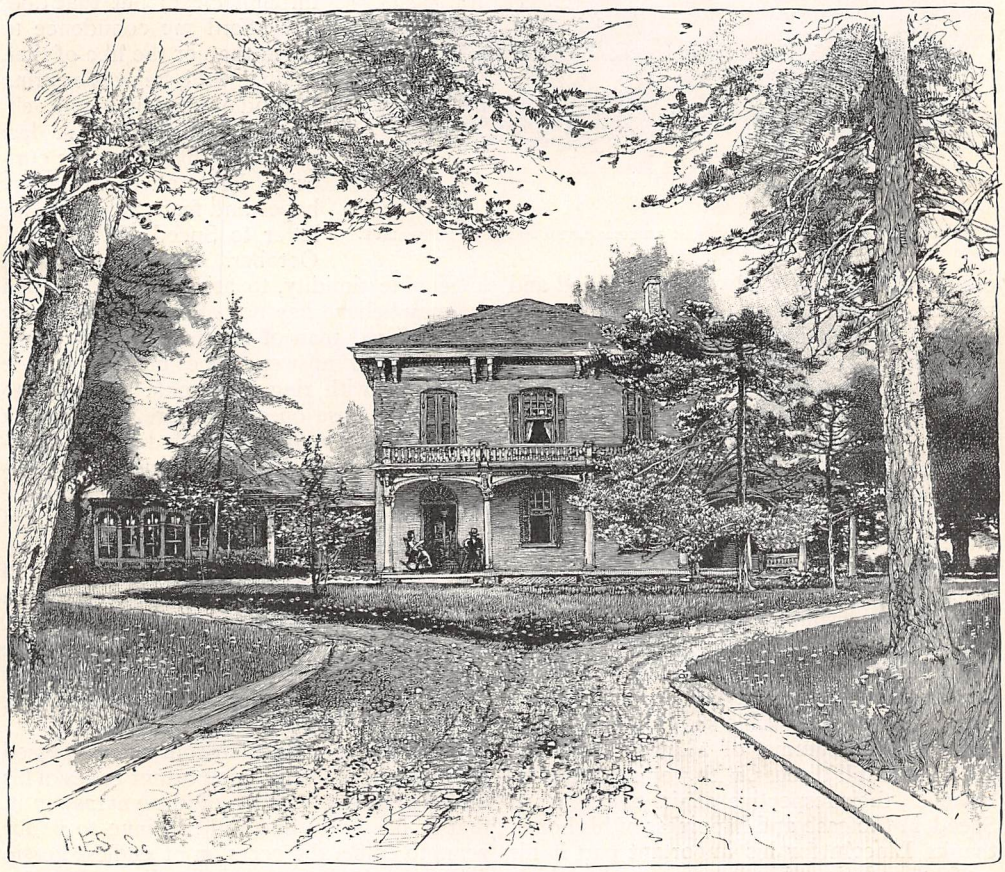
REV. CHARLES DRESSER, WHO MARRIED ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND MARY TODD. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

GOV. NINIAN EDWARDS (ABOUT 1822). FROM AN ENGRAVING BY H. B. HALL & SONS.

deceived; but, he continues, " if you shall, as I expect you will at some time, be agonized and distressed, let me, who have some reason to speak with judgment on such a subject, beseech you to ascribe it to the causes I have mentioned, and not to some false and ruinous suggestion of the Devil." This forms the prelude to an ingenious and affectionate argument in which he labors to convince Speed of the loveliness of his betrothed and of the integrity of his own heart; a strange task, one would say, to undertake in behalf of a young and ardent lover. But the two men understood each other, and the service thus rendered was gratefully received and remembered by Speed all his life. Lincoln wrote again on the 3d of February, 1842, congratulating Speed upon a recent severe illness of his destined bride, for the reason that " your present distress and anxiety about her health must forever banish those horrid doubts which you feel as to the truth of your affection for her." As the period of Speed's marriage drew near, Lincoln's letters betray the most intense anxiety. He cannot wait to hear the news from his friend, but writes to him about the time of the wedding, admitting that he is writing in the dark, that words from a bachelor may be worthless to a Benedick, but still unable to keep silence. He hopes he is happy with his wife, " but should I be mistaken in this, should excessive pleasure still be accompanied with a painful counterpart at times, still let me urge you, as I have ever done, to remember in the

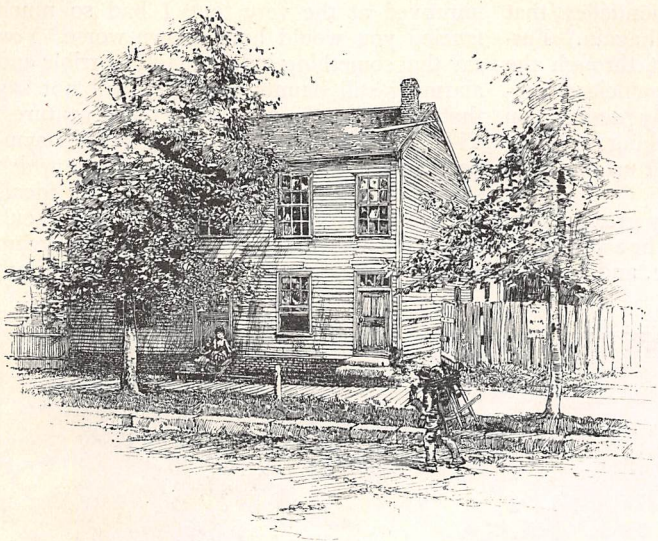
depth and even agony of despondency, that very shortly you are to feel well again." Further on he says, "If you went through the ceremony calmly, or even with sufficient composure not to excite alarm in any present, you are safe beyond question," seeking by every device of subtle affection to lift up the heart of his friend.

With a solicitude apparently greater than that of the nervous bridegroom, he awaited the announcement of the marriage, and when it



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS MARRIED, THEN OWNED BY NINIAN W. EDWARDS, NOW OCCUPIED AS ST. AGATHA'S SCHOOL.

came he wrote (February 25th), "I opened the letter with intense anxiety and trepidation; so much that, although it turned out better than I expected, I have hardly yet, at the distance of ten hours, become calm. I tell you, Speed, our forebodings, for which you and I are peculiar, are all the worst sort of nonsense. I fancied from the time I received your letter of Saturday that the one of Wednesday was never to come, and yet it did come, and, what is more, it is perfectly clear, both from its tone and handwriting, that . . . you had obviously improved at the very time I had so much fancied you would have grown worse. You say that something indescribably horrible and alarming still haunts you. You will not say that three months from now, I will venture." The letter goes on in the same train of sympathetic cheer, but there is one phrase which strikes the keynote of all lives whose ideals are too high for fulfillment: "It is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that any-thing earthly can realize." But before long a letter came from Speed, who had settled with his black-eyed Kentucky wife upon a well-stocked plantation, disclaiming any further fellowship of misery and announcing the beginnings of that life of uneventful happiness which he led ever after. His peace of mind has become a matter of course; he dismisses the subject in a line, but dilates, with a new planter's rapture, upon the beauties and attractions of his farm. Lincoln frankly answers that he cares nothing about his farm. "I can



GLOBE TAVERN, SPRINGFIELD, WHERE LINCOLN LIVED AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.

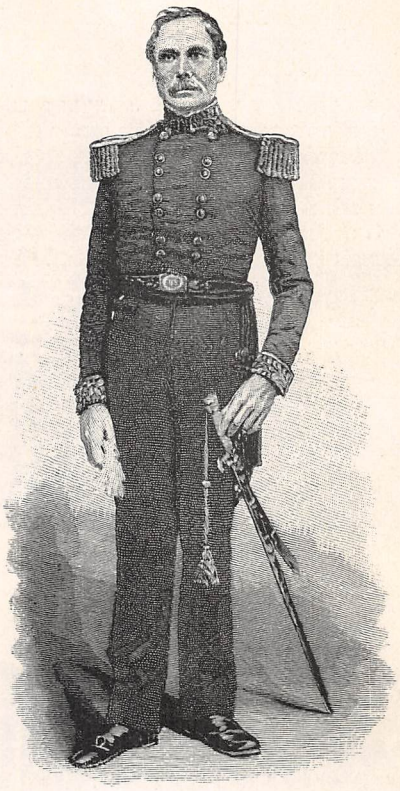
only say that I am glad *you* are satisfied and pleased with it. But on that other subject, to me of the most intense interest whether in joy or sorrow, I never had the power to withhold my sympathy from you. It cannot be told how it now thrills me with joy to hear you say you are 'far happier than you ever expected to be.' . . . I am not going beyond the truth when I tell you that the short space it took me to read your last letter gave me more pleasure than the total sum of all I have enjoyed since the fatal 1st of January, 1841. Since then it seems to me I should have been entirely happy, but for the never-absent idea that there is *one* still unhappy whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing myself to be happy while she is otherwise."

During the summer of 1842 the letters of the friends still discuss, with waning intensity, however, their respective affairs of the heart. Speed, in the ease and happiness of his home, thanks Lincoln for his important part in his welfare, and gives him sage counsel for himself. Lincoln replies (July 4th, 1842), "I could not have done less than I did. I always was superstitious; I believe God made me one of the instruments of bringing your Fanny and you together, which union I have no doubt he foreordained. Whatever he designs, he will do for me yet." A better name than "superstition" might properly be applied to this frame of mind. He acknowledges Speed's kindly advice, but says, "Before I resolve to do the one thing or the other, I must gain my confidence in my own ability to keep my resolves when they are made. In that ability you know I once prided myself, as the only or chief gem of my character; that gem I lost, how and where you know too well. I have not yet regained it; and until I do I cannot trust myself in any matter of much importance. I believe now, that had you understood my case at the time as well as I understood yours afterwards, by the aid you would have given me I should have sailed through clear; but that does not afford me confidence to begin that, or the like of that, again." Still, he was nearing the end of his doubts and self-torturing sophistry. A last glimpse of his imperious curiosity, kept alive by saucy hopes and fears, is seen in his letter to Speed of the 5th of October. He ventures, with a genuine timidity, to ask a question which we may believe has not often been asked by one civilized man of another, with the hope of a candid answer, since marriages were celebrated with ring and book. "I want to ask you a close question — Are you now, in *feeling* as well as *judgment*, glad you are married as you are? From anybody but me this would be an impudent question, not to be tolerated; but I know you will pardon it in me. Please answer it quickly, as I am impatient to know." It is probable that Mr. Speed replied promptly in the way in which such questions must almost of necessity be answered. On the 4th of November, 1842, a marriage license was issued to Lincoln, and on the same day he was married, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Charles Dresser.

In this way Abraham Lincoln met and passed through one of the most important crises of his life. There was so much of idiosyncrasy in it, that it has been, and will continue to be for years to come, the occasion of endless gossip in Sangamon County and elsewhere. Because it was not precisely like the experience of other people, who are married and given in marriage every day without any ado, a dozen conflicting stories have grown up, more or less false and injurious to both contracting parties. But it may not be fanciful to suppose that characters like that of Lincoln, elected for great conflicts and trials, are fashioned by different processes from those of ordinary men, and pass their stated ordeals in a different way. By circumstances which seem commonplace enough to commonplace people, he was thrown for more than a year into a sea of perplexities and sufferings beyond the reach of

the common run of souls. It is as useless as it would be indelicate to seek to penetrate in detail the incidents and special causes which produced in his mind this darkness as of the valley of the shadow of death. There was probably nothing worth recording in them; we are only concerned with their effect upon a character which was to be hereafter for all time one of the possessions of the nation. It is enough for us to know that a great trouble came upon him, and that he bore it nobly after his kind. That the manner in which he confronted this crisis was strangely different from that of most men in similar circumstances need surely occasion no surprise. Neither in this nor in other matters was he shaped in the average mold of his contemporaries. In many respects he was doomed to a certain loneliness of excellence. Few men that ever lived have had his stern and tyrannous sense of duty, his womanly tenderness of heart, his wakeful and inflexible conscience, which was so easy towards others and so merciless towards himself. Therefore when the time came for all of these qualities at once to be put to the most strenuous proof, the whole course of his development and tendency of his nature made it inevitable that his suffering should be of the keenest and his final triumph over himself should be of the most complete and signal character. In that struggle his youth of reveries and day-dreams passed away. Such furnace-blasts of proof, such pangs of transformation, seem necessary for the exceptional natures.

HALLWAY OF THE SPEED HOMESTEAD.



BRIG.-GEN. JAMES SHIELDS (1852).
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF DAVID DELANY, ESQ.)

The bread eaten in tears, of which Goethe speaks, the sleepless nights of sorrow, are required for a clear vision of the celestial powers. Fortunately the same qualities that occasion the conflict insure the victory also. From days of gloom and depression, such as we have been considering, no doubt came precious results in the way of sympathy, self-restraint, and that sober reliance on the final triumph of good over evil peculiar to those who have been greatly tried but not destroyed. The late but splendid maturity of Lincoln's mind and character dates from this time, and, although he grew in strength and knowledge to the end, from this year we observe a steadiness and sobriety of thought and purpose, as discernible in his life as in his style. He was like a blade forged in fire and tempered in the ice-brook, ready for battle whenever the battle might come.

THE SHIELDS DUEL.

An incident which occurred during the summer preceding Mr. Lincoln's marriage, and which in the opinion of many had its influence in hastening that event, deserves some atten-

THE SPEED HOMESTEAD AT FARMINGTON, THREE MILES FROM LOUISVILLE, WHERE LINCOLN VISITED IN 1841.

political parties more than disgrace. The currency of the State banks was well-nigh worthless, but it constituted nearly the only circulating medium in the State. In the middle of August the Governor, Auditor, and Treasurer issued a circular forbidding the payment of State taxes in this depreciated paper. This order was naturally taken by the Whigs as indicating on the part of these officers a keener interest in the integrity of their salaries than in the public welfare, and it was therefore severely attacked in all the opposition newspapers of the State. The sharpest assault it had to endure, however, was in a communication, dated August 27th, and printed in the "Sangamon Journal" of September 2d, not only dissecting the administration circular with the most savage satire, but covering the Auditor with merciless personal ridicule. It was written in the dialect of the country, dated from the "Lost Townships," and signed "Rebecca," and purported to come from a farmer widow of the county, who expressed in this fashion her discontent with the evil course of affairs.

tion, if only from its incongruity with the rest of his history. This was the farce — which aspired at one time to be a tragedy — of his first and last duel. Among the officers of the State Government was a young Irishman named James Shields, who owed his post as Auditor, in great measure, to that alien vote which the Democrats had overturned the Supreme Court to gain. The finances of the State were in a deplorable condition: the treasury was empty; auditor's warrants were selling at half their nominal value; no more money was to be borrowed, and taxation was dreaded by both

Shields was a man of inordinate vanity

and a corresponding irascibility. He was for that reason an irresistible mark for satire. Through a long life of somewhat conspicuous public service, he never lost a certain tone of absurdity which can only be accounted for by the qualities we have mentioned. Even his honorable wounds in battle, while they were productive of great public applause and political success, gained him scarcely less ridicule than praise. He never could refrain from talking of them himself, having none of Coriolanus's repugnance in that respect, and for that reason was a constant target for newspaper wits. Mr. Prentice of Louisville once gravely said of him: "It is really wonderful that Shields survived that shot through his bowels. Now, if it had been through his head no one would have expected any serious result." After he returned from the Mexican war, with his laurels still green, and at the close of the canvass which had made him Senator, he wrote an incredible letter to Judge Breese, his principal competitor, in which he committed the gratuitous folly of informing him that "he had sworn in his heart [if Breese had been elected] that he should never have profited by his success; and depend upon it," he added, in the amazing and useless impudence of triumph, "I would have kept that vow, regardless of consequences. That, however, is now past, and the vow is canceled by your defeat." He then went on, with threats equally indecent, to make certain demands which were altogether inadmissible, and which Judge Breese only noticed by sending this preposterous letter to the press.*

It may easily be imagined that a man who, after being elected a Senator of the United States, was capable of the insane insolence of signing his name to a letter informing his defeated competitor that he would have killed him if the result had been different, would not have been likely, when seven years younger, to bear newspaper ridicule with equanimity. His fury against the unknown author of the satire was the subject of much merriment in Springfield, and the next week another letter appeared, from a different hand, but adopting the machinery of the first, in which the widow offered to make up the quarrel by marrying the Auditor, and this in time was followed by an epithalamium, in which this happy compromise was celebrated in very bad verses. In the change of hands all the humor of the thing had evaporated, and nothing was left but feminine mischief on one side and the exasperation of wounded vanity on the other. Shields, however, had talked so much about the matter that he now felt imperatively called upon to act, and he therefore sent General Whiteside to demand from the "Journal" the name of its contributor. Mr. Francis, the editor, was in a quandary. Lincoln had written the first letter, and the antic fury of Shields had induced two young ladies who took a lively interest in Illinois politics — and with good reason, for one was to be the wife of a Senator and the other of a President — to follow up the game with attacks in prose and verse which, however deficient in wit and meter, were not wanting in pungency. In his dilemma he ap-

WILLIAM H. HERNDON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY INGMIRE.)

plied to Lincoln, who, as he was starting to attend court at Tremont, told him to give his name and withhold those of the ladies. As soon as Whiteside received this information, he and his fiery principal set out for Tremont, and as Shields did nothing in silence, the news came to Lincoln's friends, two of whom, William Butler and Dr. Merryman, one of those combative medical men who have almost disappeared from American society, went off in a buggy in pursuit. They soon came in sight of the others, but loitered in the rear until evening, and then drove rapidly to Tremont, arriving there some time in advance of Shields; so that in the ensuing negotiations Lincoln had the assistance of friends whose fidelity and whose nerve were equally beyond question. It would be useless to recount all the tedious preliminaries of the affair. Shields

* "National Intelligencer," Feb. 28, 1849.

HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN LIVED WHEN HE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT.

opened the correspondence, as might have been expected, with blustering and with threats; his nature had no other way of expressing itself. His first letter was taken as a bar to any explanation or understanding, and he afterwards wrote a second, a little less offensive in tone, but without withdrawing the first. At every interview of the seconds General Whiteside deplored the bloodthirsty disposition of his principal, and urged that Mr. Lincoln should make the concessions which alone would prevent lamentable results. These representations seemed to avail nothing however, and the parties, after endless talk, went to Alton and crossed the river to the Missouri shore. It seemed for a moment that the fight must take place. The terms had been left by the code, as then understood in the West, to Lincoln, and he certainly made no grudging use of his privilege. The weapons chosen were "cavalry broadswords of the largest size"; and the combatants were to stand on either side of a board placed on the ground, each to fight in a limit of six feet on his own side of the board. It was evident that Lincoln did not desire the death of his adversary, and did not intend to be materially injured himself. The advantage morally was altogether against him. He felt intensely the stupidity of the whole affair, but thought he could not avoid it without degradation; while to Shields such a fracas was a delight. It came to its natural end by the intervention of the usual "gods out of a machine," the gods being John J. Hardin and one Dr. English, and the machine a canoe in which they had hastily paddled across the Mississippi. Mr. Shields suffered himself to be persuaded to withdraw his offensive challenge. Lincoln then made the explanation he had been ready to make from the beginning; avowing the one letter he had written, and saying that it had been printed solely for political effect, and without any intention of injuring Shields personally.

One would think that, after a week passed in such unprofitable trifling, the parties, principal and secondary, would have been willing to drop the matter forever. We are sure that Lincoln would have been glad to banish it, even from his memory; but to men like Shields and Whiteside the peculiar relish and enjoyment of such an affair is its publicity. On the 3d of October, therefore, eleven days after the meeting, as public attention seemed to be flagging, Whiteside wrote an account of it to the "Sangamon Journal," for which he does not forget to say, "I hold myself responsible!" Of course he seizes the occasion to paint a heroic portrait of himself and his principal. It was an excellent story until the next week, when Dr. Merryman, who seems to have wielded a pen like a scalpel, gave a much fuller history of the matter, which he substantiated by printing all the documents, and,

not content with that, gave little details of the negotiations which show, either that Whiteside was one of the most grotesque braggarts of the time, or that Merryman was an admirable writer of comic fiction. Among the most amusing facts he brought forward was that Whiteside, being a Fund Commissioner of the State, ran the risk of losing his office by engaging in a duel; and his anxiety to appear reckless and dangerous, and yet keep within the statute and save his salary, was depicted by Merryman with a droll fidelity. He concluded by charging Whiteside plainly with "inefficiency and want of knowledge of those laws which govern gentlemen in matters of this kind," and with "trying to wipe out his fault by doing an act of injustice to Mr. Lincoln."

The town was greatly diverted by these pungent echoes of the bloodless fight, and Shields and Whiteside felt that their honor was still out of repair. A rapid series of challenges succeeded among the parties, principals and seconds changing places as deftly as dancers in a quadrille. The Auditor challenged Mr. Butler, who had been very outspoken in his contemptuous comments on the affair. Butler at once accepted, and with a grim sincerity announced his conditions — "to fight next morning at sunrising in Bob Allen's meadow, one hundred yards' distance, with rifles." This was instantly declined, with a sort of horror, by Shields and Whiteside, as such a proceeding would have proved fatal to their official positions and their means of livelihood. They probably cared less for the chances of harm from Butler's Kentucky rifle than for the certainty of the Illinois law which cut off all duelists from holding office in the State. But, on the other hand, so unreasonable is human nature as displayed among politicians, General Whiteside felt that if he bore patiently the winged words of Merryman, his availability as a candidate was greatly damaged; and he therefore sent to the witty doctor what Mr. Lincoln called "a quasi-challenge," hurling at him a modified defiance, which should be enough to lure him to the field of honor, and yet not sufficiently explicit to lose Whiteside the dignity and perquisites of Fund Commissioner. Merryman, not being an office-holder and having no salary to risk, responded with brutal directness, which was highly unsatisfactory to Whiteside, who was determined not to fight unless he could do so lawfully; and Lincoln, who now acted as second to the doctor in his turn, records the cessation of the correspondence amid the agonized explanations of Whiteside and the scornful hootings of Merryman, "while the town was in a ferment and a street fight somewhat anticipated." In respect to the last diversion the town was disappointed.

Shields lost nothing by the hilarity which this burlesque incident created. He was reserved for a career of singular luck and glory mingled with signal misfortunes. With little discernible merit or availability about him except his nationality, he continued throughout a long lifetime to be selected at intervals for the highest positions, because he was an Irishman. After he ceased to be Auditor he was elected a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois; while still holding that position he applied for the place of Commissioner of the General Land Office, and his application was successful. When the Mexican war broke out he asked for a commission as brigadier-general, although he still held his civil appointment, and, to the amazement of the whole army, he was given that important command before he had ever seen a day's service. At the battle of Cerro Gordo he was shot through the lungs, and this wound made him a Senator as soon as he returned from the war. After he had served one term in the Senate, he removed from Illinois, and was soon sent back to the same body from Minnesota. In the war of the rebellion he was again appointed a brigadier-general by his old adversary, for the same cogent ethnological reasons to which he owed all his honors, and was again wounded in a battle in which he defeated the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson; and many years after Lincoln was laid to sleep beneath a mountain of marble at Springfield, Shields was made the shuttlecock of contending demagogues in Congress — each striving to gain Irish votes by giving public money to the battered veteran — until in the impulse of that transient controversy, the State of Missouri, finding the gray-headed adventurer in her borders, for the third time sent him to the Senate of the United States for a few weeks — a history unparalleled even in America.

We have reason to think that the whole affair was excessively distasteful to Lincoln. He did not even enjoy the ludicrousness of it, as might have been expected. He never — so far as we can learn — alluded to it afterward, and the recollection of it died away so completely from the minds of people in the State, that during the heated canvass of 1860 there was no mention of this disagreeable episode in the opposition papers of Illinois. It had been absolutely forgotten.

This was Mr. Lincoln's last personal quarrel. Although the rest of his life was passed in hot and earnest debate, he never again descended to the level of his adversaries, who would gladly enough have resorted to unseemly wrangling. In later years it became

his duty to give an official reprimand to a young officer who had been court-martialed for a quarrel with one of his associates. The reprimand is probably the gentlest recorded in the annals of penal discourses, and it shows in few words the principles which ruled the conduct of this great and peaceable man. It has never before been published, and it deserves to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every gymnasium and college.

"The advice of a father to his son, 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee!' is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1844.

In the letter to Stuart which we have quoted, Lincoln announced his intention to form a partnership with Judge Logan, which was soon carried out. His connection with Stuart was formally dissolved in April, 1841, and one with Logan formed which continued for four years. It may almost be said that Lincoln's practice as a lawyer begins from this time. Stuart, though even then giving promise of the distinction at which he arrived in his profession later in life, was at that period so entirely devoted to politics that the business of the office was altogether a secondary matter to him; and Lincoln, although no longer in his first youth, being now thirty-two years of age, had not yet formed those habits of close application which are indispensable to permanent success at the bar. He was not behind the greater part of his contemporaries in this respect. Among all the lawyers of the circuit who were then, or who afterwards became, eminent practitioners,* there were few indeed who in those days applied themselves with any degree of persistency to the close study of legal principles. One of these few was Stephen T. Logan. He was more or less a politician, as were all his compeers at the bar, but he was always more a lawyer than anything else. He had that love for his profession which it jealously exacts as a condition of succeeding. He possessed few books, and it used to be said of him long afterwards that he carried his library in his hat. But the books which he had he never ceased to read and ponder, and we heard him say when he was sixty years old, that once every year since he came of age he had read "Blackstone's Commentaries" through. He had that old-fashioned, lawyer-like morality which was keenly intolerant of any laxity or slovenliness of mind or character. His former partner had been Edward D. Baker, but this brilliant, mercurial, irascible spirit was not congenial to Logan; Baker's carelessness in money matters was intolerable to him, and he was glad to escape from an associate so gifted and so exasperating.† Needing some one, however, to assist him in his practice, which was then considerable, he invited Lincoln into partnership. He had, as we have seen, formed a favorable opinion of the young Kentuckian the first time they had met. In his subsequent acquaintance with him he had come to recognize and respect his abilities, his unpretending common sense, and his innate integrity. The partnership continued about four years, but the benefit Lincoln derived from it lasted all his life. The example of Judge Logan's thrift, order, and severity of morals; his straightforward devotion to his profession; his close and careful study of his cases, together with the larger and more important range of practice to which Lincoln was introduced by this new association, confirmed all those salutary tendencies by which he had been led into the profession, and corrected those less desirable ones which he shared with most of the lawyers about him. He began for the first time to study his cases with energy and patience; to resist the tendency, almost universal at that day, to supply with florid rhetoric the attorney's deficiency in law; in short, to educate, discipline, and train the enormous faculty, hitherto latent in him, for close and severe intellectual labor. Logan, who had expected that Lincoln's chief value to him would be as a talking advocate before the jury, was surprised and pleased to find his new partner rapidly becoming a lawyer. "He would study out his case and make about as much of it as anybody," said Logan, many years afterwards. "His ambition as a lawyer increased; he grew constantly. By close study of each case, as it came up, he got to be quite a formidable lawyer." The character of the man is in these words. He had vast concerns intrusted to him in the

* They were Dan Stone, Jesse B. Thomas, Cyrus Walker, Schuyler Strong, A. T. Bledsoe, George Forquer, S. H. Treat, Ninian W. Edwards, Josiah Lamborn, John J. Hardin, E. D. Baker, and others.

† Logan's office was, in fact, a nursery of statesmen. Three of his partners, William L. May, Baker, and Lincoln, left him in rapid succession to go to Congress, and finally the contagion gained the head of the firm, and the Judge was himself the candidate of his party, when it was no longer able to elect one. After he had retired from practice, the office, under his son-in-law and successor, Milton Hay, retained its prestige for cradling public men. Palmer and Cullom left it to be Governors of the State, and the latter to be a Congressman and Senator.

course of his life, and disposed of them one at a time as they were presented. At the end of four years the partnership was dissolved. Judge Logan took his son David — afterwards a well-known politician and lawyer of Oregon — into his office, and Lincoln opened one of his own, into which he soon invited a young, bright, and enthusiastic man named William Henry Herndon, who remained his partner as long as he lived.

The old partners remained close and intimate friends. They practiced at the same bar for twenty years, often as associates, and often as adversaries, but always with relations of mutual confidence and regard. They had the unusual honor, while they were still comparatively young men, of seeing their names indissolubly associated in the map of their State as a memorial to future ages of their friendship and their fame, in the county of Logan, of which the city of Lincoln is the county seat.

They both prospered, each in his way. Logan rapidly gained a great reputation and accumulated an ample fortune. Lincoln, while he did not become rich, always earned a respectable livelihood, and never knew the care of poverty or debt from that time forward. His wife and he suited their style of living to their means, and were equally removed from luxury and privation. They went to live, immediately after their marriage, at a boarding-house* called "The Globe," which was "very well kept by a widow lady of the name of Beck," and there their first child was born, who was one day to be Secretary of War, and for whom was reserved the strange experience of standing by the death-bed of two assassinated Presidents. Lincoln afterwards built a comfortable but unpretending house of wood on the corner of Eighth and Jackson streets, where he lived until he removed to the Executive Mansion.

Neither his marriage nor his new professional interests, however, put an end to his participation in politics. Even that period of gloom and depression of which we have spoken, and which has been so much exaggerated by the chroniclers and the gossip of Springfield, could not have interrupted for any length of time his activity as a member of the Legislature. Only for a few days was he absent from his place in the House. On the 19th of January, 1841, John J. Hardin apologized for the delay in some committee business, alleging Mr. Lincoln's indisposition as an excuse. On the 23d the letter to Stuart was written; but on the 26th Lincoln had so far recovered his self-possession as to resume his place in the House and the leadership of his party. The journals of the next month show his constant activity and prominence in the routine business of the Legislature until it adjourned. In August Stuart was re-elected to Congress. Lincoln made his visit to Kentucky with Speed, and returned to find himself generally talked of for Governor of the State. This idea did not commend itself to the judgment of himself or his friends, and accordingly we find in the "Sangamon Journal" one of those semi-official announcements so much in vogue in early Western politics, which, while disclaiming any direct inspiration from Mr. Lincoln, expresses the gratitude of his friends for the movement in his favor, but declines the nomination.

"His talents and services endear him to the Whig party; but we do not believe he desires the nomination. He has already made great sacrifices in maintaining his party principles, and before his political friends ask him to make additional sacrifices, the subject should be well considered. The office of Governor, which would of necessity interfere with the practice of his profession, would poorly compensate him for the loss of four of the best years of his life."

He served this year as a member of the Whig Central Committee, and bore a prominent part in the movement set on foot at that time to check intemperance in the use of spirits. It was a movement in the name and memory of Washington, and the orators of the cause made effective rhetorical use of its august associations. A passage from the close of a speech made by Lincoln, in March, 1842, shows the fervor and feeling of the hour:

"Washington is the mightiest name of earth — long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

A mass meeting of the Whigs of the district was held at Springfield on the 1st of March, 1843, for the purpose of organizing the party for the elections of the year. On this occasion Lincoln was the most prominent figure. He called the meeting to order, stated its object, and drew up the platform of principles, which embraced the orthodox Whig tenets of a protective tariff, national bank, the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and, finally, the tardy conversion of the party to the convention system, which had been forced upon them by the example of the Democrats, who had shown them that victory could not be organized without it. Lincoln was also chairman of the committee which was charged with the address to the people, and a paragraph from this document is worth quoting, as showing the use which he made

* This house is still standing, opposite St. Paul's church.

at that early day of a pregnant text which was hereafter to figure in a far more momentous connection, and exercise a powerful influence upon his career. Exhorting the Whigs to harmony, he says: "That union is strength is a truth that has been known, illustrated, and declared in various ways and forms in all ages of the world. That great fabulist and philosopher, Æsop, illustrated it by his fable of the bundle of sticks; and he whose wisdom surpasses that of all philosophers has declared that 'a house divided against itself cannot stand.'" He calls to mind the victory of 1840, the overwhelming Whig majority of that year, the ill success of the party since, and the necessity of unity and concord that the party may make its entire strength felt.

Lincoln was at this time a candidate for the Whig nomination to Congress; but he was confronted by formidable competition. The adjoining county of Morgan was warmly devoted to one of its own citizens, John J. Hardin, a man of an unusually gallant and chivalrous strain of character; and several other counties, for reasons not worth considering, were pledged to support any one whom Morgan county presented. If Lincoln had carried Sangamon county, his strength was so great in Menard and Mason, where he was personally known, that he could have been easily nominated. But Edward D. Baker had long coveted a seat in Congress, and went into the contest against Lincoln with many points in his favor. He was of about the same age, but had resided longer in the district, had a larger personal acquaintance, and was a much readier and more pleasing speaker. In fact, there are few men who have ever lived in this country with more of the peculiar temperament of the orator than Edward Dickinson Baker. It is related of him that on one occasion when the circumstances called for a policy of reserve, he was urged by his friends to go out upon a balcony and address an impromptu audience which was calling for him. "No," he replied, mistrusting his own fluency; "if I go out there, I'll make a better speech than I want to." He was hardly capable of the severe study and care by which great parliamentary speakers are bred; but before a popular audience, and on all occasions where brilliant and effective improvisation is called for, he was almost unequaled. His funeral oration over the dead body of Senator Broderick in California, his thrilling and inspiriting appeal in Union Square, New York, at the great meeting of April, 1861, and his reply to Breckinridge in the Senate delivered upon the impulse of the moment, conceived as he listened to the Kentuckian's peroration, leaning against the doorway of the Chamber in full uniform, booted and spurred, as he had ridden into Washington from the camp, are among the most remarkable specimens of absolutely improvised and thrilling eloquence which our annals contain. He was also a man of extremely prepossessing appearance. Born in England of poor but educated parents, and brought as a child to this country, his good looks and brightness had early attracted the attention of prominent gentlemen in the State, especially of Governor Edwards, who had made much of him and assisted him to a good education. He had met with considerable success as a lawyer, though he always relied rather upon his eloquence than his law, and there were few juries which could resist the force and fury of his speech, and not many lawyers could keep their own equanimity in the face of his witty persiflage and savage sarcasm. To all this add a genuine love of every species of combat, physical and moral, and we may understand the name Charles Sumner — paraphrasing a well-known epigram — applied to him in the Senate, after his heroic death at Ball's Bluff, "the Prince Rupert of battle and debate."

If Baker had relied upon his own unquestionable merits he would have been reasonably sure of succeeding in a community so well acquainted with him as Sangamon county. But to make assurance doubly sure his friends resorted to tactics which Lincoln, the most magnanimous and placable of men, thought rather unfair. Baker and his wife belonged to that numerous and powerful sect which has several times played so important a part in Western politics — the Disciples. They all supported him energetically, and used as arguments against Lincoln that his wife was a Presbyterian, that most of her family were Episcopalians, that Lincoln himself belonged to no church and that he had been suspected of deism, and, finally, that he was the candidate of the aristocracy. This last charge so amazed Lincoln that he was unable to frame any satisfactory answer to it. The memory of his flatboating days, of his illiterate youth, even of his deer-skin breeches shrunken by rain and exposure, appeared to have no power against this unexpected and baleful charge. When the county convention met, the delegates to the district convention were instructed to cast the vote of Sangamon for Baker. It showed the confidence of the convention in the imperturbable good-nature of the defeated candidate that they elected him a delegate to the Congressional convention charged with the cause of his successful rival. In a letter to Speed, he humorously refers to his situation as that of a rejected suitor who is asked to act as groomsman at the wedding of his sweetheart.

It soon became evident that Baker could not get strength enough outside of the county to nominate him. Lincoln in a letter to Speed, written in May, said: "In relation to our Congress matter here, you were right in supposing I would support the nominee. Neither Baker nor I, however, is the man, but Hardin, so far as I can judge from present appearances. We shall have no split or trouble about the matter; all will be harmony." A few days later this prediction was realized. The convention met at Pekin, nominated Hardin with all the customary symptoms of spontaneous enthusiasm. He was elected in August,* after a short but active canvass, in which Lincoln bore his part as usual. Hardin took his seat in December. The next year the time of holding elections was changed, and always afterwards the candidates were elected the year before vacancies were to occur. In May, 1844, therefore, Baker attained the desire of his heart by being nominated, and in August he was elected, defeating John Calhoun, while Lincoln had the laborious and honorable post of Presidential Elector.

It was not the first nor the last time that he acted in this capacity. The place had become his by a sort of prescription. His persuasive and convincing oratory was thought so useful to his party that every four years he was sent, in the character of electoral canvasser, to the remotest regions of the State to talk to the people in their own dialect, with their own habits of thought and feeling, in favor of the Whig candidate. The office had its especial charm for him: if beaten, as generally happened, the defeat had no personal significance; if elected, the functions of the place were discharged in one day, and the office passed from existence. But there was something more than the orator and the partisan concerned in this campaign of 1844. The whole heart of the man was enlisted in it — for the candidate was the beloved and idolized leader of the Whigs, Henry Clay. It is probable that we shall never see again in this country another such instance of the personal devotion of a party to its chieftain as that which was shown by the long and wonderful career of Mr. Clay. He became prominent in the politics of Kentucky near the close of the last century at twenty-three years of age. He was elected first to the Senate at twenty-nine. He died a Senator at seventy-five, and for the greater part of that long interval he was the most considerable personal influence in American politics. As Senator, Representative, Speaker of the House, and diplomatist, he filled the public eye for half a century, and although he twice peremptorily retired from office, and although he was the mark of the most furious partisan hatred all his days, neither his own weariness nor the malice of his enemies could ever keep him for any length of time from that commanding position for which his temperament and his nature designed him. He was beloved, respected, and served by his adherents with a single-hearted allegiance which seems impossible to the more complex life of a later generation. In 1844, it is true, he was no longer young, and his power may be said to have been on the decline. But there were circumstances connected with this his last candidacy which excited his faithful followers to a peculiar intensity of devotion. He had been, as many thought, unjustly passed over in 1840, and General Harrison, a man of greatly inferior capacity, preferred to him on grounds of prudence and expediency, after three days of balloting had shown that the eloquent Kentuckian had more friends and more enemies than any other man in the Republic. He had seemed to regain all his popularity by the prompt and frank support which he gave to the candidacy of Harrison; and after the President's death and the treachery of Tyler had turned the victory of the Whigs into dust and ashes, the entire party came back to Clay with passionate affection and confidence, to lead them in the desperate battle which perhaps no man could have won. The Whigs, however, were far from appreciating this. There is evident in all their utterances of the spring and early summer of 1844, an ardent and almost furious conviction, not only of the necessity but the certainty of success. Mr. Clay was nominated long before the convention met in Baltimore. The convention of the 1st of May only ratified the popular will; no other name was mentioned. Mr. Watkins Leigh had the honor of presenting his name, "a word," he said "that expressed more enthusiasm, that had in it more eloquence, than the names of Chatham, Burke, Patrick Henry, and," he continued, rising to the requirements of the occasion, "to us more than any other and all other names together." Nothing was left to be said, and Clay was nominated without a ballot; and Mr. Lumpkin of Georgia then nominated Theodore Frelinghuysen for Vice-President, not hesitating to avow, in the warmth and expansion of the hour, that he believed the baptismal name of the New Jersey gentleman had a mystical appropriateness to the occasion.

In the Democratic convention Mr. Van Buren had a majority of delegates pledged to support him; but it had already been resolved

* The opposing candidate was James A. McDougal, who was afterwards, as Senator from California, one of the most remarkable and eccentric figures in Washington life.

in the inner councils of the party that he should be defeated. The Southern leaders had determined upon the immediate and unconditional annexation of Texas, and Mr. Van Buren's views upon this vital question were too moderate and conservative to suit the adventurous spirits who most closely surrounded President Tyler. During the whole of the preceding year a steady and earnest propaganda of annexation had been on foot, starting from the immediate *entourage* of the President and embracing a large number of Southern Congressmen. A letter had been elicited from General Jackson* declaring with his usual vehemence in favor of the project, and urging it upon the ground that Texas was absolutely necessary to us, as the most easily defensible frontier against Great Britain. Using the favorite argument of Southerners of his school, he said: "Great Britain has already made treaties with Texas; and we know that far-seeing nation never omits a circumstance in her extensive intercourse with the world which can be turned to account in increasing her military resources. May she not enter into an alliance with Texas? And, reserving, as she doubtless will, the North-western boundary question as the cause of war with us whenever she chooses to declare it — let us suppose that, as an ally with Texas, we are to fight her. Preparatory to such a movement she sends her 20,000 or 30,000 men to Texas; organizes them on the Sabine, where supplies and arms can be concentrated before we have even notice of her intentions; makes a lodgment on the Mississippi; excites the negroes to insurrection; the lower country falls, with it New Orleans; and a servile war rages through the whole South and West." These fanciful prophecies of evil were privately circulated for a year among those whom they would be most likely to influence, and the entire letter was printed in 1844, with a result never intended by the writer. It contributed greatly, in the opinion of many,† to defeat Van Buren, whom Jackson held in great esteem and regard, and served the purposes of the Tyler faction, which he detested. The argument based on imaginary British intrigues was the one most relied upon by Mr. Tyler's successive secretaries of state. Mr. Calhoun in his dispatch of the 12th of August, 1844, instructed our minister in Paris to impress upon the Government of France the nefarious character of the English diplomacy, which was seeking, by defeating the annexation of Texas, to accomplish the abolition of slavery first in that region, and afterwards throughout the United States, "a blow calamitous to this continent beyond description." No denials on the part of the British Government had any affect; it was a fixed idea of Calhoun and his followers that the designs of Great Britain against American slavery could only be baffled by the annexation of Texas. Van Buren was not in principle opposed to the admission of Texas into the Union at the proper time and with the proper conditions, but the more ardent Democrats of the South were unwilling to listen to any conditions or any suggestion of delay. They succeeded in inducing the convention to adopt the two-thirds rule, after a whole day of stormy debate, and the defeat of Van Buren was secured. The nomination of Mr. Polk was received without enthusiasm, and the exultant hopes of the Whigs were correspondingly increased.

Contemporary observers differ as to the causes which gradually, as the summer advanced, changed the course of public opinion to such an extent as to bring defeat in November upon a party which was so sure of victory in June. It has been the habit of the anti-slavery Whigs who have written upon the subject to ascribe the disaster to an indiscretion of the candidate himself. At the outset of the campaign Mr. Clay's avowed opinion as to the annexation of Texas was that of the vast majority of his party, especially in the North. While not opposing an increase of territory under all circumstances, he said, — in a letter written from Raleigh, N. C., two weeks before his nomination, — "I consider the annexation of Texas, at this time, without the consent of Mexico, as a measure compromising the national character, involving us certainly in war with Mexico, probably with other foreign powers, dangerous to the integrity of the Union, inexpedient in the present financial condition of the country, and not called for by any expression of public opinion." He supported these views with temperate and judicious reasons which were received with much gratification throughout the country. Of course they were not satisfactory to every one, and Mr. Clay became so disquieted by letters of inquiry and of criticism from the South, that he was at last moved, in an unfortunate hour, to write another letter to a friend in Alabama, which was regarded as seriously modifying the views he had expressed in the letter from Raleigh. He now said, "I have no hesitation in saying that, far from having any personal objections to the annexation of Texas, I should be glad to see it — without dishonor, without war, with the common consent of the Union, and upon just and fair terms. . . . I do not think the subject of slavery ought to affect the question one way or the other, whether Texas be indepen-

* This letter is dated at the Hermitage, Feb. 13, 1843, and was printed a year later in the "National Intelligencer," with the date altered to 1844.

† Benton: "Thirty Years' View."

dent or incorporated in the United States. I do not believe it will prolong or shorten the duration of that institution. It is destined to become extinct, at some distant day, in my opinion, by the operation of the inevitable laws of population. It would be unwise to refuse a permanent acquisition, which will exist as long as the globe remains, on account of a temporary institution." Mr. Clay does not in this letter disclaim or disavow any sentiments previously expressed. He says, as any one might say, that provided certain impossible conditions were complied with, he would be glad to see Texas in the Union, and that he was so sure of the ultimate extinction of slavery that he would not let any consideration of that transitory system interfere with a great national advantage. It might naturally have been expected that such an expression would have given less offense to the opponents than to the friends of slavery. But the contrary effect resulted, and it soon became evident that a grave error of judgment had been committed in writing the letter. The principal opposition to annexation in the North had been made expressly upon the ground that it would increase the area of slavery, and the comparative indifference with which Mr. Clay treated that view of the subject cost him heavily in the canvass. Mr. Greeley, who should be regarded as an impartial witness in such a case, says,* "The 'Liberty Party,' so called, pushed this view of the matter beyond all justice and reason, insisting that Mr. Clay's antagonism to annexation, not being founded in anti-slavery conviction, was of no account whatever, and that his election should, on that account, be opposed." It availed nothing that Mr. Clay, alarmed at the defection in the North, wrote a third and final letter, reiterating his unaltered objections to any such annexation as was at that time possible. The damage was irretrievable. It is not probable that his letters gained or saved him a vote in the South among the advocates of annexation. They cared for nothing short of their own unconditional scheme of immediate action. They forgot the services rendered by Mr. Clay in bringing about the recognition of Texan independence a few years before.

They saw that Mr. Polk was ready to risk everything — war, international complications, even the dishonor of broken obligations — to accomplish their purpose, and nothing the Whig candidate could say would weigh anything in the balance against this blind and reckless readiness. On the other hand, Mr. Clay's cautious and moderate position did him irreparable harm among the ardent opponents of slavery. They were not willing to listen to the counsels of caution and moderation. More than a year before, thirteen of the Whig anti-slavery Congressmen, headed by the illustrious John Quincy Adams, had issued a fervid address to the people of the free States, declaiming in language of passionate force against the scheme of annexation as fatal to the country, calling it, in fact, "identical with dissolution," and saying that "it would be a violation of our national compact, its objects, designs, and the great elementary principles which centered in its formation of a character so deep and fundamental, and would be an attempt to eternize an institution and a power of nature so unjust in themselves, so injurious to the interests and abhorrent to the feelings of the people of the free States, as in our opinion, not only inevitably to result in a dissolution of the Union, but fully to justify it; and we not only assert that the people of the free States ought not to submit to it, but we say with confidence they would not submit to it." To men in a temper like that indicated by these words, no arguments drawn from consideration of political expediency could be expected to have any weight, and it was of no use to say to them that in voting for a third candidate they were voting to elect Mr. Polk, the avowed and eager advocate of annexation. If all the votes cast for Mr. Birney, the "Liberty" candidate, had been cast for Clay, he would have been elected, and even as it was the contest was close and doubtful to the last. Birney received 62,270 votes, and the popular majority of Polk over Clay was only 38,801.

The attitude of the two parties in relation to this question was perhaps inevitable, and the result was also sure, whatever the subordinate events or incidents which may have led to it. It was impossible to defeat or greatly delay the annexation of Texas, and it showed a certain lack of sagacity on the part of the Whigs not to recognize this fact. Here was a great empire offering itself to us — a state which had gained its independence, and built itself into a certain measure of order and thrift through American valor and enterprise. She offered us a magnificent estate of 376,000 square miles of territory, all of it valuable, and much of it of unsurpassed richness and fertility. Even those portions of it once condemned as desert now contribute to the markets of the world vast stores of wool and cotton, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Not only were these material advantages of great attractiveness to the public mind, but many powerful sentimental considerations reënforced the claim of Texas. The Texans were not an alien people. The few inhabitants of that vast realm were mostly Americans, who had occupied and subdued a vacant wilderness. The heroic defense of the Alamo had been made by Travis and David

* "American Conflict," I. p. 167.

Crockett, whose exploits and death form one of the most brilliant pages of our border history. Fannin and his men, four hundred strong, when they laid down their lives at Goliad * had carried mourning into every South-western State; and when, a few days later, Houston and his eight hundred raw levies defeated and destroyed the Mexican army at San Jacinto, captured Santa Anna, the Mexican president, and with American thrift, instead of giving him the death he merited for his cruel murder of unarmed prisoners, saved him to make a treaty with, the whole people recognized something of kinship in the unaffected valor with which these borderers died and the humorous shrewdness with which they bargained, and felt as if the victory over the Mexicans were their own. Under these conditions, the annexation, sooner or later, was inevitable. No man and no party could oppose it except at serious cost. It is not true that schemes of annexation are always popular. Several administrations have lost heavily by proposing them. Grant failed with Santo Domingo; Seward with St. Thomas; and it required all his skill and influence to accomplish the ratification of the Alaska purchase. There is no general desire among Americans for acquiring outlying territory, however intrinsically valuable it may be; their land-hunger is confined within the limits of that of a Western farmer once quoted by Mr. Lincoln, who used to say, "I am not greedy about land; I only want what jines mine." Whenever a region contiguous to the United States becomes filled with Americans, it is absolutely certain to come under the American flag. Texas was as sure to be incorporated into the Union as are two drops of water touching each other to become one; and this consummation would not have been prevented for any length of time if Clay or Van Buren had been elected in 1844. The honorable scruples of the Whigs, the overheated consciences of the "Liberty" men, could never permanently have prevailed against a tendency so natural and so irresistible.

Everything that year seemed to work against the Whigs. At a most unfortunate time for them, there was an outbreak of that "native" fanaticism which reappears from time to time in our politics with the periodicity of malarial fevers, and always to the profit of the party against which its efforts are aimed. It led to great disturbances in several cities, and to riot and bloodshed in Philadelphia. The Clay party were, of course, free from any complicity with these outrages, but the foreigners, in their alarm, huddled together almost as one man on the side where the majority of them always voted, and this occasioned a heavy loss to the Whigs in several States. The first appearance of Lincoln in the canvass was in a judicious attempt to check this unreasonable panic. At a meeting held in Springfield, June 12th, he introduced and supported resolutions, declaring that "the guarantee of the rights of conscience as found in our Constitution is most sacred and inviolable, and one that belongs no less to the Catholic than the Protestant, and that all attempts to abridge or interfere with these rights either of Catholic or Protestant, directly or indirectly, have our decided disapprobation, and shall have our most effective opposition." Several times afterwards in his life Lincoln was forced to confront this same proscriptive spirit among the men with whom he was more or less affiliated politically, and he never failed to denounce it as it deserved, whatever might be the risk of loss involved.

Beginning with this manly protest against intolerance and disorder, he went into the work of the campaign and continued in it with unabated ardor to the end. The defeat of Clay affected him, as it did thousands of others, as a great public calamity and a keen personal sorrow. It is impossible to mistake the accent of sincere mourning which we find in the journals of the time. The addresses which were sent to Mr. Clay from every part of the country indicate a depth of affectionate devotion which rarely falls to the lot of a political chieftain. An extract from the one sent by the Clay Clubs of New York will show the earnest attachment and pride with which the young men of that day still declared their loyalty to their beloved leader, even in the midst of irreparable disaster.

"We will remember you, Henry Clay, while the memory of the glorious or the sense of the good remains in us, with a grateful and admiring affection which shall strengthen with our strength and shall not decay with our decline. We will remember you in all our future trials and reverses as him whose name honored defeat and gave it a glory which victory could not have brought. We will remember you when patriotic hope rallies again to successful contest with the agencies of corruption and ruin; for we will never know a triumph which you do not share in life, whose glory does not accrue to you in death."*

* This massacre inspired one of the most remarkable poems of Walt Whitman, "Now I tell you what I knew of Texas in my early youth," in which occurs his description of the rangers:

"They were the glory of the race of rangers,
Matchless with horse, rifle, song, supper, courtship,
Large, turbulent, generous, handsome, proud, and affectionate,
Bearded, sunburnt, drest in the free costume of hunters,
Not a single one over thirty years of age."

* For assistance in obtaining illustrations to accompany this History, we are especially indebted, among others, to General Fayette Hewitt, of Frankfort, Ky., Judge A. M. Brown, of Elizabethtown, Ky., Mr. John W. Keyes, of the Lincoln Memorial Collection of Chicago, and to Colonel Reuben T. Durrett, of Louisville, Ky. — EDITOR CENTURY.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

VII.

MR. ENOCH BULLRIPPLE lay in his bed, in his room at his lodging-house, and gazed steadily at a large lithographic picture of the death-bed of Jonathan Edwards which hung on the wall opposite to him. This work of art was moderately lighted by a cluster of electric lamps, which, half a mile from his window, was suspended two hundred feet in air for the all-night lighting of a city park and its surrounding bedrooms. He thought nothing of the expiring theologian, but he was thinking very earnestly and actively of the conversation he had just had with his sister in regard to the expediency of bringing about a holiday for his nephew, John. Enoch would have been very glad to do this solely for the sake of the young man, who truly needed rest and recreation; but he was much more willing to do it for his own sake. He greatly desired to have the opportunity to institute an inquisition into the constitution of the Vatoldi establishment, and this he believed could be done only in John's absence. In devising and discarding this plan and that for getting rid of John for a few days, Mr. Bullripple fell asleep.

In another room of the lodging-house lay Mrs. People gazing at a steel engraving of a hunter returning from the chase, surrounded by piles of dead game, the transportation of which could only be accounted for by supposing that he coaxed the various creatures to his door-step and there despatched them. But Mrs. People thought not of the hunter or his victims; her mind was fixed upon the necessity of getting John off for a holiday before old Vatoldi came in from the country, or wherever it was that he was staying. In devising and discarding plans for this purpose she fell asleep.

Very early the next day this worthy brother and sister, each utterly planless, and somewhat dejected on that account, made their way to Vatoldi's, where, of course, they took their meals. Enoch was much the faster walker, and, partly because she was tired keeping up with him, and partly because she wanted an apple, a fruit that was not to be had at Vatoldi's at that season, she stopped at the stand of Dennis Roon, where she had bought apples before, and had thus formed a slight acquaintance with the proprietor.

Mr. Roon was an apple-stand keeper of prominence. In fact, his stand, which was at the corner of two busy streets, not far from Vatoldi's, was, from a certain point of view, the most important place of business in the neighborhood. This point of view was Dennis Roon's point of view. Nothing could be so important in the eyes of himself and his family as that the stand should be opened at the proper time in the morning; that certain apples should be rubbed and placed in one compartment; that certain other apples should be rubbed and placed in another compartment; that this bunch of bananas should be turned this way, and that bunch should be turned the other way; and that just so many oranges should be kept in a corner box where they would attract the attention of people coming from different directions. These matters, with many others, such as the probable relation of the weather to the day's trade, or the varied arrangements of the little awning, so that keeping off the sunshine should not interfere too much with the attraction of purchasers, were discussed with as much earnestness and warmth by Dennis, his wife and son and oldest daughter, as if they had been questions of Home Rule or Pan-Electricity.

Dennis was a strong-built, black-bearded man, loaded and crammed, from the crown of his head to the heel of his foot, with active vitality. He was never still so long as there was anything to do, and never silent so long as there was anybody to speak to. In connection with his stand he carried on the business of boot-blacking, and two arm-chairs, one on each street, were always ready for customers. The son and heir, with shirt-sleeves of the same blue flannel spotted with white of which his father's sleeves were made, was the boot-black, but when occasion required Dennis would dash from boots to apples and from apples to boots

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with astonishing readiness and celerity. In the earliest hours of street pedestrianism his stand was open, and his wares remained on view and sale until after midnight. Even on Sundays the business went on, and the halo of importance hung over the stand. If on a fine Sunday one of Dennis's customers, dressed in his best clothes and smoking the cigar in which he always indulged of a Sunday morning, came from his house with an air of leisurely independence to buy his Sunday paper and have his boots blacked, and chanced to bring his little girl along with him, it was ten, or even eleven, to one that Dennis gave that little girl an apple, selecting the fruit from a box in the lower part of the stand. This apple would be specked, and not one which the customer would have bought had he been buying apples, but, as it was a present to his child, he walked away with that feeling of elevated satisfaction which is caused by the reception of presents which we feel are tributes to the value of our patronage.

Mrs. People selected a well-preserved red apple from the stand, and then she said:

"It seems to me it is very late for apples. In our part of the country they were gone long ago. Where do these come from?"

"From the market down town," answered Dennis; "but where the trees grow I niver heard. But ye can always thrust to there bein' apples all the year round. The old ones always waits till the new ones cooms."

"That's very different from what it is up our way," said Mrs. People, "but it's a lucky thing that city folks have somethin' to console themselves with. I've barely been here two days yet, and I'm hankerin' for home."

"You're havin' a hard time there at Vatoldi's, mum," said Dennis, who knew all about the boycott, and had taken a great interest in its progress; "and if ye'd coom to town when things was smoother ye'd a liked it better. And ain't there no signs of them blockheads coomin' back to work and givin' up their coat-tails? If I was Mr. People that kapes the place, I'd break the head of ivery one of 'em that said 'tail' to me."

"Mr. People is my son, sir, and he don't keep the place himself, which I wish he did, because then I'd make him give it up, and come home, and go to farmin', like his father before him. But here he is, wearin' himself out, and killin' himself, for somebody else. For, as I said to him yesterday, 'it's no difference to you, John, whether they wear jackets or coat-tails; and if I was you, I'd just go home and rest for a spell while there is so little doin', and let old Vatoldi come down and settle the business with the waiters himself.'"

"I thought that man was dead, mum," said Dennis.

"He isn't dead a bit," answered Mrs. People. "He's livin' up the North River somewhere, either at Yonkers or Newburgh; at least, that's what I take it to be from what John tells me, though he never named either of them towns. And then, as I was sayin', if John could be got off into the country,—and he's not had a decent rest for nigh on to two years,—the old man would have to come down; and then me and my brother—that's Mr. Bullripple—could go home too."

Dennis paused in the removal of the wrapping from an orange he held in his hand, and turned towards Mrs. People. "It's my opinion, mum," he said, "that you've pitched your hat right into the middle of that boycott business, and if you go there to pick it up, you'll see things just as they is. As like as not, them waiters is more set agin your son, mum, than they would be agin anybody else, because he's the one that won't let 'em have their coat-tails. Now, if he was to go away, and let the head boss coom and talk to them, he might be able to sthraighten things out quicker than Misther People could do it. Though I must say, mum, that I'd feel like warmin' their jackets for 'em after they put 'em on."

"But we can't get him to go," said Mrs. People, who had half eaten her apple. "He won't listen to it."

"If ye could make him see, mum," said Mr. Roon, "that it wasn't on'y for the good of his hilth, but for the good of the business, perhaps he'd go."

"It's no use," said Mrs. People, shaking her head. "Me and his uncle has talked and talked to him, but you might as well try to push down a lamp-post as to move John."

"There is them, mum," said Dennis, "which if they won't move for their own good, must be moved by their frinds. And that brings to me moind the case of me sister-in-law, Missis Follory. She was very bad with the consumption, mum, most part of her lungs bein' gone, and the rest just like wood for hardness; and the doctor said she ought to go to Cuby, and breathe sugar."

"Breathe what?" exclaimed Mrs. People.

"They go into the houses where they make sugar, mum, and the air is all full of sugar and melasses, and they breathe that, and it ayther makes their lungs grow agin, or softens 'em, I niver knew which; but it's good for consumption. And that's what the doctor said she must do. But niver an inch would Missis Follory budge, though all her frinds and relations got after her and towld her that she was just murtherin' herself to sit there a-sewin'

and conthractin' her chist whin she might as well be recoverin' her hilth, a-breathin' sugar and melasses, and, perhaps, a little bit of Jamaiky rum, too, for I don't see how they can keep that out of the air any more'n the ither things; and Mike Follory, her husband, who married her afther me brother died, towld her it ud be just as chape to go down there and get well, and be able to take in washin' like she used to, as to stay here and be dyin' for nobody knows how long. And Mrs. McGee she offered to board him for two dollars a week till his wife come home, all for the love she bore Mrs. Follory. But niver an inch would Mrs. Follory budge. Then her frinds and relations, they put their heads togither, and they says, 'She's got to go!' And, all unbeknownst to her, Mike he bought her a ticket in a ship that was sailin' for Cuby. And then he says to her, 'If you won't go to the West Injees to get back your lungs, perhaps you won't moind takin' a sail on the bay with me and Mr. Roon,' which is me, mum. And she didn't moind, and she wint. And when she got outside the bar the ship joggled her a good deal, and Mr. Follory and me we towld her she'd better go down-stairs and lie down till the ship turned roond to coom back, which she did. Then me and Mr. Follory we got into the poilot-boat and coom home. And Mrs. Follory she got sicker and sicker till she died on the second day of the v'yage. But it was saysickness she died of, mum, and not consumption. She'd got well of that if she'd only once set foot in Cuby. And Mr. Follory he married Mrs. McGee. So you see, mum, there's a way for makin' people do things for their own good, as won't do 'em without bein' made. And if I was you, mum, I'd go to my son, mum, and I'd say, 'John, Mr. Roon, as keeps the apple-stand, has just towld me that there's a stamer down the East River that's goin' to sail for some of them down south places this afternoon, which the steward of brings bananas to Mr. Roon every thrip; and if I was you, I'd go down south in that stamer and buy a lot of chape cabbages and pittaties, and coom back and foind the waiters all workin' paceable in their jackets, and sell the pittaties and cabbages to the boss.'"

"That would be very nice," said Mrs. People, throwing away the core of her apple, "but I wouldn't want my son John to die in two days of seasickness. And I don't believe he'd go, anyway. But I must hurry on, Mr. Roon. I am much obliged to you for your story, though it's a great pity that your sister-in-law died, and everybody in the kitchen may be boycotted by this time, for all I know."

"Ye need niver be afraid of your son dyin' with saysickness," shouted Dennis after her, "for he's got a moighty different koind of a set-up from what Mrs. Follory had."

When Mrs. People reached Vatoldi's she did not immediately see John, but she explained to Enoch her delay by recounting to him, with all its details, her conversation with Mr. Roon.

Somewhat to her surprise, Mr. Bullripple listened to her with patience, and even interest, and when she had finished said: "Now don't say a word to John about this till you and me has had time to talk the matter over a little more. I've got to go now to attend to some things outside."

Thereupon Mrs. People betook herself to the kitchen, and Mr. Bullripple went to see Dennis Roon, with whom he had an earnest talk.

"Now, look here, sir," said Mr. Roon, after listening attentively to some remarks from the old man, "that sort of thing moight do very well wid Mrs. Follory, wid most of her lungs gone, but it's altogither another piece of business wid a sthout young mon like Misther People. I can stand on me own legs as well as the nixt mon, but I'm the feyther uv a fam'ly, and I don't want me head cracked, even if I am the top mon in the ind."

"Don't you trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Bullripple. "When my nephew comes back he'll find himself better off than he ever was before in his life, and instead of fighting anybody, he'll want to shake hands all round and stand treat."

"It moight be for his good," said Dennis, "to take a thrip loike that, and git acquainted wid the chape cabbage and pittaty men."

"It'll be for his good in a lot of ways," said Enoch. "You don't suppose his mother and me would be wantin' to send him away if it wasn't for his good. Now, if you'll attend to this business for me, we'll just give you the thanks of the whole family, and I'll throw in five dollars besides. And, if you have to spend anything, I'll pay it back to you."

"All roight, sir! all roight!" exclaimed Dennis, vigorously changing the positions of a dozen large apples which stood in a row. "I'm not the mon to back down from sarvin' a whole fam'ly in disthress. You sind him to me, sir, and I'll fix it all sthraight. I don't ask fur me foive dollars nayther, but I won't be mane enough to run agin the intherests of me own children, and the clothes they could buy for the money."

When Enoch Bullripple got back to Vatoldi's he found his nephew John in a very bad humor. A produce dealer who had long served him with vegetables had been influ-

enced by the boycotters to decline to furnish Vatoldi's with any further supplies in his line until the demands of the waiters had been complied with. This action on the part of the dealer, to whom Vatoldi's had been a most excellent customer, so enraged John that he vowed that under no circumstances would he ever again buy anything from that man. It was, therefore, with a wrathful independence of spirit that he listened to his uncle's statement that the man who kept the apple-stand two blocks below would be glad to make him acquainted with the steward of the steamer which was to sail that afternoon, who would, no doubt, make a contract with him to bring him from the South all the vegetables he wanted, and a great deal better ones, and cheaper than he could get them here.

When Mr. Bullripple had said this, he said no more, but went about his duties, and John went about his own. But at noon John put on his hat, and leaving the establishment, at which few luncheon-desiring customers had yet arrived, to the care of his uncle, he went out to see the apple-man.

Dennis Roon was very eloquent in regard to the subject of obtaining early vegetables direct from the South. John listened attentively, but did not say much in reply. He was not as angry as he had been, but he was still determined to free himself from the power of the dealers in vegetables. If one could be influenced by the boycotters, so might the others.

"I'll tell ye, Misther People," said Dennis Roon, "what I'll do fur ye. I'll go down to that stamer wid ye, and inthroduce ye to the steward. He's a foine eye for bananas, and all he knows about thim he knows about termatties and swate pittaties. If he can't fetch ye thim things himself, he'll make a conthract for ye with thim as can sind 'em. Now, whin can ye go down to the pier wid me?"

John replied that he could go between three and four o'clock that afternoon, that being the time when he had most leisure. Having made these arrangements, he went back to Vatoldi's, perceiving as he neared the door that the sidewalks had been freshly sprinkled with the boycotters' circulars, which many passers-by were picking up and reading.

When John went to the bank that afternoon, his report to Mr. Stull, combined with that gentleman's own observations during the day, might have been expected to produce a depressing effect upon the mind of the proprietor of Vatoldi's. But the mind of Mr. Stull was not to be thus depressed. As a thoroughly equipped restaurant-keeper, engaged in combat with a host of recusant employees, his abilities shone at their brightest. The business at Vatoldi's was demoralized in every branch; many of the regular customers kept away, not only on account of the present inferior service, but for fear of disturbance; and, although the tables at some hours were moderately well filled, it was by people who were brought there by curiosity, or by a desire to assist the oppressed. These were not the patrons Mr. Stull wanted, for he knew that Vatoldi's could only be supported by customers who came there for their own good. Most of the new waiters were unpracticed and inefficient, and, worse than that, several had left the night before, being frightened by the boycotters, and there was danger that the whole force might decamp at any moment. But the soul of Mr. Stull rose grandly above this storm. He assured John that he would never give in to the demands of the rascals, and that no coat-tail should ever profane his establishment.

"If I could come forward in my own proper person," he said, raising his tall and large-boned figure to its greatest height, "which, as you well know, my present social and business position forbids, I would show those waiters that they were running against a wall of rock when they ran against me. But as I cannot do this, I expect you to stand up in my place."

Thereupon Mr. Stull loaded his manager with injunctions and directions. He instructed him in the methods by which Mr. Bullripple and Mrs. People could be made even more useful than they now were. He approved of efforts to obtain direct supplies of Southern products. And he poured into John's mind more points of restaurant management, joined with defense against boycotters, than that receptacle could well contain.

As John went away to keep his appointment with the apple-man, he took off his hat and walked with it in his hand; his head required cooling. Dennis was ready for him, and the two took a street-car for the pier. John noticed that his companion carried in his hand a cheap but new valise, well filled; but, not being in the habit of asking questions about the business of other people, he did not allude to it.

On reaching the steamer they found it a scene of great activity; and when they went on board, Dennis left his companion and hurried forward. In a few moments he returned, and said to John: "By Jarge, sir, they're jist a-goin' to sthart! But the steward he tills me that if we'd loike to take a little trip doon the bay, and coom back with the poilot, he'll have toime to talk wid ye about the vigitables, which he says he can git ye by

the cart-load three times a week, and as chape as the dirt they grow in."

"But won't we be charged for such a trip?" asked John.

"And do ye s'pose ye'd be expected to pay for a small sail like that whin ye'r just takin' it to make a conthract wid one of the ship's officers? Bedad, sir, there'll be none of that!"

In the present condition of his brow and his body, John was very willing to refresh himself with a trip down the bay; and, although he did not think he could very well spare the time, his inclinations, combined with what he believed to be a duty, induced him to agree to the apple-man's proposal.

There were very few passengers going South at that time of year, and John had the after-deck all to himself. When the steamer started, Mr. Roon's expressions of delight at the pleasures of the excursion were vehement and frequent.

"Even if ye niver buy so much as a pittaty skin, this thrip will be worth the little throuble ye took to git it by manes of its fillin' yer lungs wid say-air, and settin' you up sthrong agin for your work."

Every ten or fifteen minutes this worthy Irishman went forward to see if the time had come for John's business to be attended to, but always returned saying that the steward was very busy, but that he would see Mr. People in plenty of time.

"How far do they go out before the pilot leaves them?" asked John, who knew very little of marine affairs.

"Oh, a long ways," answered Dennis, "for they've got to git clane clare of all the sand-bars afore they let go uv him. And ye needn't be afraid that me, the feyther of a fam'ly that's expectin' me to coom home to supper, and thin be off to the stand to let Pat coom and git his, is goin to be lift. I've tried this thing afore, Mr. People, and I'm not the mon to git lift by the poilot."

The water was beginning to be pretty rough, and the sea-breeze very fresh, when Dennis came to John and informed him that the steward was ready now to see him, and would he come down-stairs?

John had so much enjoyed the unaccustomed pleasure of this water excursion that he had almost forgotten that there were such things as cabbages and potatoes; and when he followed Dennis below he did not notice that the engine had stopped, and that the speed of the steamer was slacking.

"Jist set down there," said Dennis, "and I'll fetch him in a minute."

And then the apple-man hurried on deck, descended into the pilot-boat, and returned to New York.

The report of Mr. Roon was eagerly listened to by Enoch Bullripple. "And you gave my letter, with the ticket in it, to somebody to hand to him, and you put his valise in the room that I engaged for him?"

"Yis," said Dennis, "I did all of thim things, and I put two apples on his bid to remoind him of home. He'll be a happy mon, Mr. Bullripple, to-morrow and the nixt day, a v'yagin' over the paceful say; and coom back sthrong and hearty, and ready to let you and his lady mither go back to yer home in the rural disthricts. And I give the poilot a dollar, and me car-fare was tin cints."

VIII.

THE Saturday and Sunday on which Mr. Crisman chose to join a yachting excursion, instead of making the visit to Cherry Bridge which had been expected of him, were two of the most charming days of June; and, although Mrs. Justin remarked several times that it was a great pity Mr. Crisman could not be with them in this lovely weather, she was obliged to admit that such weather must also be very delightful on the water. Miss Gay made no remarks concerning Mr. Crisman's absence, but she seemed to be doing a great deal of thinking, either on this subject or some other. As for Mr. Stratford, it could not have made much difference to him whether or not Mr. Crisman was there on the Saturday, for he spent the greater part of that day in writing letters.

Shortly after breakfast Miss Gay went into the parlor with some books, and after remaining there for a quarter of an hour or more she went out on the piazza, where she ensconced herself comfortably in a large arm-chair to read. She did not stay there very long, however, but returned to the parlor, which, after all, was perhaps a more secluded place at this hour, and better adapted to purposes of study. The household affairs to which Mrs Justin attended, and the long conversation she afterwards had with her farmer, could have been attended to and carried on as well upon a rainy day as during this beautiful morning; and it may therefore be said that Mr. Thorne was the only one of the little party who thoroughly enjoyed the atmosphere of sunshine, tempered by the morning breezes, which threw its yellow light into the dark-green tones of the dew-besprinkled grass and upon the fresh new foliage of the trees, and who breathed with full appreciation the blossom-scented air.

He breathed this air on the lawn, where the dewy grass dampened his boots; and then he breathed it on the piazza, where for

twenty minutes or more he walked steadily up and down. Then he looked into the library, where Stratford was writing, and after that he went into the parlor, and seeing Miss Gay there, he said that he hoped he was not interrupting her studies. Miss Gay laid the book in her lap, and said she was not studying, but reading. Mr. Thorne took up one of Miss Gay's books which lay on the table and asked if its subject was a new study, or whether she had been engaged upon it while in college. The answer to this question led to a number of inquiries from Mr. Thorne in regard to the young lady's past studies and future intentions in that line. This was a subject in which he took a deep and intelligent interest, and it was impossible that Gay should not also take an interest in the conversation which followed; but, although she talked with willingness, and even with some earnestness, her mind frequently wandered from the subject in hand. She felt that this was what might be considered a temporary conversation carried on while expecting something else But she listened and talked as well and as pleasantly as she could until Mrs. Justin came into the room, when indeed a faint shadow of disappointment passed over her face as she looked up and saw that it was Mrs. Justin.

The rector of the parish, with Miss Patty, his seventeen-year-old daughter, came to dinner. But shortly after that meal he drove away to make another parochial visit, leaving Miss Patty, at Mrs. Justin's solicitation, to be picked up on his return. A four-handed game of croquet was now possible, notwithstanding Mr. Stratford had driven over to the Bullripple farm. As Miss Patty was a mere beginner at the game, which had scarcely been played at all during her school-days, it was necessary that Mrs. Justin, being the best player of the party, should take her as a partner.

Miss Armatt had no reason whatever to object to Mr. Thorne as a partner, but she did not seem to care very much for croquet that afternoon. Mr. Thorne assisted her in every possible legitimate way, but he did not direct her course and manage her play as Mr. Stratford had done. Gay, indeed, did not appear to desire this, and developed a certain degree of independence which had not been at all observable when she played before. She went through her wickets as rapidly as possible, and ended in becoming a rover before her partner had reached the turning-stake. This was a very different style of play from that upon which Mr. Stratford had so pleasantly and wisely insisted, and the result was that Mrs. Justin and Patty, by keeping their balls together, won the game, although their progress to victory, owing to the uncertain play of the younger lady, was very slow and dubious.

Mr. Thorne accompanied the ladies to church the next morning; and in the afternoon the four friends set out for a long stroll over the fields and hills. With the natural bias of the younger man towards the younger lady of a party, Arthur Thorne walked with Miss Gay, following the other couple quite closely, however, as Mrs. Justin seemed desirous of a general chat as they strolled along. Gay was not in very animated spirits, and, in fact, seemed a little bored by the walk; and this, being soon noticed by Mrs. Justin, was not altogether displeasing to that lady. She had not forgiven Mr. Crisman for preferring a yachting expedition to the society of his lady-love, but she believed it due to propriety that, in some degree, Gay should feel his absence.

When they began the ascent of a long grass-covered hill, which in some parts of the country would be termed a little mountain, the party scattered somewhat, and Gay, who was very light of foot, soon found herself in the lead. Stratford, however, who was also a good uphill walker, overtook her before very long, and the two continued their way together. About this time, probably owing to the altitude of the hill and the slightly increased rarefaction of the air, Gay's spirits began to rise, and she talked in quite an animated way about the distant scenery which now showed itself. She still pressed vigorously onward and upward, Stratford keeping pace with her; and the two, without knowing that they were leaving their companions out of sight, passed over the brow of the hill and down a slight declivity on the other side, towards an extensive grove of sugar-maples, which was one of the objects of their walk. They reached the grove and passed some distance into its shade, and then they rested and waited for their companions. These not making their appearance, Stratford and Miss Gay walked slowly along one of the winding wood-roads which led them through the grove, and out upon an eminence, surmounted by a rail fence which formed part of the boundary between Mrs. Justin's estate and that of her neighbor.

This eminence, Stratford assured his companion, was one of the best spots in that part of the country from which to view the approaching sunset, and here he proposed they should wait for Mrs. Justin and Mr. Thorne. One of the top rails of the fence was very broad and firm, and as Gay was rather tired from her climb and walk, Stratford assisted her to take a seat upon it; and the rail being quite strong enough to support them both, he sat upon it also.

The sun, with its accustomed regularity of movement, slowly went down, but Mrs. Justin and Thorne did not come up. Gay wondered at their delay, but she soon forgot them in gazing upon the glories of yellow, red, and gold which began to spread over the western sky, reaching upward from the tender green which lay along the horizon to the pink flush which, half way towards the zenith, met the deep overhanging blue.

No such scene as this was ever visible from the lower country by Cherry Bridge, and Gay sat and looked upon it as if it had been a revelation. Beautiful cloud-forms glowed in this rich color and in that, and faded away, through lilac and pink, to rose-tinted gray, and out of the vast ether came other outlines of clouds, to be delicately tinted and to fade away.

The evening star began to twinkle through the dull golden mists, when Stratford stepped down from the fence, and, saying that he did not believe that the others were coming at all, proposed to Miss Gay that they should return to the house.

With one lingering look above and around her, Gay gave her hand to her companion and sprang from the fence. They walked rapidly down towards the maple grove, and when they reached it they found that although the sky was still glowing with light, the shades of the grove were shades indeed. It was so dark that Gay was very much surprised, and she declared that if she had been alone it would have been utterly impossible for her to find her way along that indistinguishable wood-road. But she was not alone, and Mr. Stratford knew the road well, having walked it by day and by night. It was necessary that she should take his arm to avoid tripping over unseen obstacles, and they walked slowly. Gay was not the least afraid, and her eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom of the grove, she was almost as much entranced by its weird and somber beauties as she had been by the glories of the sunset.

Even when they came out of the woods and walked under the open sky, they could not hasten, for the shades of night were now upon them, and a misstep on the hill-side might prove unpleasant. Slowly they strolled homeward under the points of starlight that began to twinkle above them, and Stratford for the most part talked, and Gay for the most part listened; and whatever feelings of impatience, or disappointment, or boredom she may have had during that day, or the one preceding, now disappeared altogether.

It was quite dark when they walked over the lawn towards the house, but Gay felt no compunctions of conscience at having staid out so late. She had been with Mr. Stratford, and that fact, to her mind, gave to the proceeding all the sanction that it needed.

Mrs. Justin and Arthur Thorne had taken a path through the maple grove which led them to a point from which the rail fence where Stratford and Miss Gay had seated themselves was not visible. Seeing nothing of their companions, they returned the way they came, and reached the house about the time that the sunset began to fade.

When Miss Gay and Stratford arrived, Mrs. Justin made no remarks concerning the lateness of the hour, for she did not consider that she had a right to scold grown-up people, one of whom was engaged to be married. But she remembered that when Mr. Crisman and Gay had walked together, they had not kept supper waiting.

The next day Mr. Thorne returned to the city, and exchanged the hues of forest and field for the lugubrious colors of his apartments. But into the midst of those dull greens and yellows, those clay-reds and weak blues, he brought the delicate flush on a young girl's cheek, the deep blue of her large eyes, the pink of her lips, and the sunny brownness of her hair. As he meditatively leaned back against the long thin rods which formed the back of his antique chair, these colors were very forcibly brought out by the somber propriety of his surroundings.

After breakfast on that morning Miss Gay did not wander from parlor to piazza to find a suitable place in which to pursue her studies. She carried the ancient atlas and the books directly to the place where she had last looked over them with Mr. Stratford, and in ten minutes he came there and joined her. The atlas and the books were opened, and again they followed the meandering streams of the springs of literature. It was not very long before Mrs. Justin made one of the party, and she interested herself to a considerable degree in their investigations; but household affairs interfered with the permanence of her stay, and Gay was able to appreciate the immense advantages of study and companionship with a kindly sympathetic though dominant mind over the lonely journeys which she had often made into the region of intellectual investigation.

During the next five days Mrs. People was still absent from the Bullripple farm, and Mr. Stratford remained at the mansion of Mrs. Justin. On any of these days, when Mrs. Justin had the company of either Stratford or Gay, she generally had that of both of them. Sometimes she did not find them at all, for they seemed to be subject to sudden determinations to row or stroll. They did not

treat her discourteously on these occasions, for they invariably asked her to accompany them if she were anywhere about; but it was astonishing to herself how seldom she happened to be about at the right moment for an invitation.

At last Mrs. Justin could endure this state of things no longer, and determined to speak. It was not necessary to ask anything of Gay, for the estimation in which that young lady held Mr. Stratford not only grew and brightened, as the day grows and brightens after the rising of the sun, but was just as clear and apparent to Mrs. Justin as any light of day could be. Against the brightness of this esteem there never rose a cloud of obscuring vapor from the Crismanic fires which Mrs. Justin firmly believed still glowed deep down in the soul of Gay Armatt. This absence of even transient obscuration troubled much the mind of Mrs. Justin, for even the fires of the strongest volcano must go out if the vents are permanently stopped.

As it was not needed to question Gay, who spoke so often and so freely of Mr. Stratford, it would be also a very delicate and difficult matter to advise her; and it was for these reasons that Mrs. Justin decided to speak to Stratford. She would have a plain talk with him, and tell him all her mind. With this object she invited him to drive her to the village in his buggy. For an earnest tête-à-tête there are few places better than a buggy. Interruption is scarcely probable unless a wheel comes off.

When they were well on the road, Mrs. Justin plunged into the subject. "Do you appreciate," she said, "the influence which your constant companionship is having upon Gay Armatt?"

"What is the influence?" asked Stratford.

"It is the influence of a man who completely absorbs the attention and interest of a young woman. I believe that when Gay is not reading, or walking, or talking with you, she mentally places you before her so that she can follow you in her thoughts. I know that she does that when she is with me, for she is satisfied to talk of nothing but you. I believe at this moment she thinks more of you, and better of you, than of any man in the world."

"And of this you do not approve," he said, "there being no just foundation for such an opinion?"

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Justin vehemently, "there is so much foundation that I have sometimes almost wished that you could be suddenly turned into the most ordinary of men. It is the fact that you do possess those qualities which must attract the admiration and regard of a girl like Gay, that gives you your influence over her."

"And why should not that influence be exerted?" asked Stratford.

"You know very well," was the quick answer. "If this influence does not cease, it will end in the complete alienation of Mr. Crisman and Gay Armatt."

"And that," said Stratford, "is exactly what I want to bring about."

Mrs. Justin started, and turning suddenly towards her companion, she looked at him with wide-open eyes, but said not a word.

"You have spoken plainly to me, Mrs. Justin," continued Stratford, "and I am going to speak quite as plainly to you. I consider Gay Armatt a phenomenally fine girl. From what you had told me, I expected to find her a most interesting student, but I did not expect to find her an independent thinker, with a sensitive susceptibility to inspirations such as I have not known before, and a mind as fine and noble as the objects it fixes itself upon. I had scarcely known this girl before I found out that she was engaged to be married to a man who was utterly unworthy of her and unfit for her, and whose union with her would put an end to all her purposes and aspirations, and finish by degrading her, as nearly as such a thing is possible, to his level."

"I do not believe it!" exclaimed Mrs. Justin. "She would elevate him."

"Excuse me," said Stratford, "but you are entirely wrong. He is not capable of being elevated; and if he were, he has no desire to be elevated. His marriage with Gay Armatt would put an absolute end to what we now look upon as her career. I know this, and I do not see how you can help knowing it."

"I must admit," said Mrs. Justin, "that I have feared this, and that I have spent hours in thinking about it. But I have a better opinion of Mr. Crisman than you have; I have more faith in Gay than you have; and I trust to her power over him. But this should not be the question. Gay has promised Mr. Crisman to marry him, and, to my mind, this is just the same as if these two persons were already married. To do anything which would induce her to break this engagement is positively and dreadfully wicked."

"I cannot agree with you," said Stratford. "An engagement is not the same as a marriage."

"Mr. Stratford," said Mrs. Justin, "it is of no use for us to argue this question. All that we should consider is that these two young people love each other and desire to be man and wife; and you have no right to come between them."

"How did Miss Armatt happen to be engaged to Crisman?" asked Stratford. "Was he not her first lover?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Justin; "the first and only one."

"I thought so," he said, "and that explains the situation exactly. As I said before, she is a girl of sensitive susceptibility; he is the first handsome young fellow who made love to her, and she accepted him. In some respects her character is unformed, but she ought not to be made to suffer on that account."

"Your kindly disposition is as phenomenal as Gay's mind," said Mrs. Justin.

Stratford made no answer to this, nor did he smile. "Mrs. Justin," he said, "you have helped this young girl to become what she is, and have put her in a position from which she can go on, and take her place among the eminent men and women of her day. Now, I am going to save her from losing all you gave her. You expect her to become one of the brightest jewels in your crown. I intend to prevent her from dropping from that crown and being trampled in the mud."

"Do you mean to say," said Mrs. Justin, "that you deliberately intend to break off this engagement?"

"If it shall be possible," said Stratford, "I intend to alienate Miss Armatt's affections from Crisman by making her understand the value of the companionship of better men than he is. I do not hesitate to say that I consider myself a much better man than he is."

"A noble undertaking!" exclaimed Mrs. Justin. "And when you have made her cast him off, you will kindly marry her yourself!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Stratford. "I knew you would think that, and perhaps say it, but you are mistaken. Positively, I shall not marry her."

"And what will you do with her," asked Mrs. Justin, "when you have torn her affections from her lover, and fixed them on yourself? Will you cast her, heart-broken, out upon the world?"

"Your language is very strong, Mrs. Justin, and you do injustice to my motives. Miss Armatt is not one to be thrown out on the world, as you put it. She is a young woman whom to win would be an ambition worthy the best man of our day. Once freed from this absolutely unsuitable engagement, into which she entered because her young soul knew so little about men, she will be free to marry a man who is worthy of her, and there is no danger but that man will appear."

"But," said Mrs. Justin, "it is not to be supposed that he will appear instantly. It may be a year or two before she meets the man you think she ought to marry. Is she to be left unprotected from other Crismans all this time? Or do you intend to carry her over the gap?"

"I shall carry her over the gap," said Stratford.

Mrs. Justin laughed outright, but not in merriment. "What an utter piece of absurdity!" she exclaimed. "Why, Mr. Stratford," she added with much earnestness, "don't you know enough of men's hearts and women's hearts to understand that if you should win Gay from Crisman, and then desire to give her up to another man, which I don't in the least believe you would desire, that you couldn't do it? Can't you see, as plainly as you see the road before you, that Gay's affections would by that time be so firmly fixed upon you that she would not be given up? Giving up would be impossible for either of you. Now, don't you think you will be much more true to yourself, should you determine to persevere in carrying out this plan, which I call an iniquitous one, frankly to admit that if you get Gay Armatt away from Mr. Crisman, you will marry her yourself?"

"I intend to carry out my plan," said Stratford, "and I shall not marry Miss Armatt."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Justin. And as they were now entering the village, the conversation ceased.

As they were driving homeward, Stratford said: "You know very well, Mrs. Justin, that I have the highest possible regard for what you think and say; but, in this case, even your opinion cannot turn me from my determination to save this young girl, if I can, and give her a chance to make her life what it ought to be. But, now that I know that you disapprove of what I am doing, I do not think it is right that I should remain at your house. But you must not suppose that I am going away with any feeling of resentment. I know you so well that nothing you have said surprises me; and, indeed, looking upon you as yourself, I am not sure that I should be satisfied that you should entertain any opinions on this matter other than those you have expressed to me."

"I might have expressed them more gently," said she; "but, indeed, Mr. Stratford, this is a matter which I feel very deeply. I suppose, of course, that, remembering what you have said, I ought not to wish you to stay with us while Gay is here, but it is to me one of the saddest features of the whole affair that there should be any objection to your staying in my house."

"I thank you most kindly for that," said Stratford.

"But you can't go to the farm-house," she said. "Mrs. People has not returned, and there is no one to take care of you."

"Oh, I shall do very well," said he. "Now that Thorne has gone, I shall not mind being there without Mrs. People. But I suppose she will return in a few days; and, in any case, I shall make a visit to the city next week."

Nothing was said for some minutes, and then Mrs. Justin exclaimed: "I do wish, Mr. Stratford, that you could see this affair as I see it! If you could, I am sure you would instantly abandon your purpose."

"How different we are," said Stratford. "I hope, and what is more, I expect, that the day will come when you will say, although you may not even then believe that my methods were proper, that their result has been most happy."

"You may think," said Mrs. Justin, "and you have reason for it, that you are a man who is never turned from his purpose. You may be very steadfast in your present purpose of merely carrying Gay over that gap, but you will be turned from it."

"By whom?" asked Stratford.

"By Gay. You will marry her."

WHEN Mr. Stratford took leave of the ladies that afternoon, Gay Armatt did not feel so sorry as she would have felt if she had not known that Mr. Crisman was coming in the evening train. She was a woman now, and all sorts of young and half-fledged sentiments were fluttering into her soul, some flying restlessly about and then out again, and some settling first here and then there, as if very uncertain whether they ought to stay or not. But one little sentiment nestled down as if it felt itself at home, and it made Gay feel that while Mr. Crisman was with her it was just as well that Mr. Stratford should be away. There was no reason connected with this sentiment. It was nothing but a little partly-feathered thing that did not know itself where it had come from. It found Gay's soul a very quiet and pleasant place in which to nestle, for the young lady did not know that Mr. Stratford was not coming to the house again while she was there.

(To be continued.)

SHE CAME AND WENT.

SHE came and went, as comes and goes
The dewdrop on the morning rose,
Or as the tender lights that die
At shut of day along the sky.
Her coming made the dawn more bright,
Her going brought the somber night;
Her coming made the blossoms shine,
Her going made them droop and pine.
Where'er her twinkling feet did pass,
Beneath them greener grew the grass;
The song-birds ruffled their small throats
To swell for her their blithest notes.
But when she went, the blushing day
Sank into silence chill and gray,
The dark its sable vans unfurled,
And sudden night possessed the world.
O fond desires that wake in vain!
She ne'er will come to us again;
And now, like vanished perfume sweet,
Her memory grows more vague and fleet.
Yet we rejoice that morn by morn
The sad old world seems less forlorn,
Since once so bright a vision came
To touch our lives with heavenly flame,
And show to our bewildered eyes
What beauty dwells in paradise.

James B. Kenyon.

COQUELIN.

IT was nearly seventeen years ago, and the first time that the writer of these remarks had taken his seat in that temple of the drama in which he was destined afterwards to spend so many delightful evenings, to feel the solicitation of so many interesting problems, and to receive so many fine impressions, foremost among which was this, that the Théâtre Français was a school for the education of the taste. It seemed to the spectator of whom I speak that the education of his own dramatic taste began on the evening he saw M. Coquelin play a part — doubtless of rather limited opportunity — in "Lions et Renards." I have seen him play many parts since then, more important, more predestined to success (Émile Augier's comedy to which I allude was, not undeservedly, a failure), but I have retained a vivid and friendly memory of the occasion, and of this particular actor's share in it, because it was the first step in an initiation. It opened a door, through which I was in future to pass as often as possible, into a world of fruitful, delightful art. M. Coquelin has quitted the Comédie Française, his long connection with that august institution has come to an end, and he is to present himself in America not as a representative of the richest theatrical tradition in the world, but as an independent and enterprising genius who has felt the need of the margin and elbow-room, the lighter, fresher air of a stage of his own. He will find this stage in the United States as long as he looks for it, and an old admirer may hope that he will look for it often and make it the scene of new experiments and new triumphs. M. Coquelin's visit to America is, in fact, in itself a new experiment, the result of which cannot fail to be interesting to those who consider with attention the evolution of taste in our great and lively country. If it should be largely and strikingly successful, that sacred cause will beyond controversy have scored heavily. Foreign performers, lyric and dramatic, have descended upon our shores by the thousand and have encountered a various fortune. Many have failed, but of those who have succeeded it is safe to say that they have done so for reasons which lay pretty well on the surface. They have addressed us in tongues that were alien, and to most of us incomprehensible, but there was usually something in them that operated as a bribe to favor. The peculiarity of M. Coquelin's position, and the cause of the curiosity with which we shall have regarded the attitude of the public towards him, is in the fact that he offers no bribe whatever — none of the lures of youth or beauty or sex, or of an insinuating aspect, or of those that reside in a familiar domestic repertory. It is a question simply of appreciating or not appreciating his admirable talent, his magnificent execution. Great singers speak or rather sing for themselves. Music hath charms, and the savage breast is soothed even when the "words" require an ingenious translation. Distinguished foreign actresses have the prestige of a womanhood which is, at any rate, constructively lovely. Madame Sara Bernhardt was helped to make the French tongue acceptable to the promiscuous public by the fact that, besides being extraordinarily clever, she was also, to many eyes, very beautiful and picturesque, and had wonderful and innumerable gowns. M. Coquelin will have had the same task without the same assistance; he is not beautiful, he is not picturesque, and his clothes scarcely count. The great Salvini has successfully beguiled the American people with the Italian tongue; but he has had the advantage of being very handsome to look upon, of a romantic type, and of representing characters that have on our own stage a consecration, a presumption in their favor. M. Coquelin is not of a romantic type, and everything in him that meets the eye of the spectator would appear to have been formed for the broadest comedy. By a miracle of talent and industry he has forced his physical means to serve him also, and with equal felicity, in comedy that is not broad, but surpassingly delicate, and even in the finest pathetic and tragic effects. But to enjoy the refinement of M. Coquelin's acting the ear must be as open as the eye, must even be beforehand with it; and if that of the American public learns, or even shows an aptitude for learning, the lesson conveyed in his finest creations, the lesson that acting is an art and that art is style, the gain will have been something more than the sensation of the moment — it will have been an added perception.

In M. Augier's comedy which I have mentioned, and which was speedily withdrawn, there was frequent reference to the

"robe of innocence" of the young Viscount Adhémar, an interesting pupil of the Jesuits, or at least of the clerical party, who, remarkable for his infant piety and the care taken to fence him in from the corruptions of the town, goes sadly astray on coming up to Paris, and inflicts grievous rents and stains on the garment in question. I well remember the tone of humbugging juvenile contrition in which Coquelin, representing the misguided youth, confessed that it was no longer in a state to be worn. He had a little curly flaxen wig, parted in the middle, and a round, rosy face, and a costume resembling that which in New York to-day is attributed to that elusive animal the dude; yet he was not a figure of farce, but a social product, as lightly touched as he was definitely specified. I thought his companions as delightful as himself, and my friendliness extended even to the horrible stalls in which, in those days, one was condemned to sit, and to the thick, hot atmosphere of the house. I suspect the atmosphere has never been lightened since then, and that the Théâtre Français has never had a thorough airing; but certain alleviations have been introduced, new chairs and wide passages, and frescoes on the ceilings, and fresh upholstery on box and balcony. It is still, however, of the dingy and stuffy old theater that I think, haunted as it then was more sensibly by the ghosts of the great players of the past — the mighty shades of Talma and Mars and Rachel. It has seemed to me ever since that the "improvements" have frightened them away; the ancient discomforts were a part of the tradition — a word which represents the very soul of the Comédie Française, and which, under the great dim roof which has echoed to so many thrilling sounds, one pronounces with bated breath. The tradition was at that time in the keeping of MM. Régnier, Bressant, Delaunay, and Got, of Mesdames Plessy, Natalie, and Favart, to say nothing of the subject of this sketch, the latest comer in the great generation of which these were some of the principal figures. Much has been changed since then, and M. Coquelin, though still in the prime of life, was the other day almost a senior. Régnier, Bressant, Delaunay have disappeared, and from the boards of the Théâtre Français the most robust depositary of the tradition in the younger line — for to this title Coquelin certainly has a right — has also vanished. Gone is the brilliant, artificial, incomparable Plessy; gone is that rich and wise comédienne, the admirable, elderly, humorous, discreet, and touching Natalie; gone is poor Madame Favart, whose utterance I remember I couldn't understand the first time I heard her (she was still playing young girls, and represented, in a very tight dress, the aristocratic heroine of "Lions et Renards"), but whom I afterwards grew to admire as an actress of high courage and a great tragic gift.

It took a certain time for a new spectator to discriminate and compare, to see things, or rather to see persons, in the right proportion and perspective. I remember that the first evenings I spent in the Rue de Richelieu I thought every one equally good, I was dazzled by the universal finish, by an element of control which at that time seemed to me supreme. Every one *was* good,— I don't say that every one is to-day,— but afterwards the new spectator perceived differences. He even discovered that, such is the grossness intermingled with even the noblest human institutions, there is sometimes a failure of taste behind that stately *rampe*. He has heard common voices there, he has seen the dead letter of the famous tradition uninformed by a spirit. He has seen gentlemen put down their hats with great accuracy on the first chair on the right of the door as they come in, but do very little more than that. He has seen actresses to whom all the arts of the toilet, all the facility of the Frenchwoman, and all the interest they had in producing an illusion could not impart the physiognomy of a lady. These little roughnesses, however, inherent, as I say, in every mundane enterprise, were not frequent, and the general glamour lasted a long time. I am nevertheless pleased to believe to-day that (if I do not deceive myself) even at the very first I dimly discerned that the essence of the matter, the purest portions of the actor's art, abode in this young Coquelin — he was then young — with an unsurpassable intensity. Benoît-Constant Coquelin was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1841; his vocation defined itself at a very early age, and he became a pupil of the Conservatoire in 1859. From this nursery of histrionic hopes he entered the Comédie Française, where he immediately made his presence perceived. At the age of twenty-three he was a *sociétaire* of the great house. His cast of countenance, his features, the extraordinary metallic ring of his voice, marked him out for parts of extreme comic effort and of what is called charactery. Long before I had seen him I remember a friend's exciting — in a letter — my interest in his acting of Théodore de Banville's touching and picturesque little play of "Gringoire," where, in the part of a mediæval Bohemian of letters, condemned to be hanged by Louis XI. and reprieved when the halter is already around his neck (I have not seen the piece for a long time, and forget the exact argument), he gave occasion to that amiable interfusion of smiles and tears to which a

French audience is so much inclined. "Gringoire" is an exquisite creation, which has taken its place in M. Coquelin's permanent repertory, where he has given it, in comparatively recent times, a companion figure in M. Coppée's "Luthier de Crémone," a sensitive, slightly morbid personage, represented by the actor with extreme discretion and genuine poetical feeling, and dear to the French public from the fact that he may be introduced to families and young ladies. The pathetic, the "interesting" (including, where need be, the romantic and even the heroic), and the extravagantly droll represent the two opposite ends of M. Coquelin's large gamut. He turns from one to the other, he ranges between them, with incomparable freedom and ease. Into the *emploi* of the impudent, extravagant serving-men of the old comedies,— the *Mascarilles*, the *Scapins*, the *Frontins*, the *Crispins*,— he stepped from the first with the assurance of a conqueror; from hand to foot, in face, in manner, in voice, in genius, he was cut out for them, and it is with his most successful efforts in this line that, for the public at large, his name has become synonymous. If his portrait is painted (perhaps it has been) for the *foyer* of the Comédie Française, it should be as the *Mascarille* of Molière's "L'Étourdi."

I have an impression that this was the second part I saw him play, with Delaunay as the scatterbrained hero. Coquelin was dressed like a figure of the old Italian comedy, in great stripes of crimson and white, a little round cloak, a queer, inflated-looking cap, and breeches and hose of the same pattern. I can see him, I can hear him, the incarnation of humorous effrontery and agility, launching his prodigious voice over the footlights, fairly trumpeting his "points," and giving an unparalleled impression of life and joy. I have seen him in the part many times since then, and it has always seemed to me, with the exception of his astonishing incarnation of the false marquis in the "Précieuses Ridicules" (the valet, who in his master's finery, masquerades as a *bel-esprit*), the most exuberant in his repertory. Of this fantastic exuberance he is a rare master, and his command of it is doubly wonderful when one thinks of his command of effects which lie entirely in self-possession — effects of low tone, as painters say. The representative of *Don Annibal* in "L'Aventurière," of *Don César de Bazan* in "Ruy Blas" (in both of which parts the actor is superb), is also the representative of various prose-talking, subdued gentlemen of to-day (the *Duc de Septmonts*, in "L'Étrangère" of the younger Dumas, the argumentative, didatic *Thouvenin*, in the same author's "Denise") caught in various tight places, as gentlemen must be in a play, but with no accessories *à la Goya* to help them out. The interpreter of the tragic passion of *Jean Dacier*, which I have not seen for many years, is hidden in the stupendously comical and abject figure of M. Royal, the canting little pettifogger or *clerc d'huissier*, who appears in a single brief scene in the last act of "Tartuffe," and into whom M. Coquelin, taking up the part for the first time in the autumn of 1885, infused an individuality of grotesqueness and baseness which gave him — all in the space of five minutes — one of his greatest triumphs.

The art of composition, in the various cases I have mentioned, is the same, but the subjects to which it is applied have nothing in common. I have heard people enunciate the singular proposition: "Coquelin has great talent — he does ever so many different things; but, I don't know — he is always Coquelin." He is indeed always Coquelin, which is a great mercy, considering what he possibly might have been. It is by being always Coquelin that he is able to be *Jean Dacier* one night and *Don Annibal* another. If it be meant by the remark I have just quoted that he makes *Don Annibal* resemble *Jean Dacier*, or gives the two personages something in common which they could not really have possessed, no criticism could well be less exact. What it really points to, I suppose, is the extreme definiteness and recognizableness, as it were, of the performer's execution, of his physical means, above all, of that voice which no manner of composing a particular character can well render a less astounding organ at one moment than at another. *Don César* is Coquelin and *M. Thouvenin* is Coquelin, because on the lips both of *Don César* and of *M. Thouvenin* there sits a faculty of vocalization, as one may call it, which is peculiar to the artist who embodies them, and surely one of the most marvelous the stage has ever known. It may be said that M. Coquelin's voice betrays him; that he cannot get away from it, and that whatever he does with it one is always reminded that only he can do such things. His voice, in short, perpetually, loudly identifies him. Its life and force are such that the auditor sometimes feels as if it were running away with him — taking a holiday, performing antics and gyrations on its own account. The only reproach it would ever occur to me to make to the possessor of it is that he perhaps occasionally loses the idea while he listens to the sound. But such an organ may well beguile the ear even of him who has toiled to forge and polish it; it is impossible to imagine anything more directly formed for the stage, where the prime necessity of every effort is that it shall "tell." When Coquelin speaks, the sound is not sweet and caressing, though

it adapts itself beautifully, as I have hinted, to effects of gentleness and pathos; it has no analogy with the celebrated and delicious murmur of Delaunay, the enchanting cadences and semitones of that artist, also so accomplished, so perfect. It is not primarily the voice of a lover, or rather (for I hold that any actor — such is the indulgence of the public to this particular sentiment — may be a lover with any voice) it is not primarily, like that of M. Delaunay, the voice of love. There is no reason why it should have been, for the passion of love is not what M. Coquelin has usually had to represent.

He has usually had to represent the passion of impudence, and it is, I think, not too much to say that it is in this portrayal that he has won most of his greatest victories. His expression, his accent, give him the highest commission for placing before us the social quality which, I suppose, most conducts a man to success. The valets of Molière and Regnard are nothing if not impudent; impudent are *Don César* and *Don Annibal;* impudent, heroically impudent, is *Figaro;* impudent (as I remember him) *M. Adolphe de Beaubourg* (in "Paul Forestier"); impudent the *Duc de Septmonts;* impudent even — or at least decidedly impertinent — the copious moralist *M. Thouvenin.* (I have selected simply a handful of instances, out of M. Coquelin's immense repertory. There are doubtless others at least as much to the point, in parts in which I have not seen him. He is believed, moreover,—and the idea is most natural,—to have aspirations of the most definite character with regard to "Tartuffe," and it may be predicted that on the day he embraces that fine opportunity he will give a supreme sign of his power to depict the unblushing. It need hardly be remarked that the Mephistopheles, which at the moment I write he is rumored to have in his eye, in an arrangement of Goethe's drama, will abound in the same sense.) If M. Coquelin's voice is not sweet, it is extraordinarily clear, firm, and ringing, and it has an unsurpassable distinctness, a peculiar power to carry. As I write I seem to hear it ascend like a rocket to the great hushed dome of the theater of the Rue de Richelieu. It vibrates, it lashes the air, it seems to proceed from some mechanism still more scientific than the human throat. In the great cumulative tirades of the old comedy, the difficulties of which are pure sport for M. Coquelin, it flings down the words, the verses, as a gamester precipitated by a run of luck flings louis d'or upon the table. I am not sure that the most perfect piece of acting that I have seen him achieve is not a prose character, but it is certain that to appreciate to the full what is most masterly in his form one must listen to and enjoy his delivery of verse. That firmness touched with hardness, that easy confidence which is only the product of the most determined study, shine forth in proportion as the problem becomes complicated. It does not, indeed, as a general thing, become so psychologically in the old rhymed parts; but in these parts the question of elocution, of diction, or even simply the question of breath, bristles both with opportunities and with dangers. Perhaps it would be most exact to say that wherever M. Coquelin has a very long and composite speech to utter, be it verse or prose, there one gets the cream of his talent. The longest speech in the French drama, not excepting the famous soliloquy of *Figaro* in the second comedy of Beaumarchais, and that of *Charles V.* in "Hernani," is, I should suppose, the discourse placed in the mouth of *M. Thouvenin* aforesaid in the last act of "Denise." It occupies nearly four close pages in the octavo edition of the play, and if it is not a soliloquy it is a sermon, a homily, a treatise. An English or an American audience would have sunk into a settled gloom by the time the long rhythm of the thing had declared itself, and even at the Théâtre Français the presumption was against the actor's ability to bring safely into port a vessel drawing such a prodigious depth of water. M. Coquelin gave it life, light, color, movement, variety, interest, even excitement. One held one's breath, not exactly to hear what *Thouvenin* would say, but to hear how Coquelin would say it. Such a success as that seems to me to be the highest triumph of the actor's art, because it belongs to the very foundation, and to the most human part of it. On our own stage to *say* things is out of fashion, if for no other reason than that we must first have them to say. To *do* them, with a great reënforcement of chairs and tables, of traps and panoramas and other devices, is the most that our Anglo-Saxon star, of either sex, aspires to. The ear of the public, that exquisite critical sense which is two-thirds of the comedian's battle-field, has simply ceased to respond from want of use. And where, indeed, is the unfortunate comedian to learn how to speak? Is it the unfortunate public that is to teach him? Gone are the days when the evolution of a story could sit on the lips of an actor. The stage-carpenter and the dress-maker have relieved him long since of that responsibility.

One September night, ten years ago, being in Paris after a considerable absence, an occasional sojourner there went to the Comédie Française to see "Jean Dacier," a tragedy in four acts, in verse, by M. Thomond. When he came out he was too excited to go home, to go

to bed, to do anything but live over the piece and walk off his emotion. He made several times the circuit of the Place de la Concorde, he patrolled the streets of Paris till the night was far gone and his agitation had subsided. It had been produced by Coquelin's representation of the hero, and no tribute to the actor's power could have been more unrestricted and spontaneous. Many years have elapsed since then; the play, for reasons social and political, rather, I think, than artistic, has not been repeated, and the spectator of whom I relate this harmless anecdote has consequently never had a chance of renewing his impression of it. He has often wondered whether his recollection is to be trusted, whether there is not an element of illusion in it, of fortuitous, extraneous glamour. That evening remains with him as almost the most memorable he has ever spent in a play-house. Was there, as it happened, something in his mood that favored the occasion inordinately, or was the whole thing really as fine, and was Coquelin's acting, in particular, as magnificent, as his subsequent ecstatic perambulation would have indicated? Why, on the one hand, should Coquelin's acting not have been magnificent, and why, on the other, if it was as much so as I have ever since ventured to suppose, has it not been more celebrated, more commemorated, more of a household word? I do not remember to have heard that particular triumph very often alluded to. Why, above all, social and political reasons to the contrary notwithstanding, has the play never again been brought forward, if the effect of it was really even but half as great as I imagine it to have been? At any rate, if I may trust my memory, *Jean Dacier* is a part which, now that he is his own master and may take his property where he finds it, M. Coquelin will consult the interest of his highest reputation by taking up again at an early day. As the beauty of this creation comes back to me, I am almost ashamed to have intimated just now that his strong point is the representation of impudence. There is not a touch of that vice in the portrait of the young republican captain who has sprung from the ranks and who finds himself, by one of the strange combinations of circumstances that occur in great revolutions, married from one moment to another to the daughter of his former *seigneur*, the lord of the manor, now ruined and proscribed, under whom he grew up in his Breton village. The young man, of course, of old, before being swept into the ranks, has adored the châtelaine in secret (and in secret only), being divided from her by the impassable gulf which in the novel and the drama, still more than in real life, separates the countess from the serf. The girl has been reprieved from the scaffold on condition of her marrying a republican soldier,—cases are on record in which this clemency was extended to royalist victims,—and the husband whom chance reserves for her is a person who, in the days of her grandeur and his own obscurity, was as the dust beneath her feet. I say "chance," but, as I remember the situation, it is not altogether that, inasmuch as *Jean* has already recognized her—he naturally escapes recognition himself—as she passes the windows of the guard-house at Nantes in the horrible tumbril of the condemned. A "republican marriage," with the drum-head for the registrar's table, has just been celebrated, before the spectators' eyes and those of the young man; a stout Breton lass (not in this case a royalist martyr) has cheerfully allowed herself to be conjoined by a rite not even civil, but simply military, with one of her country's defenders. This strikes the note of *Jean's* being able (the idea flashes on him as he sees her) to save his former mistress if she will accept a release at such a price. She doesn't know whether she accepts or not—she is dazed, bewildered, overwhelmed. The revulsion is too great and the situation too strange to leave her, for the moment, her reason; and one of the most striking incidents, as well as the most thrilling pieces of acting, that I remember to have seen, was the entrance of Madame Favart, as the heroine, at this stage of the piece. She has at a moment's notice been pulled down from the tumbril, and with her hands just untied, her hair disordered, her senses confounded, and the bloody vision of the guillotine still in her eyes, she is precipitated into the room full of soldiers with the announcement of the inconceivable condition of her pardon in her ears. The night I saw the play, the manner in which Madame Favart, in this part, rendered in face and step all the amazement of the situation, drew forth a long burst of applause even while she still remained dumb.

The ceremony is concluded even before one of the parties to it regains her senses, and it is not till afterwards that she discovers the identity of her partner. I recall, as a scene to which the actress's talent gave almost as much effect as Coquelin's, the third act of "Jean Dacier," in which, in the poor room to which he takes her as his bride, an *éclaircissement* comes to pass between these romantically situated young persons. As I allude to it here, a certain analogy with the celebrated cottage-scene in the "Lady of Lyons" occurs to me; but I was not struck with that when I saw the play. The step the young man has taken is, of course, simply to save the girl's life; having done this, he wishes

only to efface himself (though he does worship her) without insisting on the rights of a husband. The situation, naturally, is foredoomed to become still more romantic and tragic; by the time *Marie* (I forget her noble surname) discovers that her husband is an uncommonly fine fellow, by the time a new passion on her side begins to take the place of her first impression that he wished to obtain a base advantage of her — by this time it is, of course, too late, and we are close on the edge of the catastrophe. I forget how it comes about; I think (but about all this I am not perfectly clear) through *Jean's* taking or appearing to take part in a secret movement for putting the life of the girl's father in safety as against his own colleagues, the republican chiefs. The attempt comes to light after it has succeeded, and the young man's life, either by his own hand or by military justice, is the forfeit. What I most definitely remember is that as the curtain falls the once proud *Marie*, who has fathomed the depths of his heroism, flings herself upon his inanimate body. All this is very grand (M. Thomond's play must surely be a very interesting one), and my theory would be that M. Coquelin's representation of it was thoroughly superior. Not formed by nature for depicting romantic love, he triumphed over every obstacle which his person might have presented, and gave signal support to the interesting truth that if an actor have the rest of the business in him, his physical appearance, as regards the particular image to be projected upon the sense of the public, is the last thing that matters. The impression of the ear can always charm away anything that needs to be got rid of in the eye. Youth, passion, patriotism, tenderness, renunciation, everything that thrills and melts, everything gallant and touching, appear to me, at this distance of time, to have been embodied in the little republican officer with the weather-worn uniform, the *retroussé* nose, and the far-ringing voice (in two or three of the patriotic couplets of the first act it sounded like a clarion). And it is to be noted that the part is purely and exclusively tragic; the actor is not allowed to help himself by touching any of the other chords of his lyre.

It comes over me, moreover, that if that admirable old Alsatian country schoolmaster in "L'Ami Fritz," of whom M. Coquelin makes so inimitable a figure, is not tragic, neither is he in the smallest degree impudent. This character is an elaborate picture of quaint, old-fashioned geniality and morality and patriarchial *bonhomie*. It is a marvel of specification without exaggeration, an individual reproduced in his minutest peculiarities, and yet kept perpetually in relation to the medium in which he moves, perfect in tone, perfect above all in taste. The taste in which MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's village schoolmaster is embalmed I judge it would be impossible for M. Coquelin, under any circumstances whatever, to depart from. One feels it is there as a sort of classic temperance — in all the grotesque unctuousness of *M. Loyal*, in the extravagance of the grimacing, chanting, capering footman of "Les Précieuses." In other words, as I have already hinted, in everything he does, in his lowest comedy as well as in his highest, M. Coquelin has style. Of how much he has it in his highest, his *Duc de Septmonts*, to which I have already alluded, may stand as the fullest proof. I have left myself no space to descant on this admirable picture, which I had in mind in saying just now that *Jean Dacier* is his most perfect piece of acting but one. (I can only answer for those I have seen, of course, and there are many that I have not had the good fortune to see. I am ignorant, for instance, of three or four of his creations of the last few years — of *Le Député de Bombignac*, of *Un Parisien*, and of *Chamillac*, which I have heard spoken of in superlative terms, and in which M. Coquelin appears to have won a brilliant triumph.) Confining myself to those episodes of his career which have come under my direct observation, I should say that if *Jean Dacier* is his highest flight in the line of rhymed parts, the *Duc de Septmonts* is his most striking attempt in the field of a closer realism. It is impossible not to have a high opinion of the art which can project so vivid and consistent an image and yet keep it (to borrow again a convenient term from the painters) so quiet, so much in the tone of familiar, conceivable life. There is something in the way M. Coquelin goes through this long and elaborate part, all of fine shades and minute effects, all appearing to the finest observation as well as displaying it, which reminds one of the manner in which the writer of a "psychological" novel (when he knows how to write as well as M. Coquelin knows how to act) builds up a character, in his supposedly uncanny process — with touch added to touch, line to line, and a vision of his personage breathing before him. M. Coquelin is really the Balzac of actors. The effect that his farewell to the Théâtre Français (taken in conjunction with some other recent vicissitudes — now a goodly number; with some other "rifts within the lute") will have upon the classic house itself belongs to a range of considerations which, though seductive, are not open to us here. But it is impossible not to watch with lively interest, and almost with a sort of suspense, the future of the distinguished seceder; his

BENOÎT-CONSTANT COQUELIN, BORN JANUARY 25TH, 1841.

endowment, his capacity, his fortune up to this time, his general intention and ambition, are all of so high and bold an order. He is an image of success as well as of resolution, and we shall watch with curiosity for the forms that success will take with him hereafter. It came to him the first hour he trod the stage, and to the best of my knowledge he has never known a defeat. Not only this, but in a company of which half the members and pensioners spend more of their career behind the scenes than before them, he has never known an intermission of activity. My impression would be that in the last five and twenty years he has created more parts than almost all his comrades put together. All this is an earnest of very interesting things yet to come; for, as life is measured in the theater, M. Coquelin is still a young man. The defect of his talent is (I have already ventured to use the word) a certain hardness, an almost inhuman perfection of surface; but the compensation of that, on the other hand, is that it suggests durability, resistance. The observation, the assimilation of ideas, can only extend themselves. May they do so as much as possible in the United States!

Henry James.

FENCING AND THE NEW YORK FENCERS.

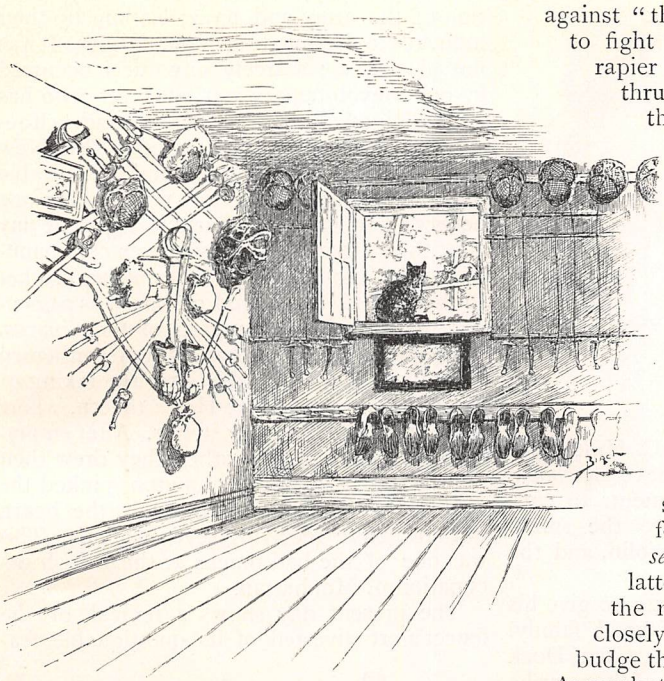
SALUT!

THE game of attack and defense as it is still practiced with the sword and foil opens up unexpected vistas in history, and of paradoxes it offers not a few. For instance, it is odd that fencing should spring from violent manslaughter and yet commend itself to physicians as a safe and agreeable pastime. In popular thought it is held to be the school of the duel. Yet the notorious duelists have so seldom been very eminent on the floor that two classes may be said to have existed, duelists and expert fencers. What is said of boxing, that the ordinary boxer learns to avoid the brutality of fisticuffs rather than seek opportunities to use his science *in corpore vili*, is not less true of play with the foil. A knowledge of that harmless little whip of steel does not urge a man to glut an acquired thirst for blood in the arena of honor; on the contrary, it teaches him self-control while sweetening his temper through the most even, genial exercise that human beings have invented up to the present time.

Not so mysterious in its origin as the dance, the love of warlike games arose, like the dance, from natural causes, so that in early ages the two are found in combination in the sword-dance. As civilization went forward they parted company, only occasionally to meet again. The dance grew from the frantic war-steps of the Berserker, maddened by a mystic drink brewed for the purpose, and from the unseemly dance in which both sexes shared, into the orderly movements of the modern ball, where the barbaric, the blood-thirsty, and the sensual elements have been refined away until nothing is left but the charm of movement unassociated with any selfish aim. So the play of swords runs through the grossness of the middle ages, when knights were cased in boiler-iron, and he was the best who would have made the strongest blacksmith, to the later ages with their refinements of weapons, guards, and assaults. Sword-play had its bloom immediately after the introduction of gunpowder, which with one sulphurous breath blew away the system of heavy armor and forced men to rely on their nimble legs and nimbler wits, instead of the thickness and quality of their harness. Armor could no longer save, when a shot from cannon or musket drove a hundred iron splinters from a cuirass into the wearer and the comrades by his side. Yet fire-arms of precision had not been invented; here was an opportunity for the development of the agile art of the sword, which in later periods and in affairs of honor has been gravely compromised by the handiness and perfection of the pistol.

The charm of fencing for beginners is that when you take position before a good swordsman you need not be hopeless of making a point. After a reasonable amount of practice with the foils you are able occasionally to slip through his guard and enjoy the simple vanity of touching the supposed untouchable. This comes from the perfection of fair play reached after several centuries of minute changes in the positions, weapons, and accouterments of the masters of fence. No other athletic sport equalizes so closely the powers natural to a man and a woman, a graybeard and a boy, a Hercules and a consumptive. None is so well adapted to indoor and outdoor work, to winter and summer, to daylight and lamplight; nor is it, considering the large body of literature connected therewith, and its prominence in cyclopedia and manual of

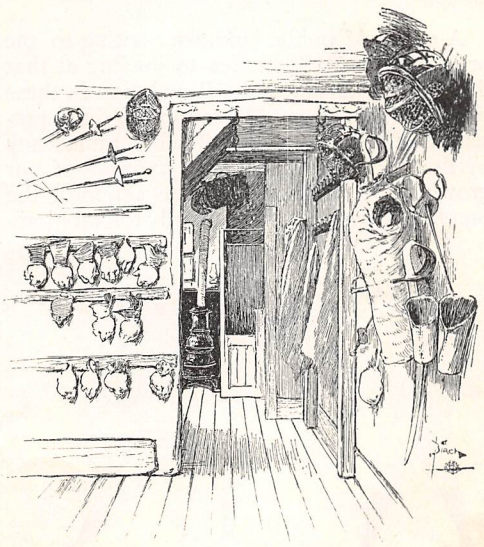
THE FETICH OF THE FENCERS CLUB.



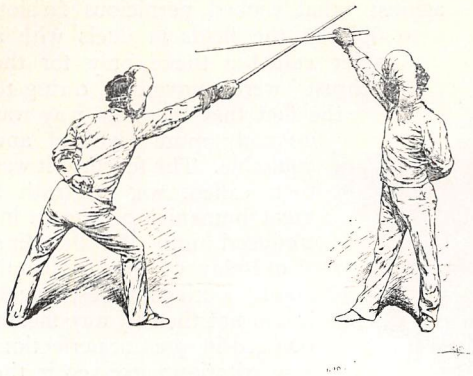
THE DEN AND ITS PETS.

sports, needful to recall here the wonders it has wrought as a bringer and keeper of health, erect carriage, grace of gait and correctness of bearing, of good spirits and of courtesy. These are commonplaces which can be found in a hundred books; bearing them in mind, we smile to read the tirade from one of Shakspere's fellow-citizens in the comedy "Two Angry Women of Abingdon" (A. D. 1599): "Sword and buckler fights begin to grow out of use. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this *poking fight of rapier and dagger* will come up; then a tall man and a good sword and buckler man will be spitted like a cat or rabbit." We catch in this passage English manners living as they rose, from Italian, French, and Spanish examples; for the noisy sword and buckler men, literal swashbucklers, were survivals of the armored period, when fair play hardly existed, and duels lacked those rigid rules that deprived them of vulgar blood-thirstiness. Saviola, an Italian writing in England, maintained (1594) that the new style of using the point is more rare and excellent than any other. "Considering that a man having the perfect knowledge or practice of this art, although of small stature and weaker strength, may, with a little removing of his foot, a sodaine turning of his hand, a slight declining of his body, subdue and overcome the fierce braving pride of tall and strong bodyes." Saviola was on the winning side. Protests against "that wicked, pernicious fashion to fight in the fields in duels with a rapier called a tucke only for the thrust" were unavailing, owing to the fact that the new way was infinitely more civilized and equitable. The fence, as it was then called, was in truth a great humanizing element introduced into the brawling sword-play of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, though it had not then by any means reached its present perfection. The irritation perceived in the author of "Two Angry Women of Abingdon" is noticeable to-day where men discuss the various schools of fence. The scorn of him who fences wide for him who talks about *le jeu serré*, is returned in kind by the latter, who demands that men toe the mark, keep the blades whirring closely about each other, and never budge the foot save in a classical lunge.

As was but natural, fencing came to America with the Spaniards and Frenchmen who generally antedate the Dutch and English. The period was that of great, but not the greatest, eminence in sword-play. In 1754 John Rievers, apparently a Hollander, taught fencing and dancing to the colonists in New York, on the corner of Whitehall and Stone streets, doubtless encouraged more or less by the British officers in garrison here. The period was still favorable to side-arms, and most gentlemen were supposed to know how



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE FENCERS CLUB.



SINGLE-STICKS.

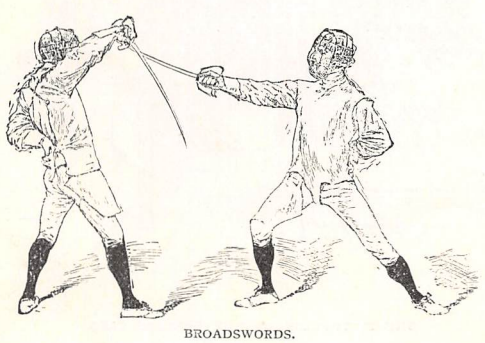
to handle a small-sword. W. C. Hulett, his successor, appears in 1770 to have needed a yet wider range of accomplishments to earn a livelihood, for in addition to the small-sword he taught dancing, the violin, and the flute.

In 1789 somebody too delicate to give his name, probably an *émigré* of good family, opened a fencing school at No. 4 Great Dock street (now Pearl). By the end of the year he seems to have decided to cry mackerel in a louder voice, if he be that same M. Villette who uses the columns of the "Daily Advertiser" in September of 1789.

FENCING ACADEMY.

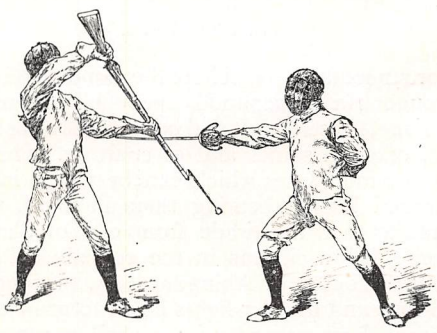
M. Villette respectfully informs the gentlemen amateurs of Fencing, that he intends opening his Academy on the 5th of October in Cortlandt street, the second door from Greenwich street, where that noble art will be taught every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

A critic of public morals, writing to the press, about 1818, alludes to dueling at that date as well as during the Revolution in these terms: "The favorable reports of duels presented in the hardihood of self-complacency by the parties themselves is another of our growing evils produced by the action of the press, and by the too frequently tolerated action of the army and navy, leading by their influence to the imitation of our citizens. It was not always so; scarcely any duels occurred in our Revolutionary war, and yet who has ever doubted the equal courage and self-respect of the officers of that period?" Yet New York has been witness to several remarkable duels with swords, the most noted being one between two English officers in 1777, the day after their arrival. The *Zebra* was commanded by the Honorable J. Tollemache, brother to the Earl of Dysart, and on board as passenger was Captain Pennington of the Guards. To settle a difficulty between these gentlemen a duel was fought the day after the taking of the town, in a room at Hall's tavern, where the Boreel building now stands. After emptying their pistols at each other, they drew their swords and Captain Pennington pinked the Honorable Tollemache through the heart, but not before receiving seven wounds. This was one of the bad omens at the British occupation of Manhattan.

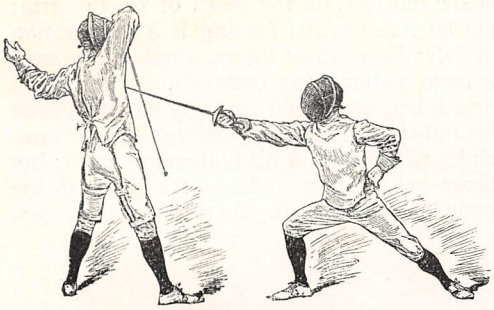


BROADSWORDS.

The present day shows a revival of the fencer's art divested of its questionable features and suited to the gentle sex as well as to the harsh, by its qualities as an exercise. In Paris a fencing floor is a common appendage to a *cercle*, or club, because fencing is almost the only sport which can be called national to France. Fencing is pushed by a society for the encouragement of the art which owns no house, and consists in part of persons who never touch the foils, and in part of fencers. The society arranges public exhibitions, sells tickets, and distributes awards, generally in money, to the combatants. Each club has, of course, its private exhibitions depending on the greater or less enthusiasm of its members. *Maîtres d'armes*, the heads of fencing floors, and *prévôts*, their lieutenants, are the men on whom the chief society and the club rely for most of the fencing in public; the training school at Vincennes, with its corps of instructors, forms the college of fencing whose graduates fill the position of teachers with the



SABER AND BAYONET.

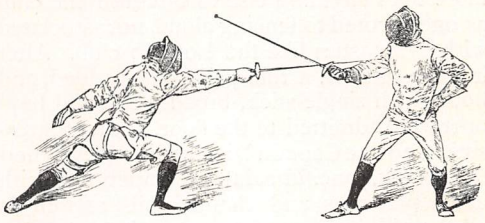


PARRIED.

regiments, and supply the demand for *maîtres d'armes* in Paris and elsewhere.

Ladies in the best ranks of life fence more and more as they discover its value for health and good looks, instead of leaving it entirely to actresses, who have always used the exercise for learning how to plant and move their feet intelligently. All over Europe the universities foster sword or foil play of one kind or another, and in that nation apart which we call the city of London, a club for fencing has existed these twenty years. The London Fencing Club, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and having on its list many peers of the realm, is as aristocratic in its aim as the Fencers Club of New York, of which we will have something to say presently, is democratic. It was founded in 1863 as a club for fencing and gymnastics with a membership of three hundred, and helped to its present quarters by a paternal government. It has two French and three English teachers, and from its nearness to St. James's is of practical use to the officers of the Queen's household troops. It is said that the members are averse to allowing men in trade to enter its patrician doors. The club-house is a very good and convenient one, with dressing-rooms in the upper part of the hall reached by steps, and the management is given to an honorable secretary, who is, and has been since the start, Captain George Chapman. To him is chiefly due the success of this excellent limited club. On this side of the Atlantic a few large cities have always had professors of the art, but, like unhappy Hulett of New York in 1770, seldom has one been able to make a living from lessons in fencing alone. At New Orleans the chances have been better, owing to the large Creole and French population; there oftener than elsewhere have duels in this century been decided by the sword. The Rossières, father and son, were teachers famous in their day. The Orleans Fencing Club is the first devoted solely to the sword which appears in North America; it still exists. In the French quarter *assauts d'armes* are a recognized form of entertainment. One must not forget, moreover, that the German Turn Verein of New York makes something of fencing, and that at West Point and Annapolis it is a branch of study employing a number of instructors, a study which, unfortunately, officers of the army and the navy promptly forget. In Toronto, also, and other Canadian cities fencing clubs including general gymnastic exercises have been established of late.

When the Fencers Club of New York came into being, less than half a dozen years ago, it found itself in an odd-enough cradle, the den of Captain Hippolyte Nicolas on Sixth Avenue. From that dim past let those recall discussions concerning classical and non-classical fencing who were privileged to sit at the little suppers which appeared like magic from upstairs just when midnight and the last *assaut* met. Whether the saber had any chance against the bayonet crossed arguments with the question whether the salad mixed by the captain was more like the music of Gluck or Gounod. Whilst one fencer, worsted in the assault, loudly maintained that the system of this floor lacked style, another gazed rapturously at the brown breasts of partridges peeping coyly from a white wrapping of bacon. Here was a brag of doughty deeds in Paris, there the specimen tale, fresh from New Mexico, unrolled its familiar properties of stilettos, Greasers, and unmanageable bronchos. From this baker's dozen of tall-talkers rose the Fencers Club, now ten times their number, and certainly better swordsmen and more modest than of yore. Not all accepted the system of the captain, but none denied that for interesting a *nouveau* in the art and teaching him quickly how to hold his

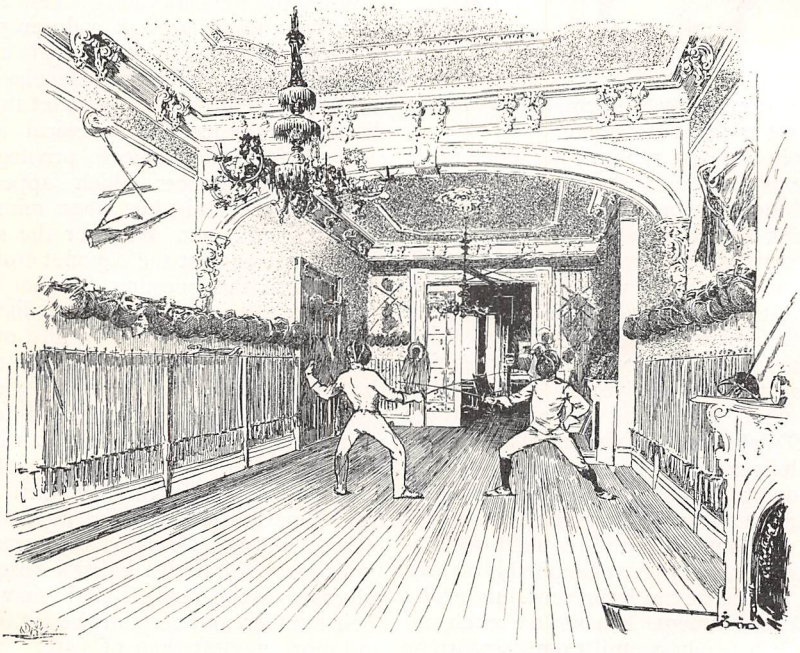


AN ATTITUDE OF OBSERVATION.

own against more experienced blades, no man was his equal. M. Nicolas is indeed a rare character, and only truth is told when one says, that had there been no Nicolas, there had been no Fencers Club.

Captain Hippolyte Nicolas, a veteran of the Crimea and the wars of 1859 and 1870, is a man who in the desert of New York cried the evangel of fencing. Not that MM. Monstéry and Sénac, to mention only the last of the various New York *maîtres d'armes*, had

not done their best; but none possessed the self-abnegation of the fanatic, the smoldering enthusiasm of the reformer, the patience of the general bound to win. Yet it was a pure bit of chance that brought him in 1876 opposite the sign of Régis Sénac, *maître d'armes*. The sight of his favorite weapon decided him; he taught under M. Sénac for some months, and then set up a little floor of his own. His



NEW YORK FENCERS CLUB — THE FLOOR.

perseverance, and especially his high ideals, did more than anything else to establish the club as one devoted to fencing alone, not associated with gymnastics like the London club. After it was a success, a rifle gallery was added, and bouts with single-stick, broadsword, and bayonet were admitted to the floor. To a progressive mind like Captain Nicolas diplomas signed by *prévôts*, fanciful salutes, competitions with black plastrons and chalked foils, as well as all the old lumber of terms, *quinte*, *sixte*, *octave*, and so on, are but the bedizenments which obscure his goddess. His art is too serious for such externals. Labels, pretty bottles, gold seals, and cobwebs only serve to prejudice him against the wine. The true elixir is the art of offense and defense ruthlessly stripped of pretty and petty play. That is why the classical workman regards Nicolas with a contempt bestowed by a follower of Ingres upon a painter reared in the faith of Delacroix. Nicolas does not go so far as to count of equal value hits full on the heart and hits below the belt, on the mask or on the arm; but he reasons that fencing is a preparation to defend the whole figure, whether you have in hand a stick or an umbrella, a small sword or a saber, or indeed can rely on the naked fist only; for he extends many of his pet principles to boxing. A hit is therefore a hit; but those held inadmissible by the classicals are poor hits — that is all. As to the guard again, Nicolas appears to have applied to fencing a thing rarer in the world than is supposed — thought. A favorite guard is one which is oftener seen in teachers than taught — that with knuckles up and the blades meeting from the left, while the arm is well raised, well forward, and gently bent at the elbow, and the point is on a line with the opponent's body, but oftener raised than opposite his face. This position of observation defends the whole body by two movements, one on raising the point, the other on depressing it, while the hand remains at the same height. The same plan is followed when the blades meet from the right and the knuckles are downwards, and in the lower parries the same general principle is carried out. The merit of the system is its simplicity; but in that Nicolas only follows out the tendency of fencing during its entire history.

Nicolas puts little stress on long lunges, drill of the legs, and those preparatory exercises before the bout begins, called *le mur*,

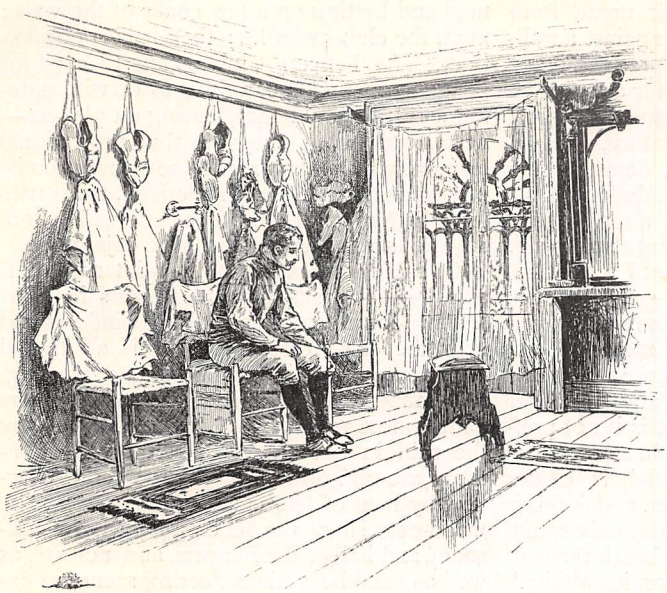
which are said to derive their name from *tirer au mur*, practice of pupils against a wall, and the object of which is to produce grace of movement and afford time for a fencer in public to assume confidence before the actual engagement. Partly from his nature, which is intensely direct and practical, detesting the superfluous, partly from a calculation of his material, he seeks first to form a fencer who touches the mark, then the elegant swordsman. "What do we need here most?" he asks himself. "A body of fairly good fencers, among whom there shall be the fewest possible 'cracks.' By my simplified method I can soon give the essentials; let those who show interest then proceed to polish and complete. Some, it is true, never will; but is it not preferable that first of all they should learn to defend themselves, however crudely? Under the classical system, time, power, and enthusiasm are wasted on externals, and only rarely can pupils formed in that way break through a superficial elegance to real working ability." There is the reasoning: let every one who loves the sword judge whether or not it is sound. Perhaps the truth is that different natures demand different methods, that where three men work best from generals to particulars, one is more adapted to take particulars first. But let us note here the parallel of reasoning on this art and others—the painter's, for example. In the fine arts we have the advocate of early drill, harmoniousness, finish, who asks that externals be applied first, leaving the larger matters for the last. The lover of finish detests and reviles the teacher who wants to lay a groundwork on big lines and let polish come if it will. Just as in painting there are many schools and much wrangling between them, so in fencing. As a matter of fact there is a method for each master who has any individuality to speak of. Nay, those who think they follow certain great names do not imitate their idols when engaged with equals on the floor, but fight after the manner most adapted to their stature and prescribed by their character.

Under the ardent mastery of Captain Nicolas, emulation of the usual sort is discouraged at the Fencers Club, such as recording the hits, giving prizes, or indeed being eager at all hazards to make points. The wisdom of this will be felt by those who know athletic clubs. Too great eminence on the part of a few causes the rest of the members, who have less time or less aptitude, to stand by and look on. The tendency is toward idleness and betting on a few cocks of the walk; next, the club dwindles; then it becomes extinct. The Fencers Club means to exist for gentlemen who have nothing to do with gate-money, serious matches, betting on players—nothing to do, in fine, with that professional element which has wrecked so many promising organizations. It is American, for it tries for a high average, not for experts with whom an ordinary fencer has but little enjoyment.

Of a Monday night, in the winter months, and well into summer, the passers in West Twenty-fourth street see lighted windows and hear the clash of steel. That is all to tell them that No. 19 is not an ordinary dwelling. It is indeed also the home of the Authors Club, whose rooms above, made charming by the skill in decoration of Mr. Francis Lathrop, are on Thursday evenings filled to overflow by men of letters and their guests. The wood-cuts show the fencing-floor, dressing-room, and hall of the Fencers, and indicate, as well as need be, various fleeting scenes of exercise with the foil, dueling-sword, saber, and bayonet. After the bouts, in which combats with the left hand are always prominent, since Captain Nicolas gives special care to that, a supper marked by the gastronomic talents of the captain unites the combatants and the guests of the evening. Under such wise care nothing has yet occurred to mar that good fellowship which rarely is kept unbroken in athletic clubs. The government is in the hands of nine men, as that of New Amsterdam of yore, and they, as well as the rest of the club, are quite ready to swear by the patron saint of Manhattan Island, Saint Nicholas — particularly after supper.*

The word athletics inevitably brings to mind the Greeks. Fencing is no Greek sport; still it would be rash, as nearly always it is, to conclude that the old Greeks have no lesson for us, no exercises which contained, under different guises, many of the advantages of the foil. The spear and javelin were then the important weapons for attack; the shield and coat-of-mail were their chief defense. Under such circumstances they could not evolve that sword-play which is cuirass, buckler, and weapon all in one. Yet if we regard the Greek mountaineers as the same in race as the Hellenes of the great epoch, these retain traces of an alertness in the use of the short sword and dagger which may show that the classical Greeks were of all men the best fitted for swordsmen had there been occasion. Among them to-day is the expert who will allow any

* The present government of the Fencers Club is lodged with Messrs. W. W. Astor, Amory S. Carhart, Henry Chauncey, Jr., J. Leslie Cotton, M. M. Howland, Charles de Kay, J. Murray Mitchell, Karrick Riggs, and S. Montgomery Roosevelt. The shooting-gallery is managed by Messrs. C. C. Buel, B. F. O'Connor, and Raymond Ward.—H. E.



NEW YORK FENCERS CLUB — THE DRESSING-ROOM.

one to rush at him when entirely unprotected, and do his utmost to plunge a dagger in his breast. At the right moment, by a touch on some muscle, the hand clasping the dagger is turned aside and the attacker runs more than a risk of stabbing himself. This is akin to sleight-of-hand, and is a secret jealously guarded by its owner, since it serves a momentous purpose in brawls where fire-arms are not used.

But the old Greeks were masters in games of agility, in boxing, discus-throwing, and other exercises that were very far on the road to perfection. Doubtless the Yankee Sullivan of our age knows how to amass a larger part of his weight and hitting force on his knuckles than the winners at cestus-play in the Olympian games. But how did boxing reach the present stage? As likely as not through the study of refinements of the fencer's art by experts in boxing who had a tithe of Sullivan's bodily vigor but far more brains. As the Greek sculptor shows you the discobolus concentrating all the energy of head, torso, legs, and arms into the hand that lightly holds the discus, so you may imagine the concentration of energy shown by the discobolus, added to the momentum of the step of one foot forward, into a sharp point about one yard in front of the hand. Between these two extremes of past and present, the Greek and the modern fencer, are various picturesque figures in their several epochs. Look at the Teutonic pagan who wields a battle-axe. Here is the mailed knight who came close to his foe and beat him clumsily on the head. Behold the bravo of the four-teenth century or the Highland chief of the sixteenth, with a small buckler on his left arm, who stood farther off and alternately cut and thrust. Yonder is the Italian mæstro of the sixteenth century who often discarded the hand buckler and in the left held a dagger to ward blows, and also, if the fight came to quarters, to stab his enemy. The treatise published in 1536 by Marozzo, *gladiatore Bolognese*, has one cut showing how to use the sword without either dagger or buckler. The position is curious. The left shoulder is not effaced; the body and head lean forward; the guard is very low, yet not lower than that of many fencers in Paris to-day. Finally, the French *maître* of more recent date, like La Boissière, advised one to keep entirely aloof, and if he belonged to the superb school of classical fencing that is on the wane, advanced and retreated no more than a step, would not count a touch unless on a line with the heart, and frowned on any thrusts or movements which depart by a hair from the elegance of a Mérignac or the precepts laid down in the books.

This backward march forward of the fencer's art has not pursued a consistent advance. For instance, when the idea of keeping aloof was fully appreciated, some went too far, speaking literally as well as metaphorically, and increased the blade to an inordinate length. An argument in favor of the old short Roman sword was often made after this wise: it compelled an attack at close quarters and so encouraged bravery; for only a brave man would venture close to his foe. Conversely, the very long Italian rapier was thought cowardly by British swordsmen of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as it was supposed to give an unfair advantage. This idea caused Queen Bess to station "grave men" at the gates of towns to break the points from the long rapiers and at the same time cut the long Spanish ruffs about the necks of the gallants passing in and out. Till the present day, fencers in southern Italy use a forty-inch blade with rings through which to put the fingers, and bind the handle to the hand with a long tape or kerchief. But elsewhere men have settled down to the French blade of thirty-four inches which combines all the requirements. It has no devices for making the grip sure, no loop to save the sword if disarming is prac-

ticed. Not so long that it cannot, when in the form of a small sword, be whisked in an instant from the sheath, it does not weary the hand and arm by heaviness. Not so short as to require close quarters, it has no cutting edge and is meant for the thrust only. The foil is, in fact, a cheap and light practicing weapon for the small sword, which remains over from the last century as a part of the court dress of a diplomate and an ornament rather than a weapon for officers of the army and navy. With the inconsistency that marked the French Revolution, burgesses took to wearing swords, and we know of the landscape painter Georges Michel that he used not only to wear a sword, but to use it during the brawls in taverns into which he was led by a brilliant but now forgotten fellow-artist.

A paradox of fencing is the strong aristocratic idea connected with it, and its somewhat plebeian origin. When gunpowder was invented, the ordinary citizen could not afford the expense of armor; only the rich could be knights. When armor was discarded, sword-play existed after a fashion among the poorer ranks who wore no armor to speak of, and from them, that is to say, from plebeians, not from aristocrats, the science of fencing sprang. The first books are German, Flemish, and Italian; the first professors also.

There is trace of this in the preparations for a judicial duel at Smithfield between the Earl of Olrmonde and Thomas Fitzgerald, prior of Kimainham, about A. D. 1414. These Irish Norman nobles were to test their loyalty to Henry VI. by the ordeal of arms. Henry ordered that the latter should be instructed without charge to his pocket "in certain points of arms" by a professional swordsman. We have this swordsman's name, Philip Trehere, and we also know that he was a fishmonger. Our feeling that it is an aristocratic accomplishment dates principally from the French Revolution, when the nobles, or sword-bearers, were at first brought into fatal collision with the lowest classes, the city rabble and the peasantry, classes to whom a cudgel or a pike were the natural weapons of offense.

In democratic America the success of fencing as a game for health, the perfect development of every muscle, and for grace and bearing in movement, rests on the inherent virtues of the exercise, since first of all it has to overcome the vague identification of fencing with aristocracy. It ought to be, however, and perhaps it is the boast of the United States that a good thing is not rejected because at one time it served a bad master. In New York at least fencing has adapted itself to the needs of the case. Especially has the Fencers Club with its low fees yet careful selection of members done much to accustom people to look on the foil as a substitute for the bat and ball, the tennis racket, and the boxing gloves, divesting it of many false prejudices and raising it to the proper place, at the head of all athletics for gentlemen. Those who are cribbed, cabined, and confined by office work and the wearing life of towns find that fencing is as near as possible to perfection as an exercise. In a land whose glory it is that the name of gentleman does not depend from the occupation to which he may turn his hand and can neither be bought nor inherited — in a land where every man who has it in his heart to want to be a gentleman can be one, this game of address may be expected to flourish. Encouraging, as it does, self-control, forbearance, fair-play, and most of the minor virtues of good breeding; admirable as a training school for the quick eye, the ready wit, and the light, strong hand; the most subtle and thorough preparation for all other offensive-defensive sports like boxing, single-stick, saber and bayonet-play — it is only just that fencing should be called the fine art of athletics.

Henry Eckford.

PORTRAIT (BY HIMSELF) OF A GENTLEMAN WHO DECLINED MEMBERSHIP.

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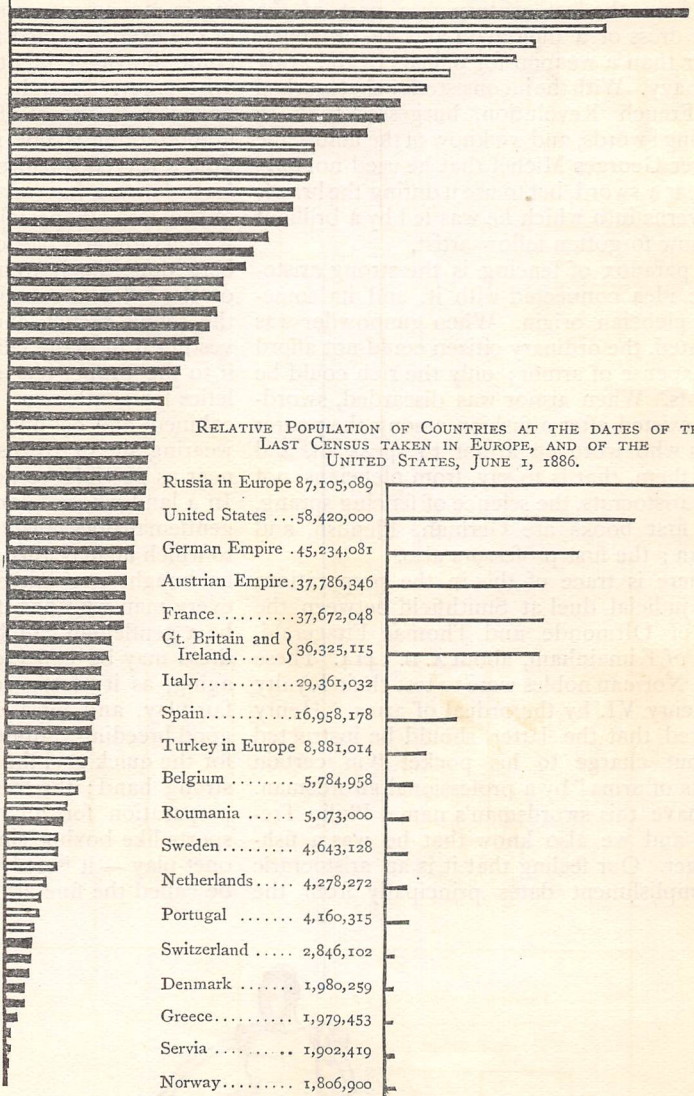
OUR NATIONAL DOMAIN.

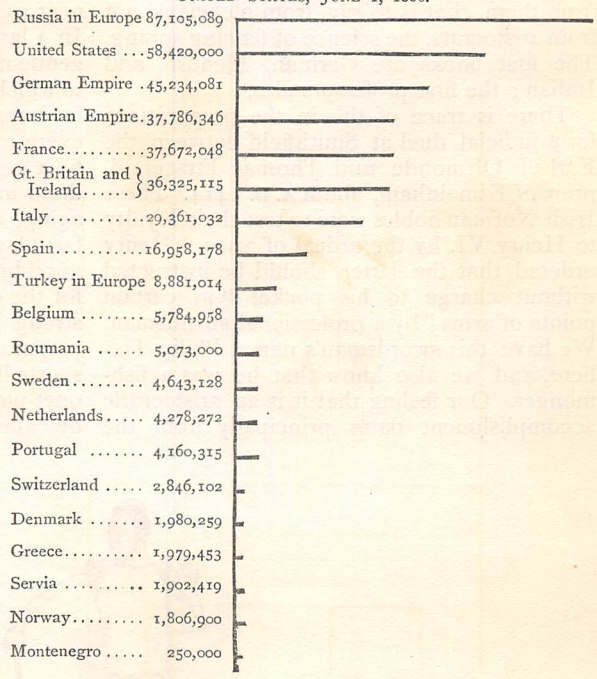
GRAPHICAL PRESENTATION OF THE COMPARATIVE AREAS OF THE STATES AND TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE, OMITTING RUSSIA AND ALASKA.

Name.	*Sq. Miles.*
1. Texas	274,356
2. Austrian Empire	240,943
3. German Empire	212,091
4. France	204,091
5. Spain	177,781
6. Sweden	168,042
7. California	157,801
8. Territory of Dakota	150,932
9. Territory of Montana	143,776
10. Norway	122,280
11. New Mexico	121,201
12. Great Britain and Ireland	120,879
13. Italy	114,296
14. Arizona	113,916
15. Nevada	112,090
16. Colorado	104,500
17. Territory of Wyoming	97,883
18. Oregon	95,274
19. Territory of Idaho	86,294
20. Territory of Utah	84,476
21. Minnesota	83,531
22. Kansas	80,891
23. Nebraska	75,995
24. Territory of Washington	69,994
25. Indian Territory	68,991
26. Missouri	65,350
27. Turkey in Europe	62,028
28. Florida	59,268
29. England and Wales	58,320
30. Georgia	58,000
31. Michigan	56,451
32. Illinois	55,414
33. Iowa	55,045
34. Wisconsin	53,924
35. Arkansas	52,198
36. Alabama	50,722
37. North Carolina	50,704
38. Mississippi	47,156
39. New York	47,000
40. Pennsylvania	46,000
41. Roumania	45,642
42. Tennessee	45,600
43. Louisiana	41,356
44. Ohio	39,964
45. Virginia	38,348
46. Kentucky	37,680
47. Portugal	36,510
48. Maine	35,000
49. South Carolina	34,000
50. Indiana	33,809
51. Ireland	31,874
52. Scotland	30,685
53. Bosnia and Herzegovina	28,125
54. Bulgaria	24,360
55. West Virginia	23,000
56. Servia	20,850
57. Netherlands	20,527
58. Greece	19,941
59. Switzerland	15,233
60. Denmark	14,553
61. Eastern Roumelia	13,500
62. Belgium	11,373
63. Maryland	11,124
64. Vermont	10,212
65. New Hampshire	9,280
66. New Jersey	8,320
67. Massachusetts	7,800
68. Connecticut	4,750
69. Delaware	2,120
70. Montenegro	1,770
71. Rhode Island	1,306
72. Andorra	198
73. Monaco	6

Relative Area. United States solid — Europe open.



RELATIVE POPULATION OF COUNTRIES AT THE DATES OF THE LAST CENSUS TAKEN IN EUROPE, AND OF THE UNITED STATES, JUNE 1, 1886.



The visionary possibilities of the future product of the United States may be imagined by reference to the following statements:

The land in actual use for growing maize or Indian corn, wheat, hay, oats, and cotton in the whole country now consists of 272,500 square miles, or a fraction less than the area of the single State of Texas

The entire wheat crop of the United States could be grown on wheat land of the best quality selected from that part of the area of the State of Texas by which that single State exceeds the present area of the German Empire.

The cotton factories of the world now require about 12,000,000 bales of cotton of American weight. Good land in Texas produces one bale to an acre. The world's supply of cotton could therefore be grown on less than 19,000 square miles, or upon an area equal to only seven per cent. of the area of Texas.

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THE RELATIVE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF NATIONS.

TWO STUDIES IN THE APPLICATION OF STATISTICS TO SOCIAL SCIENCE.

I. STRENGTH.

FROM one of the little-known but very remarkable financial essays of Pelatiah Webster, a patriot merchant of the era of the Revolution, who most urgently resisted the issue of the Continental currency, predicting all the malignant effects which ensued therefrom, we quote these words:

"I conceive very clearly, that the riches of a nation do not consist in the abundance of money, but in number of people, in supplies and resources, in the necessaries and conveniences of life, in good laws, good public officers, in virtuous citizens, in strength and concord, in wisdom, in justice, in wise counsels and manly force."

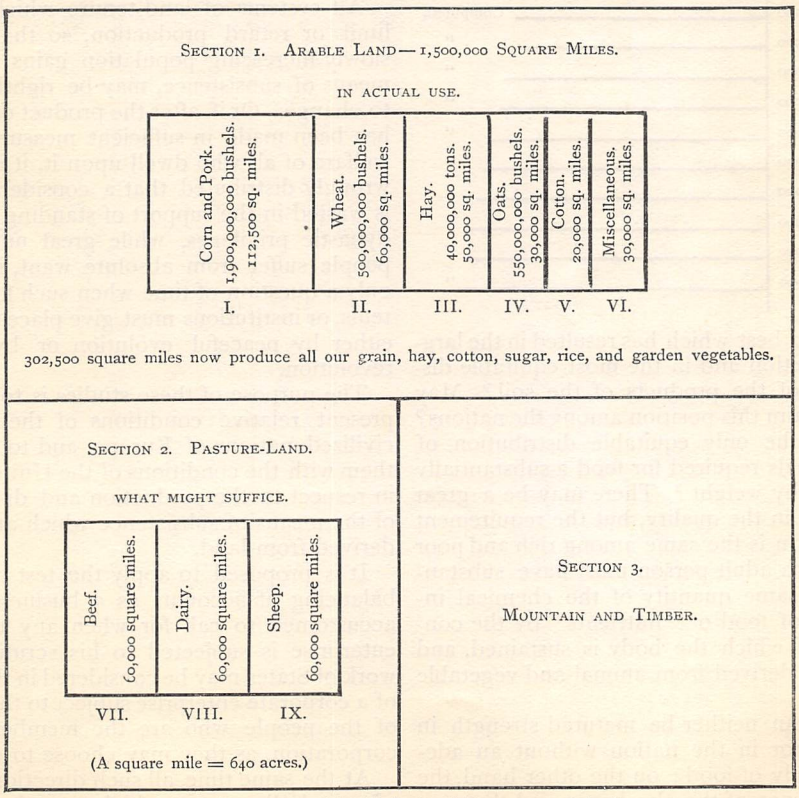
As the century is now just ended since the first steps were taken to frame the Constitution under which we live, it may be fitting to account to ourselves for the work which has been done in the land wherein we dwell during this hundred years.

We may, perhaps, test the wisdom of our laws and the equity of our institutions by measuring the development of our resources, the abundance of our supplies, and the strength of our nation. Our national domain is a trust with which we have been endowed. How have we discharged the trust?

The main source of all material life is land. The sea supplies food in small measure, but upon the land mankind almost wholly depends. May not that system of land-tenure and that form of government, therefore, be

OUR NATIONAL DOMAIN.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE WITH IT, AND WHAT WE MIGHT DO WITH IT.



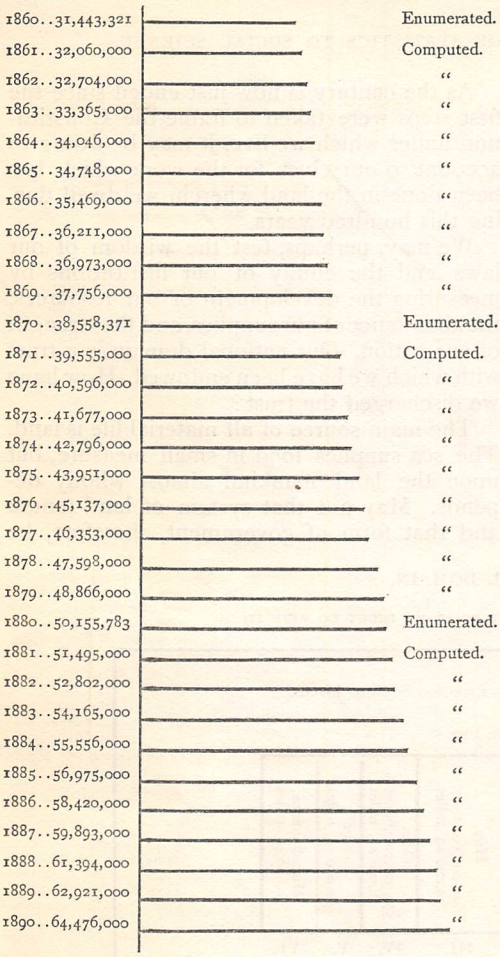
Compiled from the records of the Agricultural Department and other sources.

I.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES,

EITHER AS ENUMERATED IN THE CENSUS OR AS COMPUTED BY MR. E. B. ELLIOTT, ACTUARY OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

June 1.



considered best which has resulted in the largest production and in the most equitable distribution of the products of the soil? May we not claim this position among the nations?

Is not the only equitable distribution of the materials required for food a substantially even one by weight? There may be a great difference in the quality, but the requirement for nutrition is the same among rich and poor alike; each adult person must have substantially the same quantity of the chemical ingredients of food or "nutrients" by the conversion of which the body is sustained, and which are derived from animal and vegetable food.

There can neither be matured strength in the man nor in the nation without an adequate supply of food; on the other hand, the very existence of the almshouse and the pauper asylum in civilized countries bears witness to the admitted necessity of a substantially equal distribution of food by quantity or by weight.

Raw land, if such an expression may be used, itself possesses no more value than free air or running water. A price may be paid, or a contest may be waged for a time, in order to secure the opportunity to reap and dispose of the harvests which are due to original fertility; but, with very rare exception, the virgin properties of the soil are soon exhausted, and what is known as "economic rent" almost wholly disappears; then land ceases to be a mine and becomes a laboratory, only yielding product, and therefore only yielding wages and profits, according to the measure of the labor put upon it and of the capital put into it.

At last it may cease to yield either wages or profits in response to labor and capital unless both are combined under the direction of skill and experience.

There is no absolute private ownership of land in this or in any other civilized country, yet limited possession is necessary to its use and to its production. When subject to such limited possession it becomes useful and valuable.

All systems of land-tenure which tend to limit or retard production, so that even a slowly increasing population gains upon the means of subsistence, may be rightly subject to change. Or if, after the product of the land has been made in sufficient measure for the welfare of all who dwell upon it, it is then so wrongly distributed that a considerable part is wasted in the support of standing armies or dynastic privileges, while great numbers of people suffer from absolute want, it will be only a question of time when such forms, systems, or institutions must give place to others, either by peaceful evolution or by violent revolution.

The purpose of these studies is to treat the present relative conditions of the so-called civilized nations of Europe, and to compare them with the conditions of the United States, in respect to the production and distribution of the means of subsistence which are wholly derived from land.

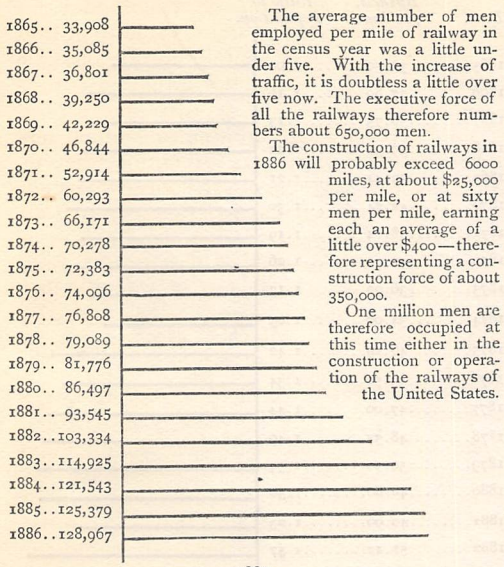
It is proposed to apply the test of such a balancing of accounts as a business man is accustomed to call for when any corporate enterprise is subjected to his scrutiny. The work of States may be considered in the nature of a corporate enterprise subject to the control of the people who are the members of the corporation, as they may choose to direct.

At the same time, all such direction by statutes, and all customs which precede or attain

II.

MILES OF RAILWAY IN OPERATION IN THE UNITED STATES

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY IN EACH YEAR, BEGINNING 1865. COMPILED FROM POOR'S RAILWAY MANUAL.



The average number of men employed per mile of railway in the census year was a little under five. With the increase of traffic, it is doubtless a little over five now. The executive force of all the railways therefore numbers about 650,000 men.

The construction of railways in 1886 will probably exceed 6000 miles, at about $25,000 per mile, or at sixty men per mile, earning each an average of a little over $400—therefore representing a construction force of about 350,000.

One million men are therefore occupied at this time either in the construction or operation of the railways of the United States.

1885.

Capital stock	$3,817,697,832
Funded debt	3,765,727,066
Other debt	259,108,281

TOTAL.

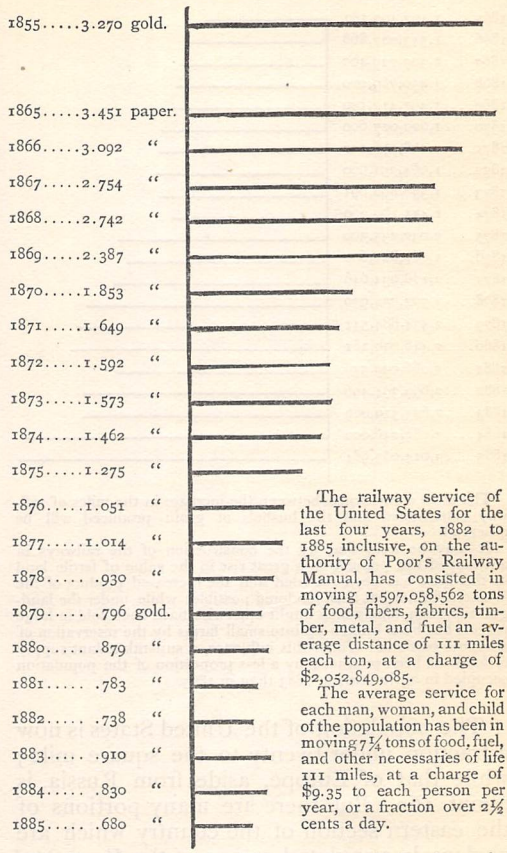
Passenger receipts	$200,883,911
Freight receipts	519,690,992
Total, including miscellaneous	765,310,419

The railway mileage, Jan. 1, 1881, was 93,545. In a treatise upon what would be an adequate service, written in that year, the writer said that 117,500 miles should be added in the next fifteen years; but as we should have at least one commercial crisis and railway panic during that period, it might be safer to assign twenty years to the work. Since Jan. 1, 1881, we have had both the crisis and the panic, but we have added 35,422 miles, leaving only 82,025 for the next eleven to fifteen years.

III.

CHARGE PER TON PER MILE

FOR MOVING MERCHANDISE OVER THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, AT THE AVERAGE, IN EACH OF THE SEVERAL YEARS DESIGNATED.



The railway service of the United States for the last four years, 1882 to 1885 inclusive, on the authority of Poor's Railway Manual, has consisted in moving 1,597,058,562 tons of food, fibers, fabrics, timber, metal, and fuel an average distance of 111 miles each ton, at a charge of $2,052,849,085.

The average service for each man, woman, and child of the population has been in moving 7¼ tons of food, fuel, and other necessaries of life 111 miles, at a charge of $9.35 to each person per year, or a fraction over 2½ cents a day.

The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad may be taken as a good example of an important line of railway under most efficient management, and as a standard of what all other lines may accomplish when the magnitude of their traffic will permit them to make as great a reduction in rates. The average charge per ton per mile on this line from 1865 to 1868, four years, was 3.0097 cents per ton per mile. From 1882 to 1885, four years, the charge was 0.7895. Difference, 2.2202 cents. If we may assume that the people of the United States have been saved two and one-fifth cents per ton per mile on the whole railway traffic of the last four years, either by the construction of railways where none before existed or by such a reduction in the charge for their service, the amount or money's worth saved in four years has been $3,898,373,159, which sum would probably equal the cash cost of all the railways built in the United States since 1865, to which sum might probably be added the entire payment upon the national debt since 1865.

the force of law, must be brought into harmony with a true science of law if they are to be permanent, else they will only create confusion and become inoperative. It may be said that no true science of law has yet been established among men: then the more reason to test the present condition of nations which claim to be governed by law, in order to determine by a comparison of their conditions which one has attained the best results, so that a basis may be laid for a true inductive science of law governing the social order, fully consistent with the higher law which governs the universe.

As regards land, the continent of Europe and the territory of the United States are about even. The area of Europe, including all of Russia, is 3,761,657 square miles. The area of the United States, including Alaska, is 3,501,404.

If we omit in Europe the uninhabitable portions of Norway, Sweden, and Russia, and if we omit Alaska from the territory of this country, we reach a substantially even proportion of habitable land, to wit, about 3,000,000 square miles in each country.

The population of Europe approximates 334,000,000.

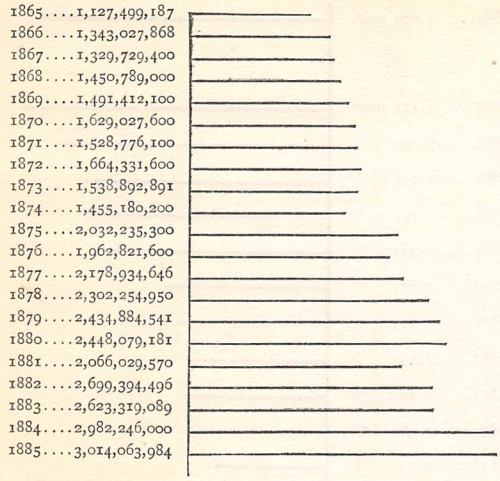
When this article is published, the population of the United States will be substantially 60,000,000.

If we omit Russia wholly from the computation, the area of the remainder of Europe covers 1,500,000 square miles, of which the population is about 240,000,000.

IV.

GRAIN CROPS OF THE UNITED STATES,

MAIZE OR INDIAN CORN, WHEAT, RYE, BARLEY, OATS, AND BUCKWHEAT, FROM THE REPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



The close coincidence between the increase in the miles of railway constructed and the bushels of grain produced will be observed.

It may be held that by the construction of the railways in advance of the population a great rise in the value of fertile land in the East has been retarded and the increased product of the Western farmer has been rendered possible; while under the land-grant system, land which might otherwise have been sold in large parcels has been broken up into small farms by the reservation of alternate sections. Under this influence, a superabundant supply of food has been produced by a less proportion of the population occupied in agriculture in 1885 than in 1865.

V.

PRODUCT OF GRAIN PER CAPITA,

AND RATIO OF THE INCREASE OF GRAIN TO THE INCREASE OF POPULATION.

Date.	*Bushels, per head.*	*Ratio to Population.*
1865	32.50	1.00
1866	37.80	1.16
1867	36.73	1.13
1868	39.30	1.21
1869	39.44	1.21
1870	42.24	1.30
1871	38.64	1.19
1872	41.00	1.26
1873	36.90	1.13
1874	34.00	1.05
1875	46.19	1.42
1876	43.50	1.34
1877	47.00	1.44
1878	48.37	1.49
1879	50.20	1.54
1880	48.80	1.50
1881	40.00	1.23
1882	51.12	1.57
1883	48.40	1.49
1884	53.68	1.65
1885	52.50	1.60

The increase in the per capita product of grain does not show as conspicuously on the chart as the absolute increase, but it gives even greater evidence of progress in common welfare. A less proportion of the population is now occupied in agriculture, and especially in the production of grain, than was required at the beginning of this period, while the substitution of machinery for the arduous hand work of a former day has greatly relieved the severity of the toil, and rendered the harvest much more certain.

The population of the United States is now a fraction under twenty to the square mile; while that of Europe, aside from Russia, is about 160. But there are many portions of the eastern section of the country which are as densely populated as any of the European States, with the single exception of Belgium.

The low cost of the railway service in the United States makes the distance between the farm and the factory of very little consequence so long as there are no artificial obstructions to commerce. The whole country is one great neighborhood in which each man serves the other; and in this is its true strength. The wages for one day's work of an average mechanic in the far East will pay for moving a year's subsistence of bread and meat a thousand miles or more from the distant West.

On the other hand, Europe is filled with obstructions to commerce which are far more difficult to surmount than that of distance.

In other conditions aside from land there is a considerable similarity between this country and Europe. Until a very recent period more than one-half the territory of Europe was still kept back in its progress by the serfdom of the peasantry of Russia; while nearly one-half the territory of the United States which had been occupied before the opening of the civil war was kept back in its material progress by slavery.

Again, there is as great a difference in the relative conditions of soil and climate, and in the physical conformation of the land — as great a difference between the mountains and the plains of the United States, as there is in Europe.

The relative differences in the conditions of the people of the several states of either continent must therefore be sought in some other cause than in the physical geography or the climatology of the two continents.

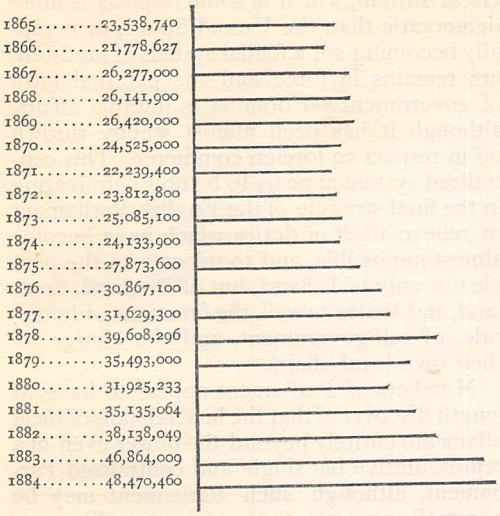
Reference may perhaps be made to the differences in language and in creed in Europe. But it must be remembered that the settlers who have occupied the United States formerly differed as much as the people of Europe in these matters; yet the common school of this country has proved, or is proving, to be the solvent of race, creed, language, color, and condition, and is rapidly merging the whole population, so far as the conditions of material welfare are concerned, into one single

VI.

HAY CROP OF THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE STATISTICS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Tons.



The hay crop at the farm is worth much more than the cotton crop at the factory.

Food costs the average family three to four times as much as clothing. The combined value of the poultry and eggs only which are annually consumed is computed at $200,000,000. This is more than the value of the product of pig-iron, silver bullion, and the wool-clip combined.

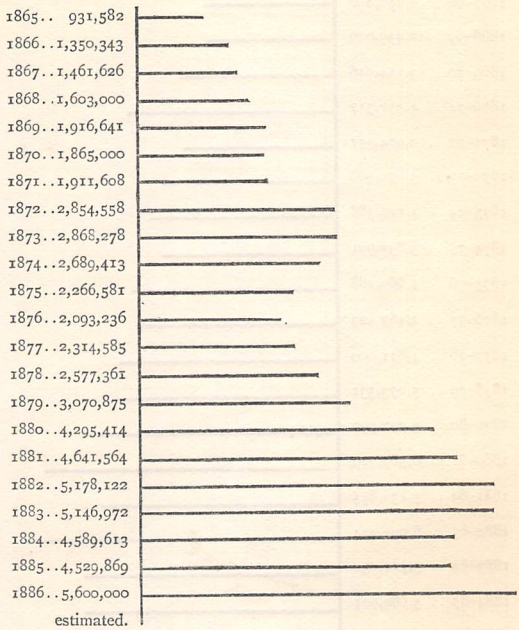
VII.

PRODUCT OF PIG-IRON IN THE UNITED STATES.

COMPILED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE IRON AND STEEL ASSOCIATION.

Estimate of 1886, given by the courtesy of the Secretary, Mr. James M. Swank.

Tons of 2000 lbs.



The production of iron is a necessity. It is a very arduous and somewhat undesirable occupation; but the number of men and boys required to mine the ore and limestone, to mine the coal used in blast-furnaces, and to convert these materials into pig-iron at the present time does not exceed 125,000, on the basis of the total number thus occupied in the census year.

On the other hand, there is no surer indication of prosperity than an abundant supply and use of iron.

The per capita consumption of iron is greater in the United States than in any other country in the world.

and substantial body politic, as firmly bound together as if all the people had been strictly homogeneous.

It is not, however, the purpose, nor would it be within the ability of the writer, to attempt any general treatment of the profound differences which have brought the greater part of continental Europe either to actual or prospective national bankruptcy, and in some places to such abject conditions of want as may perhaps account for the conditions of socialism, communism, nihilism, and anarchy. These phases of resistance to social order as now established may perhaps be deemed only the reflex or complement of despotism or of dynastic privileges, and of misapplied and misdirected national greed as yet unenlightened as to what is the true source of the wealth of nations.

The business man who attempts to comprehend the causes and effects of existing conditions may well leave the philosophy of the subject to the student and to the statesman; but perhaps such a one can apply common business methods of account to the conditions of the present, and by sorting assets and liabilities and striking a trial balance of the accounts of the several civilized states of the world, he may perhaps throw a little light upon problems which students and statesmen alike now seem to be incapable of solving.

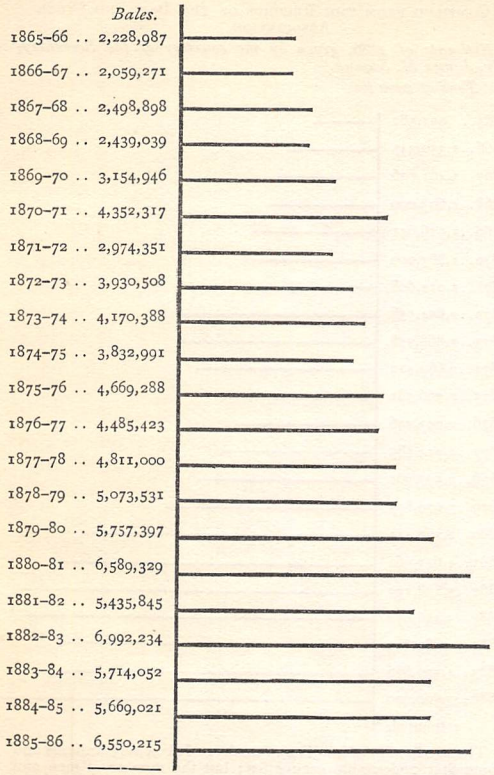
There can be no question that the 3,000,000 square miles of habitable land in Europe, taken as a whole, could sustain in peace and plenty a very much larger population than now exists thereon, if the relations of the people among themselves were the same as the relations of the people of the several States of this Union to each other. The potential of subsistence in Europe has not yet been approached.

Again, if there were no greater obstruction to mutual service between the people of Asia Minor and of North Africa, especially Egypt, than now exists or may soon exist between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, an absolute abundance of food, fibers, fuel, and materials for shelter, upon which material life and welfare depend, would be assured to as large a population in Europe as the absolute but visionary figures of our census bring into prospective view upon this continent a century hence.

If such are the natural conditions, then the social and political differences must be

VIII.

COTTON CROPS OF THE UNITED STATES.



	Bales.
1865–66	2,228,987
1866–67	2,059,271
1867–68	2,498,898
1868–69	2,439,039
1869–70	3,154,946
1870–71	4,352,317
1871–72	2,974,351
1872–73	3,930,508
1873–74	4,170,388
1874–75	3,832,991
1875–76	4,669,288
1876–77	4,485,423
1877–78	4,811,000
1878–79	5,073,531
1879–80	5,757,397
1880–81	6,589,329
1881–82	5,435,845
1882–83	6,992,234
1883–84	5,714,052
1884–85	5,669,021
1885–86	6,550,215
	93,389,031 21 crops made by free labor.
1841–1861, inclusive	58,441,906 21 crops made by slave labor.
	34,947,125 excess by free labor.

The average weight, per bale, has also steadily increased.

The value of 35,000,000 bales of cotton produced by free labor in excess of the product of slave labor cannot have been less than $2,000,000,000, or about the full valuation of all the slaves who were made free by the war. This gain is due not only to the freedom given to the blacks, but to the emancipation of the white men of the South from the indignity of enforced idleness.

weighed in the trial balance of nations by their material results. We will set off democracy against dynasties in figures and by the facts of life.

In the attempt to bring into comparison the absolute weakness of the states or nations of Europe whose chief strength is now assumed to be in their armies and navies, I have used tables showing the progress of the industries and arts upon which our own material welfare chiefly rests, dating from 1865 to 1885, inclusive. Several of these tables have been previously used in other publications, but they are now brought down to the latest dates and grouped together in such a way as to show their real significance.

In Europe we find nineteen separate and partly or wholly *independent* nations or states, nearly all governed by dynasties, with the exception of Switzerland. Even in republican states like France, the dynastic method has not yet been displaced by local self-government in any true sense of that term, while in Great Britain, which in some respects is more democratic than the United States, or is rapidly becoming so, a feudal system of land-tenure remains in force and the paternal form of government yet dominates internal affairs, although it has been almost wholly thrown off in respect to foreign commerce. This centralized system appears to be now culminating in the final struggle of the English Parliament to relieve itself of duties which have become almost impossible, and to relegate to the people not only of Ireland, but of England, Scotland, and Wales as well, the functions of home-rule, of self-government, and the charge of their own local affairs.

Members of Parliament appear to have at length discovered that the lesser details of local affairs are entirely beyond the power even of a representative but single and centralized Parliament, although such Parliament may be nominally supreme. One can more readily comprehend the present condition of Great Britain and Ireland by imagining the deadlock which would arise in this country if it were necessary to apply to Congress for an act to construct water or sewage works for the service of each town or city in Massachusetts or any other State, or to build a railroad in any part of the country.

In the United States, on the other hand, we find thirty-eight *interdependent* States to which others may soon be added, in each of which local self-government in the strictest sense is absolutely assured by the support of the central sustaining power of the nation. We have neither the weakness of the centralized nation nor that of the separate petty states; but under our system we have the united power of a body of English-speaking people outnumbering all the English-speaking people of Great Britain and her colonies combined.

In the town meeting of New England, and of some of the Western States which were settled by her children, and in somewhat less degree in the county divisions of other States, we find an absolute democracy guarding its own local affairs with a jealousy of centralized power which is sometimes even too urgently expressed. Each little community is, perhaps, more self-governing and self-sustaining under the protection, first of the State and next of the nation, than any which ever before existed in any civilized state, or in any period of time since the Norsemen clashed their shields in the meetings of the freemen, from whom so much of our liberty has been derived.

What would have been our condition had

IX.

PROGRESS IN WEALTH.

Computations of wealth, such as are given in the census, are not of much value. Progress in wealth can, perhaps, be measured as accurately by the amount of insurance against loss by fire as by any other standard.

The following table, compiled by Mr. C. C. Hine, editor of the *Insurance Monitor*, of New York, gives the amount of risks taken by all the fire insurance companies which are licensed to transact business in the State of New York.

In the judgment of Mr. Hine, about ninety per cent. of all the insurance taken in the United States is covered by the companies which make an annual report of their whole business in the United States to the Insurance Commissioner of this State.

The effect of the war may be traced by the apparent reduction of risks during the period in which business intercourse with the Southern States was interrupted.

Year.	*Risks taken.*	*Proportion.*
1859.....	1,498,569,125	
1860.....	1,345,004,487	
1861.....	1,258,972,728	
1862.....	1,373,766,641	
1863.....	1,612,361,852	
1864.....	2,223,833,544	
1865.....	2,564,112,505	
1866.....	2,945,381,297	
1867.....	3,165,666,666	
1868.....	3,420,490,029	
1869.....	3,778,713,296	
1870.....	4,035,907,596	
1871.....	3,987,386,026	
1872.....	4,529,668,173	
1873.....	5,783,777,818	
1874.....	5,889,403,314	
1875.....	6,039,507,339	
1876.....	5,914,565,904	
1877.....	6,008,976,461	
1878.....	6,229,312,193	
1879.....	6,673,099,069	
1880.....	7,184,511,455	
1881.....	7,949,581,516	
1882.....	8,534,253,737	
1883.....	9,359,423,527	
1884.....	9,736,329,252	
1885.....10,517,940,175		

the Potomac become the Rhine, dividing two nominally independent states or communities, or had the country beyond the Mississippi remained under the dominion of a foreign nation?

We may answer this question by referring to the facts. The nineteen *independent* states of Europe, whether empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, or republics, require a standing army of over four million men in the aggregate, to guard the frontiers and to maintain the so-called balance of power. About ten million more men are held in reserve who have already wasted the best and most productive part of their lives in preparing for, or in active war.

The thirty-eight *interdependent* States of this country require a standing army of only 25,000 men, serving mostly as a border police, and also forming a nucleus around which freemen may gather at a day's warning, to be formed into an army with which it would be useless for any foreign or domestic disturbers of the peace to attempt to cope.

To what do we owe this immunity from force? Is it not mainly because we have *almost* learned the open secret that in all commerce, whether between states or with other nations, each man serves the other, and that the gain of each is the gain of all?

Was there any more potent influence by which the people were induced to surrender their carefully guarded separate existence under the confederate form of government which preceded the adoption of the Constitution, than the difficulties and dangers to the Union which occurred during the Revolution itself, and also in the short period from 1783 to 1787, growing out of the separate attempts to control not only the trade with foreign countries, but of the several States each with the other, by separate laws and regulations?

Were not the prime causes of the war of the Revolution itself and the separation of the colonies of America from Great Britain strictly commercial in their character? The resistance to the stamp tax was but the final pretext. The real grievances had existed for a long period, and they consisted in the attempt of England to prevent the manufacture of iron and steel in the colonies, and to repress textile manufactures, which were rapidly becoming established. To this end repressive laws were passed, commerce between the several colonies was restricted or forbidden, and the navigation acts, passed at the instance of Cromwell in a vain attempt to destroy the free commerce of the Dutch, were revived in an equally futile attempt to restrict the growing commerce of the colonies, especially with the West Indies and the Spanish Main. John Hancock had himself been one of the great smugglers of his day. It remained for the Congress of the United States to do what Great Britain failed to accomplish. By means of the same navigation acts, modeled on those of Cromwell (known as the 12th of Charles II.), applied to our own people, we have substantially succeeded in driving our own flag from the ocean.

Whatever may now be the difference of opinion among men of affairs in this country in regard to the conditions by which foreign commerce shall be conducted, there is but one common judgment as to the vastly greater commerce which exists among ourselves. No one now questions that the stability of this nation and its exemption from the necessity of a large permanent armament have been more fully assured by the single provision of

X.

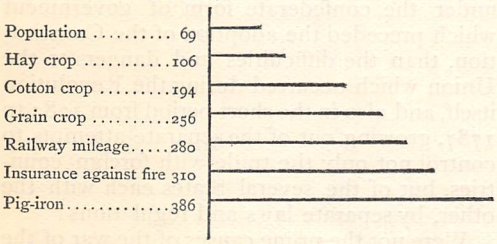
RECAPITULATION.

The percentages of gain represented by the preceding tables are given below. While all estimates of gain in wealth measured in terms of money are in some respects fallacious, yet perhaps the amount of insurance against loss by fire may serve as an approximate standard. It is computed by Mr. C. C. Hine, of the *Insurance Monitor*, that about ninety per cent. of all the fire insurance companies transacting business in the United States make returns to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of New York. From these returns he has compiled a table, from which the following figures are taken:

AMOUNT OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.

1859	$1,498,569,125
1865	2,564,112,505
1885	10,517,940,175

RELATIVE GAINS, 1865–1885.



The excess of grain, cotton, etc. which we cannot consume is exchanged for foreign imports, of which seventy-five to eighty per cent. consists of articles of food, or of crude or partly manufactured materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry.

our organic law which forbids any interference with commerce between the several States, than by any other law or custom which exists among us. Had it not been for this absolute freedom of domestic trade, we might have repeated the blunders of European states, and we might now be in almost as desperate a condition as many of them are in.

It will be in no boastful spirit that some of the material results of a century of the constitutional history of this country will now be given and the balance struck with other states or nations. It is only since the passive war of slavery culminated in the active war by which it destroyed itself, that a citizen of the United States could face the English-speaking people of other lands without a blush of shame. It is only in the last twenty-one years, or since slavery finally surrendered at Richmond, that local self-government has had any existence over the southern half of our country. *The Southern States have gained in their defeat the very end for which they rebelled; and they have now discovered for themselves that local self-government can only exist in any true sense where the equal rights of all men are respected, and when sustained by the power of a great nation.*

There has been not only such a revolution of institutions, but of ideas in the Southern States, that it would take a larger Northern army to re-impose the burden of slavery upon them than it did to remove it. The growing prosperity born of liberty is now so fully assured that the very "rebel brigadiers" have become most loyal citizens and safe legislators; yet less than a generation has passed since all this was accomplished. All that we can therefore claim is that we have just begun to comprehend the problem of common welfare, while we admit that we have yet much to learn.

Short as has been the period since we first began to reap the harvest of true liberty, yet cannot the words

DISARM OR STARVE

be read between the lines or underneath the figures of the balance-sheet of nations which is now submitted?

When government by force of arms meets the competition of a free people governed by their own consent, in the great commerce of the world, what chance of success can there be on the part of states into the cost of whose product is charged the blood-tax of huge standing armies and of war-debts, or upon whom a war-tax presses which takes from a product that would barely suffice for a meager subsistence so much that many are already starving or only eking out a feeble life on pauper wages?

I have endeavored to put into the form of what may be called a visible speech the results of the comparisons which I have made in regard to the relative weakness and strength of this and of other nations,* from the standpoint simply of a man of affairs engaged in the daily work of life.

I have taken the year 1865 as the starting-point. It is sometimes held, and perhaps with truth, that in the very struggles which ensued between the dates 1861 and 1865, in the effort to eliminate from our organic law the elements of injustice and wrong by which it had been perverted, that the imagination of the people of both sections was first aroused and their knowledge of each other was greatly extended. A knowledge of the vast extent of the land and its resources also became common to all. Thus great enterprises became possible which might otherwise have been deferred for half a century or more. The great railroad constructor, the manufacturer, and the merchant of to-day engage in affairs as an ordinary matter of business, which to their predecessors, or even to themselves in their early manhood, would have been deemed impossible of accomplishment in a whole lifetime. Before the war, one line of railway to the Pacific was the

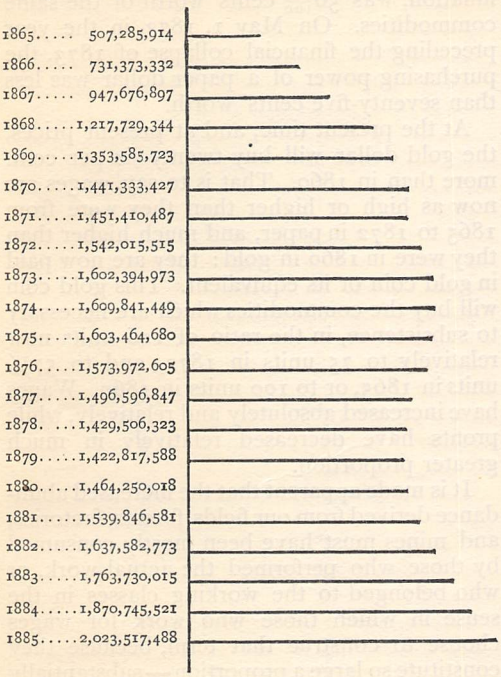
* The substance of this article was first submitted in the form of an address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at the meeting of 1886, held in Buffalo in August last.

XI.

LIFE INSURANCE.

COMPILED BY MR. C. C. HINE, EDITOR OF THE "INSURANCE MONITOR," OF NEW YORK.

There are now twenty-nine solvent and prosperous life insurance companies in the United States, of which nineteen were in existence in 1865. Between these two dates others have become insolvent. The data below show the progress of the existing companies by a comparison of their risks in force in each year.



vision of a half-cracked enthusiast; to-day the opening of a fifth or sixth line would call only for a descriptive paragraph in a newspaper.

In the table on page 423 the proportions of arable, pasture, and mountain or timber land of the United States is repeated from the last CENTURY as the preface to the subsequent tables. Much of the pasture land may yet be converted into most productive arable land by irrigation; while the mountain and timber land is permeated by a great number of fertile valleys.

Subsections I. to VI., inclusive, show the absolute use of land for our present grain, vegetable, and cotton crops, upon which we now produce grain enough for 80,000,000, and cotton enough for 250,000,000 people or more.

Subsections VII., VIII., and IX., if they were cultivated by well-known methods of intensive farming, would suffice for a larger product of beef, wool, and mutton, and of milk, butter, and cheese, than is now enjoyed by the present population, even at a more wasteful and lavish mode of subsistence than is now practiced.

In tables subsequent to the first I have given the statistics of the increase of cotton, of the railway mileage, and of the products which lie at the foundation of all material welfare.

The tables printed in connection with this article give conclusive testimony to the enormous growth in wealth of the United States since the end or even during the civil war. It is admitted, however, that growth in wealth may not be synonymous with growth in general welfare. Absolute proof of the latter, statistical especially, is a matter of great difficulty to the economist and the statistician. For the present I can only refer to the following table No. XIII, in which the increase of deposits in the savings banks of Massachusetts is given, and also the increase in the purchasing power of a dollar, as shown in table XII. This subject will be treated more at length in a future article.

In the judgment of the Commissioner of Savings Banks, and of many others who are competent to form an opinion, at least three-fourths of the present deposits in these banks belong to those who are strictly of the working classes, in the limited sense in which those whose daily work is necessary to their daily bread make use of that term. This system of savings banks, managed by unpaid trustees without expectation of personal profit to any stockholder or individual, or to any one except the depositors and the relatively small executive force required, is practically limited to New England and the Middle States. The total sum on deposit in all those States is now computed at $1,100,000,000, at an average of $356 to each depositor.

If the system were extended throughout the country, and the deposit per capita of the people of the United States were equal to that of Massachusetts, the total sum would amount to somewhat over $8,400,000,000.

Another fact may be cited which fairly sustains the general statement that those who do the actual work of production are now securing to their own use a larger share than ever before of the joint product of labor and capital.

The earning power of $100 in gold coin invested in United States bonds of the best class was, at the highest point of paper-money inflation in 1864, $16\frac{66}{100}$ per cent. per year. At the present time the earning power of $100 in gold coin invested in 4½ per cent. United States bonds is only $2\frac{20}{100}$ per cent. per year.

While the power of capital to secure income merely as capital has thus been diminished, the wages of by far the larger part of all the mechanics, operatives, domestic servants, and the like, are now as high or higher in gold coin

XII.

WAGES, PER DAY, OF CARPENTERS, PAINTERS, MACHINISTS, BLACKSMITHS, CABINET-MAKERS, AND OTHERS IN SIMILAR OCCUPATIONS.

Comparisons of wages at different dates and in different places are apt to be fallacious, because of the difference in conditions; therefore, certain specific leading establishments have been taken as a standard, where the work has been continuous. The statistics were obtained by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, in part from the books of the employers and in part from the accounts of workmen.

Table I.— Workmen of average capacity, per day.

1860	Gold	$1.68
1865	Paper	2.285
1870	"	1.824
1872	"	1.375
1878	"	1.714
1881	Gold	2.18
1885	"	2.04

Table II.— Workmen of superior skill, per day.

1860	Gold	$2.37
1865	Paper	2.75
1870	"	2.25
1872	"	1.87
1878	"	2.12
1881	Gold	3.00
1885	"	3.00

RELATIVE PURCHASING POWER OF ONE DOLLAR OF LAWFUL MONEY AT DIFFERENT DATES, AS COMPILED BY MR. WM. M. GROSVENOR BY THE TABULATION OF THE PRICES OF TWO HUNDRED ARTICLES, COMPRISING NEARLY EVERY COMMODITY IN COMMON USE, ONE DOLLAR OF GOLD BEING TAKEN AS A STANDARD IN 1860, REPRESENTED BY A PURCHASING POWER OF 100.

One dollar, lawful money, 1860	100
May 1, 1865	56.84
" 1870	75.47
" 1872	74.45
" 1878	118.76
" 1881	102.97
" 1885	123.63
Average, year 1885	126.44

Wages of mechanics in Massachusetts having been twenty-five per cent. more in 1885 than in 1860, while the purchasing power of money was twenty-six per cent. greater, the workman could either raise his standard of living, or on the same standard could save one-third of his wages.

than they were in paper money at the highest point which wages or earnings reached in the paper-money inflation period of 1864 to 1867. See table XII.

By the use of this extremely valuable table of the prices of 200 commodities, constituting almost everything necessary to subsistence, compiled by Mr. Wm. M. Grosvenor, of New York, it appears that if the purchasing power of one dollar in gold coin, on May 1, 1860, be taken as the standard, or one hundred cents' worth, the corresponding purchasing power of one dollar of lawful money on May 1, 1865, at a period of great paper inflation, was $56\frac{84}{100}$ cents' worth of the same commodities. On May 1, 1872, in the year preceding the financial collapse of 1873, the purchasing power of a paper dollar was less than seventy-five cents' worth.

At the present time, and at present prices, the gold dollar will buy twenty-six per cent. more than in 1860. That is to say, wages are now as high or higher than they were from 1865 to 1872 in paper, and much higher than they were in 1860 in gold: they are now paid in gold coin or its equivalent. This gold coin will buy the commodities which are necessary to subsistence, in the ratio of 126 units now relatively to 75 units in 1872, and to 57½ units in 1865, or to 100 units in 1860. Wages have increased absolutely and relatively, while profits have decreased relatively in much greater proportion.

It is made apparent that the increased abundance derived from our fields, forests, factories, and mines must have been mostly consumed by those who performed the actual work, or who belonged to the working classes in the sense in which those who work for wages choose to construe that term, because they constitute so large a proportion — substantially about ninety per cent. — of the whole number of persons by whom such products are consumed.

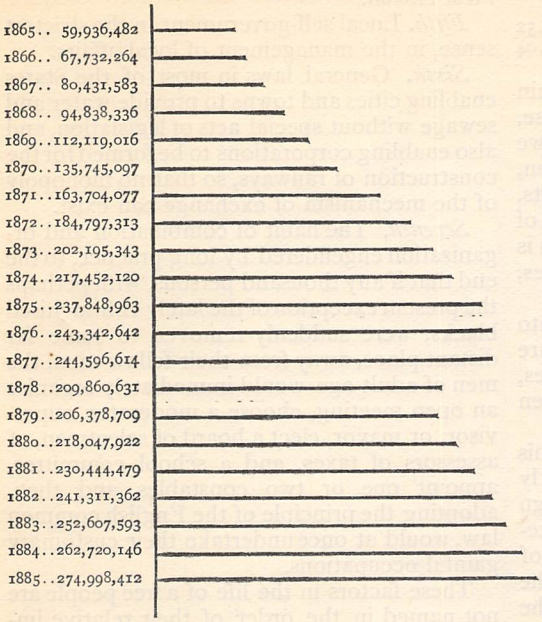
The greatest increased production has been in substances which are mainly used by the masses of the people. Articles of food necessary to life have increased more than the luxuries consumed by the rich. Hence no other evidence is needed to prove that the working men and women, in the strictest meaning of those words, are, decade by decade, securing to their own use and enjoyment an increasing share of a steadily increasing product.

The labor question, as it is called, therefore consists in determining the conditions of the distribution of that greater proportion which is consumed by those who do the physical work of production. Invention creates opportunity for skill, and hence skilled workmen who do not bind themselves to work at the same rates of wages as those who are less skillful or less industrious, are steadily rising, so that there may now be greater disparity between the conditions of skilled and common laborers than ever before.

While the great products of the United States

XIII.

DEPOSITS IN THE SAVINGS BANKS OF MASSACHUSETTS.



Population, 1865	1,267,329
Number of deposit accounts	291,488
Average deposit each account	$205.62
Average deposit per head of population	$47.29
Population, 1885	1,941,465
Number of deposit accounts	848,787
Average deposit each account	$323.99
Average deposit per head of population	$141.64

If the savings bank deposit of the whole population of the United States were now equal per capita to that of Massachusetts, the sum of such deposits would be over $8,400,000,000.

have thus increased, in the same period the burden of the public debt of the nation has been steadily reduced. The books of the Treasury never showed the maximum debt; but in his last report as Secretary of the Treasury, the Honorable Hugh McCulloch added the debt which was due August 1st, 1865, but which had not been audited and entered, to the debt then recorded, showing that the maximum debt was but a fraction under $3,000,000,000.

Our ability to reëstablish the specie standard of value has rested mainly upon our power to produce a great excess of food, cotton, oil, and other commodities, which we have been able to export in exchange for our foreign purchases, while retaining our production of gold and adding thereto in the full measure necessary for our purpose.

A review of the traffic of the last five years will show the relative importance of our foreign commerce.

In the five fiscal years ending June 30, 1881 to 1885, inclusive, the exports of domestic products, consisting in much the greater proportion of the products of agriculture, have been valued at the port of export at $3,873,057,515, an average of $774,611,503 each year.

At the average of $200 worth of product per capita of the population, or at $600 worth of product to each person occupied in gainful work, mental, mechanical, manufacturing, or distributive, this export represents the result of the work of 1,291,019 farmers, mechanics, factory operatives, railway employees, merchants, and others, in each year. So large a part of these exports, however, consisted of cotton and other farm products, that the average of $600 product per man is too high; $500 per hand would be a large estimate, at which rate our average export for five years would represent the product of 1,549,223 persons, and even that estimate is probably too small. Except for this foreign demand for the excess of our food, of our cotton, of our oil, of our dairy products, and the like, they might have rotted upon the field or remained unused because they were the excess over our own lavish and wasteful consumption.

In exchange for these products of our own fields, mines, and factories, we have imported $3,314,818,061 worth of the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life; the balance of the traffic, including the profits of our export trade, having come back to us almost wholly in gold coin or bullion.

Possessing as we do an almost paramount control of the most available supply of food and cotton which Europe must have or starve, we hold a demand check upon every bank in Europe for the coin or bullion on which we maintain the specie standard of value, which is so essential to prosperity.

The commodities imported in the five fiscal years ending June 30, 1881 to 1885, inclusive, have been classified in the National Bureau of Statistics as follows:

A. Articles of food and live animals	$1,079,869,829.00
B. Articles in a crude condition which enter into the processes of domestic industry	720,826,681.00
C. Articles wholly or partially manufactured, for use as materials in manufacturing and mechanic arts	390,102,678.00
	2,190,799,188.00
D. Articles manufactured, ready for consumption	718,300,081.00
E. Articles of voluntary use, luxuries, etc.	405,718,792.00
	1,124,018,873,00
Total	$3,314,818,061.00

Free of duty	$1,024,385,175.00
Subject to duty	2,290,432.886.00
Duties paid thereon	986,002,925.00
Export per capita	$17.52
Imports " "	15.04

Except for this export our excess of grain and cotton could have little or no present use, and therefore no value; what we import we could not pay for except with grain, cotton, oil, etc. The whole value of our imports, therefore, becomes the secondary product of our own labor, and the sum of such imports is so much added to the fund from which wages, profits, and taxes are alike derived.

In the use of the imports which enter into the processes of our domestic industry and are thereby converted into domestic manufactures, another great body of industrious working men and women have been occupied.

Although the domestic commerce of this and of every other civilized nation is vastly greater in volume and value than its foreign commerce, yet the latter serves as a balance-wheel to the whole. The interdependence of nations thus asserts itself; the wider the commerce or mutual service, the greater the result of the labor applied, the lower the proportionate cost, and the higher the rates both of profits and wages, which are alike derived from the final sale of all products, whether the money distributed comes from the sale of the primary products of strictly domestic industry or from the secondary products imported in exchange for the excess of the first.

Thus far it has been easy to prove the enormous growth of the productive power and of wealth in this country. We have gained in "number of people, in supplies and resources, in the necessaries and conveniences of life"; have we made equal progress "in good laws, good public officers, in virtuous citizens, in strength and concord, in wisdom, in justice, in wise counsels, and manly force"? If we have not, then

> "Of what avail the plough and sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

May not this vast gain in the conditions of material welfare in the United States be mainly attributed to the following elements in our national life?

First. The free purchase and sale of land, and the stability which ensues from the fact that so large and constantly increasing proportion of the people actually possess land.

Second. Absolute freedom of exchange among the several States.

Third. The system of common schools which is now extending throughout the land.

Fourth. The protection which the possession of the right to vote gives to the humblest citizen.

Fifth. Local self-government in the strictest sense, in the management of local affairs.

Sixth. General laws in most of the States enabling cities and towns to provide water and sewage without special acts of legislation, and also enabling corporations to be formed for the construction of railways, so that no monopoly of the mechanism of exchange can exist.

Seventh. The habit of combination and organization engendered by long practice, to the end that if any thousand persons, with perhaps the present exception of the lately enfranchised blacks, were suddenly removed to some far distant place, away from their fellow-men, the men of adult age would immediately organize an open meeting, choose a moderator, supervisor, or mayor, elect a board of selectmen, of assessors of taxes, and a school committee, appoint one or two constables, and then, adopting the principle of the English common law, would at once undertake their customary gainful occupations.

These factors in the life of a free people are not named in the order of their relative importance, but are given in a list, each relative to the other, and, as a whole, composing the main elements of our social organism.

There may be a fallacy in the old democratic dogma that "the government is best which governs least," but there is no fallacy when it is put in another form: That country will prosper most which requires least from its government, and in which the people, after having chosen their officers, straightway proceed to govern themselves according to their common habit.

In the conclusion of this branch of the study of the facts and figures of this country, may it not be held that the alternate periods of activity and depression which have affected the industries of this country since the end of the civil war, have been mere fluctuations or ebbs and flows in the great rising tide of progress, ending in an adjustment to ever new and better material conditions of life? Is it not true that while the rich may have become relatively no poorer, the poor have been steadily growing richer, not so much in the accumulation of personal wealth as in the power of commanding the service of capital in ever-increasing measure at a less proportionate charge? Can it be denied that labor as distinguished from capital has been and is securing to its own use an increasing share of an increasing product, or its equivalent in money?

Edward Atkinson.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

THE PUBLIC DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.

		Per Cap.	*Reduction debt per capita.*
1860..	July 1...	59,964,402	1.91
1861..	" ...	87,718,660	2.74
1862..	" ...	505,312,752	15.45
1863..	" ...1,111,350,737		33.31
1864..	" ...1,709,452,277		50.21
1865..	" ...2,674,815,856		76.98
*"	..Aug. 31..2,997,386,203		84.00
1866..	July 1...2,636,036,163		74.32
1867..	" ...2,508,151,211		69.26
1868..	" ...2,480,853,413		67.10
1869..	" ...2,432,771,873		64.43
1870..	" ...2,331,169,956		60.46
1871..	" ...2,246,994,068		56.81
1872..	" ...2,149,780,530		52.96
1873..	" ...2,105,462,060		50.52
1874..	" ...2,104,149,153		49.17
1875..	" ...2,090,041,170		47.56
1876..	" ...2,060,925,340		45.66
1877..	" ...2,019,275,431		43.56
1878..	" ...1,999,382,280		42.01
1879..	" ...1,996,414,905		40.86
1880..	" ...1,919,326,747		38.27
1881..	" ...1,819,650,154		35.36
1882..	" ...1,675,023,474		31.72
1883..	" . .1,538,781,825		28.41
1884..	" ...1,438,542,995		25.90
1885..	" ...1,375,352,443		24.09
1886..	Oct. 1...1,367,549,567		23.00
†"	.. " ...1,274,728,153		21.60

The cost, measured in money, of removing the compromise with slavery from the Constitution of the United States, was as follows:

The national revenue collected from April 1, 1861, to June 30, 1868 — four years of war and three of reconstruction under military rule — was:

From taxation and miscellaneous receipts	$2,213,349,486
From loans which had not been paid June 30, 1868	2,485,000,000
Total	$4,698,349,486
The peace expenditure would not have been over	698,349,486
Cost of the war	$4,000,000,000

To the computed cost of the war — $4,000,000,000 — must be added by estimate the war expenditures of the Northern States and the value of the time, materials, and destruction of property in the Southern States, together probably amounting to a sum equal to that spent by the National Government.

The price of Liberty in money has therefore been $8,000,000,000.

This comes to $1,135,000,000 per year for a little over seven years. The productive capacity of an average man is now about $600 worth per year. If it was then $500 worth, this sum represents the work of 2,270,000 men for seven years; at $400 each, 2,837,500 men.

The average population during this period was 35,000,000. If we assume one in five an adult man capable of bearing arms, there were 7,000,000, of whom one-third paid the price of liberty in work for seven years, or in life.

In an address given in Georgia a few years since, the writer ventured to predict that a time would come when the children of Confederate soldiers would erect a monument to John Brown in commemoration of the liberty which he brought to the white men as well as to the black men of the South. Has it not come?

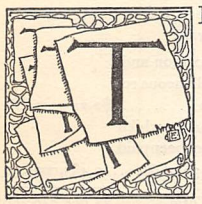
* Debt audited and entered on the 31st of August, 1865, being the highest record $2,756,431,571
Added for debt due but not then audited 240,954,632
Total $2,997,386,203

† According to the old form, corresponding to the form in use 1865–85 inclusive, which does not include the bonds advanced to the Pacific Railroad Company to be paid by them. The first statement for October 1st, 1886, includes these bonds and excludes the value of subsidiary silver coin from assets.

THE WIMPY ADOPTIONS.

By the author of "The Brief Embarrassment of Mr. Iverson Blount," "The Hotel Experience of Mr. Pink Fluker," etc.

"When people begin on the adaptin' of other people's childern, they is never any tellin' where it'll all end."



THIS remark used to be made often by one of the most excellent ladies in our neighborhood. Long before its first utterance and the events which I purpose now to relate, Mr. Lazarus Wimpy, after a courtship languidly extended through many years, married the woman whom gradually he had come to believe about as well fitted to promote his domestic well-being as any that he might reasonably hope to obtain. The fruits of this marriage, coming at equal intervals of two years, three weeks, and six days (an interesting freak of periodicity, Mr. Wimpy always thought), were, first, Faithy, a daughter, then Lawson, a son, lastly, Creecy, a daughter. Their dwelling, six miles west of the village, half a mile north from the public road, having, besides the usual two shed rooms in the rear, a small one at one end of the front piazza, stood upon a knoll, near the center of the plantation of some four hundred acres of good, though rather rolling, land. Near, on one side, were the kitchen, smokehouse, dairy, and two cabins, quite enough for their small squad of negroes. On the other, outside of the yard, were the horse and cattle lots. In the rear was the garden, and in front, at the foot of the knoll, was the spring that ever since the settlement thereby had been the talk of the neighborhood and the pride, though not boastful, of the family. There was hardly a homestead in that region that had not a spring of some sort near by, though the larger planters generally had wells dug in their yards for the sake of more convenience and sometimes greater coolness. But one attempt had ever been made to supplement the water supply on the Wimpy place. Miss Faithy used to tell of that in words that showed becoming compassion for the needy expert who proposed it.

"They come a man 'long here one day, with a bundle o' green switches under his arm, prewidin' that with ary one o' them he could tell where to git water the quickest and moest. I didn't laugh right out in the man's face, because my parrents never raised me to sech *as* that; but I told him, polite as I could, to foller me if he choosed a few steps. When he had laid eyes on our spring, an' when he have drunk a gourd I give him with my own hands, the man looked, he did, like he were 'shamed of hisself, an' I were that sorry fer him, I made him set down on the bench under the big sweet-gum, an' I went an' fetched some light-bread an' butter, an' honey, to go 'long of the jug o' milk were already there. He 'peared like he feel some better then; for he were a person of good, healthy appetites, an' the nex' I heerd of him, he were stretchin' his switches on the Alfords' preemerses, an' no wonder; because they has nigh on to a hundred in fambly besides of stock, an' their spring have to be cleaned out every 'casional in the bargain. But *as* fer me, a body ought to try to not to be proud, an' that of the blessen's of Providence—yit I am not a person that I could invie them, no matter how many niggers, that has to drink well-water, for man *an'* beast."

Do I not remember that spring with its bold bubblings from the pebbly bottom, impatient of the great rock curb that delayed them to supply that economical family, before hastening to the creek a mile away, and the white oaks above, and the willows and sweet-gum below, under the last of which Mr. Lawson used to sit and watch the bees coming to drink, and, whenever I and other children would be there reveling in the glorious refections extended to Miss Faithy, tell us tales of his huntings in the forests all around.

When I first knew the neighborhood the parents had been long dead. The youngest child, lately widowed by the death of her husband, who, during the ten or a dozen years of married life, had spent the little property she had inherited, had come back to her native homestead. Her sister and brother had never married, and now were never so much as dreaming of such a thing. It was a harmonious family; that is, in the main. The younger sister after her return, on occasions at first frequent, and then at intervals of irregular duration, showed signs that she considered that she should be regarded as the head of the family, basing this claim upon the wisdom presumed

"MIS' WIMPY, COME TO AST MIGHT I COTE MISS MILLY, SIR."

to have come from marriage experience, a gift not possessed by the others, and which, at their ages, regarded by herself so very far advanced beyond her own, it was not to be expected that they ever would attain. But Miss Faithy, with more or less decision of mood and manner, ignored this claim and held to the position to which she believed that by her age, if nothing else, she was entitled. She had inherited (from some remote ancestor, as seemed likely) energy to a good, not to say high, degree, and, as a general thing, she was able to express herself even with some animation, when believed proper, on whatsoever subject she felt herself competent to discuss. Contrariwise, her brother was mild and taciturn, though not gloomy, nor, strictly speaking, indolent. If he had been as active a person as his elder sister, it is possible that this estate, yet held jointly, would have been larger. But they both felt that the accretions had been enough for their needs; so the sister never complained, nor felt like complaining at her brother's habitual pitch of the crop and other outdoor work at a figure that would not hinder his indulgence in the pastimes of which, one especially, he had been fond from his youth. The lead in the household he had willingly yielded, since the death of their parents, to his elder sister. This submission, instead of diminishing her affection and respect for him, enhanced them; for the taciturn, yielding man will more often be appreciated at his just value than the loud and domineering. Habitually Miss Faithy consulted him in matters about which she was doubtful and she sometimes said:

"Lawson may be a say-nothin' kind of person; but you git into de-ficulties in your mind, an' they is monst'ous few men their jedgiments *I* ruther have. When you git down to the bottom o' Lawson, he's deep."

The ladies, especially Miss Faithy, were tall, somewhat gaunt, but not uncomely, full of health, first-rate housekeepers (especially the elder), hospitable, economical, given (notably the younger) to visiting among the neighbors, and always glad, even to acknowledged gratitude, when visited by them. The gentleman was of middle height, inclining of late

years slightly towards stoutness, slow and low of speech, yet, if you gave him time, able to interest more than you would have expected. If he had been pressed to admit what he had most special fondness for, his answer must

MR. SOLOMON PRINGLE.

have been bee-hunting. In this sport he was as successful as fond. The number of bee-trees that he had found and reduced not even himself could have told. Whenever in his presence a bee rose from drinking at the Wimpy spring-branch, as soon as with wings outspread he set forth on his line, Mr. Wimpy would know if he were domestic or savage. If the latter, marking with his eye the insect's departure and latitude with a precision that no compass and quadrant could surpass, he would set out at his leisure, and afterwards tree him as infallibly as if he were already working in the Wimpy garden.

A peaceful, harmless life was that led in that household. What interruptions were made by the younger sister's ambitions were never important, and they diminished with the lapse of time. Not often was allusion made by the head of the family to her departed brother-in-law, but sometimes to Mrs. Keenum, her closest neighbor, she would talk about thus:

"People ought to try to be thankful, Betsy, that it were a blessin' the po' creetur left no offsprings; an' if it *wasn't* a sin, a body might not feel like cryin' *too* much when he went; which Doctor Lewis told me in the strictest confidence, that nigh as he could come to his diseases, he thes give out from bein' of no 'count. *An'*, which in cose it is *not* the jooty of a person to talk too much about them that's dead an' goned, but what beat me is Creecy a-tryin' to fling up sometimes to me an' Lawson of her onct a-bein' of a married person an' me not, to give her the k'yarrin' of the smoke-house an' pantry keys, like ef the livin' of thirteen year with sech as Reddin Copelin have made a wisdom out of her an' a ejiot of me. Yit we was thankful, me an' Lawson, when she could git back where she could git a plenty to eat; an' ef the child knowed her own mind, she were thankful as we was. But it's cur'ous how the gittin' of married of some women, makes no odds how triflin' the men they took up with, special' when they're widders, how they can consate that they must be the heads of people that's older than them, an' norate an' go on same as ef they be'n to a colleges somewheres, nobody knows wheres. I suppose it's a some consolation that ef they got nothin' else to brag about, they've had expe'unce o' things which is worth more than them that hain't been calc'latin' on. Yit Creecy's a affectionate sister, an' in general she give up when she see that I can't be conwinced; she learnt that much from Red Copelin that I can't tend to my own business."

This was the only drop that was not sweet in the cup so abounding with peace and plenty. It was only a drop, and that not a bitter one. I remember that when I used to go there to carry or bring away some work (for Miss Faithy was a noted cutter and maker) I wondered that the whole family, instead of being mainly gaunt, did not all look like rotund stall-feds, and that I constantly, if vaguely, expected somebody from somewhere to come and fatten on this exuberant fecundity. And sure enough they did.

Even if I knew the precise ages of the members of this excellent family, there are reasons why I should not tell; not that the two oldest would have objected to the revelation, but that there are proprieties in cases of unmarried persons who have so remained for other reasons than that of extreme youth, throughout a somewhat extended period, that ought to be and, so far as I am concerned, will be respected. I pass on, therefore, at once to the Pringles.

II.

If anybody ever did know a more shiftless set than the Pringles, he must have been a traveler. They lived, such living as it was, in a log-cabin belonging to the Wimpys, situate near the junction of the public road with that leading from their place. Being nearer to these good people than anybody else, it was some relief to them when Mrs. Pringle died and Mr. Pringle was gotten away. Their children, Jesse, ten, and Milly, six years old, could then be taken care of with less trouble and expense than the whole family had inflicted heretofore. Miss Faithy, never laying claim to be an uncommonly charitable person, had fed and scolded, scolded and fed these imbeciles ever since they had been dropped there whence nobody, I believe, ever knew; and when the children had been left motherless, she said to her brother:

"Lawson, it's thes like they was two suckin' calves, with a dead mammy an' a-belongin' to nobody; er ef so be, their owner won't acknowledge 'em. But it's not goin' to do for 'em to per'sh thes so; fer the good Lord never wants sech *as* that, when it can be holp. Ef the Alfords would take 'em, or ef — but no use of *effin'* about it. They're nigher to us than anybody else, an' we've had 'em to feed tell now, anyhow, an' I don't know as we've missed or be'n much worst off fer doin' of it. Me an' you, it seem to me, will thes have to take 'em, a prewidin' that Sol Pringle will take hisself off, as my opinions is he'll be ready an' willin' enough to do. You can, as it were, ruther *a*dap' that Jes, an' me, po' little Milly, or we can adap' 'em both j'intly; that is, of cose, tell they old enough an' big enough to help theirselves. It won't do to turn 'em out thes so in the howlin' wilderness. It'll be a trouble; but it seem like a jooty which a body *can't* dodge, an' maybe we won't go 'ithout a award some time *er* another ef we don't try to dodge it."

Her brother, as she knew he would, after solemn deliberation, yielded to the proposal.

Mr. Solomon Pringle, in spite of appearances, had always spoken of himself as a person of lofty aspirations, which, but for the incumbrance of wife and children, he believed could achieve eminent success. He gave a resigned assent to the Wimpy proposal, that included his own perpetual withdrawal from the neighborhood; but he stipulated that he should not be hindered from sending to them such portions of his achievements elsewhere as his parental affection might urge. He shook hands all around, admonished his children to remember his precepts and continue to be good, accepted silently the money given by Miss Faithy for his household goods, apprized at double their value, then cheerfully departed westward.

These things occurred shortly after Mrs. Copelin, having nowhere else to go, had returned to the home of her youth. She did not heartily approve the advent of the orphans, and suggested the trouble, expense, and scarcity of room; but her sister answered decisively that they would come. As for the expense, they would be expected, when old enough, to work like the rest of the family; as for room, the boy could have a trundle-bed in Lawson's shed, and the girl sleep with herself; and as for the trouble, whoever counted upon living without some trouble in this world must have read the Bible to not very much purpose; and that as for herself, she believed that less trouble would be in taking than in turning backs against them that it did seem the good Lord had placed in the very path

THE RETURN OF THE BEE-HUNTERS.

a body was treading. So they came, and if they did not improve, my, my!

"It natily did do a body good, Betsy," said Miss Faithy to Mrs. Keenum, some time afterward, "to see how the po' little things

did eat an' th'ive on it. People can see for theirselves the creases they come with in their jaws has goned cleaned away, an' their stomachs well as their jaws shows what a plenty of clean victuals, *an'* washin' reg'lar do for them that was a per'sh'n' an' thes *a-rollin'* in the dirt. An', bless you, 'oman, I wer'n't *a-countin'* on the comp'ny they is; which Lawson is *not* a talkin' person, an' Creecy let on mostly what *she* learnt bein' a married person, that ain't interestin' to me as them children, that they'll talk everlastin', an' special' that Jes, which *he'll* rattle on tell the cows come home, ef you want him. But they're biddable little creeters, an' 'pear like goin' to be industr'ous. Thes betwix' us, I were little afeard at the first off-start that that Jes *might* take too much to lovin' bee-huntin'; not I got anything agains' bees, thes so; but we has now fourteen or fifteen gums, an' more honey than we know what to do with, an' the huntin' an' takin' o' bee-trees ain't what I should call the industrest an' ekinomic'lest practice fer a boy that's got nuthin' an' expects to *have* nothin'. But — an' oh it was right funny — the first time he went with Lawson to a takin', he dis'membered what Lawson told him about dodgin' the things, 'stid of fightin' 'em, an' they got at him to that, Lawson sent him straight back home, an' that boy say he got no stomach for that business no more. But Milly; well a body wouldn't of believed it; but nothin' please *her* like follerin' Lawson up an' down, fishin' an' bee-takin', an' Lawson say she no more 'feard of a eel or a bee then him. It actuil seem like Lawson have a-dap' Milly 'stid of Jes. Well, them little things 'livens up the house more than a body could of expected, special' me an' Lawson. Even Creecy got more riconciled to 'em, special' sence she see how willin' they is to wait on her. They isn't no tellin', cose, not this soon, what the upshot of it'll all be; but I ken not *but* hopes the good Lord 'll let some good come out of it; for it do 'pear like He put 'em on us. Lawson say he hain't a doubts of *that*."

The years that elapsed until Jesse was nineteen and Milly fifteen had seemed to establish that it was a blessing to them to have been orphaned. Their gratitude had been evinced by strict obedience and the faithful performance of all tasks. Jesse, fully grown in stature, was a stalwart, right handsome fellow, and was now general manager of plantation affairs, the thoughtful habits of Mr. Wimpy having grown more and more settled. Milly was rather undergrown for her age, but round and plump, and in her way as industrious and as useful as her brother. She helped to make clothes for the family and outsiders. She ironed delicate, fragile garments with a nicety that Miss Faithy declared superior to her own, owing, Miss Faithy argued, to her having such little hands. Yet those same hands could work up as nice a pat of butter as was ever put into a bucket, and set at the mouth of that spring; and if it is necessary to say any more on that subject than that, I know not what it is. Although she had given up following Mr. Wimpy in his sylvan pursuits when Miss Faithy considered that they were less suited to her age and sex than those appertaining to the house and yard, yet occasionally, when work at home was not pressing, or it was thought that she needed the recreation, she

"YOU, JES PRINGLE, DON YOU PUT THEM HANDS ON ME."

would wander with him on fine days, and be as docile as he could wish to his lessons on the mild mysteries of the woods and streams.

Of education, two whole years, counting up all, had they gotten. The good people who had taken them in their destitution had reason to be a little proud of the results.

"That Jes," Miss Faithy would say sometimes, "he can fill a whole slate that full of figgers, that Lawson, an' Lawson were *always* called good at them, even he say that same Jes can work a sum in intrust in more ways an' longer ways than *he* ever learnt. Now as for Milly, she mayn't have the head for actuil figgers like Jes; but Betsy Keenum, you try to

fool that child in the countin' o' what things will come to! An' she write a handwrite another sort to me or Creecy other, an' she can bound an' tell capitals to that, that sometimes I thes love to set an' hear how she do *po*nounce them names in jography, an' which some of 'em I do think on my soul they're the outlandishest. Ah, well, people oughtn't to brag; but it ain't ev'rybody's childern, an' them of their own flesht an' bloods, that is so very far ahead of them childern; an' the good Lord know ef we've missed what we tried to do fer 'em, me an' Lawson, we don't know it. Creecy, but Creecy have been married onct, you know, an' I've notussed,—not *you*, Betsy, for marryin' never made you that kind,—but it's cur'us how marryin', an' special' them that has come to be widders, can lay *sech* a stow on what they know more than me, which have kept singuil an' would do it forevermo', ruther than take up with sech as Red Copelin; but which he's dead an' goned, an' I got nary word to say agin him. But Creecy let them childern wait on her, coold an' calm; an' ef they was to leave that house, *she* mayn't know it, but I do, she'd miss 'em, an' special' that Jes, which it look like she never git tired callin' on him for one thing 'an another, an' he's thes as obleegin' as if he belonged to her."

Within the last year or so Mrs. Copelin had seemed to have become fully reconciled to the presence of the orphans, especially the male, calling him "Jesse" instead of "Jes," and being condescending and polite to him to a marked degree. Her brother and sister had been called "Uncle" and "Aunt" from the beginning; but she had shown to the comers, in a manner that meant insistence, the wish to be addressed as "Miss Creecy"; for ever during her widowhood she had felt and believed that she looked much younger than she was. Satisfied that if she should have the opportunity, she could make more out of some man than had been possible with the material of her late husband, she had been surprised, and to some degree disgusted, that such opportunity had not presented itself. The late increased cordiality between her and Jesse began to be remarked by Mr. Lawson and Miss Faithy; but they were not people to meddle in matters that they knew it was not their business to control. Lately, also, a nearly grown boy named Joshua Perkins had been coming to the house, and more often than he had come before the happening of an occurrence in which the family's feelings somewhat, Miss Faithy's considerably, had been hurt. Simon, the foreman, one morning at daybreak noticed a brindle dog sneaking from the sheep pasture, wherein was found, immediately thereafter, a favorite ewe and her lamb that had been killed. On Simon's testimony that, as well as he could judge with what light the dawn shed, it was Josh Perkins's "Watch," Miss Faithy sent a request to Josh to have the dog killed.

"My goodness alive!" exclaimed Josh, "the whole neighborhood's full o' brindle dogs. Got two over thar yourselves." "And Josh Perkins, he *thes* 'fused to kill the varmint," said Miss Faithy to her brother.

"Oh, well, Sis' Faithy," he answered, "you know 'twere 'nigger everdence,' an' that not downright pine-blank."

Miss Faithy usually followed her brother's judgment when she had appealed to it, and so the matter was dropped. But when the youth's visits began to be more frequent than before, the good woman's mind took on an anxiety that she had never expected to feel.

III.

Mr. Lawson Wimpy has not been made very prominent in this history thus far. Indeed, he never became so except in cases which Miss Faithy, the head of the family, regarded too emergent for her individual control. During nine years he had pursued calmly the career that seemed to befit his meek, unambitious spirit. His interest in his favorite pursuit had received something of an additional spur during the period that little Milly used to accompany him; for we all have seen that the presence of childhood, especially young girlhood, innocent and dependent, serves to add activity to the gait and impart some juvenility to the heart of a man who otherwise might grow old faster than his years. After her withdrawal for the purpose of learning and taking becoming interest in things suited to her sex, a change very gradually came over him. Not that he gave up his piscatory habits or his bee-huntings to any very marked degree; for Lawson Wimpy was an honorable man, and one that always had wished to be consistent and true to his loves and duties. Many a time had he acknowledged that it was his nature, and he couldn't help it, to love a bee; and it was one of his few boasts that not many people ever took a bee-tree or a bee-gum with less sacrifice of life than himself, or left to those industrious insects more liberal allowance of the booty for which they were besieged. He would go so far sometimes as to say that it was a duty that people owed, not only to themselves, but to bees *them*selves, to tame them out of their savage state, and reduce them from the wild tree to the peaceful gum, for that such reduction made them not only more useful, but more happy.

"My bees knows me well as they know theirselves; an' my opinions is they not only satisfied but riconciled to ruther bein' thar than in anybody's woods, makes no odds whose woods they is."

In the abstract, therefore, he was little changed, if any. Yet within a year or so last past, his wanderings from home were less frequent, less distant, less protracted. More than had been his wont ever before, he sat in or about the house and rendered help whenever needed and becoming in the house-tasks of the ladies, such as filling quills for their spindles, reeling their brooches, winding their balls, warping their hanks, handing their threads, and threading their sleighs. Such services and similar were given especially to Milly, needful as the child was of what helps she could get. Often when Miss Creecy would call upon her for a gourd of water from the spring, he would go for it in her place, and that made such calls come at more reasonable intervals. His favorite seat, outside of his dwelling, was on a bench beneath a large, wide-spread sweet-gum that stood near the margin of the stream, below the spring. Here for many years in suitable seasons he had been used to sit with face directed towards the adjoining woods, and watch the bees as they came to drink. Lately he had been conscious of feeling less lively interest in the thoughts that hitherto had occupied him mainly when in this quiet retreat; but he had not spoken of the change to anybody, not even to himself; and he had been thinking if it would not be well to rouse himself from this incipient supineness. One afternoon as he sat at this accustomed seat with a sense of something like revived interest in what used to be so dear, Joshua Perkins, who had asked for him at the house, proceeded to the spring. They had barely saluted when the visitor, seating himself, said abruptly, but with evident embarrassment:

"Mis' Wimpy, come to ast might I cote Miss Milly, sir."

Mr. Wimpy, not given to starting, did not then. Looking at Josh for a second, he turned and for some moments contemplated the spring, and for some more the adjacent woods over as large a part of the circle as his eyes could range without shifting his position, after which he rose, and, turning, looked up the hill towards the house. Then he walked several times the length of the bench on either side, closely scrutinizing Josh, back, front, sidewise. After several minutes he resumed his seat and said:

"Josh Perkins, who you say — that is, you said anything to Milly?"

"No, sir, I has not."

"You has not?"

"No, sir; not nary word."

"I would of supposened not," rather as if soliloquizing, "bein' as she have only thes here awhile back drap her pant'letts, an' him, I'll lay a jug o' honey, not cut nary one o' his wisdom-tooths." Then he asked very pointedly:

"What you come to me 'bout it for, boy?"

"I hear Missis Keenum say that she have heerd Miss Faithy say nobody needn't ever go 'bout co'tin' Miss Milly 'ithout they first git the fambly's permissions."

"Well, my friend, did Missis Keenum tell you Miss Faithy was me, or that the fambly was me? Ef so, she were slight mistakened."

"No, sir; oh, no, sir; no, sir," Josh answered quickly, regretful for the possible mistake that had been made as to Mr. Wimpy's identity. "Of course Missis Keenum, leastways I s'pose she didn't cose, an' so did I, know you bein' of a man person an' the heads o' the fambly—"

"Now, boy, stop; stop right thar. I no sech a heads, an' I got nothin' to do 'ith — 'ith nobody's co'tin's; an' special' childern's. I got nothin' to say, an' I'm busy this evenin', ef that all what you come to see me about."

"Well, good-evenin', Mr. Wimpy. Glad you got nothin' agin me. Hoped you didn't."

"You knowed I didn't. Good-bye."

After the youth had gone, and while Mr. Wimpy was marshaling the thoughts that were now on his mind, an incident, regarded by him ever afterwards more strange than any other throughout his whole history, occurred. A bee, fierce, swift as a bullet, came butting him plump in the forehead, then rebounding sought the streamlet. After he had taken his fill, he rose again and made for his lair. Mr. Wimpy knew from his line that it was a new bee. I say not what that man would have done a year ago. He rose indeed with momentary alacrity, and noted with old-time precision the retiring beast.

"You little cuss, you! It were ruther the impidenst dar' I *ever* got from any o' your tribes; but — no, I got no time to be foolin' 'long of you now. You go to grass."

Now, why had he not time? He sat down again and asked himself that very question. The days were in the very solstice of summer, the wheat had been harvested. They were nearly through with reaping the oats, hardly a bunch of grass was to be seen in the cotton-patch, the field peas were up and doing splendidly, and the corn would get its plowing, and without need of haste, inside of a fortnight. For some time he continued to investigate himself. His sister Faithy had always said he was deep, and he knew he was. But the bottom of those profound depths was further than even himself had known or suspected. He rose at length, and without intermission of his soundings, followed, with some hesita-

tion, his legs, which took him first to the wheat-field. There, mounting on the fence, he whittled a splinter wrenched violently from a rail and contemplated for a minute or two the fattening hogs rioting in the good gleanings. Then throwing away the splinter as if it were a thing unclean, he shut and pocketed his knife, and proceeding to where they were at work among the oats, he silently took from Simon's hands his scythe, made six enormous swaths, then, handing it back, returned to the bench, under the sweet-gum, where he remained until called for supper.

"What did Josh Perkins want to see you about, Brer Lawson?" asked Miss Creecy at the supper table. "Did he 'pologise for not killin' that mean dog? He ought to."

"He never mention dog in my presence, Creecy, not onct. It were some business Josh thought he had with me, but he found he were mistakened."

"Somethin' on top of Brer Lawson's mind," said Miss Creecy, when quite earlier than usual he had retired; "he never opened his mind exceptin' to answer my question the whole night, an' not answered at that; an' onct when he have retched for the biscuit, he come mighty nigh a-dabbin' his hand in the honey-bowl."

Miss Faithy had noticed the unusual absence of mind and taciturnity, but had thought best not to speak of it. Just at that moment his voice was heard from the doorway, and, if rather sepulchral, yet, after giving an account of the remarkable occurrence at the spring, extending an invitation to Milly. As his coat was off, he stood in the dark.

"From the size of the lick the little rascal give me, I think they mus' be a power o' honey, an' I thought Milly, ef she feel like it an' can spar' the time, might go 'long 'ith me."

"Law me, Lawson," answered Miss Faithy, "the whole back g'yard'n palin's is thes linded and bounded with bee-gums now."

"Besides," put in Miss Creecy, "I *did* want Milly, if Sis' Faithy could spar' her, to begin on the stitchin' of my new petticoat to-morrer, Brer Lawson."

"Hold on, Lawson," cried Miss Faithy, as she heard him going back, "hold on; would you want to go, Milly?"

"Yes'm, if Miss Creecy could wait for the beginning on her petticoat till I got back."

"Yes, Lawson. Yes: the child need some ex'cise, anyhow."

Miss Creecy thought how much less difficult it was to get service from Jesse than from Milly. But she did not complain.

"Go 'long now an' enjoy yourself with your Unc' Lawson, an' don't git stung by none o' them bees," said the good Miss Faithy to her ward the next morning.

The hunters set out shortly after breakfast, Mr. Wimpy, besides his professional tackle, carrying the biggest bucket for the spoil.

"Why, Unc' Lawson," said Milly from behind, when, after a momentary glance upward, he began to advance from the spring, "seems to me you took mighty little sighting before you started."

"Never mind, Milly," he answered without pausing; and if she had seen his eyes, even without experience in woodcraft, she would have known that their uncertain gaze was not apt to lead to a place that very careful search was necessary to find. Not only this, but looking not fully but somewhat over his shoulder as he leisurely proceeded, he chatted with her, directing his remarks mainly to the fact that it was an uncommonly fine morning.

When they had traveled near half a mile, they reached a small knoll flat at its summit, whereon, besides towering oaks, was a pretty thicket of haw and crab-apple trees. At the bottom on one side was a spring. Here Mr. Wimpy came to a stop, and they sat down on a huge log that lay there.

"That bee belong some'rs about along in here," said Mr. Wimpy indifferently. "My mind, arfter we started, got to runnin' on my parrents, an' it be'n a-knowin' it weren't egzactly follerin' him on the line he made. Howbesomever."

Drawing from his pocket a small gourd, and rinsing it carefully, he dipped from the spring and handed it to Milly.

"Well, Unc' Lawson! a better gourd of water I *never* drank. I declare it's as good, I do believe, actual, as our spring at home."

"Thar now! I knowed she'd be obleeged to acknowledge it."

And he laughed as a man laughs after winning a long-contested dispute.

"Fact o' the business *is*," he said, after a brief enjoyment of his victory, "my father wanted to settle right thar whar you see them haws an' crab-apples, an' he begun on a clerrin'. But my mother she want to live closeter to the road; an' when he found the spring we has at the present, he let her persuade him over; but he *allays* said ef Sis Faithy er me should take notion to take other kimpanions an' sip'rate, right here were the place for them that moved away to settle theirselves; an' so the question in them ewents, not a-countin' in Creecy which have had her sheer, the question will be thes betwix' me an' Sis' Faithy, an' it'll then be which is which. Ahem!"

"Law, Unc' Lawson!" exclaimed Milly. "The *idea* of your an' Aunt Faithy a-separating! I never *dreamt* of such a thing excepting one of you was to die."

Casting his eyes into the forest far as they could penetrate, he said mildly, solemnly:

"They is sip'rations, Milly, an' they is diwisions, that people ain't *always* obleeged to die before they're fotched about. In cose Sis' Faithy, an' special' me, which is younger'n what she call fer, yit she, let alone me, might be counted on, by good rights to live, fer lo those many a year. I'm not talkin' an' I don't know as I shall ever be talkin' about myself, though I don't say them words; *but* ef Sis' Faithy,— mind, I say *ef*, Milly,— an' ef she was to do like some like Creecy expect to do, an' mayby *Jes* for all I know, then an' in those ewents, when Sis' Faithy have took a kimpanion, the queschin in that solemn hour will be thes betwix' Lawson Wimpy an' his lone self, an' it'll be what's what, thes so, pine-blank an' pinted, an' nothin' else."

He then turned and looked Milly in the face. Now, the fact was that Mr. Wimpy had not the slightest suspicion of any wish or expectation of his elder sister to marry. Later on it was asked him how it had gotten into his head thus to frighten a timid, dependent child, and he answered, coldly, boldly:

"Instinc'. 'Tweren't nothin' but instinc'; the same like what a bee have."

"Oh, Unc' Lawson," said Milly, much disturbed, "how can you think such things about Aunt Faithy? I can't believe ——"

"Ef you'll 'member, Milly," interrupted he, apparently cold as the water from which they had just drunk, "that I was only thes a-supposen' about Sis' Faithy, an' then a-astin' o' myself, what was what in them cases."

Milly, looking back with some anxiety, said:

"Hadn't we better go back, Unc' Lawson, sence you missed the bee-tree?"

"Well, mayby, yes," drawled the man with an unconcern that seemed perfectly heartless. "Possible we well go back. I hain't give up that bee, howbesomever. The bee don't live can give me sech a dar', right plump in the forrid, an' I not trace him to his den, some time er 'nother when I in quindition to projeck as I knowed I weren't to-day. Sis' Faithy, you know, Milly, know nothin' o' sech as the present convisashin, an' onlest you think it's the best to tell her about it, fer in things that is both dilicate an' interestin' at the same times, it mayn't always be best, that is, in cose, my meanins' is, not ontwell they're fotch out by the warious circum'ances an' sichiations, so to speak; ahem! we'll perceed on back, ef you ruther."

"Yes, sir, Uncy, I *know* Aunt Faithy an' Miss Creecy needing me this minute."

Not willing to return entirely empty, and as the season was late for honeysuckles and jasmine, Mr. Wimpy would linger to gather a good supply of red-buds, sweet-bottles, and Carolina pinks.

If Miss Faithy had been in laughing mood, oh, how she might have gone on at sight of the results of a hunt, so boastingly set upon. As it was, the returning party found her in the act of applying to her lips the blowing-horn. Laying it aside, she almost pushed Milly into the house, saying:

"Go in, child; go in an' try to prepar' fer what's a-comin'." Turning to her brother, she said:

"Lawson, my gracious me! Josh Perkins have come by here on his *way* from town, an' he *bring* the news that Sol Pringle have got back, an' have *employed* lawyers to sue for Jes an' Milly, an' damidges *to* boot."

"The everlastin'!" But instantly recovering his poise, he took his sister by the hand, and led her to the spring. From all that I could gather of the talk and counsel then and there had, in no previous family emergency had more earnest, wise thoughts ascended from the great deep of Lawson Wimpy's being. Not fully comprehended at first and therefore not fully satisfying, yet, Miss Faithy when she rose and started back for the house, felt that if there was nothing else for an unhappy one like herself to be thankful for, she ought to get upon her knees for having such a brother.

IV.

THE head of that family used to declare that "tongue could not *begin* to tell the egzitements of *that* night, nor the follerin' day." I confine myself to a few facts and conversations.

The subject of all thoughts was not one for discussion in family conclave. There were some points that had been submitted by Mr. Wimpy at the spring that involved delicacy, and if manageable at all would be managed only by talks in couples. Jesse and Milly had their talk, so Jesse and Miss Creecy. Here Jesse showed that he felt himself to be a man with a man's courage, and Miss Creecy said that she would back him to the utmost. A brief talk Jesse had with Mr. Wimpy, in which each hoped he understood the other. Poor Miss Faithy, after her first talk with her brother, was so shaken up that she could not speak, except mere irregular snatches of words, first to one, then another. However stirred away down in his depths, Mr. Wimpy's surface was calm. Just before retiring he said generally:

"If Creecy weren't sech a rapid rider, I'd be willin' for her to git on Dolly to-morrer, an' go to town, an' ef it took a day or two, to stay thar, an' gether what's to be gethered about Josh's news. People don't know how to *ack* tell they see whar they *stan'*. But Creecy sech a rapid rider."

Now, Miss Creecy was fond of going to town, and especially on her brother's riding nag. So she answered:

"Dolly know I never ride her to hurt. I'll go ef people want me."

"Be it so, then," said Mr. Wimpy in quick answer to Miss Faithy's doubtful look.

They retired early. After weeping in eacn other's arms until Milly fell asleep from exhaustion, Miss Faithy, disengaging herself, rose, and when not upon her knees, paced the hall-room and piazza for several hours. Occasionally she tiptoed to her chamber door, and listened as if to be reassured if Milly were still there and still asleep. At length she lay down again, and placing one arm under Milly's neck, and the other across her breast, sank into the sleep that, in spite of tribulation, comes to the good and charitable. Long before all except her brother had awakened, she was up and dressed. Approaching softly to call Mr. Wimpy, he issued from his chamber, with face as on yesterday newly shaven, and if that man ever did the like before on two consecutive days, nobody ever heard of it.

"Lawson," she said, in subdued but resolute tone, "I want Storm kep' onchained to-day, an' I want the hounds to stay about the house."

"Cert'nly, Sis' Faithy, ef you say so; but I 'spose people *ought* to know that dogs, no marter how bitin' they is, can't thes by theirselves keep a' officer o' the law off a place, whar the jedge send him."

"I know that well enough; but they can keep off robbiers, an' house-breakiers untwell people can gether their senses to find out what to do."

"What I told you yistiday, Sis' Faithy, *at* the spring, is the onlest way that is lawfuld an' effecuil. Jes an' Milly, though they ain't actuil *childern*, what people *call* childern, yit they're what the law o' Georgie call *minders*, an'll be minders tell they're one an' twenty apiece, an' Sol Pringle, a-bein' of their natchel fathers, can lay in his claim o' titles to 'em *a-thout* they marries theyselves off, an' in which ewents them titles has nother law ner gospil."

Lord Thurlow could not have laid down in firmer tones the law of estoppel.

"But, Lawson," Miss Faithy insisted, "in the *name* o' goodness, what good an' what consolation to *me* would be fer Milly to git married an' go from this house; an' as fer Josh Perkins, which you say he want her, why, the child despise Josh Perkins in her sight, an' she say—"

"She do, do she?"

"Yes, she do, an' as for Jes an' Creecy, Milly say she don't believe that so; an' ef it was, that no business o' mine; fer you know how hard it is to git along with Creecy now, when she nothin' but a widder, an' what would it be—"

"Say Milly don't take to the idee o' Josh?" He did not appear to have heard his sister's last remarks.

"No, she don't; an' she say she'll thes die ruther'n she'll other have Josh Perkins, or leave me to go 'long with her pa."

"Don't Milly know then, Sis' Faithy, that Josh Perkins not the onlest marryin' man-person in the *world?*"

Mr. Wimpy looked as if he suspected that Milly must have taken Josh Perkins to be Deucalion.

"I don't 'spose she do, in cose; but the child nothin' *but* a child, an' her head not been runnin' *on* men, an' my laws! when she were a-layin' on that bed arfter cryin' of herself to sleep, she look like a blessed angel."

"My, my, my, my, my! *That* don't seem to do then; an' as you say Jes an' Creecy a-jindin' poplars, even ef they did jind 'em, would be monst'ous little consolation to me an' you. An' Jes is a—I tell you, Sis' Faithy,—Jes Pringle's a *man*, an' ef he have the chance he'll take—I come nigh a-sayin'—he'll take his place among the people o' this whole section o' country."

"What *is* to be done in sech a case?"

"Sister Faithy, my adwices is to say not one word to nobody; not untwell Creecy git off to town, an' arfter that for you an' Milly to have a talky-talky betwix' yourselves here at the house, an' me an' Jes will go to the spring. For in the case we got on hand, the warious seck of people can talk to more adwantages, an' special on subjecks that's dilicate, an' skittish to boot; that is fer a while; an' Milly, by good rights, ort to try to find out that they is in cose other an' defferent people besides of Josh. As for Jes, Jes in cose know his own mind. Better go in now. I hear 'em a-movin'. Try to be calm, Sis' Faithy, an' special, try to be coold."

After breakfasting at sunrise (their usual hour), as Miss Creecy was mounting upon Dolly, her brother said:

"Lemme see. This is a Chuseday. I'll look fer you a Thursday night, though I has my doubts ef you can pick up ev'rything about them solemn perceedances before a Friday. But, Creecy, do don't ride Dolly too rapid, an' ast Mr. Leadbetter to see that she's fed an' give water reg'lar. Howsomever, good man like him won't let a po' beast suffer. Good-bye."

The auxiliary influence of a broom in her hand to a woman of spirit when feeling that she has been treated or threatened wrongfully was always remarkable. I could not say how many times in imagination Miss Wimpy swept Mr. Solomon Pringle out of that house and

piled him up in a heap on the ground to be burned. The while she made Milly sit in full view on the piazza. Milly looked sad, like the daughter of Epimetheus after the flood, still there were signs upon her face of innocent hope. Her Aunt Faithy was too full for much utterance beyond frequent painful ejaculations, some shorter, some longer than this:

"My laws of gracious mercies! Ef that child is took away from me, it'll *thes* kill me."

When not another speck of dust was to be seen, still holding her broom, she took Milly's hand, and drawing her up, said:

"Come, child, less go to the spring where your Unc' Lawson is. I hope to the good Lord, Lawson got some senses left. I've not."

Hand in hand they set out. As soon as they appeared, Jesse rose, and walking rapidly up the acclivity, met them under a white oak with low-hanging limbs.

"Milly," he said, "Unc' Lawson want to talk to you on some partic'lar business. I don't know as I ever thought as much o' Unc' Lawson as I do this mornin'. Aunt Faithy, I want to speak a few words to you, if you please, ma'am."

His face was flushed. Miss Faithy, as she afterwards often declared, "thes knewed somethin' were on his mind."

"Aunt Faithy, I made up my mind not to go with pa no more, an' I'm a-goin' away from this place 'ithout you say I sha'n't, an' that is, ef you'll have me."

"Have what!" she gasped. "My laws! What do that Jes mean?"

"I mean ef you'll have me for your husband, to love you, an' work for you, an' take keer of you, an' fight for you, an' die for you, an' do ev'rything upon the top o' the blessed ground for you."

She caught with one hand at a limb, that swaying to her pull, it looked as if she must fall. Jesse was extending his hand to help, when she instantly recovered herself, and raising her broom, cried in a tone not loud but most threatening:

"You Jes; you Jes Pringle! Don' you put them hands on me. Who? What put that in your head, Jes Pringle? Lawson? I didn't think Lawson keered that little —"

"Aunt Faithy," quickly interjected the youth, "*that* Unc' Lawson didn't. He never hinted sech a thing! an' he never dreamt o' sech a thing, tell I told him last night. I be'n a-lovin' you ever sence I be'n here, an' a-wantin' to marry you for this two year an' better."

"Well, I always did believe this world were comin' to a' end before people was a-cal'clatin', an' now it's done done it. Bless my soul, where's Milly? I forgot all about that child."

"Milly down at the spring settin' by Unc' Lawson under the sweet-gum, an' ef she have the sense I think she have to git out an' keep out a shower o' rain, thar whar she goin' to stay an' settle herself a endurin' life."

"What? The world a-comin' to a' end thar too? Jes Pringle, go 'long; go 'way. Don' say nothin' more to me now, boy. I got no senses to talk back at you. I'm that 'shamed o' myself I got to go an' hide. What *will* Creecy say? The good Lord know, I thought ef it were anybody here that boy were *that* foolish an' crazy about, it were Creecy. Go 'long, Jes; go 'way. I don' say go *clean* away; but go long off som'rs by yourself, an' combit yourself to the hands of the good Lord, an' ast Him to let you know ef you *in* your senses er ef you done gone ravin' distracted."

She strode on to the house weeping and striving, but striving in vain not to look back at the lover who steadily followed.

V.

BETIMES the next morning Jesse Pringle set out for the county-seat to attend to a little matter of business that Mr. Wimpy and himself thought might be dispatched as well now as later. Not very long after his departure, Mr. Wimpy made a brief but pleasant visit to the Rev. Mr. Sanford, who dwelt near by, a highly respectable and much-beloved minister of the gospel. The visit was returned about nightfall on the same day, the excellent gentleman accompanied by Mrs. Sanford in the gig, and followed by their grown-up son and daughter on horseback. The rest I think proper to let be told by Mrs. Faithy (*née* Wimpy) Pringle, as was done some weeks afterwards to her friend Mrs. Keenum.

"What I went through with them two days before they was wound up *by* Brer Sanford in the presences of *them* witnesses, I never had expected sence the days an' *hours* I was borned. Flustered as I were when I first heerd of Sol Pringle's comin' to claim them childern, it were nowhars like I was flustered when Jes named what he did; an' I were that 'shamed *an'* mad, ef I'd *had* of had my strenkt, I'd of hit him with my broom, which I were holdin' *in* my hand to help me to 'fend off *some* of the troubles that was on me about the losin' of Milly. But thar, Betsy, were whar I were lackin'. When that boy, that Jes, fasten them eyes of his'n on me, an' named what he did, Betsy, Betsy Keenum, I were that weak an' that charmed that it wouldn't of be'n defferent ef it have be'n a rattlesnake; an' it struck me suddent as thunder that I loved the boy and didn't know it, an' ef I had, I'd of died before I'd of acknowledge it. An' then, lo an' behold, thar was Lawson *at* the spring a-werryin' Milly thes like Jes a-werryin'

me *under* the white oak. An' Milly, poor little thing, she helt out an' declar'd she thes wouldn't 'ithout her Aunt Faithy say so, an' she done the same 'ith Jes. An' I driv' Jes off, an' Milly she runned from Lawson; but they followed us plump in *to the very house.* An' I pleaded an' *pleaded* 'ith Jes, that ef it have be'n the will of the good Lord, I were old enough to of be'n his own lawfuld mother. An' Jes he come back at me amejiant, an' he say, that as sech were *not* His will, it foller as a natchel conshekens, it *were* His will fer me to be his lawfuld wife. An' Lawson then he up an' say he never heerd a more clinchiner argi*ment* than Jes have use, an' that he have me whar I couldn't cherrip. An' it did look like the boy did. An' *so* we had it *up* an' down all day long, Creecy, she gone to town, an' *nobody* to help stop their pessecutin' untwell finiul me an' Milly, to get some peace *in* our mind, we thes had to knock under an' give our consents. *An'* then Lawson, Jes him a-backin' him up, argy that we well have the business settled accordin' to the law *an'* the gospil, so Creecy could git reconciled quicker to the way things was a-goin', an' Sol Pringle could see for hisself that as for his claim o' titles to them minder children, he were at the end of his row an' a-barkin' up the wrong tree."

The bride paused, and after a brief rest resumed:

"An' yit, ef you'll believe me, child, a-notwithstandin' all I be'n through before, when I hear Brer Sanford an' them a-comin' an' me an' Milly settin' thar with our white frocks on an' what few taslets we could *gether* up, an' Milly, she were coold, same as a cowcumber, but *me! Betsy* Keenum, I were that 'shamed that ef it have be'n lawfuld an' decent, I'd of not let Jenny lit candles, but of ast Brer Sanford to pe'form his cer'monies in the dark. An' I *do* think he use the pootest words about marryin' bein' honerble an' to the app'intment o' scripter. An' *when* he put up that pra'ar I couldn't of holp from cryin' ef I'd of be'n a-dyin' 'stid of beginnin' on a new life."

After another brief pause she continued:

"But I'm thankful that before so very long I got another sort more riconciled an' compoged in my mind. An' them come quicker when Creecy an' Mr. Pringle—look like they done it so quick to spite me an' Lawson,—but tell you the truth, me an' Lawson was glad when they married suddent that way, because bein' his sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law both, we was bound to support him, an' we settled 'em back on the place whar we give Creecy ag'in, an' it 'pear like they livin' very kintented in thar mind, a-knowin' me an' Lawson not goin' to let 'em suffer. Lawson already a-buildin' by our other spring whar he showed Milly the very mornin' of the day the fracases begun. Oh, he's deep, Lawson is! Him an' Milly calm an' gayly as two young pullets, or, ruther, him bein' a man person, I'll say two young kittens. It please Lawson an' make him laugh when Milly ketch him by the jaw an' tell him she wouldn't want him to be a day younger. But Jes know I don't want no sech talk about me. Yit Jes good to me as he possible can be. Ah, well," she ended, wiping her eyes, "I can but hope the good Lord'll send His blessin' on a poor sinner in the takin' *sech* a venter at this time of life. He know how many times I drap on my knees what little time I had before it all taken place, an' He know what my daily pra'ars is now to the throne of grace."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

AN INDIAN HORSE-RACE.

IN the summer of 1879 we — that is, the American people — were trying to settle the Methows, Chelans, Weenatchees, and half a dozen other tribes upon the reservation Secretary Schurz had marked out for them. Although there was to be no compulsion used, still homes were to be broken up; many of the interested parties had been hostile only the summer before, and concessions were to be made on both sides. Indian negotiations are ponderous. They cannot be hurried. I was the adjutant-general of the expedition, that is to say, the scribe or reporter, and I expected to have none of the responsibility and all of the fun. The first general meeting was at the mouth of the Weenatchee, in the heart of the ruggedest Alps of America. The great Columbia tore through the mountain pass in a grand sweep, tossing and foaming. This bend of the river inclosed a level plain some mile or so broad, and just opposite the blue Weenatchee came from the mountain glens to join the Columbia. This plain was the council-ground. We arrived first and went into camp. The pack-mules luxuriated in good rolls in the sand, the canvas village arose, and very soon bacon and coffee led us to supper by the nose. Next morning our friends began to arrive. The news of our presence flew in that way so mysterious even

to those who know the Indian's tireless night-and-day riding and system of signaling. Hour after hour the Indians arrived, singly, by families, bands, and almost by tribes, trooping in with herds and loaded pack-animals, men, women, and children—for they brought their homes with them.

The tepees of buffalo-skin were put up, the smoke of many camp-fires arose, and the hill-sides became dotted with grazing ponies. All the life was barbaric. The smoky smell and flavor of everything belonging to these people were not more characteristic than each one of a thousand other things. The picturesque troop just coming in, the shy women in buckskin shirts and leggins (riding astride), their saddles hung with bags, strange utensils, and sometimes the papoose swinging in his swaddling cradle at the pommel; wild-eyed, elfin-haired, little bronze children, perched naked on top of some bales of household goods; the untamed, half-naked boys on their bare-back horses, and galloping along in premature dignity; the motley horde of patient pack-horses loaded out of sight under mats, robes, tepees, poles, pots, bows, spears, guns, and a thousand barbaric things of shape and color defying description. Last, or perhaps first, in the train came the grave, anxious-looking men in fur mantles or loose buckskin shirts, or with yellowish copper-colored, naked bodies, and only the breech-clout and fringed leggins, their hair loose or braided, and their faces painted black, red, yellow, white, whatever color pleased best their idea of an imposing toilet. Each had his gun, perhaps slung in a gayly fringed case, but more generally carried in the hand across the saddle. Then the saddles, most of them of native manufacture, curious, often profusely decorated. The ponies with tails and manes sometimes clipped, sometimes gay with interwoven feathers, and sometimes ears, tail, and mane all cut close to the body in very wantonness of the grotesque.

Then the camp with its wild groupings, its color, its gorgeous setting in the evergreen and snow-clad hills; the eternal snow-peaks high in air against the blue sky; the irregular streets of dusky tepees; the lounging men, the playing children, the sneaking dogs, and the working women! It is the thrilling life of the wilderness. What a pity it should all be passing away and no great artist think it worthy of his brush!

There were on this ground the best horses of the whole North-west, belonging to rival tribes that had been renowned for horses from the time of Lewis and Clark. There were races almost every hour, but the one I choose to describe came off on the last day of the council, after morning adjournment, so that the elders of the tribe could be present.

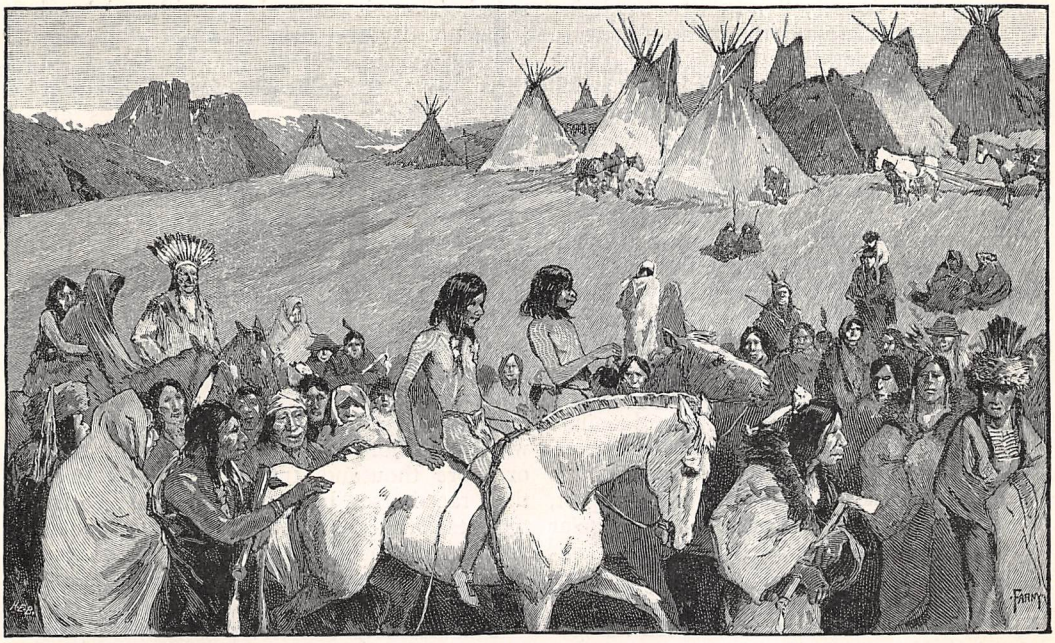
The course was a straight stretch of about a mile along the half grass-grown plain between the camps and the foot of the mountain. The starting-point was marked on the ground; the finishing-point was determined by a horse-hair lariat stretched along the ground and held by two Indians, one from each of the competing tribes.

The finishing-point was nearest the camps, and here the horses took their stand, stark naked, save the fine buffalo-hair lariats knotted around their lower jaws. They were little beauties, clean cut as barbs, one a white and the other a gray; the skin fine, the sinews clean and silky, nostrils immense, heads small, bony, necks graceful, slim. I say little, for they were undersized, as compared with our thoroughbreds, though larger than the average Indian horse. Their tremendously deep chests led one to believe the assertion of a twenty-miles' galloping race which the gray had won. By each stood its rider, a young Indian boy, slim and sinewy as his horse, and as naked, save the most meager breech-clout. These horses were each the pick of the tribe to which he belonged, and as a matter of course all the members of these tribes adhered to their own especial steed.

Crowds began to flock to the stand. The racers were examined again and again; hands were passed over their bodies a thousand times, it seemed to me. I believe there are no better horsemen in the world than our horse-Indians. These examinations were made to see that all was sound and fair, and also by individual bettors to aid their judgments. The crowd naturally ranged themselves into two parts, each on the side of its favorite horse.

Presently the owner of the white horse stepped out and threw to the ground a new saddle and a bundle of beaver and other pelts. Some one from the opposing side threw in a separate place a bundle of blankets. This was their wager, one against the other; each would remember it, for now all the bets would be piled indiscriminately in two opposing heaps, guarded by appointed watchers. As each threw down his stake, he must watch who matched it, and with what. If he accepted, well; if not, he refused the bet, and either some other took it up or the stake was increased to satisfy the first bettor. The women and young boys were fringing the outer edge of the assemblage, many of them guarding the household treasures, which were in readiness for their husbands or fathers to stake.

It did not take long for the Indian excitement to grow, and soon the bets were showering down and the pile "swelling visibly" with



ON THE WAY TO THE STARTING-POINT.

such rapidity that it was marvelous how account could be kept. Blankets, furs, saddles, knives, traps, tobacco, beads, whips, and a hundred other things were staked.

Ponies were led apart in two groups, some wealthy Indians betting six and ten ponies at a time. The excitement grew to a fever. The men even tore the robes and belts from their persons and threw them as wagers. They whispered to boys, who hurried to camp and came up with new things.

Squaws appeared with armfuls of buffalo, wolf, bear, and fox robes, beaded garments, brass pots, etc. Their lords snatched these and bet with seeming recklessness. They took ear-rings from their ears and blankets from the backs of their wives (after having stripped themselves almost naked). The women seemed to enjoy this contribution they made to the wealth and pluck of their husbands. The more ardent bet the last pony they owned in the world, leaving themselves afoot, and some risked their rifles on the race. Their rifles are the last things parted with, but under the all-conquering gambling passion these too will be sacrificed and the bow and arrow resorted to till another weapon is procured.

The excitement, the surging crowds, the calling, the hurrying to and fro, the reckless shower of bets forming at last two piles five or six feet high and twenty in diameter — all were in strange contrast to the little jockeys who stood by their horses, apparently all unconcerned, while the betting was going on. Those in charge had fastened around each horse's body a thick horse-hair lariat doubled; this was knotted tightly but hung loosely, leaving a space of several inches between it and the horse's belly. When all the bets were laid, the riders vaulted to their places, and bending their knees, thrust them between the lariat and the horses' sides, thus drawing the lariat very tight and binding themselves like centaurs to their slippery steeds; and yet by simply straightening their legs they could throw off the band and be released.

The racers now walked with long, supple strides down the course to the starting-point, accompanied by the starters, friends, admirers, jealous watchers, etc., some on foot and some on horseback. The whole mile of track soon became a lane hedged by groups and lines of Indians. The intentness, the care, and the suspense were catching. I began to feel a thrilling excitement and an impatience to know which of the beauties would win and which tribe be beggared.

The eagerness to watch the start made them crowd up the track at one end of the line, in spite of the shrill cries of the Indian watchers to clear the track. But the track would be cleared soon enough.

A faint cry at the other end of the line, a whirl of the horses, a tumult down there, a waving of whips, a wild yelling growing nearer, louder, and here they come — flying. Side

by side, the naked riders plying the lash with every terrific bound; the Indians bordering the track packed to a dense mass, surging to and fro, yelling and throwing up their whips; the mounted ones running their horses at full speed after the flyers, but being rapidly left. Here they come! heads out, eyes strained, nostrils stretched, forehoofs seemingly always in the air, the whip-thongs falling with quickening vigor. A hoarse, wild shouting, a deafening burst of yells, a *swish* in the air, an apparition before the eyes, a bound over the finish line, and the race is over, the white just half a length ahead, and there they go down toward the river, the boys pulling them in for dear life.

Ere they were led back the bets had been claimed, each person taking his stakes and those things which had been pledged against them. Other races were made. The piles of wagers grew again, and again dissolved. Bets were all that was needed to prolong the sport, for if the stock of swift horses — their regular "race-horses" — should by chance be exhausted, slower ones were speedily matched. In these intertribal contests the tribe never deserts its own horses, so that if their antagonists have superior animals, the losers will be stripped to beggary. A transfer of property takes place, and the paupers with happy carelessness hobble off with a few sore pack-animals to carry their diminished possessions.

The Indians are shrewd jockeys, but their own races are as a rule fair and honest trials of speed. The decision of the umpires is never demurred to unless palpably unjust, and on these rare occasions the settlement is either by a quarrel or more usually by a renewal of the race. And while an Indian is willing to gamble on anything, even a tortoise race, his true delight, the very exultation of his soul, is in a long race between horses of wonderful speed. There is nearly always with each band some one favorite steed of supposed all-surpassing powers, and it is the races between these pets of the tribes that inspire the chief interest. The great spring gatherings are among the most picturesque features of Indian peaceful life. The bands and tribes meet near some vast plain or meadow bordered by the forest or the mountains and watered by pleasant streams. Here the women dig the edible roots, and weave mats and baskets. The children hunt in the edge of the woods with mimic bows and arrows or fish for trout in the swarming brooks; while each band bring forth their favorite and trust their fortunes to its speed.

The victor over all for the year gains a wide reputation, and is coveted by some three or more thousand Indians. They cherish their race-horses, but apparently from selfish motives, for in the races they are utterly merciless; the most gallant efforts of a defeated brute seem to inspire neither admiration nor gratitude.

Our assembly was not one of these gala meetings, but with savage thoughtlessness our tawny friends turned from the breathless debating of vital affairs of state to the hilarious excitement of horse-racing. The chiefs, it is true, stood aloof, with a dignity partly natural and partly affected, to impress the white dignitaries; or they mingled in the crowd in a stately way, keeping their keen interest tempered with the gravity begotten by their responsibilities.

After dusk the Indian lads would take possession of the deserted track and run their ponies in break-neck scrub-races.

C. E. S. Wood.

CALM.

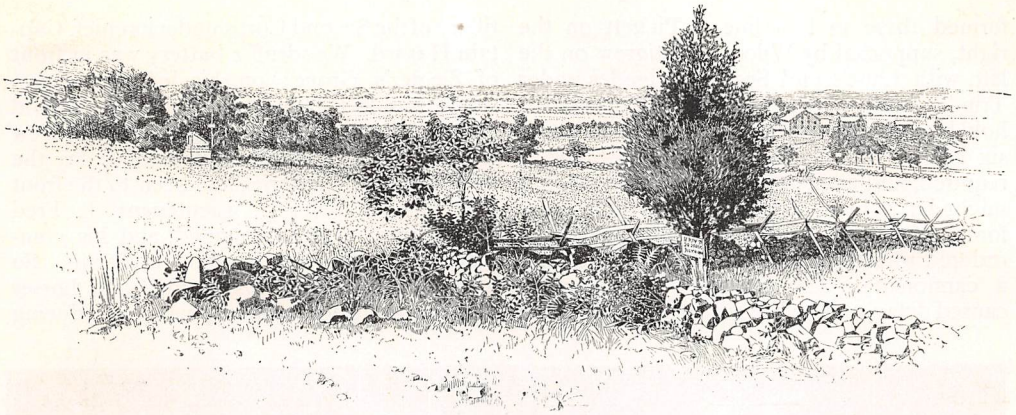
HAST thou been down into the depths of thought
Until the things of time and sense are naught;
Hast sunk — sunk — in that tideless under-deep
Fathoms below the little reach of sleep?

Dark, there, and silence; sound is not, nor sun;
The heaving breast, the beating heart, have done:
They lie no stiller whose stopt pulse and breath
Respect the dread repose in realms of death.

Hast visited below, where he must go
That would wisdom's last-yielded secret know?
Hast been a guest where, lost to smiles and tears,
The quiet eye looks on beyond the years?

Hast thou been down into the depths of thought
Until the things of time and sense are naught?
Then toil and pain blend sweet as evening psalm,
Then doubt is whelmed in hope, and care in calm.

John Vance Cheney.



GROUND OVER WHICH PICKETT CHARGED, AS SEEN FROM THE UNION LINES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

On the left is seen the clump of trees which was the point of direction for Pickett's men; also the monument of Webb's brigade near which General Webb was wounded. General Armistead was killed in the middle foreground of the picture; Codori's house is seen on the right.— EDITOR.

THE THIRD DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY THE CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

A PENNSYLVANIA BUCKTAIL.

IN view of the successes gained on the second day, General Lee resolved to renew his efforts. These successes were:

1st. *On the right*, the lodgment at the base of the Round Tops, the possession of Devil's Den and its woods, and the ridges on the Emmettsburg road which gave him the coveted positions for his artillery.

2d. *On the left*, the occupation of part of the intrenchments of the Twelfth Corps with an outlet to the Baltimore pike, by which all our lines could be taken in reverse.

3d. *At the center*, the partial success of three of Anderson's brigades in penetrating our lines, from which they were expelled only for lack of proper support.

It was thought that better concert of action might have made good a lodgment here also. Both armies had indeed lost heavily, but the account in that respect seemed in favor of the Confederates, or at worst balanced. Pickett's and Johnson's divisions were fresh, as were Posey's and Mahone's brigades of Anderson's, and Smith's brigade of Early's division. These could be depended upon for an assault; the others could be used as supports, and to follow up a success. The artillery was almost intact. Stuart had rejoined with his cavalry, excepting the brigades of Jones and Robertson, guarding the communications; and Imboden had also come up. General Lee, therefore, directed the renewal of operations both on the right and left. Ewell had been ordered to attack at daylight on July 3d, and during the night reënforced Johnson with Smith's, Daniel's, and O'Neal's brigades. Johnson had made his preparations, and was about moving, when at dawn Williams's artillery opened upon him, preparatory to an assault by Geary and Ruger for the recovery of their works. The suspension of this fire was followed by an immediate advance by both sides. A conflict ensued which lasted with varying success until near eleven o'clock, during which the Confederates were driven out of the Union intrenchments by Geary and Ruger, aided by Shaler's brigade of the Sixth Corps. They made one or two attempts to regain possession, but were unsuccessful, and a demonstration to turn Johnson's left caused him to withdraw his command to Rock Creek. The scene of this conflict was, at the close of the war, covered by a forest of dead trees, leaden bullets proving as fatal to them as to the soldiers whose bodies were thickly strewn beneath them.

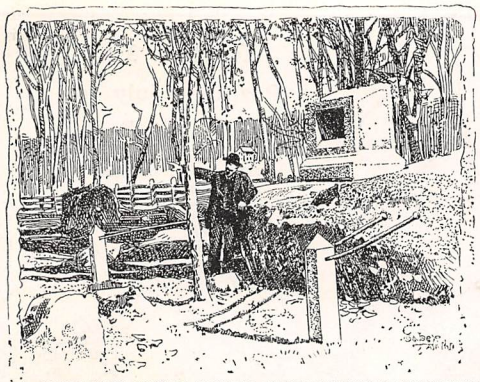
Longstreet's arrangements had been made to re-attack Round Top, and his orders issued with a view to turning it, when General Lee decided that the assault should be made on Cemetery Ridge by Pickett's and Pettigrew's divisions, with part of Trimble's. Longstreet

formed these in two lines — Pickett on the right, supported by Wilcox; Pettigrew on the left, with Lane's and Scales's brigades under Trimble in the second line. Hill was ordered to hold his line with the remainder of his corps, — six brigades, — give Longstreet assistance if required, and avail himself of any success that might be gained. Finally a powerful artillery force, about one hundred and fifty guns, was ordered to prepare the way for the assault by a cannonade. The necessary arrangements caused delay, and before notice of this could be

STEUART'S BRIGADE RENEWING THE CONFEDERATE ATTACK ON CULP'S HILL, MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY.

received by Ewell, Johnson, as we have seen, was attacked, so that the contest was over on the left before that at the center was begun. The hoped-for concert of action in the Confederate attacks was lost from the beginning.

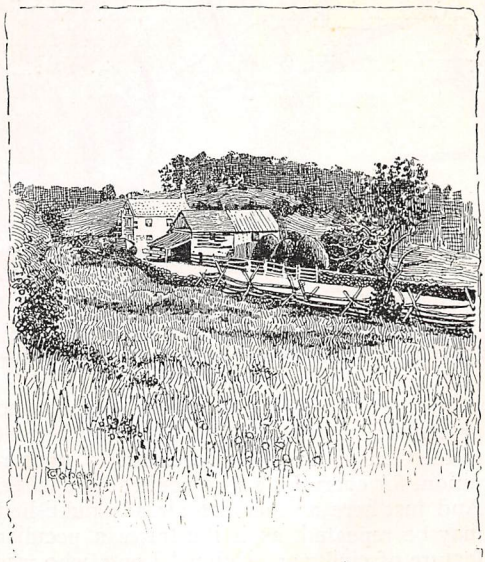
On the Federal side Hancock's corps held Cemetery Ridge with Robinson's division, First Corps, on Hays's right in support, and Doubleday's at the angle between Gibbon and Caldwell. General Newton, having been assigned to the command of the First Corps, *vice* Reynolds, was now in charge of the ridge held by Caldwell. Compactly arranged on its crest was McGilvery's artillery, forty-one guns, consisting of his own batteries, reënforced by others from the Artillery Reserve. Well to the right, in front of Hays and Gibbon, was the artillery of the Second Corps under its chief, Captain Hazard. Woodruff's battery was in front of Ziegler's Grove; on his left, in succession, Arnold's Rhode Island, Cushing's United States, Brown's Rhode Island, and Rorty's New York. In the fight of the preceding day the two last-named batteries had been to the front and suffered severely. Lieutenant T. Fred Brown was severely wounded, and his command devolved on Lieutenant Perrin. So great had been the loss in men and horses that they were now of four guns each, reducing the total number in the corps to twenty-six. Daniels's battery of horse artillery, four guns, was between Hazard and McGilvery at the angle. In addition, some of the guns on Cemetery Hill, and Rittenhouse's on Little Round Top, could be brought to bear, but these were offset by batteries similarly placed on the flanks of the enemy, so that on the Second Corps line, within the space of a mile, were seventy-one guns to oppose nearly one hundred and fifty. They were on an open crest plainly visible from all parts of the opposite line. Between ten and eleven A. M., everything looking favorable at Culp's Hill, I crossed over to Cemetery Ridge, to see what might be going on at other points. Here a magnificent display greeted my eyes. Our whole



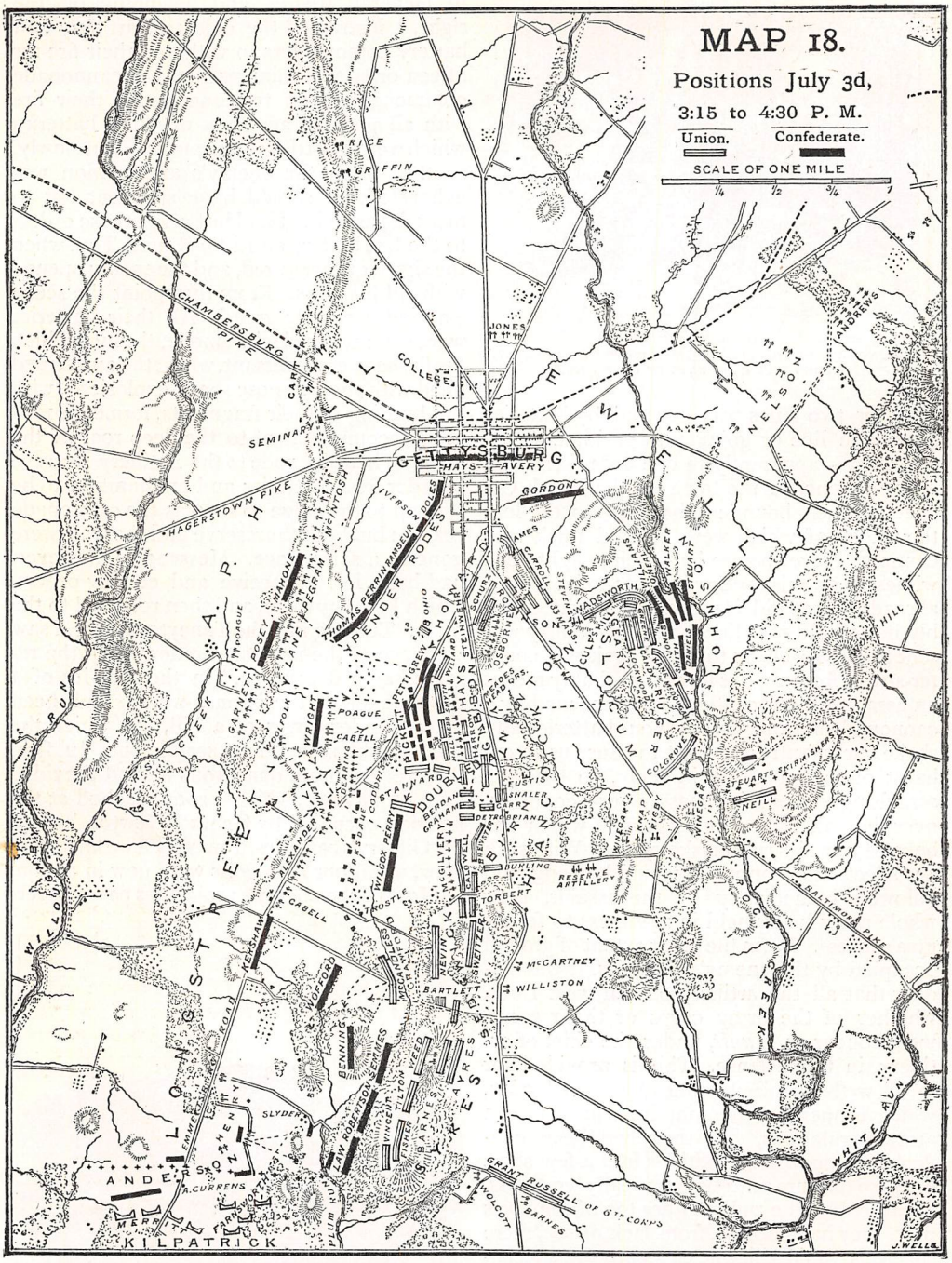
MONUMENT OF THE SECOND MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, FACING THE EAST BASE OF CULP'S HILL.

front for two miles was covered by batteries already in line or going into position. They stretched—apparently in one unbroken mass—from opposite the town to the Peach Orchard, which bounded the view to the left, the ridges of which were planted thick with cannon. Never before had such a sight been witnessed on this continent, and rarely, if ever, abroad. What did it mean? It might possibly be to hold that line whilst its infantry was sent to aid Ewell, or to guard against a counter-stroke from us, but it most probably meant an assault on our center, to be preceded by a cannonade in order to crush our batteries and shake our infantry; at least to cause us to exhaust our ammunition in reply, so that the assaulting troops might pass in good condition over the half mile of open ground which was beyond our effective musketry fire. With such an object the cannonade would be long and followed immediately by the assault, their whole army being held in readiness to follow up a success. From the great extent of ground occupied by the enemy's batteries, it was evident that all the artillery on our west front, whether of the army corps or the reserve, must concur as a *unit*, under the chief of artillery, in the defense. This is provided for in all well-organized armies by special rules, which formerly were contained in our own army regulations, but they had been condensed in successive editions into a few short lines, so obscure as to be practically worthless, because, like the rudimentary toe of the dog's paw, they had become, from lack of use, mere survivals; unintelligible except to the specialist. It was of the first importance to subject the enemy's infantry, from the first moment of their advance, to such a cross-fire of our artillery as would break their formation, check their impulse, and drive them back, or at least bring them to our lines in such condition as to make them an easy prey. There was neither time nor necessity for reporting this to General Meade, and beginning on the right, I instructed the chiefs of artillery and battery commanders to withhold their fire for fifteen or twenty minutes after the cannonade commenced, then to concentrate their fire with all possible accuracy on those batteries which were most destructive to us—but slowly, so that when the enemy's ammunition was exhausted, we should have sufficient left to meet the assault. I had just given these orders to the last battery on Little Round Top, when the signal gun was fired, and the enemy opened with all his guns. From that point the scene was indescribably grand. All their batteries were soon covered with smoke, through which the flashes were incessant, whilst the air seemed filled with shells, whose sharp explosions, with the hurtling of their fragments, formed a running accompaniment to the deep roar of the guns. Thence I rode to the Artillery Reserve to order fresh batteries and ammunition to be sent up to the ridge so soon as the cannonade ceased; but both the reserve and the train were gone to a safer place. Messengers, however, had been left to receive and convey orders, which I sent by them, and then returned to the ridge. Turning into the Taneytown pike, I saw evidence of the necessity under which the reserve had "decamped," in the remains of a dozen exploded caissons, which had been placed under cover of a hill, but which the shells had managed to search out. In fact, the fire was more dangerous behind the ridge than on its crest, which I soon reached at the position occupied by General Newton behind McGilvery's batteries, from which we had a fine view, as all our own guns were now in action.

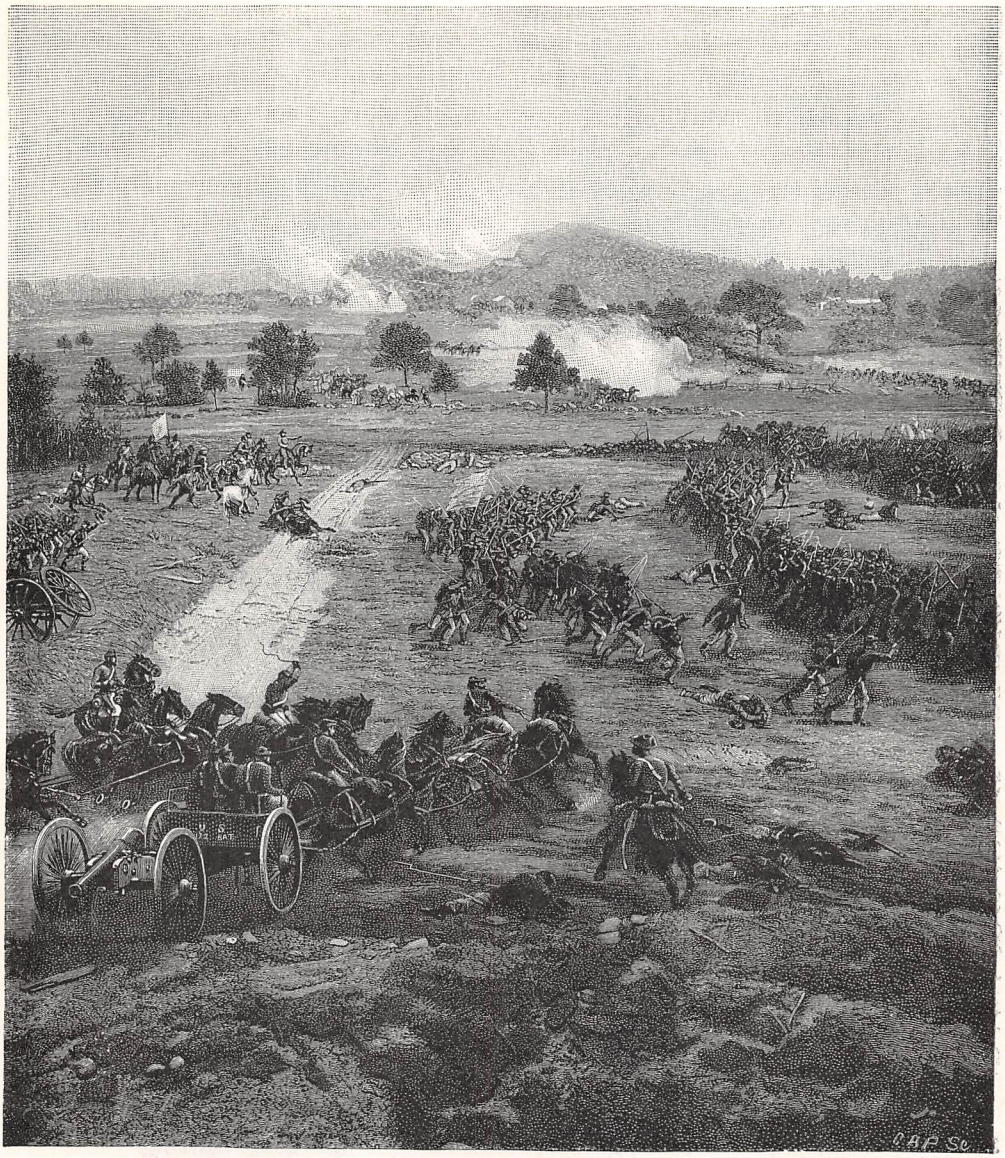
Most of the enemy's projectiles passed over-



SLOCUM'S HEADQUARTERS, POWER'S HILL.



head, the effect being to sweep all the open ground in our rear, which was of little benefit to the Confederates—a mere waste of ammunition, for everything here could seek shelter. And just here an incident already published may be repeated, as it illustrates a peculiar feature of civil war. Colonel Long, who was at the time on General Lee's staff, had a few years before served in my mounted battery expressly to receive a course of instruction in the use of field artillery. At Appomattox we spent several hours together, and in the course of conversation I told him I was not satisfied with the conduct of this cannonade

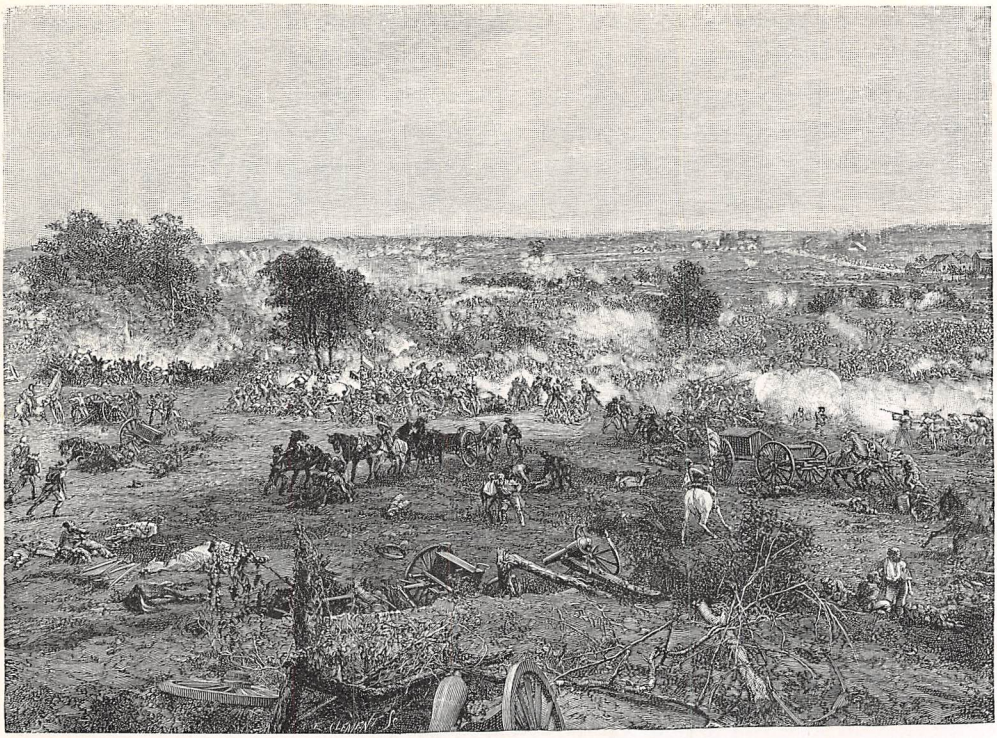


PICKETT'S CHARGE, I.—THE UNION LINES BETWEEN THE "CLUMP OF TREES" AND THE ROUND TOPS.

(General Hancock and staff are seen in the left center of the picture.— This and the two pictures that follow are from the Cyclorama of Gettysburg, by permission of the National Panorama Company.)

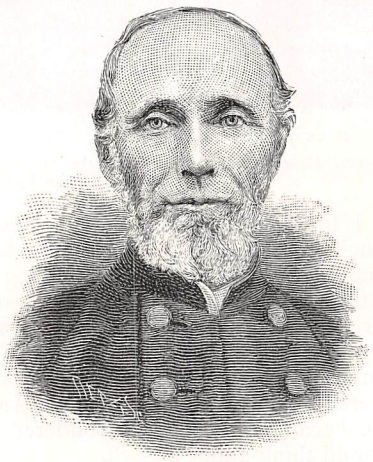
which I had heard was under his direction, inasmuch as he had not done justice to his instruction; that his fire, instead of being concentrated on the point of attack, as it ought to have been, and as I expected it would be, was scattered over the whole field. He was amused at the criticism and said: "I remembered my lessons at the time, and when the fire became so scattered, wondered what you would think about it!"

I now rode along the ridge to inspect the batteries. The infantry were lying down on its reverse slope, near the crest, in open ranks, waiting events. As I passed along, a bolt from a rifle-gun struck the ground just in front of a man of the front rank, penetrated the surface and passed under him, throwing him "over and over." He fell behind the rear rank, apparently dead, and a ridge of earth where he had been lying reminded me of the backwoods practice of "barking" squirrels. Our fire was deliberate, but on inspecting the chests I found that the ammunition was running low, and hastened to General Meade to

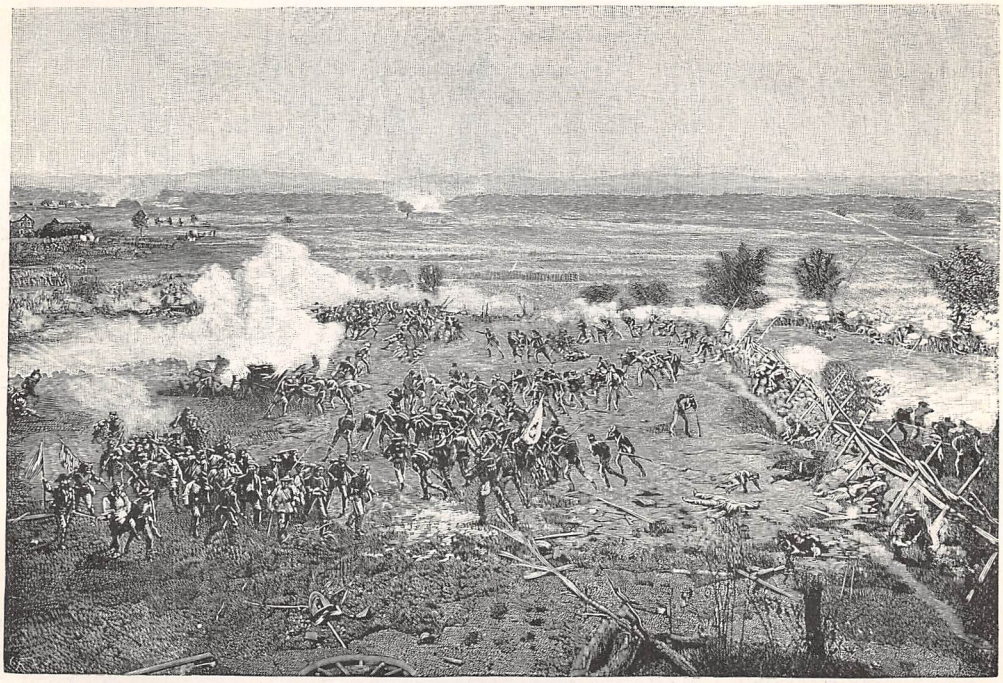


PICKETT'S CHARGE, II.— THE MAIN COLLISION TO THE RIGHT OF THE "CLUMP OF TREES." (FROM THE CYCLORAMA OF GETTYSBURG.)
In this hand-to-hand conflict General Armistead was killed and General Webb was wounded.

advise its immediate cessation and preparation for the assault which would certainly follow. The headquarters building, immediately behind the ridge, had been abandoned, and many of the horses of the staff lay dead. Being told that the general had gone to the cemetery, I proceeded thither. He was not there, and on telling General Howard my object, he concurred in its propriety, and I rode back along the ridge, ordering the fire to cease. This was followed by a cessation of that of the enemy, under the mistaken impression that he had silenced our guns, and almost immediately his infantry came out of the woods and formed for the assault. On my way to the Taneytown road to meet the fresh batteries I had ordered up, I met Major Bingham, of Hancock's staff, who informed me that General Meade's aids were seeking me with orders to "cease firing"; so I had only anticipated his wishes. The batteries were found and brought up, and Fitzhugh's, Cowan's, and Parsons's put in near the clump of trees. Meantime the enemy advanced, and McGilvery opened an oblique destructive fire, reënforced by that of Rittenhouse's six rifle-guns from Round Top, which were served with remarkable accuracy, enfilading Pickett's lines. The Confederate approach was magnificent, and excited our admiration; but the story of that charge is so well known that I need not dwell upon it, further than concerns my own command. The steady fire from McGilvery and Rittenhouse, on their right, caused Pickett's men to "drift" in the opposite direction, so that the weight of the assault fell upon the positions occupied by Hazard's batteries. I had counted



COLONEL ELIAKIM SHERRILL, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF HAYS'S DIVISION, SECOND CORPS, KILLED ON THE THIRD DAY.



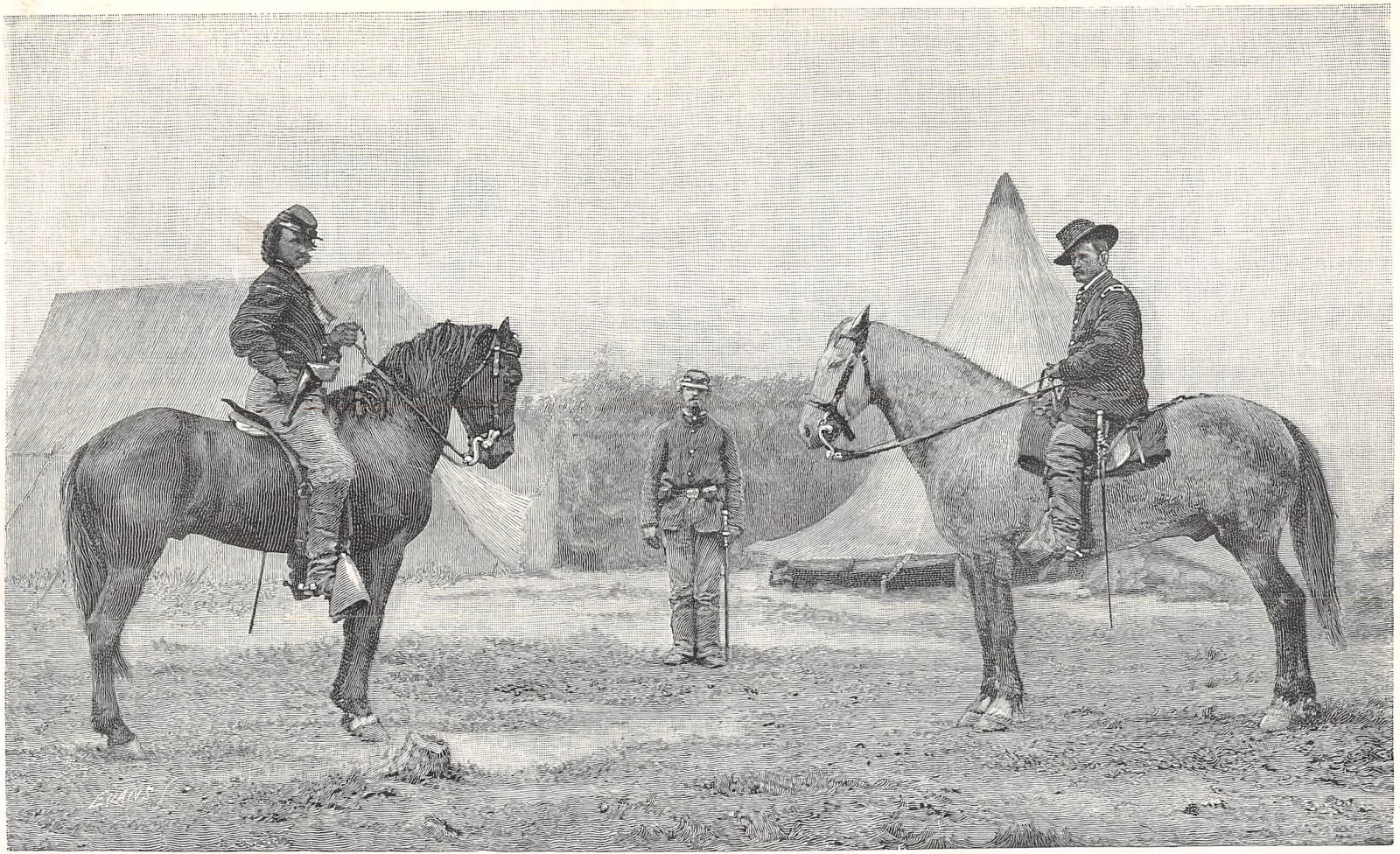
Codori's.

PICKETT'S CHARGE, III.—UNION TROOPS ADVANCING UPON PICKETT'S LEFT FLANK. (FROM THE GETTYSBURG CYCLORAMA.)

on an artillery cross-fire that would stop it before it reached our lines, but, except a few shots here and there, Hazard's batteries were silent until the enemy came within canister range. They had, unfortunately, exhausted their long-range projectiles during the cannonade, under the orders of their corps-commander, and it was too late to replace them. Had my instructions been followed here, as they were by McGilvery, I do not believe that Pickett's division would have reached our line. We lost not only the fire of one-third of our guns, but the resulting cross-fire which would have doubled its value. The prime fault was in the obscurity of our army regulations as to the artillery, and the absence of all regulations as to the proper relations of the different arms of service to each other. On this occasion it cost us much blood, many lives, and for a moment endangered the success of the battle. Soon after Pickett's repulse, Wilcox's, Wright's, and Perry's brigades were moved forward, but under the fire of the batteries in Gibbon's front and the fire of McGilvery's and Rittenhouse's guns, they soon fell back. The losses in the batteries of the Second Corps were very heavy. Rorty and Cushing were killed and Woodruff mortally wounded at their guns. So great was the destruction of men and horses, that Cushing's and Woodruff's United States and Brown's and Arnold's Rhode Island batteries were consolidated to form two serviceable ones.

The advance of the Confederate brigades to cover Pickett's retreat showed that the enemy's line opposite Cemetery Ridge was occupied by infantry, our own line on the ridge was in more or less disorder as the result of the conflict, and in no condition to advance a sufficient force for a counter assault. The largest bodies of organized troops available were on the left and General Meade now

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELON J. FARNSWORTH, COMMANDING THE FIRST BRIGADE OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY DIVISION, KILLED ON THE THIRD DAY.



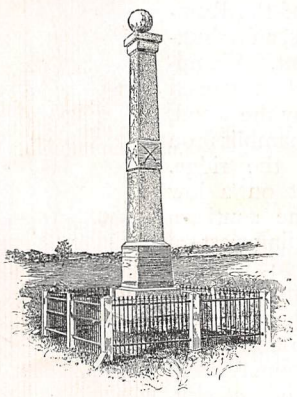
GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN APRIL, 1863.) GENERAL ALFRED PLEASONTON.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CUSTER, COMMANDING THE SECOND BRIGADE OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY DIVISION AT GETTYSBURG.

MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASONTON, COMMANDING THE CAVALRY CORPS AT GETTYSBURG.

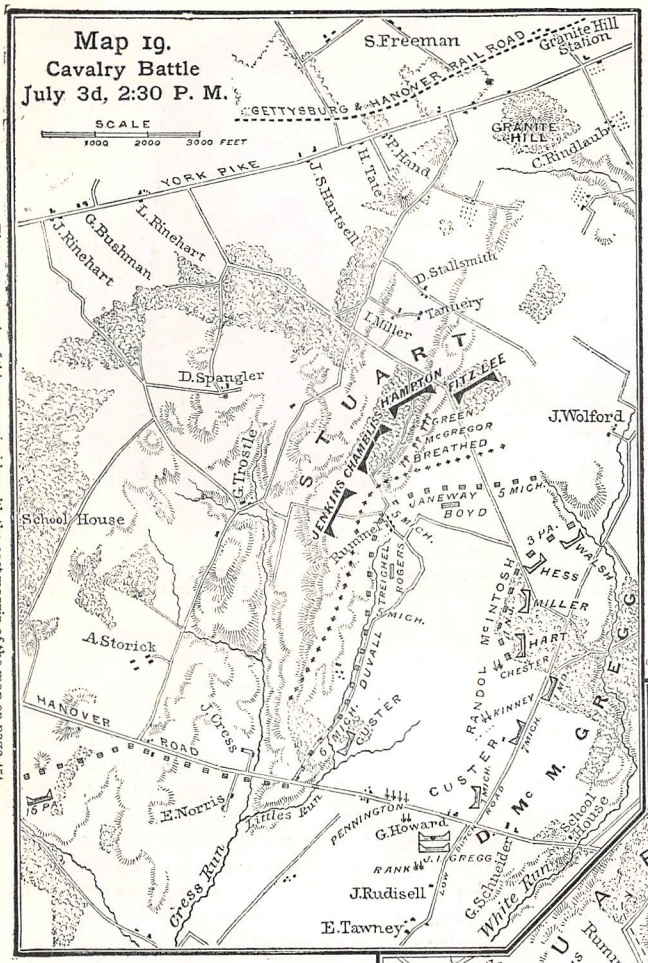
proceeded to Round Top and pushed out skirmishers to feel the enemy in its front. An advance to the Plum Run line of the troops behind it would have brought them directly in front of the numerous batteries which crowned the Emmettsburg Ridge, commanding that line and all the intervening ground; a further advance, to the attack, would have brought them under additional heavy flank fires. McCandless's brigade, supported by Nevin's, was, however, pushed forward, under cover of the woods, which protected them from the fire of all these batteries; it crossed the Wheat-field, cleared the woods, and had an encounter with a portion of Benning's brigade, which was retiring. Hood's and McLaws's divisions were falling back under Longstreet's orders to their strong position, resting on Peach Orchard and covering Hill's line. It needs but a moment's examination of the official map to see that our troops on the left were locked up. As to the center, Pickett's and Pettigrew's assaulting divisions had formed no part of A. P. Hill's line, which was practically intact. The idea that there must have been "a gap of at least a mile" in that line, made by throwing forward these divisions, and that a prompt advance from Cemetery Ridge would have given us the line itself, or at least the artillery in front of it, was a delusion. A prompt counter-charge after a combat between two small bodies of men is one thing; the change from the defensive to the offensive of an army, after an engagement at a single *point*, is quite another. *This* was not a "Waterloo defeat" with a fresh army to follow it up, and to have made such a change to the offensive, on the assumption that Lee had made no provision against a reverse, would have been rash in the extreme. An advance of twenty thousand men from Cemetery Ridge in the face of the hundred and forty guns then in position would have been stark madness; an immediate advance from any point, in force, was simply impracticable, and before due preparation could have been made for a change to the offensive, the favorable moment — had any resulted from the repulse — would have passed away.

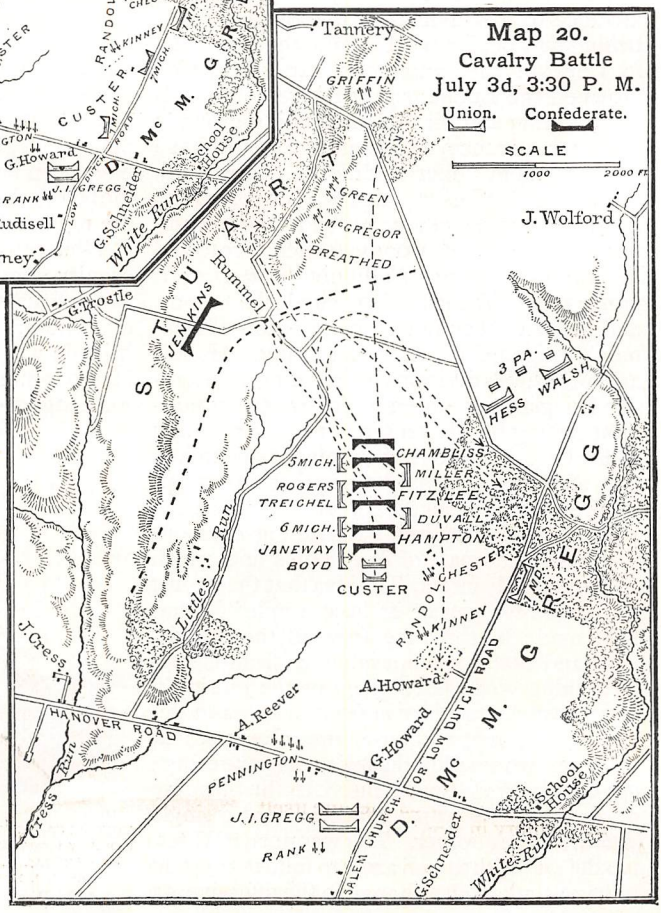
Whilst the main battle was raging, a sharp cavalry combat took place on our right between Stuart's command of four and Gregg's of three brigades; but Jenkins's Confederate brigade was soon thrown out of action from lack of ammunition, and two only of Gregg's were engaged. Stuart had been ordered to cover Ewell's left and was proceeding towards the Baltimore pike, where he hoped to create a diversion in aid of the Confederate infantry, and in case of Pickett's success to fall upon the retreating Federal troops. From near Cress's Ridge, two and a half miles east of Gettysburg, Stuart commanded a view of the roads



MONUMENT ON THE FIELD OF THE CAVALRY FIGHT BETWEEN THE FORCES OF GENERAL D. MCM. GREGG AND GENERAL J. E. B. STUART. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

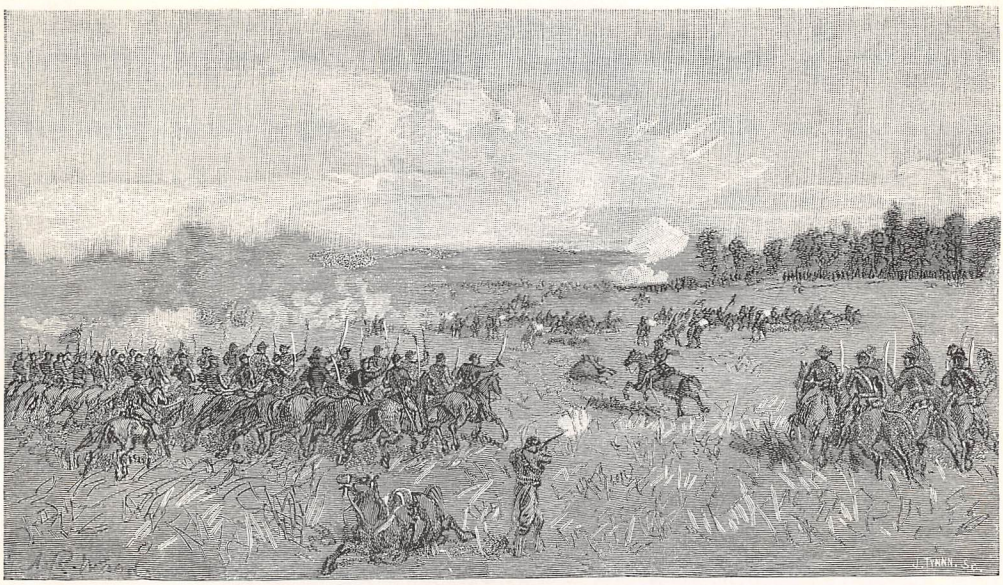
The west margin of this map coincides with the east margin of the map on page 454.





enforcements, and Gregg, then near the Baltimore pike, brought him Custer's brigade and Pennington's and Randol's batteries. The artillery soon drove the Confederates out of Rummel's, and Griffin's Confederate battery from its position. Both sides brought up reënforcements and the battle swayed from side to side of the interval. Finally the Federals were pressed back, and Lee and Hampton, emerging from the wood, charged, sword in hand, through a destructive artillery fire, for the falling back of the Federals had uncovered their batteries. They were met by Custer's and such other mounted squadrons as could be thrown in; a mêlée ensued, in which Hampton was se-

in rear of the Federal lines. On its northern wooded end he posted Griffin's battery, and took possession of the Rummel farm buildings, a few hundred yards distant. Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee were on his left, covered by the wood, Jenkins and Chambliss on the right, along the ridge. Half a mile east on a low parallel ridge, the southern part of which bending west towards Cress's Ridge furnished excellent positions for artillery, was the Federal brigade of McIntosh, who now sent a force towards Rummel's, from which a strong body of skirmishers was thrown to meet them, and the battery opened. McIntosh now demanded re-



BATTLE BETWEEN THE UNION CAVALRY UNDER GREGG AND THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY UNDER STUART.
(BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

verely wounded and the charge repulsed. Breathed's and McGregor's Confederate batteries had replaced Griffin's, a sharp artillery duel took place, and at nightfall each side held substantially its original ground. Both sides claim to have held the Rummel house. The advantage was decidedly with the Federals, who had foiled Stuart's plans. Thus the battle of Gettysburg closed as it had opened, with a very creditable cavalry operation.

General Lee now abandoned the attempt to dislodge Meade; intrenched a line from Oak Hill to Peach Orchard; started all his *impedimenta* to the Potomac in advance, and followed with his army on the night of July 4, *via* Fairfield. This compelled Meade to take the circuitous routes through the lower passes; and the strategic advantage to Lee and disadvantage to Meade of Gettysburg, were made manifest.

General Meade has been accused of slowness in the pursuit. The charge is not well founded; he lost no time in commencing nor vigor in pushing it. On the morning of the 4th he ordered French at Frederick to seize and hold the lower passes, and put all the cavalry except Gregg's and McIntosh's brigades in motion to harass the enemy's anticipated retreat, and to destroy his trains and bridges at Williamsport. It stormed heavily that day, and the care of the wounded and burial of the dead proceeded, whilst the enemy's line was being reconnoitered. So soon, on the 5th, as it was certain that Lee was retreating, Gregg was started in pursuit on the Chambersburg pike, and the infantry — now reduced to a little over forty-seven thousand effectives, short of ammunition and supplies — by the lower passes. The Sixth Corps taking the Hagerstown road, Sedgwick reported the Fairfield pass fortified, a large force present, and that a fight could be had; upon which, on the 6th, Meade halted the rest of the infantry and ordered two corps to his support, but soon learning that although the pass could be carried it would cause too much delay, he resumed the march, leaving McIntosh and a brigade of the Sixth Corps to follow the enemy through the Fairfield pass. On the evening of the 4th Kilpatrick had a sharp encounter with the enemy in Monterey pass, and this was followed by daily cavalry combats on the different routes, in which much damage was done to trains and many captures of wagons, caissons, and prisoners effected. On the 5th French destroyed the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters. On the 6th Buford attacked at Williamsport and Kilpatrick toward Hagerstown, on his right, but as Imboden's train guard was strong, Stuart was up, and Longstreet close by, they had to withdraw. The enemy proceeded to construct a new bridge, and intrench a strong line covering Williamsport and Falling Waters. There were heavy rains on the 7th and 8th, but the infantry corps reached Middletown on the morning of the 9th, received supplies, crossed the mountains that day, and at its close the right was at Boonsboro', and the left at Rohrersville, on the roads to Hagerstown and Williamsport. The river was now greatly swollen

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

and unfordable, and Halleck on the 10th advised Meade to postpone a general battle until his army was concentrated and his reënforcements up; but Meade, fully alive to the importance of striking Lee before he could cross the Potomac, advanced on that day and the 11th; and on the 12th pushed forward reconnoissances to feel the enemy. After a partial examination, made by himself and his chiefs of staff and of engineers, which showed that its flanks could not be turned, and that the line, so far as seen by them, presented no vulnerable points, he determined to make a demonstration in force on the next morning, the 13th, supported by the whole army, and to attack if a prospect of success offered. On assembling his corps-commanders, however, he found their opinion so adverse that he postponed it for further examination, after which he issued the order for the next day, the 14th. On advancing that morning, it was found that the enemy had abandoned his line and crossed the river, partly by fording, partly by a new bridge.

A careful survey of the enemy's intrenched line after it was abandoned justified the opinion of the corps-commanders against an attack, as it showed that an assault would have been disastrous to us. It proved also that Meade in overriding that opinion did not shrink from a great responsibility, notwithstanding his own recent experience at Gettysburg, where all the enemy's attacks on even partially intrenched lines had failed. If he erred on this occasion it was on the side of temerity.

But the hopes and expectations excited by the victory of Gettysburg were as unreasonable as the fears that had preceded it; and great was the disappointment that followed the "escape" of Lee's army. It was promptly manifested, too, and in a manner which indicates how harshly and unjustly the Army of the Potomac and its commanders were usually judged and treated; and what trials the latter had to undergo whilst subjected to the meddling and hectoring of a distant superior, himself but too often the mere mouthpiece of an irresponsible clique and from which they were not freed until the general-in-chief accompanied it in the field. That same day, before it was possible that all the circumstances could be known, three telegraphic despatches passed between the respective headquarters.

First. Halleck to Meade:

"I need hardly say to you that the escape of Lee's army without another battle has created great dissatisfaction in the mind of the President, and it will require an active and energetic pursuit on your part to remove the impression that it has not been sufficiently active heretofore."

Second. Meade to Halleck:

"Having performed my duty conscientiously and to the best of my ability, the censure of the President (conveyed in your dispatch of one P. M. this day) is in my judgment so undeserved, that I feel compelled most respectfully to ask to be immediately relieved from the command of this army."

Third. Halleck to Meade:

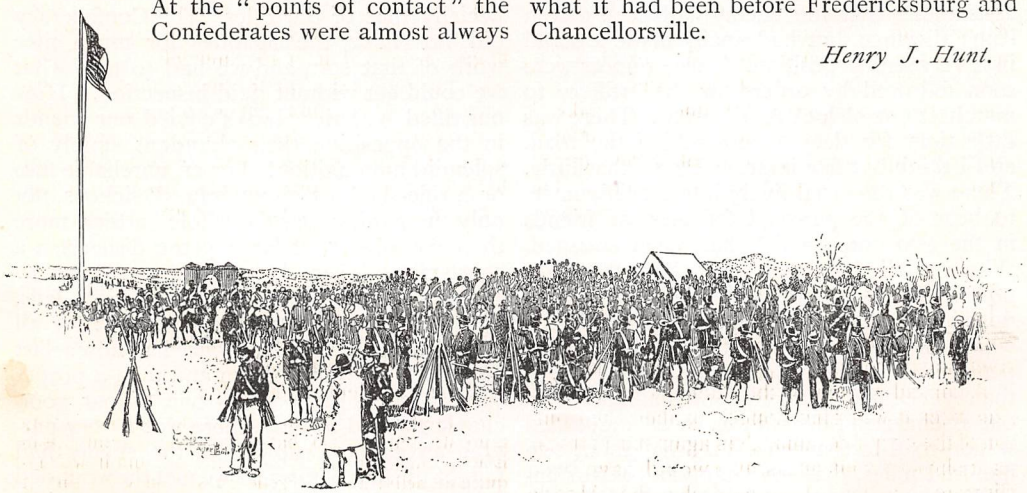
"July 14th my telegram stating the disappointment of the President at the escape of Lee's army was not intended as a censure, but as a stimulus to an active pursuit. It is not deemed a sufficient cause for your application to be relieved."

The losses of both armies were very large. The revised returns show for the Army of the Potomac: killed, 3063; wounded, 14,492; missing, 5435,—total, 22,990; and for the Army of Northern Virginia: killed, 2592; wounded, 12,706; missing, 5150,—total, 20,448. But the returns for the latter army are not complete; some commands are not reported, and in others the regimental show larger losses than do the brigade returns from which the foregoing numbers are compiled.

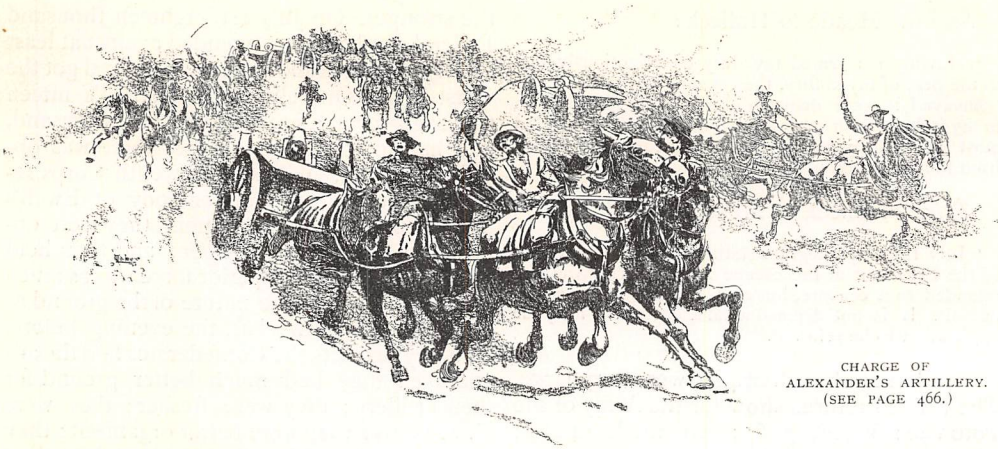
As to the comparative strength of the two armies on the field of battle, we have no satisfactory data. The last Confederate return was for May 31st, showing "Present for duty, under arms," 59,484, infantry. The morning report of the Army of the Potomac for June 30th shows "Present for duty, equipped," 77,208, infantry. Neither return is worth much except as a basis for guessing; the long marches, followed by the forced ones of July 1–2, of the Army of the Potomac, left thousands of stragglers on the roads. These totals are of little importance; they would have been of some significance had the larger army been defeated; but it was not. At the "points of contact" the Confederates were almost always the stronger. On July 1st, eighteen thousand Federal combatants contended against at least twenty-five thousand Confederates, and got the worst of it. On July 2d, Longstreet's fifteen thousand overcame Sickles's ten thousand, and had to halt when a larger force was opposed to them. Williams's Twelfth Corps retook its works from a larger body of Ewell's troops, as at the contested point they were opposed by an inferior number; and then held them, for Johnson's superior force was as much hampered here by the nature of the ground as was Meade's on the left, the evening before. In many respects the Confederates had the advantage: they had much better ground for their artillery; they were fresher; they were all veterans; they were better organized; they were commanded by officers selected for their experience and abilities, and in whom they had implicit confidence. These were enormous advantages, sufficient to counterbalance the difference of numbers; and whilst all the Confederate army, except here and there a brigade, were fought to the utmost, the strongest Federal corps (the Sixth) was hardly in action, the total loss of its eight brigades being but two hundred and forty-two killed, wounded, and missing. But the Southerners were subjected here to the disadvantages that the Northerners had to contend with in Virginia; they were surrounded by enemies, not friends who supplied them with aid and information; and they were not by choice, but necessity, the assailants on the chosen ground of their opponents.

Right gallantly did they act their part, and their failure carried no discredit with it. Their military honor was not tarnished by their defeat, nor their spirit lowered, but their respect for their opponents was restored to what it had been before Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

Henry J. Hunt.



CONSECRATION OF THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1864—THE GATHERING THAT PRESIDENT LINCOLN ADDRESSED. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



CHARGE OF ALEXANDER'S ARTILLERY. (SEE PAGE 466.)

PICKETT'S CHARGE,

AND ARTILLERY FIGHTING AT GETTYSBURG.

THE Reserve Artillery of Longstreet's corps, in the Gettysburg campaign, consisted of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, then under Major Eshleman, nine guns, and my own battalion of twenty-six guns. Beside these, the artillery of the corps comprised Cabell's, Henry's, and Dearing's battalions of eighteen guns each. The latter battalions were usually attached, on the march, respectively to McLaws's, Hood's, and Pickett's divisions of infantry.

On the first of July, 1863, the Reserve Artillery was encamped near Greenwood, and had no idea that the great battle of the campaign had already opened about eighteen miles away. Early in the night, however, rumors reached us that Hill's corps had been heavily engaged, and that Ewell's had come to his assistance; that the enemy had been driven some distance, but had finally made a stand in a very strong position. These rumors were soon followed by orders for the artillery to march at one o'clock for the front. There was little time for sleep before taking the road, and I think but few improved even that little. There was the usual lively interest, of course, to hear of the personal fortunes of friends in the two corps which had been engaged. Who was killed and who safe? Then there was no one so dull as not to appreciate the tremendous gravity to us of the results of the battle which the next day was to bring. We had penetrated farther into the enemy's country than ever before. Our only communication with our arsenals and depots was by an unguarded wagon-road to Staunton, Virginia, about two hundred miles, over mountains and across unbridged rivers; much of it through a hostile country, and all of it liable to cavalry raids by the enemy. But we felt that we were now, somehow, nearer the enemy's heart than we had ever been before,—within easier reach of some vital part,—and that a blow struck now must have many times the effect it would have if given in Virginia against only an invading army. Our confidence in our commander was, of course, supreme, and the opportune arrival of Ewell to Hill's aid gave fresh confirmation of the skill that would direct our efforts. There seemed to be a sort of feeling that everything favored us and that victory or defeat now depended solely on ourselves.

Except in equipment, I don't think a better army, better nerved up to its work, ever marched upon a battle-field. But many of our infantry still carried smooth-bore muskets, and our artillery ammunition was inferior, especially that of the rifles. The Confederacy did not have the facilities for much nice work of that sort, and we had to take what we could get without rigid inspection. How our rifled batteries always envied our friends in the opposition their abundant supply of splendid ammunition! For an unreliable fuse or a rifle-shell which "tumbles" sickens, not only the gunner, but the whole battery, more than "misfires" at large game dishearten a sportsman. There is no encouragement to careful aiming when the ammunition fails, and the men feel handicapped. But for all our confidence that Providence had now at last consented to "come down and take a proper view of the situation," as one of our good chaplains used to pray, there was a very natural anxiety to know how the enemy had fought the day before. As we met the wounded and staff-officers who had been in the action, I remember many questions asked on that

subject. There was no great comfort to be derived from the answers, which were generally in profane simile. Indeed, I have heard survivors of the war say since that some of the Federal fighting that day equaled or surpassed any they ever saw from first to last.

We marched quite steadily, with a good road and a bright moon, until about seven A. M. on the 2d, when we halted in a grassy open grove about a mile short of Seminary Ridge, and fed and watered. Here, while eating a cold breakfast, I was sent for by General Longstreet, and, riding forward, found him with General Lee on Seminary Ridge. Opposite, about a mile away, on Cemetery Ridge, overlooking the town, lay the enemy, their batteries making considerable display, but their infantry, behind stone walls and ridges, scarcely visible. In between were only gentle rolling slopes of pasture and wheat fields, with a considerable body of woods to the right and front. The two Round Tops looked over everything, and a signal-flag was visible on the highest. Instinctively the idea arose, "If we could only take position here and have them attack us through this open ground!" But I soon learned that we were in no such luck—the boot, in fact, being upon the other foot.

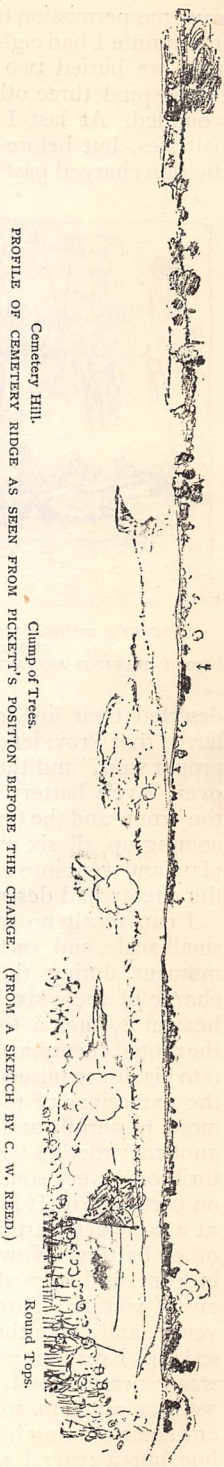
It was explained to me that our corps was to assault the enemy's left flank, and I was directed to reconnoiter it and then to take charge of all the artillery of the corps and direct it in the attack, leaving my own battalion to the command of Major Huger. I was particularly cautioned, in moving the artillery, to keep it out of sight of the signal-station upon Round Top.*

I immediately started on my reconnoissance, and in about three hours had a good idea of all the ground, and had Cabell's, Henry's, and my own battalions parked near where our infantry lines were to be formed and the attack begun. Dearing's battalion with Pickett's infantry was not yet up, and the Washington Artillery was left in reserve.

Through some blunder, part of our infantry had been marched on a road that brought them in sight of Round Top, and instead of taking to the fields and hollows, they had been halted for an hour, and then countermarched and sent around by a circuitous road, via Black Horse Tavern, about five miles out of the way.

We waited quite a time for the infantry, and I think it was about four o'clock when at last the word was given for Hood's division to move out and endeavor to turn the enemy's left, while McLaws awaited the development of Hood's attack, ready to assault the Peach Orchard. Henry's battalion moved out with Hood and was speedily and heavily engaged; Cabell was ready to support him, and at once went into action near Snyder's house, about seven hundred yards from the Peach Orchard.

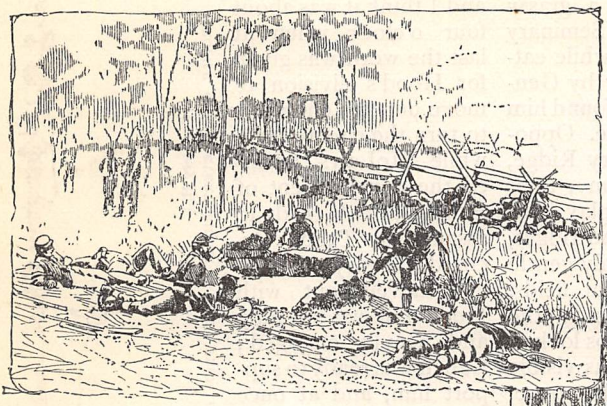
The Federal artillery was ready for us and in their usual full force and good practice. The ground at Cabell's position gave little protection, and he suffered rapidly in both men and horses. To help him I ran up Huger with eighteen guns of my own twenty-six, to Warfield's house, within five hundred yards of the Peach Orchard, and opened upon it. This made fifty-four guns in action and I hoped they would crush that part of the enemy's line in a very short time, but the fight was longer and hotter than I expected. Two of my guns were fairly dismounted, so accurate was the enemy's fire, and the loss of men was so great that I had to ask General Barksdale, whose brigade was lying down close behind in the wood, for help to handle the heavy twenty-four-pounder howitzers of Moody's battery. He



PROFILE OF CEMETERY RIDGE AS SEEN FROM PICKETT'S POSITION BEFORE THE CHARGE. (FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. REED.)

* This suggests the remark that I have never understood why the enemy abandoned the use of military balloons early in 1863, after having used them extensively up to that time. Even if the observers never saw anything, they would have been worth all they cost for the annoyance and delays they caused us in trying to keep our movements out of their sight. That wretched little signal-station upon Round Top that day caused one of our divisions to lose over two hours, and probably delayed our assault nearly that long. During that time a Federal corps arrived near Round Top and became an important factor in the action which followed.—E. P. A.

gave me permission to call for volunteers, and in a minute I had eight good fellows, of whom, alas! we buried two that night and sent to the hospital three others mortally or severely wounded. At last I sent for my other two batteries, but before they arrived McLaws's division charged past our guns, and the enemy

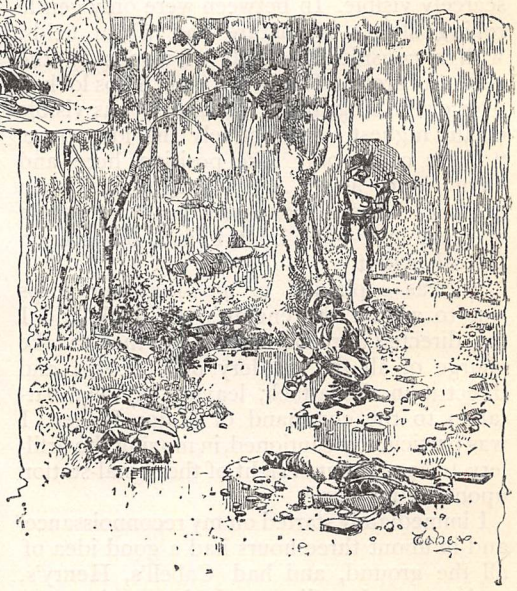


MENCHEY'S SPRING, BETWEEN CULP'S HILL AND THE CEMETERY GATE.
(BOTH DRAWINGS ARE AFTER SKETCHES BY C. W. REED.)

deserted their line in confusion. Then I believed that Providence was indeed "taking the proper view," and that the war was very nearly over. Every battery was promptly limbered to the front, and the two batteries from the rear coming up, all six charged in line across the plain and went into action again at the position the enemy had deserted.

I can recall no more splendid sight, on a small scale, and certainly no more inspiriting moment during the war, than that of the charge of these six batteries. An artillerist's heaven is, after a tough resistance, to follow the routed enemy, and throw shells and canister into his disorganized and fleeing masses. Then the explosions of the guns sound louder and more powerful, and the very shouts of the gunners, ordering "Fire!" in rapid succession, thrill one's very soul. There is no excitement on earth like it. It is far prettier shooting than at a compact, narrow line of battle, or at another battery. Now we saw our heaven just in front, and were already breathing the very air of victory. Now we would have our revenge, and make them sorry they had stayed so long. Everything was in a rush. The ground was generally good, and pieces and caissons went at a gallop, some cannoneers mounted, and some running by the sides — not in regular line, but a general race and scramble to get there first.

But we only had a moderately good time with Sickles's retreating corps after all. They fell back upon fresh troops in what seemed a strong position extending along the ridge north of Round Top. Hood's troops under Law gained the slope of Little Round Top, but were driven back to its base. Our infantry lines had become disjointed in the advance and the fighting became a number of isolated combats between brigades. The artillery took part wherever it could, firing at everything in sight, and a sort of pell-mell fighting lasted until darkness covered the field and the fuses of the flying shells looked like little meteors in the air. But then both musketry and artillery slackened off, and by nine o'clock the field was silent. It was evident that we had not fin-



SPANGLER'S SPRING, EAST OF CULP'S HILL.

ished the job, and would have to make a fresh effort in the morning. The firing had hardly ceased when my faithful little darky, Charlie, came up hunting for me, with a fresh horse, affectionate congratulations on my safety, and, what was equally acceptable, something to eat. Negro servants hunting for their masters were a feature of the landscape that night. I then found General Longstreet, learned what I could of the fortunes of the day on other parts of the field, and got orders for the morning. They were, in brief, that our present position was to be held and the attack renewed as soon as Pickett arrived, and he was expected early.

There was a great deal to do meanwhile. Horses were to be fed and watered, those killed and disabled replaced from the wagons, ammunition replenished, and the ground ex-

amined and positions of batteries rectified. But a splendid moon made all comparatively easy, and greatly assisted, too, in the care of the wounded, many of whom, both our own and the enemy's, lay about among our batteries until the firing ceased. About one o'clock I made a little bed of fence-rails, as preferable to the trampled ground, in the Peach Orchard, and got two hours' sleep. At three, I began to put the batteries into position again and was joined by the Washington Artillery, which had been in reserve the day before. As daylight came, I found I had placed about twenty guns so that the enemy's batteries on Cemetery Hill enfiladed the line, and I had a panic, almost, for fear the enemy would discover the error and open before I could rectify it. They could not, perhaps, see down into the valley as early as I could see them, and all was right before they opened. They never could have resisted the temptation to such a pot-shot. Apparently to feel us, they fired a few shots, and hit one or two men and some horses; but we did not respond, wanting to save our ammunition for the real work, and we were grateful to them for their moderation, our ground being very unfavorable as regarded shelter.

Early in the morning General Lee came round, and I was then told that we were to assault Cemetery Hill, which lay rather to our left. This necessitated a good many changes of position which the enemy did not altogether approve of, and they took occasional shots at us, though we shifted about as inoffensively as possible, and religiously kept from getting into bunches. But we stood it all meekly, and by ten o'clock, Dearing having come up, we had seventy-five guns in what was practically one battery, disposed to fire on Cemetery Hill and the batteries south of it which would have a fire on our advancing infantry. Pickett's division had arrived, and was resting and eating. Along Seminary Ridge, a short distance to our left, were sixty-three guns of A. P. Hill's corps under Colonel R. L. Walker. As their distance was a little too great for effective howitzer fire, General Pendleton offered me the use of nine howitzers belonging to this corps. I accepted them, intending to take them into the charge with Pickett; so I put them in a hollow behind a bit of wood, with no orders but to wait there until I sent for them. About eleven, some of Hill's skirmishers and the enemy's began fighting over a barn between the lines, and gradually his artillery and the enemy's took part, until over a hundred guns were engaged, and a tremendous roar was kept up for quite a time. But it gradually died out, and the whole field became as silent as a churchyard until one o'clock. The enemy, conscious of the strength of his position, simply sat still and waited for us. It had been arranged that when the infantry column was ready, General Longstreet should order two guns fired by the Washington Artillery. On that signal all our guns were to open on Cemetery Hill and the ridge extending toward Round Top, which was covered with batteries. I was to observe the fire and give Pickett the order to charge. I accordingly took position, about twelve, at the most favorable point, just on the left of the line of guns and with one of Pickett's couriers with me. About twelve o'clock I received the following note from General Longstreet: "COLONEL — If the artillery fire does not have the effect to drive off the enemy or greatly demoralize him, so as to make our efforts pretty certain, I would prefer that you should not advise General Pickett to make the charge. I shall rely a great deal on your good judgment to determine the matter, and shall expect you to let General Pickett know when the moment offers."

This note rather startled me. If that assault was to be made on General Lee's judgment, it was all right, but I did not want it made on mine. I wrote back to General Longstreet to the following effect: "GENERAL — I will only be able to judge of the effect of our fire on the enemy by his return fire, for his infantry is but little exposed to view and the smoke will obscure the whole field. If, as I infer from your note, there is any alternative to this attack, it should be carefully considered before opening our fire, for it will take all the artillery ammunition we have left to test this one thoroughly, and, if the result is unfavorable, we will have none left for another effort. And even if this is entirely successful, it can only be so at a very bloody cost."

To this presently came the following reply: "COLONEL — The intention is to advance the infantry if the artillery has the desired effect of driving the enemy's off, or having other effect such as to warrant us in making the attack. When the moment arrives advise General Pickett, and of course advance such artillery as you can use in aiding the attack."

I hardly knew whether this left me discretion or not, but at any rate it was decided that the artillery must open. I felt that if we went that far we could not draw back, but the infantry must go too. General A. R. Wright, of Hill's corps, was with me, looking at the position, when these notes were received, and we discussed them together. Wright said: "It is not so hard to *go there* as it looks; I was nearly there with my brigade yesterday. The trouble is to stay there. The whole Yankee army is there in a bunch."

I was influenced by this, and somewhat by a sort of camp rumor which I had heard that morning, that General Lee had said that he was going to send every man he had upon that hill. At any rate, I assumed that the question of supports had been well considered and that whatever was possible would be done. But before replying I rode to see Pickett, who was with his division a short distance in the rear. I did not tell him my object, but only tried to guess how he felt about the charge. He seemed very sanguine, and thought himself in luck to have the chance. Then I felt that I could not make any delay or let the attack suffer by any indecision on my part. And, that General Longstreet might know my intention, I wrote him only this: "GENERAL — When our artillery fire is at its best, I shall order Pickett to charge."

Then, getting a little more anxious, I decided to send for the nine howitzers and take them ahead of Pickett up nearly to musket range, instead of following close behind him as at first intended; so I sent a courier to bring them up in front of the infantry, but under cover of the wood. The courier could not find them. He was sent again, and only returned after our fire was opened, saying they were gone. I afterwards learned that General Pendleton had sent for a part of them, and the others had moved to a neighboring hollow to get out of the line of the enemy's fire at one of Hill's batteries during the artillery duel they had had an hour before.

At exactly one o'clock by my watch the two signal-guns were heard in quick succession. In another minute every gun was at work. The enemy were not slow in coming back at us, and the grand roar of nearly the whole artillery of both armies burst in on the silence, almost as suddenly as the full notes of an organ could fill a church.

The artillery of Ewell's corps, however, took only a small part, I believe, in this, as they were too far away around the town. Some of them might have done good service from positions between Hill and Ewell, enfilading the batteries fighting us. The opportunity to do that was the single advantage, in our having the exterior line, to compensate for all its disadvantages. But our line was so far extended that all of it was not well studied, and the officers of each corps had no opportunity to examine each other's ground for chances of coöperative work.

The enemy's position seemed to have broken out with guns everywhere, and from Round Top to Cemetery Hill was blazing like a volcano. The air seemed full of missiles from every direction. The severity of the fire may be illustrated by the casualties in my own battalion under Major Huger.

Under my predecessor, General S. D. Lee, the battalion had made a reputation at the Second Manassas and also at Sharpsburg. At the latter battle it had a peculiarly hard time fighting infantry and superior metal nearly all day, and losing about eighty-five men and sixty horses. Sharpsburg they called "artillery hell." At Gettysburg the losses in the same command, including the infantry that volunteered to help serve the guns, were 144 men and 116 horses, nearly all by artillery fire. Some parts of the Federal artillery suffered in the same proportion under our fire. I heard of one battery losing twenty-seven out of thirty-six horses in ten minutes.

Before the cannonade opened I had made up my mind to give Pickett the order to advance within fifteen or twenty minutes after it began. But when I looked at the full development of the enemy's batteries, and knew that his infantry was generally protected from our fire by stone walls and swells of the ground, I could not bring myself to give the word. It seemed madness to launch infantry into that fire, with nearly three-quarters of a mile to go in the midday July sun. I let the fifteen minutes pass, and twenty, and twenty-five, hoping vainly for something to turn up. Then I wrote to Pickett: "If you are coming at all you must come at once, or I cannot give you proper support; but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all; at least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself." Five minutes after sending that message, the enemy's fire suddenly began to slacken, and the guns in the cemetery limbered up and vacated the position.

We Confederates often did such things as that to save our ammunition for use against infantry, but I had never before seen the Federals withdraw their guns simply to save them up for the infantry fight. So I said, "If he does not run fresh batteries in there in five minutes, this is our fight." I looked anxiously with my glass, and the five minutes passed without a sign of life on the deserted position, still swept by our fire, and littered with dead men and horses and fragments of disabled carriages. Then I wrote Pickett, urgently: "For God's sake, come quick. The eighteen guns are gone; come quick, or my ammunition won't let me support you properly."

I afterward heard from others what took place with my first note to Pickett.

Pickett took it to Longstreet, Longstreet read it, and said nothing. Pickett said, "General, shall I advance?" Longstreet, knowing it had to be, but unwilling to give the word, turned his face away. Pickett saluted and said, "I am

CEMETERY RIDGE AFTER PICKETT'S CHARGE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

going to move forward, sir," galloped off to his division and immediately put it in motion.*

Longstreet, leaving his staff, came out alone to where I was. It was then about 1:40 P. M. I explained the situation, feeling then more hopeful, but afraid our artillery ammunition might not hold out for all we would want. Longstreet said, "Stop Pickett immediately and replenish your ammunition." I explained that it would take too long, and the enemy would recover from the effect our fire was then having, and we had, moreover, very little to replenish with. Longstreet said, "I don't want to make this attack. I would stop it now but that General Lee ordered it and expects it to go on. I don't see how it can succeed."

I listened, but did not dare offer a word. The battle was lost if we stopped. Ammunition was far too low to try anything else, for we had been fighting three days. There was a chance, and it was not my part to interfere. While Longstreet was still speaking, Pickett's division swept out of the wood and showed the full length of its gray ranks and shining bayonets, as grand a sight as ever a man looked on. Joining it on the left, Pettigrew stretched farther than I could see. General Dick Garnett, just out of the sick ambulance, and buttoned up in an old blue overcoat, riding at the head of his brigade passed us and saluted Longstreet. Garnett was a warm personal friend, and we had not met before for months. We had served on the plains together before the war. I rode with him a short distance, and then we wished each other luck and a good-bye which was our last.

Then I rode down the line of guns, selecting such as had enough ammunition to follow Pickett's advance, and starting them after him as fast as possible. I got, I think, fifteen or eighteen in all in a little while, and went with them. Meanwhile, the infantry had no sooner debouched on the plain than all the enemy's line, which had been nearly silent, broke out again with all its batteries. The eighteen guns were back in the cemetery, and a storm of shell began bursting over and among our infantry. All of our guns, silent as the infantry passed between them, reopened when the lines had got a couple of hundred yards away, but the enemy's artillery let us alone and fired only at the infantry. No one could have looked at that advance without feeling proud of it.

But, as our supporting guns advanced, we passed many poor, mangled victims left in its trampled wake.† A terrific infantry fire was now opened upon Pickett, and a considerable force of the enemy moved out to attack the right flank of his line. We halted, unlimbered, and opened fire upon it. Pickett's men never

* General Longstreet's version of this scene, which does not differ materially from the above, and his account of the Gettysburg campaign, will appear in a subsequent number of THE CENTURY.— EDITOR.

† I remember one with the most horrible wound that I ever saw. We were halted for a moment by a fence, and as the men threw it down for the guns to pass, I saw in one of the corners a man sitting down and looking up at me. A solid shot had carried away the whole of both jaws and his tongue. I noticed the powder smut from the shot on the white skin around the wound. He sat up and looked at me steadily, and I looked at him until the guns could pass, but nothing, of course, could be done for him.—E. P. A.

halted, but opened fire at close range, swarmed over the fences and among the enemy's guns, were swallowed up in smoke—and that was the last of them. The conflict hardly seemed to last five minutes before they were melted away, and only disorganized stragglers were coming back, pursued by a moderate fire. Just then, Wilcox's brigade passed by us, moving to Pickett's support. There was no longer anything to support, and with the keenest pity at the useless waste of life, I saw them advance. The men, as they passed us, looked bewildered, as if they wondered what they were expected to do, or why they were there. They were soon, however, halted and moved back. They suffered some losses, and we had a few casualties from canister sent at them at rather long range.

From the position of our guns the sight of this conflict was grand and thrilling, and we watched it as men with a life and death interest in the result. If it were favorable to us, the war was nearly over; if against us, we each had the risks of many battles yet to go through. And the event was culminating with fearful rapidity. Listening to the rolling crashes of musketry, it was hard to realize that they were made up of single reports, and that each musket-shot represented nearly a minute of a man's life in that storm of lead and iron. It seemed as if a hundred thousand men were engaged, and that human life was being poured out like water. As soon as it appeared that the assault had failed we ceased firing, to save ammunition in case the enemy should advance. But we held our ground to look as bold as possible, though entirely without support, and very low in ammunition. The enemy gave us an occasional shot for a while and then, to our great relief, let us rest. About that time General Lee, entirely alone, rode up, and remained with me for a long time. He then probably first appreciated the full extent of the disaster as the disorganized stragglers made their way back past us. The Comte de Paris, in his excellent account of this battle, remarks that Lee, as a soldier, must at this moment have foreseen Appomattox—that he must have realized that he could never again muster so powerful an army, and that for the future he could only delay, but not avert, the failure of his cause. However this may be, it was certainly a momentous thing to him to see that superb attack end in such a bloody repulse. But whatever his emotions, there was no trace of them in his calm and self-possessed bearing. I thought at the time his coming there very imprudent, and the absence of all his staff-officers and couriers strange. It could only have happened by his express intention. I have since thought it possible that he came, thinking the enemy might follow in pursuit of Pickett, to personally rally stragglers about our guns and make a desperate defense. He had the instincts of a soldier within him as strongly as any man. Looking at Burnside's dense columns swarming through the fire of our guns toward Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg, he had said: "It is well war is so terrible or we would grow too fond of it." No soldier could have looked on at Pickett's charge and not burned to be in it. To have a personal part in a close and desperate fight at that moment would, I believe, have been at heart a great pleasure to General Lee, and possibly he was looking for one. We were here joined by Colonel Fremantle of her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, who was visiting our army. He afterwards published an excellent account of the battle in *Blackwood*, and described many little incidents that took place here, such as General Lee's encouraging the retreating stragglers to rally as soon as they got back to cover, and saying that the failure was his fault, not theirs. Colonel Fremantle especially noticed that General Lee reproved an officer for spurring a foolish horse, and advised him to use only gentle measures. The officer was Lieutenant F. M. Colston of my staff, whom General Lee had requested to ride off to the right, and try to discover the cause of a great cheering we heard in the enemy's lines. We thought it might mean an advance upon us; but it proved to be only a greeting to some general officer riding along the line.

That was the end of the battle. Little by little we got some guns to the rear to replenish and refit, and get in condition to fight again, and some we held boldly in advanced positions all along the line. Sharpshooters came out and worried some of them, and single guns would fire on these, sometimes very rapidly, and managed to keep them back: some parts of the line had not even a picket in front. But the enemy's artillery generally let us alone, and I certainly saw no reason to disturb the *entente cordiale*. Night came very slowly but came at last; and about ten the last gun was withdrawn to Willoughby Run, whence we had moved to the attack the afternoon before.

Of Pickett's three brigadiers, Garnett and Armistead were killed and Kemper dangerously wounded. Fry, who commanded Pettigrew's brigade, which in the charge was the brigade of direction for the whole force and adjoined Garnett on the left, was also left on the field desperately wounded. Of all Pickett's field-officers in the three brigades only one major came out unhurt. The men who made the attack were good enough. The only trouble was there were not enough of them.

Next day, July 4th, we took a pretty fair

position, except that it had no right flank, and awaited the attack of the enemy, who we thought would be inspired by the day. Meanwhile the wounded and trains were started back to the Potomac, and at night, in a pouring rain and over roads that were almost gulfs of mud, the army followed. Providence had evidently not yet taken a "proper view of the situation." We had not finished the war, but had to go back to Virginia and start afresh. Yet the *morale* of the army seemed not at all affected. The defeat was attributed entirely to the position, and if anything it rather gave the men confidence in what position could do for them if they had it on their side. Had Meade attacked us at Downsville, where we were stopped for several days by high water in the Potomac, I believe we should have repulsed him easily, barring exhaustion of ammunition.

The retreat was a terrible march for the artillery, crippled as we were by the loss of so many horses in battle, and the giving out of many more on the stony roads for the lack of horse-shoes. We were compelled to trespass on the reluctant hospitality of the neighboring farmers, and send squads in every direction to get horses. Wherever found they were to be bought, whether the owner desired to sell or not. Of course our only money was Confederate bills, but we explained to the farmers that these would be as good as greenbacks if only they would make their own government stop fighting us. Such transactions we called "pressing" for short; and, by the way, we often practiced it at home as well as abroad, but our own people took it more complacently than did the Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania.

Near Hagerstown I had an experience with an old Dunkard which gave me a high and lasting respect for the people of that faith. My scouts had had a horse transaction with this old gentleman, and he came to see me about it. He made no complaint, but said it was his only horse, and as the scouts had told him we had some hoof-sore horses we should have to leave behind, he came to ask if I would trade him one of those for his horse, as without one his crop would be lost.

I recognized the old man at once as a born gentleman in his delicately speaking of the transaction as a trade. Desiring him to know that one gentleman, even in difficulties, can always appreciate another, I was earnestly anxious to make it as square as circumstances would permit. So I assented to his taking a foot-sore horse, and offered him beside payment in Confederate money. This he respectfully but firmly declined. Considering how the recent battle had gone, I waived argument but tried another suggestion. I told him that we were in Maryland as the guests of the United States; that after our departure the Government would pay all bills that we left behind, and that I would give him an order on the United States for the value of his horse and have it approved by General Longstreet. To my surprise he declined this also. I supposed then that he was simply ignorant of the bonanza in a claim against the Government, and I explained that; and, telling him that money was no object to us under the circumstances, I offered to include the value of his whole farm. He again said he wanted nothing but the foot-sore horse. Still anxious that the war should not grind this poor old fellow in his poverty, I suggested that he take two or three foot-sore horses which we would have to leave anyhow when we marched. Then he said, "Well, sir, I am a Dunkard, and the rule of our church is an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and a horse for a horse, and I can't break the rule."

I replied that the Lord, who made all horses, knew that a good horse was worth a dozen old battery scrubs; and after some time prevailed on him to take two, by calling one of them a gift. But that night about midnight, we were awakened by approaching hoofs and turned out expecting to receive some order. It was my old Dunkard leading one of his foot-sores. "Well, sir," he said, "you made it look all right to me to-day when you were talking; but after I went to bed to-night I got to thinking it all over, and I don't think I can explain it to the church, and I would rather not try." With that he tied old foot-sore to a fence, and rode off abruptly. Even at this late day it is a relief to my conscience to tender to his sect this recognition of their integrity and honesty in lieu of the extra horse which I vainly endeavored to throw into the trade. Their virtues should commend them to all financial institutions in search of incorruptible employees.

E. P. Alexander.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

In Reply to General Pleasonton.

REGARDING the account given by General Pleasonton of the affair at Hazel Grove, near Chancellorsville, in the September number of THE CENTURY, I beg to say that the following facts can be established beyond dispute, by the testimony of numerous and unimpeachable eye-witnesses:

1. That no order was given by General Pleasonton to Major Keenan of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry to charge into the woods bordering Hazel Grove, for the purpose of holding the enemy in check until General

Pleasonton could get some guns into position; and that no such charge was made.

2. That the Eighth Pennsylvania was sent by General Pleasonton to report to General Howard at or near Wilderness Church, and had left Hazel Grove for that purpose before the enemy seriously threatened that position.

3. That the gallant charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania was made by order of its commanding officer, Major Pennock Huey, on the Plank road, far out of sight and hearing of Hazel Grove, and neither had, nor was intended to have, any bearing on the defense of that position.

4. That the fact that any charge had been made by the Eighth Pennsylvania was unknown to General Pleasonton until Major Huey reported to him the next morning.

5. That when Jackson's advance struck the Eleventh Corps, four batteries had been for some time waiting orders in the extensive clearing known as Hazel Grove. Of these, "H," First Ohio Light Artillery, and the Tenth and Eleventh New York Independent Batteries, belonged to Whipple's division of the Third Corps. They were left there when that division passed through *en route* to join the force operating under General Sickles near the Furnace. Later, Martin's Horse Battery, with Devin's Cavalry Brigade, arrived and took ground on the opposite or south side of the field. When the sound of battle indicated that the enemy were driving in the right of the army, and were approaching Hazel Grove, the batteries of Whipple's division were brought into position under my direction, as acting Chief of Artillery. Although the movement was delayed by causes beyond my control until its execution had become exceedingly difficult, our eighteen guns were established in battery, ready to open, before the enemy fired a shot or were in a position to do so. General Pleasonton seems to be unaware of that fact, or he would hardly have failed to allude to it. It is therefore fair to presume that his attention was engrossed by the supervision of Martin's battery, as detailed in his paper. General Sickles was more observing. On his arrival, soon after the firing ceased, he sent for me, and warmly expressed his approbation of the manner in which my command had held the ground.

6. That nothing on wheels from the Eleventh Corps passed through Hazel Grove, which was entirely out of their line of retreat. The vehicles that stampeded through my lines while in process of formation were forges, battery wagons, ambulances, etc., belonging to the Third Corps, left in the cross-road leading to the Plank road, when that corps went out to the Furnace to attack Jackson's column. So whatever else may have formed the components of the remarkable *tumulus* described by General Pleasonton, it certainly did not contain the *débris* of the Eleventh Corps. As for the *tumulus* itself, it escaped my observation when I crossed the bog he refers to on Sunday morning, with my battery, or what there was left of it, at the pressing solicitation of Archer's Confederate Brigade.

BOSTON, October 14, 1886. *James F. Huntington.*

"The Reserve at Antietam."

GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER writes to say of Colonel Thomas M. Anderson's communication in the September CENTURY under the above caption, that no such note as "Captain Dryer's report" was seen by him, and that no such discussion as to the opportunity for using the "reserve" took place between him and General McClellan. General Porter shows that nearly all of his Fifth Corps (according to McClellan's report, twelve thousand nine hundred strong), instead of being idle at that critical hour, had been sent to reënforce the right and left wings, leaving of the Fifth Corps to defend the center, a force "not then four thousand strong," according to General Porter's report.— EDITOR.

Citizens of Gettysburg in the Battle.

FOR twenty-three years we have heard it asserted that the people of Gettysburg were lacking in patriotism because they did not spring to arms *en masse*, and assist in repelling the invaders. I am glad to see in your November issue that a correspondent cites young Weakley, in addition to old John Burns, as another who volunteered in the defense of his home during the battle; but he prefaces his article with the old assertion.

The purpose of this communication is to state that, upon the first indication of an invasion of Pennsylvania, the Twenty-sixth Regiment, P.V. M., was organized and mustered into the United States service at Harrisburg, under the command of Colonel W. W. Jennings of that city. Company A of this regiment, to which I had the honor of belonging, was composed partly of students from the Lutheran Theological Seminary of Gettysburg, partly of students from the Pennsylvania College at the same place, and partly of citizens of Gettysburg; one other company came from Hanover, but a few miles distant. *We were the first militia troops to oppose the entrance of the Confederates into the State.*

On June 23d we left Harrisburg for Gettysburg, to be used, I believe, as riflemen amongst the hills near Cashtown. A railroad accident prevented this plan from being carried into effect, and us from reaching Gettysburg, until the 26th, by which time General Early had passed that point. In accordance with orders received from Major Granville O. Haller, in command of the post, we were marched out on the Chambersburg pike at ten A. M., June 26th, for a distance of about three and a half miles, accompanied by Major Robert Bell, who commanded a troop of horse, also raised, I understand, in Gettysburg. Having halted, our colonel, accompanied by Major Bell, rode to the brow of an elevation distant several hundred yards, and there saw General Early's troops advancing in force, but a few minutes distant. This officer, knowing of our presence but anticipating a still larger force, says in his official report: "I sent General Gordon with his brigade and White's battalion of cavalry on the pike through Cashtown towards Gettysburg, and moved with the rest of the command to the left through Hilltown to Mummasburg. . . . The object of this movement was for Gordon to amuse and skirmish with the enemy while I should get on his flank and rear so as to capture his whole force." We, a few hundred men at the most, were in the toils: what should be done? We would gladly have marched to join the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, but where were they? Our colonel, left to his own resources, wisely decided to make an effort to return to Harrisburg, and immediately struck off from the pike, the Confederates capturing many of our rear-guard after a sharp skirmish, and sending their cavalry in pursuit of us. These lat-

ter overtook us in the afternoon at Witmer's house, about four and a half miles from Gettysburg by the Carlisle road, where after an engagement they were repulsed with some loss. I have narrated enough for my purpose, and will only add that, after many vicissitudes, we finally reached Harrisburg, having marched fifty-four out of sixty consecutive hours, with a loss of some two hundred men.

I can recall no instance in our civil war where the people of a town rose in a body, or in any numbers, to aid their troops in driving out the enemy. Now, in view of the fact that Gettysburg, small town as it then was, furnished its quota of brave men who were then in the army serving their several terms of enlistment; and that from it and its immediate vicinity were raised promptly two, if not three, companies of men in defense of their State; that one of its oldest as well as one of its youngest citizens took up arms for the same purpose and aided in the battle; that hundreds of the unfortunate men of Reynolds's gallant corps were secreted, sheltered, fed, and aided in every way by the men and women of Gettysburg when they were hurled back through its streets, as I know from personal communication with them—I say, in view of these facts, let us give these people the credit that belongs to them instead of casting continued reflections upon their actions. I can the more justly give my opinion in this matter because I was the only member of our company who did not belong to Gettysburg. I went to Harrisburg to be mustered in with the others because my brother, then a student in the Seminary, was amongst them.

READING, PA., Nov. 2, 1886. *H. M. M. Richards.*

GEORGE BANCROFT—IN SOCIETY, IN POLITICS, IN LETTERS.

THE period in the life of our distinguished historian which might stand for a type of his manifold labors and extended activity was that of his mission to Germany. His quiet but elegantly appointed house on the Thiergarten at Berlin was the scene of his most successful diplomatic achievement. It was during his life there that he received the splendid homage of the literary men from all Europe as one of the foremost historians of a time abounding in great historians. It was there that all the threads which connected a fruitful and energetic old age with the education and experience of a restless and fertile youth were finally united to bind the laurels of a great and enduring reputation. And yet as the setting is so important to the picture, it would perhaps distort our view of him as an American, to dwell too long on the rather dazzling splendor of surroundings so aristocratic and foreign. We will like better to think of him in his summer-home as he stands, hat in hand, to welcome the expected visitor under the trees in Newport where the entrance avenue bends toward the great verandas of his large but unostentatious house, which he built there over thirty years ago amid the then quiet beauties of the "Point." As the splendid mansions and somewhat showy gardens have multiplied about him, the friendly screen of his plantations has steadily inclosed him and his favorite roses from the surroundings until the casual visitor, either from the land-side or the wonderful cliff-walk, would pass by ignorant of even the existence of a spot so beautiful in itself and so interesting in its associations. It is even more fitting, however, to recall the American statesman, the American historian, the laborious and successful representative of the American people in his stately home in Washington. The spacious staircase to the right leads the visitor past the drawing-room and the dining-room upward to the second story, which barely holds the volumes of the great library that lines the walls, fills the entries and passage-ways, and overflows into the window-seats and on to the floors. The busy click of the typewriter gives evidence of the unceasing literary activity of the chief in the labor of his stenographer, and as the door of the great work-room, with its lofty ceilings and open fire-place, is thrown back to receive you, the harmony of these surroundings with the life of the man is evident, even striking.

The figure which rises from behind the work-table, littered with reference-books and manuscripts, is full of dignity and impressiveness. The clear-cut features; the carefully trimmed hair and beard, revealing a massive and shapely head; the finely molded form and active movement, in no way suggest advanced years: even the expression of the eye and the lines of the forehead fail to reveal frailness or extreme old age. As has recently been said of his friend and contemporary Von Ranke, who was only five years his senior, he seems to have outgrown and conquered old age itself, and to have found a substitute for physical force in the continuous energy of faith and love, in an apparently inexhaustible and indomitable intellect. His stature, which is about that of the average man or somewhat less, has lost nothing under the burden of years, and he carries firm and erect the slight but close-knit chest and capacious head with which he has for so long pushed and wrought in the crises and struggles of the great world in which he lives. Nor is there a trace of lassitude in his manners. The same trait which Harriet Martineau noted and

recorded of him and his household fifty years ago in the account of her travels in the United States is still characteristic—that of joyousness. Change and bereavement, toil and anxiety, have in no way diminished or altered the capacity for appreciation of what is best in life and in mankind. The interchange of interest and relation begins at once in his conversation; the present is not overshadowed by the distant past, and it is only some natural reference to a personal experience—it may be a memory of the appearance of Goethe, or the talk of Byron—which suddenly overwhelms the listener in the realization that this is a Nestor. The force of his incessant labor in the noble fields of making and writing history is fitly supplemented by the grandeur inherent in eighty-six years of life—eighty-six years, with all it means at this stage in the world's development! The nineteenth century, from the childhood to the maturity, not of men, but of nations, as the present generation knows them; from absolutism through revolution to democracy in politics; from the classic and romantic in letters to modern realism; from the rude beginnings of chemistry and physics to the overwhelming conquests of the natural sciences in every direction; from the stage-coach and post-boy to the railway and telegraph—Bancroft has surely been favored in the splendor of the times and the achievements of hand and mind of which he has been a part.

The great vitality underlying an activity and perseverance so phenomenal is in no sense accidental. It is in part inherited, in part self-created. The Bancroft family has been for over two centuries and a half in America. It was from the beginning frugal in its living and high in its thinking, as were so many of the families in the early New England communities. Simple lives and pure thoughts are the best architects of health and contentment. The historian's grandsire was one of the leading men in the town of Lynn, then known as Reading. His character was so famous as a man of God that if no clergyman could be secured, he frequently officiated in the services of the Lord's day; and when Jonathan Edwards was hounded to despair by the congregation of Northampton because he wished to prevent the young from reading books which he considered obscene, it was to this elder Bancroft that he turned as his umpire in the reference which settled the dispute and severed his connection with an ungrateful and unappreciative parish. The orthodoxy of the distinguished grandson was drawn from the fountain-head, for his famous father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft of Worcester, was a Unitarian, and no sympathizer with Calvinism either in religion or in politics. He, too, lived to be a nonagenarian, and aside from the reputation earned by his long career as a pastor, left a name renowned for honesty of purpose and purity of living, which was linked with some literary fame. He was the author of a "Life of Washington," now unknown, but which was once an authority, and is marked by accuracy of statement and a most agreeable literary quality and style. The inheritance of a wholesome, untainted, vigorous blood which George Bancroft had from his sires was not suffered to lie idle. It was a day of small things in Massachusetts where material indulgences were concerned, and throughout his early life at home in Worcester, his boyhood at Exeter Academy, and his college days at Harvard, he had constant training in the lessons of a wholesome economy, the education of self-restraint, and the triumphs of a laborious and well-directed ambition. The impressions thus gained were no doubt strengthened and confirmed by the experiences of his student life at Göttingen and Berlin, where his intimate association with men like Heeren, Voss, and Blumenbach made him still more familiar with frugal habits, simple tastes, and high scholarship.

STUDIES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE preparatory years of Bancroft's career were over at an early age. He graduated from Harvard in the class of 1817, and was only seventeen on the 3d of October in the same year. His school life at Worcester is scarcely worthy of mention, so unsatisfactory was the instruction. His father's home was on a farm a mile and a half from the town in one direction, and Nelson's school, the only one of any repute, at the extreme opposite corner, so that from eight to eleven his daily tasks were begun and ended by a walk of more than two miles. When, at eleven, he left home for Exeter, he found himself, thanks to a friend of his father's who read Cæsar with him, on a level of attainment with his fellows. The principal of the school was that famous Dr. Abbott, who will ever rank as one of the great schoolmasters of America. Suave and earnest, serious but never harsh, solemn but kind, he never failed to command the perfect respect of every school-boy, and Bancroft immediately felt his influence. We are apt to smile at earnestness in a boy of eleven in our days, and as we expect little get little; but the real foundation of Bancroft's classical attainments was made at that age, in his own room, and with only a mediate impulse from class-room work. His other master was Hildreth, father of the historian, a notable teacher, strong and suggestive but at times severe and harsh. With the other masters, Fuller and Ware, he had little intercourse and no tasks, although

he always found a welcome and good wholesome talk in Fuller's room when he cared to visit him in the evening.

It was during the two years of his stay at Exeter that he first met and heard Webster. Nathan Parker, minister at Portsmouth, was a warm personal friend of the Bancrofts. He had read theology with the father and taught the son his letters. Accordingly the schoolboy's vacations were naturally spent at his house. The memories of Parker's sweetness and goodness are among the pleasantest of his life. About that time Webster had removed to Portsmouth, and was to deliver the oration on Independence Day. He spoke from the pulpit of the small meeting-house to an audience which barely filled the room. He read his oration earnestly, and without any gesture whatever except that once he placed his right hand over his heart. One of the Exeter masters who sat in the gallery opposite Bancroft pronounced it a "wonderful good oration, which would have received boundless applause in Boston." It was soon after that Webster was elected to Congress.

Bancroft's college career was the determinative period of his life. In his Freshman year Edward Everett was his tutor in Greek, and awakened in him a profound admiration. Later, Everett was made Professor of Greek, and accepted on condition of being permitted to travel and study in preparation for the office. When in Göttingen, he wrote to President Kirkland recommending that a young man of promise be sent out to prepare for the next professorship that might fall vacant "by learning what was to be learned." The choice fell upon Bancroft, and soon after graduation the proposal was made to him, and his father gave his consent. The intellectual direction of Harvard had little influence on the sixteen-year-old boy, although the President was a warm sympathetic friend, exercising a paternal oversight and care in all his work and recreation. The text-book in philosophy was "Locke on the Understanding," and the instruction consisted in assigning so many pages as a lesson and a formal recitation, without regard to logical divisions or anything else except the words of the text. But in his Junior year "Edwards on the Will" fell into his hands. It seems to have had much the same fascination for him that Locke himself is said to have had for Edwards, but with a far different result. Instead of rousing Bancroft to opposition and polemics, Edwards' philosophy fascinated and convinced him, and in the writing and talk of his later life he has often referred to it as his creed. It was, however, essentially the philosophy of Edwards that moved him, for although in deference to his father's wishes he studied theology for eight months, the profession of the ministry never attracted him, and he was drawn to letters and philosophy from the beginning. Enjoying as he did the society and protection of all that was best in the greatest intellectual center of his time in America, he nevertheless was led in a direction of thought very far from the prevailing one, and the intellectual atmosphere of Boston was almost from the first uncongenial.

It was with only a smattering knowledge of German that he entered upon his university life in Göttingen. It was natural, therefore, that his principal work should have been in German literature, from which he made a number of excellent translations that were afterwards published; in Greek philosophy, for which he had a natural aptitude and a previous training; and above all in the department of history, which, under the masterly guidance of the distinguished Heeren, was easily the foremost and most attractive in the University. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, the critical method in philology had not yet engulfed all others, and the enthusiasm of German students at that day was expended upon the beauties of the style, diction, and material of what they read. With his fellows Bancroft read, therefore, incessantly, both Greek and German, and formed a taste and capacity for wide generalizations. Dissen, the leading Professor of Philosophy, was an ardent Platonist, a famous student and teacher, but he never wrote, and his reputation is forgotten. He heard lectures from Eichhorn on the New Testament, from Blumenbach on natural history, and studied Arabic, Syriac, and Persian. But by far the most influential man of the Faculty was Heeren, who was as well the leading mind of all Europe in historical criticism. There is traceable throughout Bancroft's life, both in his history and his political course, the most marked and decided influence of Heeren, and of the splendid work which set on foot what was neither more nor less than a revolution in historical science.

Like many another ardent beginner, Bancroft went to Germany with the firm conviction that German students worked themselves to death. Perhaps the most valuable of all the lessons he learned was the truth of the exact opposite: the prevalence of moderation among the truly great; the careful intermixture of work and recreation; above all, the hatred and contempt of worry. Eichhorn once said he never knew of a case where death came from overwork, but he did know of many where worry and fretting had resulted in nervous collapse. He told of a poor young man, very anxious to succeed as a professor,

who came to obtain the use of his lecture-room, which was directly under his study. At the appointed hour the lecture began, intense, vehement, oratorical, and continued so to the end. "I called him up," said Eichhorn, "and explained that it would never, never do; that he would worry himself sick, and there would be an end of it all."

After two years in Göttingen, at the end of which he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by examination and the defense of a thesis, Bancroft moved to Berlin. In Germany the young doctor is "free of the guild," and partly for that reason, no doubt, but especially because of the character of his work, he received a hearty welcome in the splendid literary circle of the Prussian capital. He was constantly in the houses of Savigny and Schleiermacher, being often bidden to the latter two or three times in a single week. He also knew William von Humboldt, F. A. Wolf, and Voss. Wolf once said in Bancroft's hearing that he could read Aristophanes as he could his prayer-book. "Impossible and untrue," said Voss when he heard it. "When I want to find anything in Homer, I first look for it in my own translation. No man can know a foreign language as he does his own." Bancroft was not attracted by Hegel, although he heard what was probably his most brilliant course of lectures, that on Æsthetics, in which he strove to find a basis for his system in the History of Philosophy. It seemed to his young hearer that his principal concern was to make the Christian religion go on all-fours with his philosophy, and his delivery was so far from being magnetic that it might almost be characterized as prosy. His philosophic system, moreover, was the talk of but the few in Berlin and never permeated the people, not even the cultivated classes. The lectures of Schleiermacher, on the contrary, were brilliant and attractive. Thoroughly familiar with Plato and the Socratic method, he was a master of dialectic, and was so keen in its exercise that he was rarely known to give any direct reply to questions designed to pin him down to a categorical answer with reference to controverted points in philosophy.

GOETHE, SCHLEIERMACHER, BYRON.

It was during a Göttingen vacation, four years after the battle of Waterloo, that Bancroft met Goethe for the first time at Jena. It was early in the forenoon; Bancroft had an introduction from one of the professors, and Goethe received him in the garden of the great house where the poet was occupying an apartment assigned him by the grand duke. The interview was altogether informal; Goethe's manner was unstudied and natural, gracious and simple, although he was then over seventy years old. He was clad in the ordinary costume of the time, except that there was no waistcoat under his frock, and the shirt he wore showed by the stains on the ruffle that he had not made his toilet for the day. The conversation was on the topics of the hour in literature and the politics of Germany. On parting he gave Bancroft a letter to the librarian at Weimar with directions to ascertain whether his family could receive the young American. They did so, and entertained him in the kindliest manner. A second interview took place at Weimar early in 1821. It was rather in the nature of an audience than like the friendly talk of the previous time. Goethe was carefully dressed, and though kind was rather cold, and preserved an impressive and stately manner. He was full of interest in America and predicted that it would excel in the arts of design, citing as a proof of this latent talent the fashion introduced by American papers of illustrating their advertisements by pictures. He also talked at some length about Byron, and took it for granted that "Manfred" was founded on "Faust."

On the whole no better picture of Bancroft at the close of his student life could be drawn than that contained in the few lines which Alexander von Humboldt wrote from Paris to introduce him to Pictet at Geneva:

"PARIS, 7 Septembre, 1821.

"Je prends la liberté, mon respectable ami et confrère, de vous recommander un jeune Américain qui a fait d'excellentes études de philologie et d'histoire philosophique en Allemagne. M. Bancroft est bien digne de vous voir de près; il est l'ami de mon frère, et il appartient à cette noble race de jeunes Américains qui trouvent que le vrai bonheur de l'homme consiste dans la culture de l'intelligence.—HUMBOLDT."*

The charge has been more or less frequently brought against him that, after all, he is foreign in his education and feelings, Teutonic in his sympathies as against France and England. The fact is that at no time and under no other circumstances could a young man of his powers have spent three years in Germany with less likelihood of absorbing prejudice or being dazzled. Aside from Heeren's there was little vigorous thought at Göttingen. Religious teaching was at as low an ebb as religious feeling. They had turned, for instance, the University church into a library, and the ministry of education begrudged a new church, so none was built. Heeren himself was a native of Bremen and a republican at heart; he even

* Le Globe, Journal Géographique. Organe de la Société de Géographie de Genève pour ses Mémoires et Bulletin. Tome vii. 7e and 8e Livraisons. Page 200. Novembre-Décembre, 1868. Genève. Imprimerie Carey Frères, 3 Vieux-Collége, 1868.

went so far as heartily to support Jefferson's embargo. Wise, good, and discreet, his influence was altogether in the right direction. The University of Berlin, to be sure, had just been started to give character and solidity to the institutions of Prussia; but in calling its professors the only question asked was whether the man was able. Accordingly on the one hand the conservatives, distorting Hegel's theory that the world, as it is, is the result of all the antecedent conditions of existence, declared that therefore the present system was the *ne plus ultra*, the height of perfection. On the other, aided by Schleiermacher, the world of Berlin was kept wide awake with new ideas of philosophy and religion, of the connection between the past and the present. But there was no uniformity or harmony. Bancroft found the famous Sunday evening "at homes" of Schleiermacher occupied with the most varied topics. The great man himself had a nature marked by a cool sort of rationalism. He did not frankly state his opinion. His manner in conversation as in preaching was that of a skillful fencer, adroit in the use of the foil, and was heightened by his small, lithe, and somewhat deformed figure. His acuteness was his most remarkable gift, and when preaching he treated dogma historically, and was neither fervid nor emotionally pious. Faultless in life and conduct, he was not carried away by the idea of benevolence. In short he was a mirror of the thought of his time, at home in any company and on any topic of politics or affairs. With the peculiar attitude of Hegel, and with Schleiermacher denying any originality to his philosophy, there was little in Berlin to turn a well-balanced head. There were great scholars in plenty, but, like Bopp, who spoke English well and fluently and revealed the identity of the grammar of the Indo-European languages, they were content with their specialties and took little interest in political or philosophical tendencies. After leaving Berlin, Bancroft studied history for a time under Von Schlosser at Heidelberg, but was scarcely conscious of his influence.

During the autumn months of 1821 he traveled on foot through Switzerland, and reached Italy in the late vintage time, stopping by the roadside to watch the peasantry treading out the wine-press in their primitive fashion, and washing their empurpled bodies in the running brooks. Then, after a rapid glimpse of Venice and Florence, came Rome. It is not unlikely that the Italian visit, short as it was, influenced in Bancroft the finer side of the mind, the æsthetic faculty and imaginative powers, more deeply than any other period. For three months he was intimate in the families of Niebuhr and Bunsen. In the case of the latter family the intimacy has continued to children and children's children. It was his habit, as his records show, to extend, during that precious time, each day into two. Rising at dawn, he breakfasted by candlelight and hurried forth in the early morning to the day's task of seeing — churches, galleries, ruins, antiquities, he devoured everything with his eyes, stopping only for a frugal luncheon of a few cakes or a little fruit, and dining at nightfall as his means would allow. Then hurrying to his room he read till the small hours of the morning—all art, history, and the masterpieces of Italian letters, but in particular Dante. Meantime he was forming such a meager collection of art-objects as he could afford, so as to have on his return a material illustration of and a set of mnemonic aids to the work of the great masters, who charmed and elevated his thoughts. Early in the following spring he went on to Naples and Pæstum, returning by the coast to Leghorn. While there the romance of the Mediterranean shore seems to have affected him as it has so many fresh and receptive spirits. Rowing far out to sea, he leaped in and swam toward shore, but escaped the sad fate which befell Shelley only a few weeks later, at Spezzia.

The American squadron was lying at the time in the harbor of Leghorn, and Bancroft was invited by the commodore to meet Byron aboard the flagship. There were present only a few other Americans, among them the consul at Tunis, with his wife and several ladies. When the poet, accompanied by his host and the principal officers of the fleet, came up the companionway, his countenance immediately fell at the sight of the ladies among the new arrivals, thinking probably that they were Englishwomen who had taken advantage of the opportunity to spy him out. But on learning that they were Americans he at once recovered his cheerfulness, and was most approachable. In fact, when the consul's wife laughingly said that her children would want some proof that she had seen Lord Byron, she was permitted to take the rose from his buttonhole. Before leaving, the nobleman's secretary invited Bancroft in his master's name to visit Monte Nero. So intense was the enthusiasm for Byron among the officers of the fleet that when he was rowed ashore one captain manned his yard-arms and fired a salute, but the commodore, feeling that the guest of the day had no position which warranted so official a greeting, allowed it to go no further. Shortly afterward Bancroft wrote a note to ask if he might call at Monte Nero and received a pleasant, lively reply. Byron's reception of his guest was cordial. He was simply but carefully dressed, and during the

breakfast talked of Jeffrey and the bitter attacks of the "Edinburgh Review." His eye was bright and his manner animated, but without bitterness or rancor. He seemed intensely interested in Goethe, and asked many questions about him. The idea that "Manfred" was based on "Faust" he declared to be false, explaining that he had never even seen "Faust." He was evidently delighted to hear how great a favorite he was everywhere in Germany. He spoke also of Thorwaldsen's busts, and said, with seeming dissatisfaction, the last one was too spare. After breakfast he invited Bancroft into the drawing-room, from the windows of which he said Elba was visible, as indeed it was, but very dimly. While they were standing absorbed in trying to discern its outlines, the door opened softly, and a light footstep was heard. It was that of the Countess Guiccioli, and without the slightest embarrassment Byron turned and presented Bancroft to her. She at once made some introductory remark in Italian and talked for some time. The conversation became general, and in the course of it Byron remarked, incidentally, that the Countess did not like the scoffing tone of "Don Juan," and had entreated him not to go on with it, and that he had received letters from others to the same effect. That Bancroft's visit was remembered with pleasure is evident, both from the letters to Murray in which Byron alludes to his young visitor, and from the presentation copy of "Don Juan," with the author's autograph, still in Bancroft's library.

RETURN TO AMERICA.

FROM Leghorn Bancroft traveled to Genoa, and thence on horseback, with a pack-mule to carry the luggage, along the Riviera to Marseilles. The track was often so close to the edge of the sea that the water dashed over his horse's legs. After a short time in Lyons and the south of France he sailed for home. The fairest winds gave a prosperous voyage, Gibraltar was passed at the rate of nine knots against the current, the trade-winds blew in the loveliest weather, the peak of Teneriffe sank out of view, and the apprentice days were over. Surely there could have been no better preparation for the work of life than to have lived with the best men of the age, to have seen, known, and conversed with them on the most vital topics, and yet to have retained, as the sequel showed, independence of thought and the strong home feeling which enables one, when the halcyon days are past, to take up the burden of life with cheerfulness and energy, to seek permanent happiness in work and not in mere change of scene.

On his return to America Bancroft yielded once again to his father's wishes, and was licensed to preach. But his face was set toward pursuits which, though akin to the great profession, are yet aside from it. He felt the few sermons which he preached to be rather exercises in the careful writing of English than a heartfelt message of truth. In this crisis the devoted friendship of President Kirkland came to his assistance, and he accepted almost immediately the position of a teacher of Greek in Harvard College, performing its duties for a year. In 1823 he entered into an agreement with J. G. Cogswell, who was afterward librarian of the Astor Library, and founded the famous Round Hill school of Northampton, Massachusetts. It is not possible to trace accurately the underlying motives of this venture. It was thought by many an attempt to found a German gymnasium in America. But that could not have been the case, because Bancroft has always considered the gymnasium imperfect. There is too much mere teaching, and the system does not call forth that daily mental activity so essential to educated thinking. One thing it certainly was—the first organized endeavor to elevate the secondary schools of the country to the position which belongs to them in the formation of mind and character. A pleasant picture of the life and work at Round Hill is given in Miss Hale's Life of Thomas Appleton, who was a pupil there. It is probable that with the general plan of lifting up college work, there was also in view pecuniary reward. Thus far Bancroft had looked for his necessary expenses to an uncle and a brother. With generous haste he sought the shortest road to independence, and hoped the school might be profitable. But a trial lasting for ten years convinced him it could not be made so. Though Cogswell was an able man, the partners were not congenial, and there was friction in the business management. Then, too, the colleges required from students applying for entrance to the higher classes the fees of the lower years. This demand was intended to be, and was, a discouragement from any attempt on the part of that or any other school to carry boys further than the necessary work for admission to the freshman class. The time, however, was not wholly lost, for during the entire period his pen was busy with contributions to the "North American," to Walsh's "American Quarterly," and with a translation of Heeren's most important work. The latter was formally reviewed by the "Edinburgh Review," pronounced by Edward Everett to display "a mastery of two languages," and showed the marks of a fine historic style. It was immediately reprinted in Oxford without

any recognition of the translator, or even the mention of his name on the title-page. During his life in Northampton, moreover, Bancroft became an active member of the Democratic party, attending its conventions, writing its platforms, and guiding its councils in his native State. His first wife was a member of the famous Dwight family, who were Whigs, and at her request he never accepted office, although once elected, in 1830, to a seat in the Legislature without his knowledge, and once, in 1831, requested to accept the nomination for Secretary of State.

The death of Mrs. Bancroft followed closely upon his retirement from the Round Hill school. There were four children by his first marriage, two sons still living, and two daughters who died in infancy. The affectionate consideration for her wishes which had kept him from active political life during the years in Northampton continued after her death until 1837. During those years he devoted himself to literary work, publishing the first volume of his history in 1834 and the second in 1837. But in 1837 he was appointed collector of the port of Boston by Van Buren, and accepted the office. Thenceforward for many years his connection with active politics has been more or less constant, his career as a statesman culminating in the years of his residence as Minister at Berlin.

POLITICAL LIFE.

WHEN he entered upon his duties as collector, the law exacted from importers in payment of duties not cash, but bonds payable on time. A very large part of the whole revenue of the country was then levied in the port of Boston, and the amount of bonds received from the importing merchants during Bancroft's period of office reached to very many millions. All his predecessors, without exception, had left behind them uncollected bonds representing large sums, which have not been collected to this day. Of all those taken in the period of his service, not one that became due was left unsettled, or in arrears, when he retired from the office. Never in a single instance did the President or the Secretary of the Treasury seek to control his use of the appointing power. Among others to whom he had the opportunity of giving public employment was Hawthorne, who received an appointment to the most lucrative office in the gift of the collector. Hawthorne's biographer speaks of him as having remained in the office to the end of Van Buren's administration and having been removed with the rest. This is not true. Hawthorne, who, while in office, fulfilled his duty with the most punctilious exactness and fidelity, resigned after two or three years, much against the wishes and entreaties of the collector. Another, who took a large part in the philosophical and religious controversies of the time, Orestes Brownson, received a valuable post, which gave him a residence as well as an income.

Many of the Democrats of Massachusetts looked on the policy of annexing Texas as fatal to their existence as a party. Bancroft's opinion to the contrary had been most unpopular, but in the State Convention at Worcester he explained with cogent and convincing arguments the merits and expediency of the measure. He pleaded for the extension of the "area of freedom" (Boston "Times," March 2, 1845), contending, as he had done from the first, that the annexation of Texas was a step conducive directly to a diminution of the political influence of slavery. Had Texas remained an independent State it could have imported slaves directly from Africa. By annexation Texas subjected itself to the laws of the United States against the foreign slave trade and stopped completely all increase of slavery from abroad, of which the continuance had so sadly affected South Carolina and Georgia. This view was shared by Robert J. Walker. Will any one consider what would have been the condition of the United States in their great civil war if Texas had been an independent power, exercising all the rights of a neutral nation? Moreover, the acquisition of Texas had rendered it impossible for Mexico to maintain a hold on Alta California, and the annexation of California by the administration of Polk was the death-blow to slavery. Texas had been recognized as an independent power by Great Britain and by France before the United States consented to its annexation.

On Polk's election Bancroft was chosen to represent the New England Democrats in the Cabinet. A man who takes much part in a conflict of opinions is pretty sure to fall among those who add passionate perverseness to passionate convictions. Several such persons in Massachusetts undertook to prevent his confirmation in the Senate as Secretary of the Navy, and for that purpose wrote to Mr. Archer, one of the Senators from Virginia, referring to several published articles in which Bancroft had expressed himself strongly on the subject of slavery, and communicated to him what they had done. What happened in the Senate is well known, because the vote for the injunction of secrecy was soon after removed. When the Senate came to consider the nomination, Senator Archer asked for a postponement of the vote, but not as an opponent. Bancroft's friends immediately con-

sented to pass it over for the day, giving the Senator from Virginia the opportunity which he wanted, to make inquiry. Senator Allen of Ohio came to Bancroft and inquired of him what he had written on the subject of slavery, and received a list of all the articles, with a note of where they could be found. Bancroft said that what he had written he had written from sincere convictions, that they were his opinions when he wrote them and were his opinions still; that if a question was to be raised in the Senate on his opinions on slavery, he must stand upon them as uttered by himself without concession, explanation, or compromise. Allen hunted up the papers and found, as he afterward said, that some points on the subject had been stated with great strength and in words which he perhaps would not have used; but that there was nothing Mr. Bancroft had written that he did not himself accept; and made a vehement speech on the subject in the Senate. But there was really no hesitation; Archer made no objection, and with very little debate Bancroft was confirmed unanimously. The Senator from Virginia, who had raised the inquiry, some days afterward called and led the conversation to the topic of "the institution." Bancroft listened with reserve, upon which the Senator himself broke out into the severest denunciation of slavery which could be uttered, condemning it with an intense sincerity of conviction that only personal observation could have forced upon him, and explained the infinite evil that slavery had done and was doing to Virginia. Whenever Bancroft has been before the Senate, he has never had a single vote against him; in every instance where he has been passed upon in the Senate, his nomination has been confirmed unanimously.

Polk said to one of his Cabinet after the inauguration that the four principal measures of his administration were to be: the settlement of the North-western boundary, the acquisition of California, the establishment of the constitutional treasury, and a tariff for revenue. Bancroft had his full share in these measures so far as they were accomplished while he was in America. As regarded the reduction of the tariff, Mr. Walker of the Treasury Department attended to it, and merits honor for his most successful discharge of the duty; but the Secretary of the Navy warmly approved the measure, and was able to promote the good work. The chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, who expressed more confidence in Bancroft than in others, came to consult with him on the points on which his own decision would turn, and asked whether the tariff as so greatly reduced would in his judgment produce a sufficient revenue for the expenses of the Government. In reply the opinion was given that it would certainly suffice and probably produce a surplus. He went away satisfied, and supported the bill with his authority as chief on the Finance Committee; and it was triumphantly carried, and proved financially a perfect success.

The establishment of the Naval School was in this wise: Bancroft, having passed much of his life in schools and universities, entered his office of Secretary of the Navy with a wish to establish for the navy a school like that in operation for the army at West Point. It was plain to him that Congress could not be induced in advance to pass a law for the establishment of a naval school, for much opposition would arise from the fear of authorizing a costly establishment; and even if Congress had been favorable to the movement, a controversy would have sprung up as to the place for establishing it, involving sectional as well as local controversies. There was no chance of success but to present to Congress for its approbation a school already established and in full operation; and this he undertook to do in strict conformity to law and without passing beyond the limits of the appropriations already made and at his disposition. In this design he was aided by the President and by his colleagues.

The first question was, Where should it be established? If it had been at the North, the location would have called forth an almost unanimous opposition from the South, as the Military Academy was on the Hudson. Luckily at that time the army was ready to abandon its post at Annapolis. Bancroft requested Secretary Marcy, then in the Department of War, to transfer the post and its public buildings to the Secretary of the Navy. Marcy assented, and the President approved. Bancroft had then to see how he could get together the school, with its superintendent, pupils, and professors, without violating or seeming to violate a law. The law recognized the presence of teachers on board ships at sea; and it was common when ships were sent to sea to order an instructor to the ships. Sometimes an outsider got one of his friends, who wanted a sea voyage for health, put on board a ship, nominally as a teacher or as a chaplain, but no provision was made for the instruction of the young officers on shore; the consequence of which was that on their discharge from a sea voyage, they went where they pleased, at their own free will, and were scattered about in the various cities of the Union, exposed to all the dangers to which young men under twenty, without supervision and without employment, were exposed. So then to a certain extent the instruction of the midshipmen had been provided for by law; where the in-

struction was to be taken was not fixed by law. The Secretary of the Navy could therefore order the young officers to go to Annapolis and be taught, and those employed as professors, to go there and teach, and any high officer of the navy to go there as superintendent. A good many unsuitable teachers were retired from the service, and very able men carefully selected to take their places. Then the young midshipmen, as they returned from a voyage, and the newly appointed midshipmen, were ordered there, and an examination was made requisite for admission, and for advancement.

When Congress met there was a naval school in full operation at Annapolis, where the midshipmen were on duty, and therefore under the discipline of naval law. All the expenses of the school had been paid for out of the various appropriations without the violation of a law. The question came necessarily before Congress, for the building handed over by the War Department to the Navy Department needed considerable repair in order to serve the new purposes thoroughly well. The confidence of the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, James J. McKay, was of the greatest importance.* Bancroft followed the progress of the bill for establishing this school with the utmost closeness. No one questioned that he had carefully kept within the law; the House committees and the House approved; resistance in the Senate was threatened; but the Secretary of the Navy was in the Senate the day when the decisive vote was taken, and was gladdened as he saw men of all political parties and from all sections of the country uniting to form a majority for the School. The measure was carried by a very good vote, and once carried, the Naval School was safe.

Among the other great questions which had troubled the country from the establishment of its independence was the settlement of the North-western boundary. After the peace the English refused to surrender the Northern ports, and by the Jay treaty consented only to a joint occupation of the unsettled Western country. This had continued from the days of Washington, to the great advantage of the British and the Hudson Bay Company. The first act of Polk was to renounce the joint occupation of the country over which the agreement had extended. The next immediate consequence was the settlement of the North-western boundary, which had so long troubled the country and which had been left by preceding administrations as unfinished business. The English at first attempted to inspire terror; but Polk was a man who, without making any pretensions to courage, possessed it in the highest degree both as a man and as a statesman, joined with prudence and circumspection; and Buchanan, the Secretary of State, was able soon to bring the negotiations to a close on the boundary question, and the treaty was signed and ratified in England before the retirement of the Cabinet of which Sir Robert Peel had been at the head.

Polk saw very clearly that the real power of Mexico did not extend over California, and that it could only be safely and securely settled by the United States. To leave the matter loose was to open California to the inroads of private adventurers, or to expose it to the claims of some European power. He was fixed in his purpose to seek its administration by treaty with Mexico; but it soon became certain that Mexico would engage in war to avenge herself against America for admitting Texas as one of her States, although Texas before it was so admitted had been recognized as an independent State by the two leading powers of commercial Europe, by Great Britain and by France. Bancroft watched the course of events, and took the measures which were necessary to secure American ascendency in California. As Secretary of the Navy he sent out orders so early as the 24th of June, being fully convinced that Mexico intended to go to war, and that not a moment should be lost in securing California. The nature of the orders that were given will be seen best by the following extracts from his letters to the American naval commander in the Pacific, as under those orders possession was taken of California:

"If you ascertain with certainty that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco, and blockade or occupy such other ports as your force may permit.

"Yet even if you should find yourself called upon by the certainty of an express declaration of war against the United States to occupy San Francisco and other Mexican ports, you will be careful to preserve, if possible, the most friendly relations with the inhabitants; and, where you can do so, you will encourage them to adopt a course of neutrality." Bancroft to Sloat, June 24, 1845.

"You will consider the most important object to be, to take and to hold possession of San Francisco; and this you will do without fail." Same to same, May 15, 1846.

* "Not only has he" [G. B.] "obtained great celebrity as an essayist and historian, but the policy which he advocated while at the head of the Navy Department gave him the character of an accomplished statesman. While his views were sufficiently enlarged and liberal, they received the approbation of one of the most ultra economists and reformers in the House of Representatives." [James J. McKay of North Carolina.] "History of the Polk Administration," by Lucien B. Chase, p. 25.

"The Department has received your letter No. 51, of June 6, from which it appears that while you were aware of the existence of 'actual war' between the United States and Mexico, you remained in a state of inactivity and did not carry out the instructions of June 24, 1845, framed to be executed even in the event of the mere declaration of war, much more in the event of actual hostilities. Those instructions you were ordered to carry out 'at once.'

"In my letter of August 5, 1845, the receipt of which you acknowledged on the 28th of January, 1846, referring to them, I said, '*In the event of war*, you will obey the instructions recently addressed to you via Panama.'

"In my letter of October 17, 1845, of which you acknowledge the receipt on the 17th March, 1846, referring to these instructions once more, I said further, 'In the event of actual hostilities between the Mexican government and our own, you will so dispose of your whole force as to carry out most effectually the objects specified in the instructions forwarded to you from the Department in view of such a contingency.' And surely there is no ambiguity in this language.

"And in my letter of 23d February last, sent through Mexico, I remarked, 'This letter is sent to you overland, inclosed, as you suggest, to Messrs. Mott, Talbot & Co., Mazatlan, and you will readily understand the reserve with which it is written.'

"The Department on August 5, 1845, had also told you that 'your force should not be weakened while hostilities are threatened by Mexico.' Your course was particularly approved in detaining the frigate *Constitution*. The Department will hope that a more urgent necessity than as yet appears existed for the otherwise premature return of that vessel.

"The Department does not charge you with disobedience of orders. It willingly believes in the purity of your intentions. But your anxiety not to do wrong has led you into a most unfortunate and unwarranted inactivity." Same to same, Aug. 13, 1846.

In Curtis's "Life of Buchanan" will be found two letters which are of interest in the same connection, as showing Bancroft's share in the important events connected with the acquisition of California. The first is from Washington, written while he was still Secretary of the Navy; the second was written from London after his appointment as Minister at the Court of St. James.

When the collision about slavery led to civil war, no one was more quick than Bancroft to see the nature of the controversy, and that the only solution would be the abolition of slavery as the result of the war. Twice he delivered orations on that theme in the city of New York, once upon an express vote by the city government, when he examined and controverted the interpretation of the Constitution on which the plea for slavery rested. That speech was perhaps more carefully prepared than anything he had yet printed. After the peace he pursued the same line of argument with all whom he could reach; and the nature of his views will best appear from a letter he wrote to Mr. S. S. Cox, then a member of the House of Representatives from the city of New York, and lately Minister at Constantinople:

"NEW YORK, January 28, 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. COX: You and I stood together with Douglas against the outrageous attempt to force slavery upon Texas. I read your speech the other day, and think your argument perfectly sound, that the removal of slavery may be effected by an amendment of the Constitution. Our friend's question, whether a power exist to establish slavery everywhere, is, *first*, as foolish as to ask if the amendment could be made denying in a bill of rights every one of the commandments, and, *secondly*, the power to establish slavery everywhere was not contemplated by men who formed a union 'to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty.'

"I write to-day in full recollection of the noble battle which we fought together against the attack on the liberties of Texas. Let me now most earnestly entreat you and advise with you, to record your vote in favor of the amendment of the Constitution for removing the cause of this rebellion.

"It is the part of justice. It is the part of peace; nothing else will quiet the South. When the matter is fixed, they will see what they must renounce, and will acquiesce. The measure is the only one which can restore prosperity to the South; punish slavery and then we can cherish the former slave-holder. The use of slave labor, as you know, locked the gates of the South against the free laborer; remove slavery, and the tide of free labor will rush towards the South with surprising swiftness. In ten years Virginia will be more peopled and richer than she ever was before. Texas will be our Italy.

"We Democrats are right in the coming financial questions, and the country knows it. You cannot present the issue of the finances till the slavery question is settled, and that question can be settled but in one way. Do away with slavery, and the Democrats will be borne into power on the wings of their sound principles of finance.

"You may jar on a few; you will come into public life again if you do but sustain this amendment. The progress of opinion on the subject is truly wonderful; the removal of slavery is now looked upon here as the wisest counsel of conservatism.

"Do not, my friend, let your name be registered as one who defeats this measure. It will stand out to all time; and your children, and your friends, and your political supporters, and you yourself would regret it, almost as soon as your vote should be recorded.

"You know I have no fanaticism. I view this matter calmly, bringing out and applying the rules which history furnishes and which are as fixed and immutable as the laws of the material universe. The path of wisdom, of patriotism, of peace, of future success, leads now through the abolition of slavery by an amendment of the Constitution.

"Listen to what I say, and if you take the advice of one who may plead his age in excuse of his importunity, you will soon own me to be the best friend and counselor you ever had in your life.

"Faithfully yours,

"GEO. BANCROFT."

Throughout the civil war Bancroft was an ardent patriot, and delivered before Congress in February, 1866, a eulogy on the life and career of Lincoln as sympathetic and stately as that which he had pronounced from the porch of the Capitol many years before on the character and services of Jackson. The reconstruction measures of Andrew Johnson met with his hearty support, and in 1867 he was sent as Minister to Berlin to establish the right of the immigrant German Americans to renounce

their old allegiance and accept an exclusive American citizenship. It was against the usage of Germany and against the policy of the War Department of Prussia and all the other North German States. If the German American revisited his old home, he was liable to be seized and forced to do all the military service which, by the laws of Germany, could have been required of him, had he not emigrated. Bancroft was to obtain relief in the case. The argument that weighed much with Bismarck for granting the wish of the United States was, that the Germans in America might not be interrupted in their domestic intercourse with their parents, with their brethren, with the members of their families who remained at home; but the question assumed a special importance, as it was the first time that by a formal act the principle of the renunciation of citizenship at the will of the individual was recognized. But the desire to be on amiable terms with the United States and to promote the continuance of affectionate intercourse between those Germans who had elected the United States for their home and the friends whom they had left behind them prevailed with Bismarck.

The British Minister kept watch over the negotiation, with the determination to abide by the result of the treaty. The first result of Bancroft's success was to relieve German-Americans from military service in Germany. The next good result was immediate; namely, the renunciation by England of her claim to indefeasible allegiance, and to the right to impress into the British service a former British subject who had become an American citizen. The North-western boundary having been settled by treaty, Bancroft, while United States Minister in Great Britain, had perceived an incipient effort of a great English interest to encroach on the territory which had been acknowledged by the treaty to be a part of the United States. Just before the British administration had entered on the design to disturb the recent treaty, he took occasion in a dispatch to that government to make, incidentally, an official statement of the true interpretation of the section, without even a hint that there could be any controversy about it. In that way the passage in the dispatch did not provoke an answer; but there was left in the English archives an official description of what the boundary was under the hand of one who was in the American Cabinet at the time the treaty was made. By and by the importunities of interested persons in England, who possessed a great party influence, began to make themselves heard, and the British Government by degrees supported the attempt to raise a question respecting the true line of the boundary of the North-west, and finally formulated a perverse claim of their own, with a view to obtain what they wanted as a compromise.

The American administration had of course changed, and the President and his Cabinet, having had no part in the negotiation, agreed to refer the question to an arbiter. They made the mistake of consenting that the arbiter, if there was uncertainty as to the true boundary line, might himself establish a boundary of compromise. The person to whom the settlement of the dispute was to be referred was the President of the Republic of Switzerland. The American Secretary of State chanced to die while the method of arrangement was still inchoate. Bancroft at once wrote to the new Secretary, urging him not to accept the proposal of a compromise, because that would seem to admit an uncertainty as to the American title, and to sanction and even invite a decision of the arbiter in favor of a compromise, and would open the way for England, under an appearance of concession, to obtain all that she needed. Being at the time United States Minister at the court of Prussia, he advised the Government to insist on the American claim in full, not to listen to the proposal for a compromise, but to let each party formulate its claim, and call on the arbiter to decide which was right, and urged it to select for that arbiter the Emperor of Germany. Now the new Department of State had never accepted the plan of settling the dispute by a compromise. They were willing for a reference, if each State would insist, each for itself, on its own interpretation of the treaty. The Department of State at once consented that the referee should be the Emperor of Germany, and left the whole matter of carrying out the American argument to Bancroft. The conduct of the question, the first presentation of the case, as well as the reply to the British, were every word by him, and the decision of the Emperor of Germany was unreservedly in favor of the United States.*

HISTORICAL WORK.

BUT Bancroft's work as an historian is even more important and interesting than his eminent public services. Indeed, to many his career as a statesman and diplomatist will seem almost providential in the opportunities

* This imperfect sketch of Bancroft's public life is necessarily short, but it is believed to be accurate. It is based, as indeed the entire article thus far has been, in part and chiefly on records of conversations between him and the writer, held at intervals since 1873, and in part on memoranda kindly furnished by Bancroft himself. In the most important matters, the latter have often been used verbatim in this article.

it has given him for examining and collecting the materials upon which his most philosophic, thorough, and painstaking history of American origins has been based. He was, indeed, first led to devote himself to the writing of American history because there was no other field where he could so advantageously apply the principles so important in the use of original authorities. The germination of our national life was scarcely complete when he arrived at manhood, and he lived in the very midst of its growth and development. It is essentially characteristic of Bancroft that he was led to the writing of history by motives of a kind which are not those of the great school of merely artistic historians. Once determined to be a man of letters, after struggles of mind which led to the most thorough self-examination, he set his face toward a single aim. Though much entreated, he wrote next to nothing for the journals and periodical press after his resolution was taken. No doubt his father's "Life of Washington" had some influence in the choice of history from among the various departments of literature, and it will interest believers in heredity to know that a son of his first American ancestor mentioned in his will and made a special provision for "his history-books." But the commanding motive was a regard for history as a discipline of philosophy. The only test of philosophic truth is to examine the collective will of mankind, purged from the conflicting doubts, passions, and emotions of individuals. There is the same conservation of force in the moral as in the physical world; you must, therefore, seek a power universal from all eternity. One great test of Christianity is, that it has the principle which, in spite of any intermixture of human civilization, is the source of all good. This eternal reason, shorn of the imperfections inherent in man, is the infinite, perfect, enduring logos. The Christian incarnation makes practical the doctrine of the Trinity. The spark of the divine in us enables us to arrive at the knowledge of the infinitely perfect, and by what is divine in man we are younger brethren of the Elder Brother, who is all divine. Bancroft's devotion to Kant as well as Edwards is explained by the fact that, meeting the skeptics on their own ground, Kant, still proves the existence of *a priori* truth and of *a priori* synthetic judgments. His standpoint, therefore, as an historian, is that of the newer scientific school, which views history as a unit, its forces as constant, and their manifestations as parts of an organized whole. Every individual must have his place in the picture, but the background is the history of the race.

The next important factor in Bancroft's choice of a profession was beyond a doubt the influence of Heeren. In fact, if it were not acknowledged frankly as it is, there would be no difficulty in the attempt to trace it. Heeren's great rules were two: first, distinguish between original authorities (*Quellen*) and historical aids (*Hülfsmittel*); second, represent every man from his own stand-point, and then criticise him as much as you choose from yours. Original authorities are those who were on the spot and did or saw what constitutes the facts given or else heard from another who was on the spot. Historical aids may be illustrated, for the sake of example, by the decisions of the Supreme Court in the interpretation of the Constitution. As Bancroft himself has said, the tests of a historian are those of time and place—the when, the where—and of the actor—the by whom. Heeren's method also was a development and ordering of events with a view to the mastery of the whole. He used geography not so much with reference to political divisions as to physical contours and their incidental effects in producing governmental divisions. He was always calm, deliberate, moderate, except on rare occasions, when he could be very emphatic. Once, in speaking of the Spartans at Thermopylæ, he said that some strategists thought they should have retreated, and then grimly and vigorously remarked, "No doubt there would have been a retreat had the critics been in their places."

Bancroft's purpose to devote himself to the history of America was definitely formed before he left Round Hill. The first volume was begun in Northampton, and for the sake of access to books he removed to Springfield and spent the following winter in Boston, where he worked in the State Library, in the Athenæum, and at Cambridge. The same plan and thoroughness characterize his earliest work as much almost as that of his ripest years. He seems to have gone at everything exhaustively; certainly, his readers will testify that he spared no pains. He read with care in order to form his style, as extensively, in all likelihood, as even Prescott. The works of Burke were always near at hand. Milton has, however, always been his solace and delight. He is said to know by heart "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas," and long passages from the "Paradise Lost." He also read Bacon constantly. In conversation I have heard him wonder how Milton could have leaned to Arianism when he had a mind too great to write prose, or how Bacon could have ever shown such weakness for the world as to be at times the miserable temporizer that he was: he was one of the wisest men that ever lived. Harriet Martineau had a solid foundation for the remarkable characterization of

Bancroft's work even in its inception. She says: * "The Americans have also a historian of promise. Mr. Bancroft's 'History of the United States' is little more than begun, but the beginning is characterized by an impartial and benevolent spirit, and by the indications which it affords of the author's fidelity to democratic principles: the two primary requisites in a historian of the republic. The carrying on the work to a completion will be a task of great toil and anxiety, but it will be a most important benefit to society at large, if it fulfills its promise."

The work was successful from the beginning because it was done in a spirit so sincere and philosophical. It met with a reception which was most gratifying at home, and in Europe its popularity was remarkable. The first three volumes were translated into Danish, Italian, and German by translators who obtained the author's permission. It was done into French without his knowledge, and sent into the South American colonies to further the awakening spirit of Liberty. There was a Scotch edition in two volumes and an English one on which the author received copyright royalty until the courts decided that as an American he was not entitled to it. It was natural, therefore, that when Bancroft went to England as Minister he was warmly received by both men of letters and the historic families. It was while visiting at the great houses that much of his material was collected. Lord Lansdowne in particular gave him free access in his own house to the whole of Lord Shelburne's papers. He was intimate with Peel and Palmerston and knew both Disraeli and Gladstone, who was at that time the great gladiator of the House. Bancroft had in the mean time married again. His second wife, who lived to a ripe old age and died only a few months since, was the daughter of a distinguished and wealthy merchant of Boston and a woman of remarkable education and charming manners. In every way a suitable and helpful companion to her distinguished husband, their life in England was a social triumph throughout. When they left, Macaulay gave a breakfast to Mrs. Bancroft at the Albany, the only instance of such an attention on his part to any lady.

It was the habit of Milman, Hallam, Macaulay, and Lord Mahon to breakfast together once a week. Bancroft was nearly always with them. The intercourse of those meetings was intimate and delightful, in spite of the widely different characters of the friends and their still more varying ability. Lord Mahon's History has already fallen into the oblivion which it merits. Hallam's work, though often rousing opposition as to its conclusions, is as sincere and thorough as his character was lovely. Dean Milman has taken his place among the masters of history. Macaulay's researches were made in the fairest spirit, and his memory was of course phenomenal, but his strong prejudices being a part of himself, his History is but a great epic of the rise, growth, and triumph of the Whigs. Its dazzling qualities will certainly insure its immortality as a splendid literary creation and prolong the renown of its author. He was a magnificent painter, but no believer in a philosophy of history or in philosophical history. In Bancroft's work there lie the qualities of permanency, and so long has it been before the world and stood the test of critical examination that we might almost say the judgment of posterity had already been pronounced.

During his term of office in London, Bancroft was accustomed to spend two months of every winter in Paris, where he made many friends. It was then he first met Thiers, of whom he once asked how many republicans there were in Paris. "Just as many as there are of your compatriots," was the reply. When they met again in 1867, the first words Thiers uttered were, "Ah, Mr. Bancroft, you will find many more republicans in France now than when you last were here." It was during these first visits to Paris that Bancroft's collections from archives first began to take form. From 1830 he had collected original domestic papers and letters from all possible sources. But the famous collection of state papers from the French archives, since published by his early friend the Comte de Circourt, whose countess had what is considered the last of the famous French *salons*, was begun and completed through the influence of friends made at that time. When offer of payment for the work was made, the answer was, "Oh, no, we have a lot of young men here whom we have in training; it will be good practice for them." On the other hand, the English Foreign Office and our own State Department have a fixed charge for all such work. Of original and copied documents there are in Bancroft's library five hundred and more bound volumes. Besides the copies from the American, English, and French archives, there are others from those of Austria, Holland, Spain, and Russia. This is, of course, exclusive of the twelve thousand printed volumes which form his proper working library.

While therefore Bancroft's mission to England was marked by no diplomatic work of commanding importance, it was nevertheless most influential in his literary career by reason both of the opportunities he had for contact with great minds and for forming his collec-

* "Society in America," II. p. 212.

tion from public and private archives in England and France. The most of his fourth and fifth volumes was written in London, and in 1849 he was made Doctor of Common Laws by the University of Oxford. On his return to America he settled in New York, where he continued to live for many years. Surrounded by the materials he had gathered with such care and from the very fountain-head, he put forth volume after volume of his exhaustive work. In 1860 appeared the eighth volume, which brought the history to the outbreak of the Revolution, and the ninth in 1866. The literary circle of New York was most kind in its welcome of the historian, but the most cherished of all his friends during that period with whom he constantly associated in close and intimate intercourse was the late Professor Henry B. Smith. A man of untiring industry and great ability, his mind was stored with treasures from the thought of the world, and in particular he was versed as few Americans have been in the intricacies of German thought. In his clear comprehension of the force of ideas and the devout spirit with which he approached the study of all human interests, Bancroft found a congenial sphere of thought, and their relations were a mutual solace and refreshment amid the arduous labors of both. Their religious views, moreover, were very similar, slight and unimportant differences only serving to heighten the interest with which they discussed and often molded the thought of our day on the most vital questions in their peculiar spheres.

It would be impossible to give any adequate idea of the literary life of Berlin during the period which includes the years from 1868 to 1874 without constant reference to the part which the United States Minister had in that life. The connection between the literary and political circles of Berlin is very close. The Government has a just pride in its most famous university, and finds a return for its lavish expenditure in the services which the distinguished professors ungrudgingly render in every direction, but especially in those of public and private law and as legislators in the Prussian and Imperial Parliaments and in the city councils of Berlin. In fact, this connection is traditional. Macaulay sneers at the father of Frederic the Great and regards his "beer-congresses" as orgies. Bancroft says they were no such thing. The king was a Calvinist; he wished to keep down taxation, and lived, therefore, with the frugality of a private man. But he invited to meet him and chose as his friends the greatest men of the day in letters and science. They met around a long table, each with his pipe and his can of beer, and there the king listened to the most splendid theories which the thought of the day could offer. It was to this Calvinism that Prussia's great advance was due. Where Calvinism is, there is liberty. Calvinism depends on no dynasty; Lutheranism depends on princes. The system of civil service instituted by Frederic William I. was the finest in Europe, and endures in great part to this day. While, therefore, the court and diplomatic circles are among the most ceremonious of Europe, there is an inner circle where letters and statesmanship combine as probably nowhere else in the world. And of that circle Bancroft for many reasons became a member. He was found at the private entertainments of the palace when no other foreign diplomat was invited. He often took his horseback rides with Bismarck and visited him in the retirement of his own home at Varzin, where no member of the diplomatic corps except Bancroft was ever received. Having pointed out Moltke's greatness as a captain in a former introduction to his ninth volume, the great general gave in return his hearty and sincere friendship. And of the closer literary and scientific circle Bancroft's house and table were a constant meeting-place. Helmholtz, Mommsen, Droysen, Dorner, and all the rest were constantly there. It was in great measure due to this intimacy with the foremost men in the formative period of German unity that he lost the friendship of many who had before received him with regard in France. During the Franco-Prussian war he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation at Göttingen. Among other congratulations was a telegram from Bismarck in the field. To this he replied in the following letter:

"BERLIN, September 30th, 1870.

"MY DEAR COUNT: I was equally surprised and delighted that while you are tasked with the work of renovating Europe, you yet found time to send me lately a friendly congratulation on my being spared so long. It is indeed a great happiness to survive till these times, when three or four men, who loved nothing so much as peace, and after long and hard service were only seeking to close their career in tranquillity, win during a war of defense more military glory than the wildest imagination conceived of, and in three months bid fair to bring the German hope of a thousand years to its fulfillment.

"So I gratefully accept the good-will conceded to my old age; for old age, which is always nearest to Eternity, is this year mightiest on earth, this German war being conducted to its ends by the aged. You, to be sure, are young; but Roon must be classed among the venerables; Moltke is within twenty-three days as old as I am; and your king in years and youthfulness excels us all. May I not be proud of my contemporaries? Retain for me your regard in the little time that remains to me. I am ever, my dear Count, most sincerely yours, "GEORGE BANCROFT."

Bismarck gave the letter to the German press. It was translated back into English

and printed in the London "Times," read by the French, and contained to their irritated minds a meaning which was never in the writer's thoughts.

No man ever celebrated a greater triumph than Bancroft in the last days of his life in Berlin. Souvenirs and mementos poured in from the emperor, empress, and the court, while his friends vied in doing him honor. The Royal Academy gathered for an unwonted purpose — to give him a farewell dinner, where words of affection and appreciation were spoken by the aristocracy of German letters to the great representative of America. Finally the universities of Munich, Berlin, and Heidelberg united in a farewell greeting, the words of which contain sentiments which might satisfy the most soaring ambition.

"Your name is the intellectual possession of every one among us. You have contributed to the more complete understanding of the problems set for a free people in that, as one of the foremost historians, you have portrayed those immortal deeds which led to the rise of a great free State beyond the sea, and which will find in every age a response in the hearts of free-minded men. We feel a just pride that you may be numbered among those who most thoroughly appreciate German science. . . . We can recall with satisfaction your name to prove that as the representative of the United States you combined the spirit of true scientific procedure with the insight of a statesman."

There follow a few more paragraphs in the same style, and the document is signed by over ninety professors.

The years since 1874 have been spent in Washington and Newport. They have been probably the most laborious of his life. The same habits of work, which in the midst of and throughout his public life enabled him still to find time for writing, continue even now. Rising about five, he seats himself at his desk and prepares the work of the day. About seven a light breakfast is set at his side and eaten without interrupting the course of work. At eight his secretary arrives, to find an ample day's task arranged before him. Dictation, revision, verification of authorities continue till two in the afternoon, luncheon, if any, having been brought in like the breakfast. Then follow the two hours of outdoor exercise, walking, driving, or more likely riding, with which no hindrance of weather or anything except sickness is permitted to interfere. The rest of the day, till ten, is given to social intercourse. Bancroft's method of composition is the most laborious and painstaking conceivable. He hoped, of course, to have come much further, and believes our history can be written down to 1865. But he has sacrificed all to thoroughness. From every available source the facts are selected, verified, and copied into day-books, of which there is one for every year with several capacious pages for every day. Then the historical aids are gathered on every hand. Having made himself thoroughly familiar with both, he dictates a text, which is immediately revised and corrected by his own hand, copied by a clerk, and laid away. Oftentimes seven revisions and corrections of important passages have been made before the copy reached the printer. Here is an example of his tirelessness recently given in a leading newspaper:

"The whole subject of Indian customs, manners, etc., has been developed through the labors of antiquarians, within, say, the past twenty years. Little was known at the time Mr. Bancroft wrote the earlier volumes of his history, and the account given there of the aborigines was necessarily written with limited knowledge. When he began the present revision — in which he is pruning off remorselessly many of the flowers of rhetoric with which he adorned and perhaps over-adorned the pages in his younger days — he secured the coöperation of the most learned Indian ethnologist in the country. The book was critically examined on this topic, and every deficiency sternly brought to view. Then Mr. Bancroft set to work to master the subject for himself, and when he had read every book and periodical article he could find in the Congressional Library, and every book he could buy, he felt that he could venture to write upon it."

During this last period the "History of the Constitution," in two volumes, has been written, and an exhaustive revision of his entire work in the light of our latest knowledge has been given to the public; and at present he is as busy with his gigantic task as ever, recording the work of the early administrations and his estimate of the relative powers of the great statesmen who guided us in the dark, groping period of our national life. Ranke used to say that he worked on his Universal History from pure laziness, because he had nothing else to do; and though it was a fine paradox, it was true. But Bancroft has plenty to do outside of his routine. He has time to preside over the American Historical Society and retain a lively interest in his friends. His constant watch on all new movements in politics and science is proved by the pamphlet on the legal-tender decisions of the Supreme Court, which appeared but a short while since, and by the articles he sends from time to time to the magazines. He is still alert and ready; his library is constantly enriched by the newest books; and while performing literary feats that scarcely find a parallel, he can still retain seat in the saddle, which augurs well for the preservation of life and the prolongation of work.

William M. Sloane.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Tyranny that cannot Live in America.

FAMILY and other similar influences are, no doubt, a potent factor still in England and other countries of Europe in securing advancement, but they have been losing ground steadily for a century past. Merit is continually gaining force at the expense of other influences, and every year makes a stronger contrast to the state of affairs a hundred years ago. Then the private soldier had no hopes of rising; the officer grounded his hopes of promotion on the power of his family, on the length of his purse, on the superior immorality of the influences which he could bring to bear, on almost anything, in short, except his usefulness to the state. The English army was probably about the best of all; but what a picture does Junius draw of its system of promotion! "If it be generosity to accumulate in his own person and family a number of lucrative employments; to provide at the public expense for every creature that bears the name of Manners, and, neglecting the merit and services of the rest of the army, to heap promotions upon his favorites and dependents, the present commander-in-chief is the most generous man alive. . . . If the discipline of the army be in any degree preserved, what thanks are due to a man whose cares, notoriously confined to filling up vacancies, have degraded the office of commander-in-chief into a broker of commissions?" "In emergencies," wrote Lord Grenville, bitterly, "we have no general, but some old woman in a red ribbon." Wellington's dispatches show how powerful extraneous influences were in the English appointment system; who is to describe that of Prussia or Austria or Russia?

Into this placid system of favoritism there entered a whirlwind in the shape of the French Republican armies. Here favoritism was at a heavy discount; the rise of the sons of tavern-keepers, butchers, and tailors to be victorious generals, dukes, and princes, and even petty kings, paled before the career of the little Corsican lieutenant of artillery, who in ten years fought his way to the empire of a continent. Every French soldier, it was said, carried the baton of a marshal of France in his knapsack. His advancement was limited only by his opportunities or his abilities, and he fought as no other private soldier had yet fought. He was obedient, for he expected some day to command. He was ingenious, inventive, reckless of danger, indifferent to privation or physical suffering: what were such obstacles as these to a man who had before him a constant hope of securing their highest rewards? And in the ceaseless wreck of military reputations which for years kept the easy-going courts of Europe in almost continual mourning, it was the French soldier rather than the French general who did the work.

Since the French revolutionary epoch, its cardinal lesson has been ground into the armies of Europe not only, but into every department of administration and industry the world over. Civil-service reform is but a small phase of a far larger process. It has been found by experience that all the work of a people is done better and more efficiently according as the individual is spurred on by the highest hopes of individual advancement as his personal reward. Every rise of a rail-splitter to the presidency stimulates a multitude of friendless boys to rely on their unaided efforts. Every rise of a workman to be a manufacturer and employer stimulates a multitude of workmen to higher endeavors and keener foresight. Every appointment to a judgeship on merit alone stimulates a multitude of lawyers to harder work and greater devotion to the public interests. The tendency has not been, as a certain class of minds is fond of representing it, an empty worship of Demos, a sop to the credulous vanity of the people; it is due to the people's instinctive perception of the fact that equality of opportunity brings a differentiation of natural abilities, and secures to the state the best results of the greatest natural powers.

All classes of society, with a single exception, have learned the lesson thoroughly, and applied it; organized labor alone refuses to admit its truth, and strives to resist its application. A fundamental object of the English trades-unions has always been to cut out high individual ability from having any influence on the question of wages; and the American trades-unions, as they develop, show the same tendencies as their English prototypes. Mr. Thornton and Sir William Erle's British Commission of 1867 have collected a mass of testimony, documentary and otherwise, which has never been contradicted or explained away. The unions struggle against piecework, unless the additional wages be divided among the workmen of the room or shop. They forbid a workman of one trade to do a stroke of work in another, no matter how pressing the necessity or how great the consequent loss. They encourage the ordinary workman's instinctive repulsion to improvements in machinery, or the use of more powerful natural agencies. "Not besting one's mates" has by several unions been made the subject of special enactment. "You are strictly cautioned," said a by-law of the Bradford Bricklayers' Laborers, "not to overstep good rules by doing double work, and causing others to do the same, in order to gain a smile from the master. Such foolhardy and deceitful actions leave a great portion of good members out of employment. Certain individuals have been guilty, who will be expelled if they do not refrain." The Manchester Bricklayers' Association had a rule providing that any man found running, or working beyond a regular speed, "shall be fined two shillings and sixpence for the first offense, five shillings for the second, ten shillings for the third, and if still persisting shall be dealt with as the committee think proper." At Liverpool a bricklayer's laborer might legally carry as many as twelve bricks at a time. Elsewhere ten was the greatest number allowed. But at Leeds, "any brother in the union professing to carry more than the common number, which is eight bricks, shall be fined one

shilling"; and any brother "knowing the same, without giving the earliest information thereof to the committee of management, shall be fined the same." During the building of the Manchester Law Courts, the bricklayers' laborers struck because they were desired to wheel bricks instead of carrying them on their shoulders.

All this has been within public knowledge for twenty years; the professed advocates of the unions have never denied its truth or announced any reformation, but have contented themselves with pointing out asserted parallel restrictions in the professions; and every American employer who has much to do with the unions knows that the American unions go as far on the same road as they see a possibility of success. It is within a few months that the workmen in a New York jewelry factory struck and compelled their employers to give up all phases of the piece-system. Every labor journal contains letters denouncing some arrangement to enable smart workmen to earn higher wages as a scheme of the bosses to grind the faces of the ordinary workmen; every invention is an item in this supposed conspiracy, and every workman who takes charge of a labor-saving machine is regarded as a party to it. The rules of the union are the product of a majority vote, and what chance has the smart, capable workman of influencing the majority vote? It is the "smart," pipe-laying demagogue who controls the majority vote; and his surest chance of doing it is to support rules which seem to the ordinary workman likely to obtain for him the same wages as the workman of exceptional abilities. If it cannot yet be said with truth that the cardinal object of the unions is to secure entire uniformity of wages to all workmen, good and bad alike, it is quite safe to say that no rules have so enthusiastic support from the unions as those which seem likely to bring about that result; and that no men have so little influence with the unions as those who seem likely to impede such a result.

In the long run, such a tendency is most injurious to those whom it professes to benefit. The unions have not yet come, except by indirection, to dispute the right of the employer to discharge whom he pleases when decrease of work compels a reduction of force. Suppose wages are reduced to a condition of entire equality, and the exasperating spectacle of extra or higher wages has disappeared; who shall be chosen for discharge when a reduction of force becomes necessary? Evidently the less efficient workmen, and the more efficient workmen are retained, and that at the average wage. The poor workman has reaped no enduring advantage; the good workman, reduced to a cart-horse round of hopeless labor, does not and cannot show the best that is in him; and the employer, hampered by unnatural restrictions, cannot do his work with advantage, or put himself into a position where the unions can use the striking power with any prospect of permanent success. The system injures everybody concerned, and yet it seems to be an inevitable accompaniment of the irresponsible majority vote of the unions.

But, though the poor workman reaps no permanent gain from the system, the good workman does incur a permanent loss. It is altogether against his interest to enter any such organization, conducted as it is on principles opposed to all the current of the world's development for the past century. It is a return to the family politics and favoritism of the last century, the favor of the union taking the place of the favor of the government. Each is as fatal to real individual ability as the other. What, then, shall we say of the methods by which skilled workmen are forced into such organizations, of the cry of "scab," of the pelting and beating, the maimings, even the murders, by which examples are made to guide the decision of workmen as yet untested, of the persecution of wife and children, by which life is made a burden until the union is entered? A demand on a skilled workman for a percentage of his wages for the benefit of his less capable associates might at least be not intolerable: the additional burden might be an incitement to more than equivalent exertions, and a real increase of wages. But here he is forced into a system under which he must bear the burden without any hope of recouping it by extra exertions. Is this organized labor, or organized robbery?

No more important or excellent work can be done by labor organizations than that of teaching their indifferent members that they and their children have a personal advantage, not a personal injury, in the superior capacity of some of their comrades. And, if the lesson be not taught or not heeded, public opinion must speak promptly and emphatically in condemnation of the injury which its skilled labor is daily receiving at the hands of unworthy men. Labor is the life of the country; and he who dishonors it with this opprobrious name of "scab" is the lineal descendant of the slave-driver of ante-bellum times; their community of feeling is due to almost exactly similar reasons.

We believe that no periodical of the kind has paid more attention than has THE CENTURY to the labor question, or shown greater sympathy with all who work. But we shall never cease to protest against tyranny, whether exercised by combined capital or by combined labor. And we shall do all we can to hasten the day when these imported methods of keeping down laboring men to a dead level of energy and opportunity shall be utterly eliminated. The Statue of Liberty at the gate of the new world will be a shameful fraud if the first principles of individual freedom are to be defied by the very men who should most jealously guard the liberty which our Constitution guarantees to every American citizen. What the workingmen need to-day is not leaders who preach the gospel of the dead level, or flaunt before their eyes doubtful theories and panaceas of "reform," but rather leaders of the type of Lincoln, who study their needs, sympathize with their burdens, and illustrate in their own lives the upward path of free, honorable, and self-respectful labor. The dead Lincoln is a better leader than the live theorist or demagogue.

The Blot on the 'Scutcheon.

IF one hour is ever more timely than another to sue for justice, there are strong reasons why the opening of the present session of Congress is an especially fortunate time for one more effort, in the long series of efforts which American writers have made, to obtain from Congress a just and adequate recognition of the property of an author in the product of his brain. Among these reasons are:

1. The subject was never so generally understood as

now. During the past year the work of the American Copyright League, for three years ably carried on under the secretaryship of Mr. G. P. Lathrop, has made, under the efficient direction of his successor, George Walton Green, Esq., marked and practical progress, both in the general forwarding of the reform and in the forcible presentation to the attention of Congress of a simple and workable measure. The press of the country — which, from the establishment of the League, has borne a most honorable part in the movement — has responded with vigorous aid to the latest calls upon it. The merits of the reform have been made clear to President Cleveland, and he has added his exhortation to those of his predecessors for speedy attention to the subject. The committee of the League, representing the large body of American authors, has advanced the reform by the spirit of friendliness which it has exhibited toward other interests, while at the same time it has very properly declined to consider it a part of its duty to urge their case; nor has anything been done to impair the confidence of the writing fraternity that its interests and honor are in safe and prudent hands. For the first time in the history of the movement a full hearing has been accorded to authors as such by a committee of Congress. In the conference which was held before the Senate Committee on Patents in January last, the League was fortunate in having for its chief spokesman an advocate who — to the credit of the guild of authorship, be it said — was in nothing more entirely their representative than in demanding the reform on the highest ground of morality. By those whose political code never rises above the stop-gap theory, Mr. Lowell would perhaps be called derisively an idealist. It is not the provision for the present emergency which enlists his interest, but the final establishment of the principle involved. He is not one of those (to quote his own words)

> "Whose love of right is for themselves
> And not for all the world";

and as ideality always excites emulation (and sometimes blushes), his resolute speech before the committee put the question on a higher plane in the minds of his hearers, and, along with the reënforcements of other friends of the reform, has advanced the cause to the point where it can no longer be ignored by Congress. Another practical result of the conference is that it has committed to the principle of International Copyright the chief body from which opposition to the principle was to be expected; so that, if we except a theorist or two of inherited economic squint, all parties concerned have now virtually declared themselves before Congress in favor of the reform. It is therefore difficult to see how — without unpatriotic, almost criminal indifference on the part of Congress — the requisite legislation can be postponed beyond the present session.

2. Another reason for prompt action lies in the fact that during the past year the rest of the civilized world has put the seal of shame upon us anew by uniting, at the Berne Copyright Conference, in an international arrangement which is at once the most definite recognition and complete protection of literary property in existence. From this honorable compact the United States Government alone has excluded itself, the State Department not having felt at liberty to commit itself to a convention the subject of which was at the time prominent before Congress in the form of the copyright bill of Mr. Dorsheimer. During the past summer England, in addition to her action with the other powers, adopted a comprehensive, and in the present condition of English affairs, a most statesmanlike, measure of intercolonial copyright, superseding all her previous legislation and making uniform for the mother country and her dependencies the provisions relating to the ownership of copyright property. In both compacts the way is left open for us to obtain their advantages at any time. That the present shameful condition of affairs is not likely to exist for many years longer is evident from the daily increasing injury it entails upon the legitimate book trade. When would be a better time to terminate it than now? The committee of the Senate has with most praiseworthy interest and patience heard all sides of the copyright question and is probably ready to report. *Why should it not report both bills to the Senate* and let us have a full, free, and final consideration of a subject which, with the most honorable support from the cultivated classes, has never yet reached in the Senate the point of discussion on its merits? This is all that the friends of the League bill have asked, and this, it seems to us, is not an unreasonable demand. It is to be hoped that no senator will be found who will not be willing to devote time and attention to the practical consummation of so good a cause, and that the measure will not be left till the last of the session, to be swept aside by the appropriation bills.

3. A cogent argument for immediate attention to the subject lies in the recent growth of the communistic movement in America. The laws of property which give stability to life and hope to the worker have never been so formidably attacked as within the past year. The chief argument against International Copyright — an argument which appeals not so much to the reason as to the indifference of legislators — is that the absence of copyright makes books cheap. But is not the League right in urging that this is in itself a communistic principle: that we may refuse protection to foreign property if the uncompensated appropriation of it be, as is alleged, for the public good? Reduce communism to its least common denominator, and it is simply wanting something for nothing — a sentiment at war with self-respect, and thus an element of weakness in any individual or nation. It is unbelievable that this sentiment should affect to any great extent the Congress of the United States, the curator of our national honor. And what obligation has Congress to give the people cheap books more than cheap beer? Let us hope that, in the coming political conflict with communism, when Senators and members of Congress shall rise from their seats to denounce it, this blot on the escutcheon will have been removed, so that there will be no occasion to say to them: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

How Prohibition Grows.

MOST Americans are as yet rather indifferent on the subject of the license or prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors. Either they see little of immediate importance in it, or they are waiting to see whether Prohibition can be enforced, if it is enacted into law;

or they are still content to adopt without much question whatever position their customary political party may see fit to take on the question. There is, however, an increasing number of persons whose minds are distinctly made up, who are pronounced Prohibitionists; and the fact that their numbers are increasing ought to make it interesting to consider the influences through which this increase is taking place. For these influences are quite different from those which affect the ordinary political fortunes of the country. Political parties usually find speeches and contagious enthusiasm good, but printed documents better; oratory and the printing-press are their legitimate weapons of warfare. How many men have been converted by a Prohibition speech or a Prohibition document? Very many, no doubt; but no extended investigation will be necessary to show that such conversions have been more commonly due to some organized effort of the manufacturers or vendors of intoxicating liquors to protect their own interests. When a National Brewers' Convention or a State Liquor Dealers' Protective Association, or any kindred body, interferes successfully in an election, or raises a fund for the legal or political protection of its interests, or passes a series of resolutions which seem calculated to act as a menace to doubtful voters, the telegraphic dispatches are not only carrying the news through the country, but are everywhere operating on the feelings of men hitherto uninterested, and preparing them to vote at the first opportunity against the "Liquor Interest." The results come in every variety of form. In most cases they probably produce only a feeling of anger against the party which has been the agent of the organization; in a smaller number there appears a somewhat vague willingness to appear as the public opponent of "the saloon in politics"; a still smaller number will account for the steady increase in the absolute Prohibition vote. But the process is the same in all, and almost any man can verify the statement of it within the sphere of his personal acquaintance.

The situation is a startling echo of some of the features of the anti-slavery contest. In that struggle, also, the attacked party was a body of men, not formally organized, but bound to common action by great common interests. Its consequent discipline gave it the ability to secure great initial advantages; but it never gained one of these without having its success reflected in a rise of the tide which opposed it. Its true policy was to seek sedulously the shelter of retirement from public view, and to sacrifice almost any advantage, however tempting, which would bring it into public collision with an opposition whose moral aspect could not but be respected, however troublesome it might be in practice. Such a policy was its only possible salvation or reprieve; and yet it was just the policy which was impossible of adoption as soon as the number of slaveholders ceased to be small. The larger it became, the more impossible was it to prevent organized or common action by a number of slave-holders so considerable as to force the bulk of their fellows, with or against their will, into reënforcing them; and so the struggle went on widening to its inevitable conclusion. Who can avoid seeing the parallel in the present case of the liquor-dealers? The larger their numbers become, the more difficult is it to check ambitious or heedless individuals in their efforts to precipitate public conflicts which can operate only to add to the pronounced opposition. Organization means action; and every public action is but a step on the road to destruction. It does not follow that the parallel must necessarily be carried to the same conclusion. If the question is presented often and strongly enough, it may be taken as certain that the mass of voters at present uninterested will side against the liquor-dealers; an American people committed, after full deliberation, to the support of drunkenness, is hardly conceivable. But everything will depend on whether the stream of opposition is to remain a narrow torrent of absolute Prohibition, or is to spread out into the broad reservoir of high license and moral opposition to "the saloon."

The settlement of this final question will depend very much on the power, for it is a power, which is now engaged in the defense of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the United States. It may, if it will, make this a Prohibition country. Its best friends, if the expression be permissible, could not, to be sure, induce it to pursue the only policy which would insure it a peaceable, though unostentatious, existence; but its most eager enemies could not ask a more happy dispatch for it than will certainly come from a violent resistance. Buying legislatures is bad; buying voters by wholesale is worse; but to undertake to check the Prohibition movement by shooting its apostles or setting fire to their houses is simply suicidal. One such case in Iowa last summer probably made more Prohibition voters than all the Prohibition speeches up to date. Nothing but this policy is wanted to prevent Prohibition from ever thinning out into some modified remedy. It is not difficult at any time to prove "the saloon" to be an enemy of morality: let it now prove itself to be a public enemy, and the end will no longer be difficult to predict.

Much may be done by the Prohibitionists also to determine the final question. The common charge against them is that of unreasonableness. A very large measure of this criticism has certainly come from the anxiety of politicians that their party necessities or convenience shall rank as modifying circumstances, to be tenderly considered by the Prohibitionists, and from the refusal of the Prohibitionists to do anything of the sort. Quite apart from all this, however, is there not ground for the criticism in the frequent refusal of Prohibitionists to make allowance for the existence of universal suffrage, and for the absolute necessity of popular backing for laws? He who, having control of the destinies of a savage and drunken tribe, should first grant them universal suffrage, and then declare that he will accept from universal suffrage nothing but absolute Prohibition from the beginning, would be thought not reasonable, perhaps not sane. What is the difference when he merely finds universal suffrage in existence, instead of being himself its grantor? He must at least recognize its existence. If he cannot limit the right of suffrage for a time, he would do well, in either case, to accept from it the nearest approach to his final object which he can get from it, not making this an excuse for stopping his own work, but not balking his own work in advance by refusing to consider circumstances which will not cease to defy him simply because he ignores them. Why should not a sincere Prohibitionist accept from time to time the best he can get for the

state, without thereby giving up the special work in which he must always find success, that of forcing issues upon the "liquor interest"?

Still less rational is it to make up the issue against those who conscientiously hold that large communities may need different treatment from small ones; or against those who are possible converts even to extreme views — instead of against the "liquor interest"; or to attack opinion through the lowest methods of the boycotter, and to endeavor to gain a doubtful vote by denouncing its possessor in public and private as a "friend of rum." And the lowest depth has been reached in those few cases in which the lawless methods of their worst opponents have been imitated, and violence has been resorted to as an agent in converting opinion. Opinion is not successfully controlled in that fashion. Neither pro-slavery nor anti-slavery men ever succeeded in so dealing with public opinion, least of all with American public opinion. It will yield to instinct, to persuasion, or to reason: it has never had anything but defiance for compulsion or menace.

OPEN LETTERS.

Greek and Latin — Shall they Stay or Go?

NOTHING stays settled. Everything flows. Here is the old question, ever new, of classical culture to be discussed again — and yet again.

I have been considering whether there is not a rational view of the matter in which, could we all get the true standing-place, we all might agree. Let us, point by point, see what are some of the things wherein, upon mere statement, without discussion, we shall generally concur.

First, we all know well enough that few, very few, college students learn their Latin and Greek so as to be able to read and understand text at sight. Nearly all graduates must puzzle out the meaning of their classic author with much recourse to lexicon; and at that it is not the majority that succeed swimmingly.

Secondly, for most of the practical purposes of life, it is not to be reckoned loss to a man than he cannot read Latin and Greek with vernacular facility. Except for a limited number of persons, Latin literature and Greek are far less profitable than the living literatures of to-day.

Thirdly, the best Greek and Latin works have all of them, or nearly all of them, been translated into English. Of the versions accessible, some at least are scarcely inferior, as literature, to their originals. I have just been reading "Thucydides" throughout in Mr. Jowett's translation; and I am ready to pronounce that there is therein little lost from the simplicity, the terseness, the point, of the Greek text; while assuredly even the best of our Greek scholars would feel that of clearness, smoothness, coherency, there was actually some gain — fallacious gain, perhaps, not a few might say. This praise is of Mr. Jowett's work considered as literature. That it represents faithfully the sense of the original is a merit which it shares with many translations from Greek that, considered as English literature, are far inferior. It is the indisputable fact that the substance of classic literature, whatever may be the value rightly placed upon that substance, is open to be secured by any English-reading person through the medium of his own tongue.

Do I seem thus to have been giving reasons why Greek and Latin should cease to be studied? Well, that has by no means been my purpose. Have I been pointing out imperfections that ought to be remedied in our ways of teaching and studying Greek and Latin? That also has been far from my aim. Perhaps there are improved methods of classical education possible. Professor Shumway, with his admirable *Latine et Graece*, certainly thinks that there are. I hope we shall be willing to learn from him, if he can teach us.

I emphatically do not admit that Greek and Latin should be displaced, or replaced, in our schools. There is nothing suitable to replace them. Let them stand. But if they are removed, it cannot be for long. There will follow a revival of letters. But we cannot afford even an interregnum.

Why is the maintenance of the classics in their place as part of education desirable?

I answer, because the study of language is important, and to study language, *in* Latin and Greek, and *through* Latin and Greek, is the best method available. There is a strong set of tendency now toward studying things, as the phrase is, rather than words. The phrase itself is an argument — but it is an argument existing in words, and in words only. In short, the phrase is a capital instance of precisely what it ostensibly condemns; namely, barren practice in empty words. But not all dealing with words is such. For words are things, in a most true and most momentous sense. When we study words, if we study them right, we are studying things. And words are things eminently worth studying. They are the highest natural product of the highest animal in the circle of nature. To distinguish words, as it is often sought to distinguish them, from things, is unscientific.

But besides this, language is the great instrument of life. Nearly everything that men do in the world is done with the use of it, and I venture to say that there is no other single study whatever so immediately and so immensely practical, fruitful, as is the study of language. In this you undoubtedly could get along without Latin and Greek, and accomplish much that is desirable. But these tongues furnish us the best means existing to the study of language, and our own language is itself largely rooted in these ancient tongues. Once more, the process of translation is an unequaled exercise in two important activities of the human mind, namely, the obtaining and expressing of ideas through words.

The mind may be comparatively remiss in studying French and German. Of course, to acquire knowledge enough of them to use them freely for conversation is not easy, or rather, it takes time, and a condition not to be supplied in any scheme of general edu-

cation; that is, actual residence among people that speak the language studied. Replace Latin and Greek with French and German in our colleges, and the result would be only to produce a generation of smatterers in French and German, instead of smatterers in Latin and Greek. And there is something in the study of Latin and Greek that at least makes intellectual muscle, by providing occasion of effort to the mind; and I fear that the just-mentioned result, certain to follow the substitution of French and German, would not be solitary. I fear that easy-going drill in French and German would melt intellectual muscle, in place of making it.

While we Americans are discussing this question as if our minds were not yet made up, the Germans, across sea, having made up their minds through experiment, are restoring Latin and Greek to the schools from which the urgency of scientific propagandism had excluded them — convinced that no drill but drill in the ancient languages qualifies satisfactorily even for scientific study.

William C. Wilkinson.

The Cultivation of the Cantata.

A GREAT deal of attention is being paid to concerted vocal music and the oratorio, cantata and opera have everywhere found an appreciative and steadily increasing public. New oratorios written and composed by Americans are almost wholly unknown, and certainly are seldom, if ever, played in public. In opera a few new works are written, but the difficulty of getting them performed is so great that the task of writing them is thrown away. The cantata, occupying a middle place between the oratorio and opera, has been more successful, and there are a few cantatas written by Americans, and these few, such as they are, have been performed many times — one at least; Mr. Root's "Flower Queen" has been sung for twenty years or more and is still given in all parts of the country.

The cantata requires no scenery, costumes, or action, and this makes its performance less expensive and every way more easy. It is shorter and should be less difficult than the oratorio, and this is also in its favor. The original form of the cantata appears to have been a series of arias and recitations for a single voice. As it is now written, it is practically a short oratorio or an opera without action, and based upon either a theme from the Scriptures or upon some poem.

Under our present ruinous system of international copyright, or want of it, the American composer is helpless against the flood of music from Europe. Why should he write a cantata? The choral societies will not sing it because they can get foreign works without paying for the right of performance. This state of affairs raises the question why the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston and the Oratorio societies of New York and others do not do something to encourage American composers and writers.

In the first place, the words of the cantata must be obtained. To do this, let them offer a prize, a worthy one — say five hundred or one thousand dollars. Let the writers select their own subjects and choose their own manner of treating the theme, stipulating only that the work shall be of a convenient length for one performance or part of one performance. In other words, the work should not demand, when fully set to music, more than one hour for its performance unless in two or more parts. Let a committee examine these new cantata librettos and award the prize, the work then to become the property of the society. At least, the right of performance should belong to the society, even if the writer is permitted to publish the work in book form. The right of performance being the property of the society, there would be no difficulty in recovering the cost of the competition in after performances of the finished work.

Having secured the words of the cantata and protected it by copyright, a few copies should be cheaply printed, and a second prize offered for its musical setting. Use the printed copies to send to composers desiring to compete for the prize. The prize for the music should be, if possible, much larger than for the words, for the work of composing the music is vastly greater than the work of writing the words. The musical setting should be only a vocal and piano score, and when all the different versions and settings are in, they should be played by a competent performer, with perhaps some vocal assistance, before the committee who will award the prize, or in some way they should be examined by competent critics and the prize fairly placed, because on this depends much of the financial success of the venture.

The prize for the music having been awarded, the right of performance should belong to the society, and they may proceed to put the new work in rehearsal, with or without the orchestra (and a piano is generally quite enough for the first trials), and advertise a public performance of their new work. Curiosity alone will be sufficient to fill the concert-room the first time, and with proper management the larger part of the cost of the competition and prizes might be recouped to the society. If, as there is every reason to suppose it might, the work should become a success, it is a good piece of property. Having the sole right of performance, the society could command the market on its hearing and on its rental to other societies for public performance. In case the society felt unable to offer cash prices to the writer and composer, they could give a bond agreeing to pay a royalty on every performance wherever given in the United States so long as the copyright should be valid.

The cantata must be simple and direct in theme, and the music must be adapted to a mixed chorus and a few, say from four to eight, solo voices. The subject, the words, and even the treatment of the words, must be wholly subservient to the music. The story, whether sacred or profane, should lend itself to musical treatment, or the composer will be hampered, and perhaps unwilling to set it. The story should always be given to the solo voices, the chorus acting the part of commentators or sympathizing observers, or friends, or the populace in the background, who reflect the story or enhance its strong points. The most important parts of the story must invariably be recited, and not sung, because in singing the thread of the story is invariably lost, and the listener becomes confused and disappointed, and in trying to catch the thread of the story loses much of the pleasure in the performance. The story being told without action, it must be very simple, clear, logical, and consistent. These are a few of the limitations; outside of them the writer is free

to do what he pleases, have single or double chorus, male or female chorus, have few or many characters (within the limits mentioned), and indulge in any arrangement of the numbers he thinks effective.

To the musician a really fine cantata offers a most inspiring theme, and, if he is satisfied with the work and it suits his poetic temperament and musical feeling, he may spend on it the best efforts of his genius. Even while we have so few chances to have a cantata performed or even published, there is still a wide field for good work, particularly in short, easy cantatas for the use of children. The great difficulty is the want of libretto writers, or persons who can create or adapt a good story, put it into musical and singable verse, and fit it to the wants and limitations of our choral societies. The wonder is that our poets have not thought it worth while to enter this admirable and sometime to become profitable field of literature.

Charles Barnard.

Shall Young Men go to Vassar? If not, Why Not?

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM — FEMINAMQUE.

WHEN Antalcidas heard that a eulogy had been written upon Hercules, he said: "Who blames him then? Are we not all friends of Hercules?"

And so, through two-thirds of Professor Sill's article in the June CENTURY, entitled, "Shall Women go to College?" I kept saying, Who doubts it then? There are Vassar and Smith and Wellesley and Hellmuth and Bryn Mawr. By all means let women go to college and learn there all it is possible to know of science, literature, and art.

But when it finally leaked out that it was colleges *for men* to which he would have women admitted, I changed my question and said, Why then shouldn't young men go to Vassar?

This argument will doubtless convince the Professor that I "fail to appreciate the gravity of the subject"; but if it makes Vassar a nunnery and Yale a monastery, the girls of the one and the boys of the other will be logically amused at the discovery.

C. S. Percival.

Lincoln in the South.

IN the spring of 1865, during the armistice between Johnston and Sherman, I had gone from camp into Atlanta to learn the news. Senator Wigfall of Texas was in Atlanta, on his way, I think, to the Trans-Mississippi. I was in the rooms of the commandant of the post with some gentlemen, listening to the interesting conversation of Wigfall, when the news of the assassination of Lincoln was brought in. The words of Wigfall and the impression produced by the news upon those present — all Confederate soldiers — so impressed me that I wrote his expressions down in my note-book the same day. An impressive silence of some moments was broken by Wigfall: "Gentlemen, I am —— sorry for this. It is the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the South at this time. I knew Abe Lincoln, and, with all his faults, he had a kind heart; but as for Andy Johnson —" Here he assumed an expression of intense hate and brought his clenched fist with force upon the table — but what he added is too profane to print in these pages.

FRANKFORT, KY., 1886. *J. R. P.*

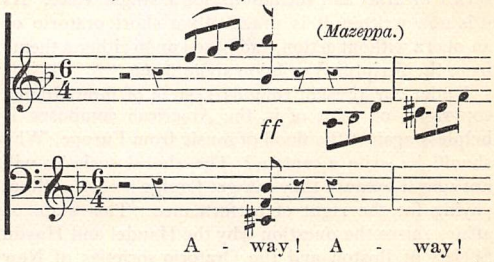
In this connection we quote from the article by the Ex-Confederate General Longstreet in THE CENTURY for July, 1885: "Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln."—EDITOR.

Liszt and David.

IN an article on Liszt in the September number of THE CENTURY magazine, an incident is related, which, if it took place as represented there, casts a slur on the memory and name of my father, Ferdinand David. Between Liszt and him — in spite of deep-going differences of opinion on musical matters — a close personal friendship and frequent musical intercourse existed for many years up to my father's death in 1873. My father had the greatest admiration for Liszt's phenomenal talent, and I remember him frequently, and many years before the date of the alleged scene at Berka, enlarging on Liszt's almost miraculous powers of reading at sight the most complicated scores and of deciphering the most crabbed manuscripts. Now, any one acquainted with the unpretentious and simple style of the piano accompaniments for my father's violin compositions cannot fail to see that any remark made by him to Liszt on the difficulties of such an accompaniment could only have been made by way of a little fun; and that Liszt, quickest of men, should have taken it seriously appears to me an absurd assumption. That a third person — the one who related the incident to the writer of the article in your magazine — should not have *seen* the joke is, of course, quite possible.

Nothing could better illustrate my father's relations to Liszt than the following letter, which he addressed to him on the night after a concert in which Liszt had met as a composer with a demonstratively hostile reception on the part of the audience of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts. The German autograph, of which I add an English translation, is in my possession.

Yours faithfully,

UPPINGHAM, RUTLANDSHIRE, ENGLAND. *Paul David.*

LEIPZIG, 26 Feb., '57., 10 o'cl. night.

Before going to bed let me render to you, my very honored friend, the thanks I owe you for this evening, you have once more in this concert-affair so completely proved yourself the thorough gentleman* and high-minded artist. That is not saying anything new about you, but it gives to me, your old friend, satisfaction to repeat old things.

I remain forever your gratefully devoted,

F. LISZT.

*Liszt uses the English term: "gentleman."—P. D.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Hebe: "Unc' Isrul, mammy say, huccome de milk so watery on top in de mornin'?"
Patriarch: "Tell you' mammy dat's de bes' sort o' milk; dat's de *dew* on it — de cows been layin' in de dew."
Hebe: "An' she tell me to ax you what meck it so blue."
Patriarch: "You ax your mammy what meck she so black!"

The Coupon Letter of Introduction.

THE interchange of letters of introduction between old friends, by which valuable acquaintances are added to the list, is a great blessing, and in good hands these letters have, no doubt, been the beginning of many a warm friendship; but, like all other blessings, it has been greatly abused. I have been the recipient of letters, presented by tourists, which, it was easy to see, had been wrung from some sand-bagged friend of mine — letters with sobs between the lines, letters punctuated with invisible signals, calling upon me to remember that the bearer had looked over the writer's shoulder as each sentence grew into a polite prevarication.

To those who are in the habit of giving hearty letters of introduction and indorsement to casual acquaintances, I desire to say that I am perfecting a system by which the drugged and kidnapped writer of a style of assumed sincerity and bogus hilarity will be thoroughly protected. Let me explain briefly and then illustrate my method.

A casual acquaintance, who has met you, say four or five times, and who feels thoroughly intimate with

you, calling you by the name that no one uses but your wife, approaches you with an air of confidence that betrays his utter ignorance of himself, and asks for a letter of introduction (in the same serious vein in which one asks for a match). You are already provided with my numbered Introductory Letter Pad. You write the letter of introduction on a sheet numbered to correspond with a letter of advice mailed simultaneously to the person who is to submit to the letter of introduction.

For instance, a young man, inclined to be "fresh," enters your office or library, and states that he is going abroad. He has learned that you are intimate with Dom Pedro of Brazil. Perhaps you have conveyed that idea unintentionally while in the young man's presence at some time. So now he asks the trifling favor of a letter of introduction to the Emperor. He is going to see the President and Cabinet and the members of the Supreme Court before he leaves this country, and when he goes to South America he naturally wants to meet Dom Pedro. So you fill out the right-hand end or coupon of the sheet as follows:

[*International Introductory Letter System, Form Z 23.*]

No. B 135,986. NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1886.

SIR: You will please honor this letter of introduction in accordance with the terms of a certain letter of advice numbered as above, and bearing even date herewith, mailed to you this day, and oblige, Yours, etc.,

A. B.

The young man goes abroad with this letter inclosed in a maroon alligator-skin pocket-book, and when he arrives in Brazil he finds that the way has been paved for him by the following letter of advice:

[*International Introductory Letter System, Form Z 23.*]

No. B 135,986. NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1886.

YOUR MAJESTY: Mr. W——, a young man with great assurance and a maroon-colored alligator-skin pocket-book, bearing a letter of introduction to you numbered as above, is now at large. He will visit Europe for a few weeks, after which he will tour about South America. He will make a specialty of volcanoes and monarchs.

He will offer to exchange photographs with you, but you must use your own judgment about complying with this request. Do not allow this letter to influence you in the matter.

You will readily recognize him by the wonderful confidence which he has in himself, and which is not shared by those who know him here.

He is a fluent conversationalist, and can talk for hours without fatigue to himself.

You will find it very difficult to wound his feelings, but there would be no harm in trying.

Should you get this letter in time, you might do as you thought best in the matter of quarantine. Some foreign powers are doing that way.

Mr. W—— has met a great many prominent people in this country. What this country needs is more free trade on the high seas and better protection for its prominent people.

I have tried to be conservative in what I have said here, and if I have given you a better opinion of the young man than his conduct on fuller acquaintance will warrant, I assure you that I have not done so intentionally.

You will notice at once that he is a self-made man, so your admiration for the works of nature need not be in any way diminished. With due respect, your most obedient servant, A. B.

To his Imperial Majesty DOM PEDRO,
Emperor of BRAZIL, ETC.

No. Z 30,865.

SIR: This letter of advice will probably precede a tall youth named Brindley. Mr. Brindley is a young man who, by a strange combination of circumstances, is the eldest son of a perfect gentleman, who now has, and will ever continue to have, my highest esteem and my promissory note for $250.

Will you kindly bear this in mind while you peruse my pleading letter of introduction, which will accompany Mr. Brindley, Jr.?

All through his stormy and tempestuous career in the capacity of son to his father, he has never done anything that the grand jury could get hold of. Treat him as well as you can consistently, and if you can get him a position in a bank, I am sure his father would appreciate it. A place in a bank, where he would not have anything to do but look pretty and declare dividends in a shrill falsetto voice, would please him very much. He is a very good declaimer. He is not accustomed to manual toil, but he has always yearned to do literary work. If he could do the editorial work connected with the sight-draft department, or write humorous indorsements on the backs of checks, over a *nom de plume*, it would tickle the boy almost to death. Anything you could do toward getting him a position in a large bank that is nailed down securely, would be thoroughly appreciated by me, and I should be glad to retaliate at any time.

Yours candidly,
WYMAN DAYTON.

To K. O. PECK, ESQ., LONDON.

A beautiful feature of this invaluable system is the understanding to which everybody is committed, that the original letter is entirely worthless on its presentation unless the letter of advice has already been received.

Bill Nye.

To Critics.

WHEN I was seventeen I heard
From each censorious tongue,
"I'd not do that if I were you,
You see you're rather young."

Now that I number forty years,
I'm quite as often told
Of this or that I shouldn't do
Because I'm quite too old.

O carping world! If there's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal poise, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep.

Walter Learned.

Mourned.

LOVED — lost — "is he dead" do you say?
Murray Hill has his name on a door;
There's a slow, measured step on the floor —
Ghost! why are you hid from the day?

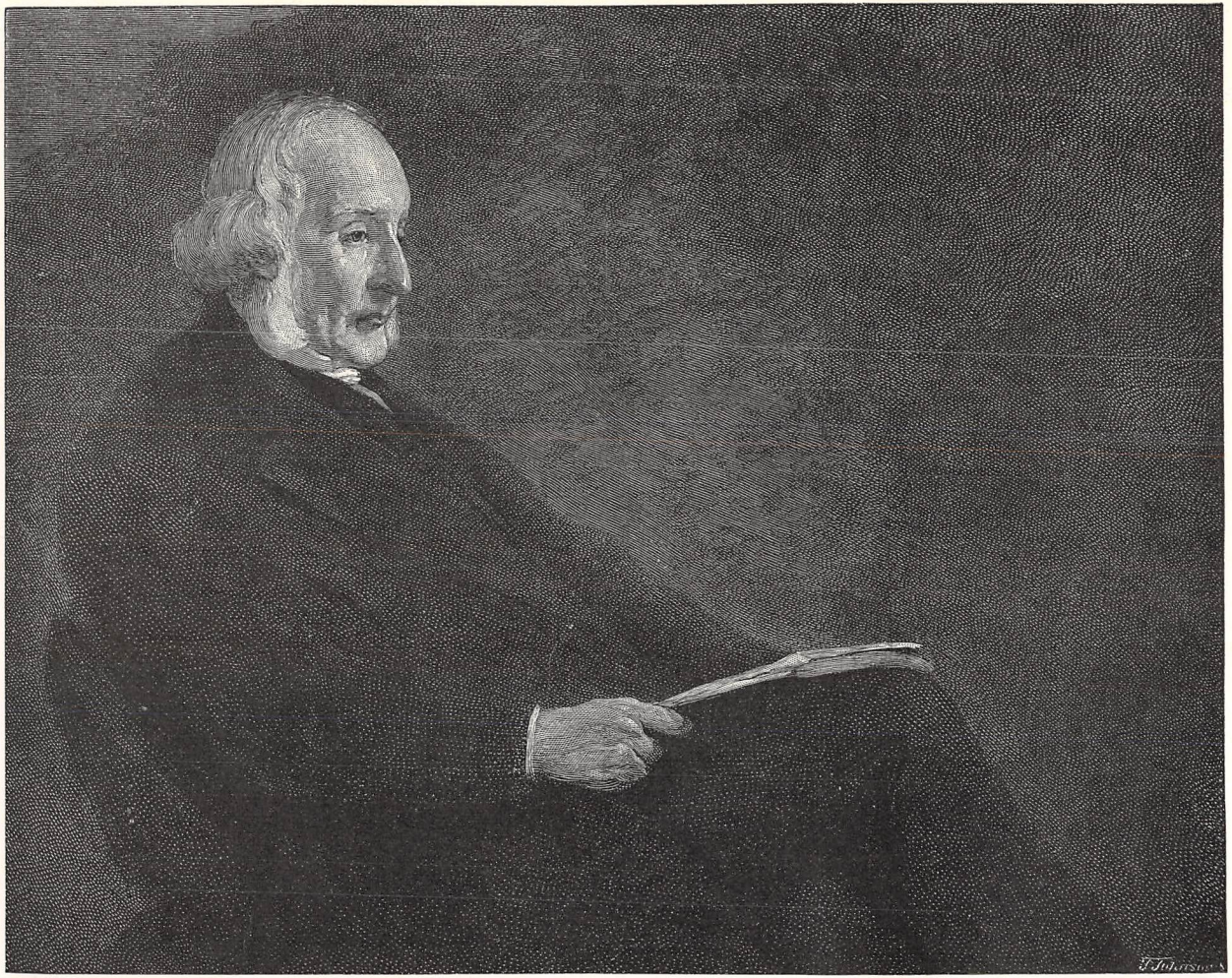
His height was the stature of man;
His mind was the leader to mine;
I saw in him something divine;
I've lost him, console me who can.

See! this is the man was my friend;
So dull, so exact, so urbane,
So formal, so cold — to complain,
To reproach him were idle — what end?

With the red blood of youth in our veins
How high ran our hopes, our desires!
All good is for him who aspires —
He sank to a surfeit of gains.

Bowed down by a burden of gold,
Withdrawn from the labor of day,
He shrinks from life's conflict away;
I mourn for my comrade of old.

D. H. R. Goodale.



FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

JAMES McCOSH, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

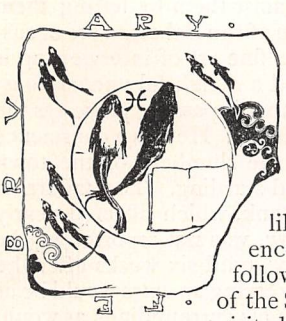
MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. FEBRUARY, 1887. No. 4.

A MIDWINTER RESORT.

WITH ENGRAVINGS OF WINSLOW HOMER'S WATER-COLOR STUDIES IN NASSAU.



IT was the boast of Attila, "the Scourge of God," that wherever his steed planted his hoof, the grass thenceforth ceased to grow. A like blighting influence seems to have followed in the footsteps of the Spaniards who first visited the western world. The light which guided Columbus to the shore of San Salvador, on the night of October 11, 1492, was to his pious imagination as the flaming Cross of Constantine,— a mystic symbol prophetic of conquests for Holy Church. To the belated native of the Bahamas who bore it, and to all his race, that light was an omen of disaster and death. Faith in an unseen country, peopled by their ancestors, was the chief article of their simple creed. With devilish craft, the Spaniards who followed in the footsteps of Columbus availed themselves of this belief to entice the natives to leave their island homes, and compelled them to labor in the mines and pearl-fisheries of Hispaniola. They promised to convey them to the abode of their ancestors, and after a hellish fashion fulfilled the promise. None were left behind; not one ever returned. Unaccustomed labor soon broke them down in body or mind, and death by suicide or disease followed, the entire race disappearing in fourteen years.

When we review the history of the Bahamas since that evil day, we may easily fancy that the vengeful shades of these wronged natives still possess their coral islands. No other race has flourished here, and for a time it seemed as though no other was to be permitted to gain even a foothold. The Englishman drove out the Spaniard, and the Spaniard the Englishman in his turn. Chillingworth, the first English governor sent to the colony, was shipped abroad by his unruly subjects, who, "living a licentious life, were impatient of government." His immediate successor, Clark, was roasted on a spit by the Spaniards, but they did him the kindness to kill him first. This application of "civil-service reform" was somewhat overdone,— whether the governor was or not,— and naturally the office was not soon again applied for. The island of New Providence, the seat of government of the Bahamas, was, indeed, wholly deserted for a time. Its population, even now, after a growth of two hundred years, does not exceed twelve thousand. The first governor appointed after the resettlement, Cadwallader Jones, was also deposed and imprisoned by his subjects. The rule of Trott and Webb, who followed each other in one year, was less turbulent, but their successor was seized and put in irons by the islanders. The Spaniards carried off the next aspirant for gubernatorial honors. This so discouraged his successor that he took to the woods on his arrival, and returned, after a tremulous career of a few months, with his valuable commission unopened.

It is evident that the empire of the Bahamas was not one to be coveted then, and it is not much more to be desired now. England holds it rather from necessity than from choice; a necessity of that imperial forecast in which we,

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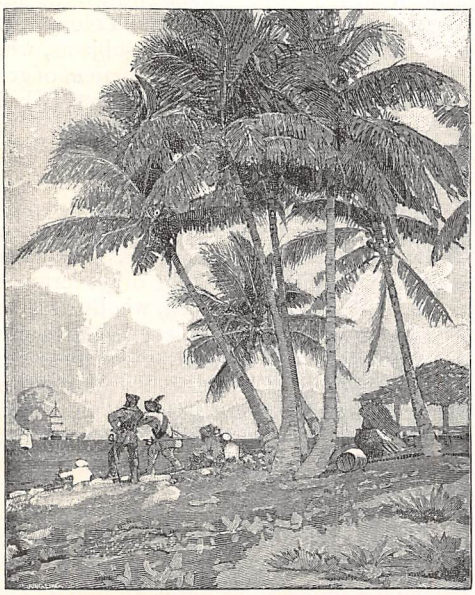
her nearest neighbors across the Florida channel, are so deficient, and which England herself seems to be losing as she follows us in her progress towards democracy. New Providence was in our possession during the American Revolution, but Commodore Hopkins, who planted our flag there, thought that the guns and the governor were the only things worth possessing. These he carried away, leaving the island to the control of its British subjects. Our experience with blockade runners and Confederate cruisers during the war shows how much this blunder was destined to cost us. The commerce of the little port of Nassau was swollen at that time by the cargoes of nearly three hundred vessels, sailing in a single year to and from the Confederate ports. These increased the imports and exports to nearly fifty millions of dollars, furnishing the Confederates with the sinews of war and prolonging the fated contest. Those were gay times in the Bahama capital, when the captain of a blockade runner received for his trip $5000, with the privilege of carrying ten bales of cotton; when money poured in from every quarter, and even the wharf-rats were enrolled in the obnoxious class of "capitalists." We had our revenge in the inevitable depression which succeeded this

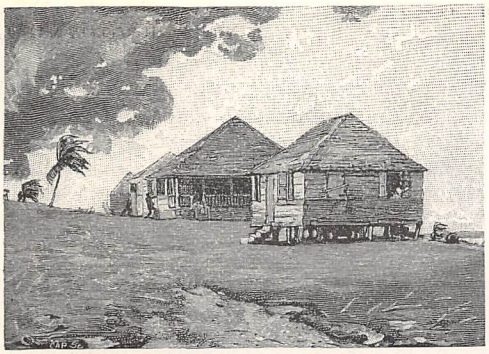


A GROUP OF PALMS.

period of inflation, and left a blight upon the commerce of Nassau from which it has never recovered.

For those not compelled to live there, the Bahamas have their charms. Most of the natives would, I fancy, embrace any eligible opportunity to emigrate, and the population scarcely grows at all. The idea of midsummer weather in midwinter warms the blood of the Northern visitor with a glow of cheerful anticipation. For the brief term of his voluntary exile the charm may continue, but, like a sea voyage under sunny skies and with fair winds, the monotony speedily becomes tedious. In the height of the season there are only some one hundred and fifty visitors at Nassau, and the number coming and going in an ordinary year is four or five hundred, eight hundred being the highest total known. Few Americans can long endure existence in a land without scenery except such as the ocean affords; without a mountain, or a stream of running water; without a railroad, bank, or telegraph line; with no Wall street or stock indicator; without so much as a single sheet that can be dignified by the name of *news*paper. Thither should be banished by editorial edict those who declaim against the journals they read with such avidity, forgetting how easily they might protect themselves against them by letting them alone, as the people of the Bahamas are accustomed to do. The fine art of interviewing is unknown there, and a delightful unconsciousness of everything that is passing possesses the mind of the local editor. He has a conscience against disturbing the slumbers of the town with news fresh and startling. The failure of the Government Bank, which affected nearly every one in Nassau, was not reported in the Nassau "Guardian" until six weeks after the event. A news-boy crying an extra would be as out of keeping with his surroundings as would one of the stately royal palms among the telegraph poles of Broadway.

It is for those to whose sore lungs or rheumatic limbs our Northern winters bring endless misery that Nassau has its chief charm; but the proverb concerning shoemakers' wives and blacksmiths' horses holds good here. One of the diseases prevalent among the negroes, who furnish four-fifths of the population of the Bahamas, is consumption, and this station is, I understand, on the black list of the British Horse Guards, as one of the most unhealthy in this regard to which their colored soldiers are sent. But the traveler does not spend one-half his time in the water, as do the negroes, nor sleep in a cabin with windowless openings hermetically sealed at night by close-fitting blinds to keep out the wandering spirits of darkness. Nor are the comforts with which the visitor is surrounded accessible to the Conch, as the native is called. Even the best-regulated thermometer will have its vagaries, and there is no protection against it when it does "bear" the weather. The houses are without fireplaces or stoves, and the ingleside of the domestic Briton has not been transplanted



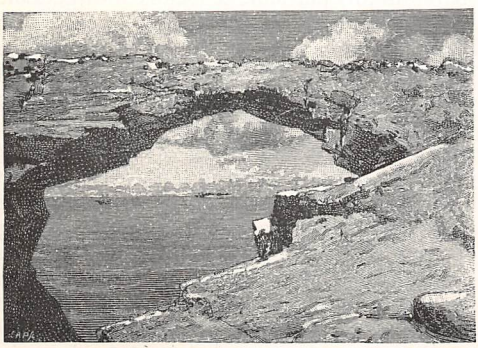
A HURRICANE.

GROWING HEMP.

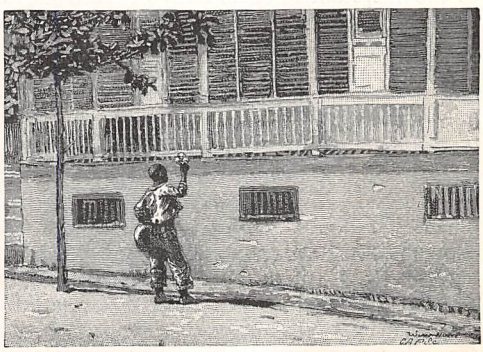
here, where it would be, indeed, out of place. The simple expedient of determining a man's military rank by the number of chimneys on his house, said to be in use in some of our Southern localities, would fail here, as the houses have no chimneys. The cooking is done in a kitchen detached from the main building, or in a fireplace built out-of-doors. Even the hotel has no conveniences for warming its rooms, and an invalid who last winter sought extra warmth was obliged to supply the lack of a chimney-flue by conveying her stove-pipe through a window-pane. Another visitor, a man of genius, and fertile in expedient, went to bed in his overcoat. But then he was an artist, and artists we class with the sensitive plants. The chief protection required is against the heat, and many of the houses are sheltered from the direct rays of the sun by an outer shell of lattice-work extending from balcony to balcony.

In justice to the Bahamas it should be said that we have the unanimous testimony of the inhabitants that such weather is exceptional, and the oldest residents agree in the declaration that they never saw its like before. We have the equally comforting assurance of the captain of the steamer, which carried us through as nasty weather as we wish to see, that it was something unknown to his winters' experience in those seas. The very worst of Nassau winter weather is, however, like the balm of Gilead to the invalid, compared with the best our New York or New England climate affords at the same season. This is the place in which to seek complete repose for brain and nerves. A delicious sense of rest and refreshment descends upon all who do not carry with them the insane desire for locomotion which possesses our restless people, and are content with the rides and sails to which the delightful weather constantly invites them. It is the land of which Columbus wrote to his generous patron, Queen Isabella, in the first enthusiasm of his discovery: "This country excels all others as far as the day surpasses the night in splendor. The natives love their neighbors as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable; their faces always smiling; and so gentle and affectionate are they, that I swear to your highness there is not a better people in the world."

Alas that such a charming people should have been expatriated, and that in the process of evolution so little progress has thus far been made in reproducing their like! The negroes have something of their spirit, and as their blood is gradually giving a warmer and warmer coloring to that of the whites, a race such as Columbus admired may again people these



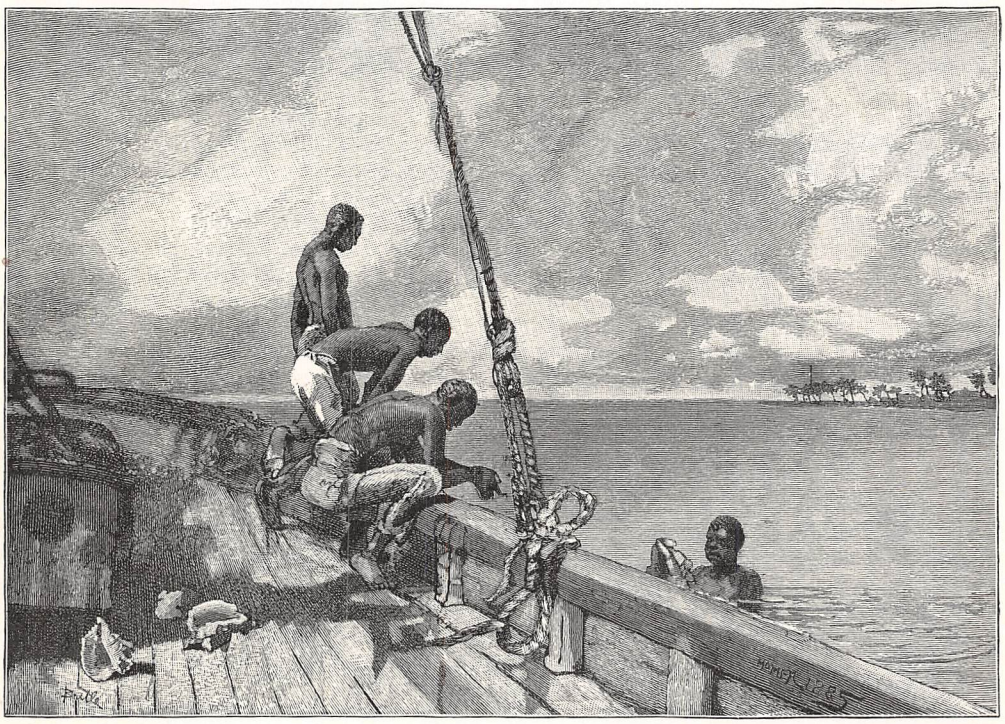
ON ABACO ISLAND.



A FLOWER-SELLER.

islands. It is hard, though, to discover thus far any proof of De Moussy's theory that the mixed races are destined to return in a great measure to the superior races, possessing the added advantages of acclimatization. Slavery was abolished in 1834, and with it seems to have disappeared the prejudice of color. Even a generous admixture of it does not exclude one from white society or prevent a social intercourse ported from England form a class by themselves, and the attempt to establish among them the etiquette of a vice-regal court excites in the minds of the profane a sentiment akin to that with which Gulliver must have viewed the ceremony at the court of Lilliput.

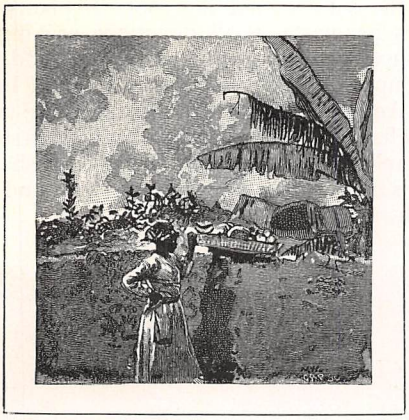
Those who are attracted to the Bahamas should not forget that islands have a way of lying out in the sea most suggestive of dis-



CONCH DIVERS. (SKETCH OWNED BY RUSSELL STURGIS, ESQ.)

from which may follow results most disturbing to one educated in the ideas which prevail at home. A story is told of a young American girl who married a Bahamian, with a shade of color too delicate to be noticed, and was taken home to the hospitalities of a family of relatives, descending through the various degrees of consanguinity to the dusky hue of Solomon's bride upon whom the sun had looked. Prosperity and the development of the faculty of accumulation will bring social success to the negro in our own country in time as it has here. The ten million dollars' worth of property reported to be in the possession of the negroes of Charleston has all the force for them of a new proclamation of emancipation. The wealthiest family in the Bahamas is of semi-negro origin, and the collector of the port is a full-blooded negro, who is justly respected for his character, education, and ability. The officials im-

comfort to owners of weak stomachs. Nassau lies some two hundred miles eastward from the Florida coast, and the Bahamas at the nearest point are seventy miles away; yet it seems to be beyond the energy of its inhabitants to maintain any permanent means of direct communication with the mainland. It remains to be determined whether the latest attempt to establish a line of steamers to a Florida port will supersede the present means of intercourse by steamers coming nine hundred miles south from New York, and stopping at Nassau once, or at the most twice, a month, between New York and Cuba. Aside from the prolonged misery which too frequently attends a voyage of four or five days in winter weather, the discomforts of landing are, at times, such as to daunt any but the most hardy. The industrious coral engineers, to whom the island of New Providence is indebted for its exist-



A PEDDLER.
(SKETCH OWNED BY MRS. MARTIN BRIMMER.)

ence, made no provision for a harbor, beyond throwing up the outlying reef called Hog Island, which only partly protects Nassau from the force of the sea. There is scarcely room between the two islands for an ordinary coasting steamer to manœuvre, or sufficient depth of water in the channel to float a vessel of any size. The steamers that call here lie outside and drop their passengers over the bulwarks on to the retired New York tugboat that does duty as a transfer vessel. Like the other valetudinarians laid up in ordinary here, it has come South to lengthen out its days.

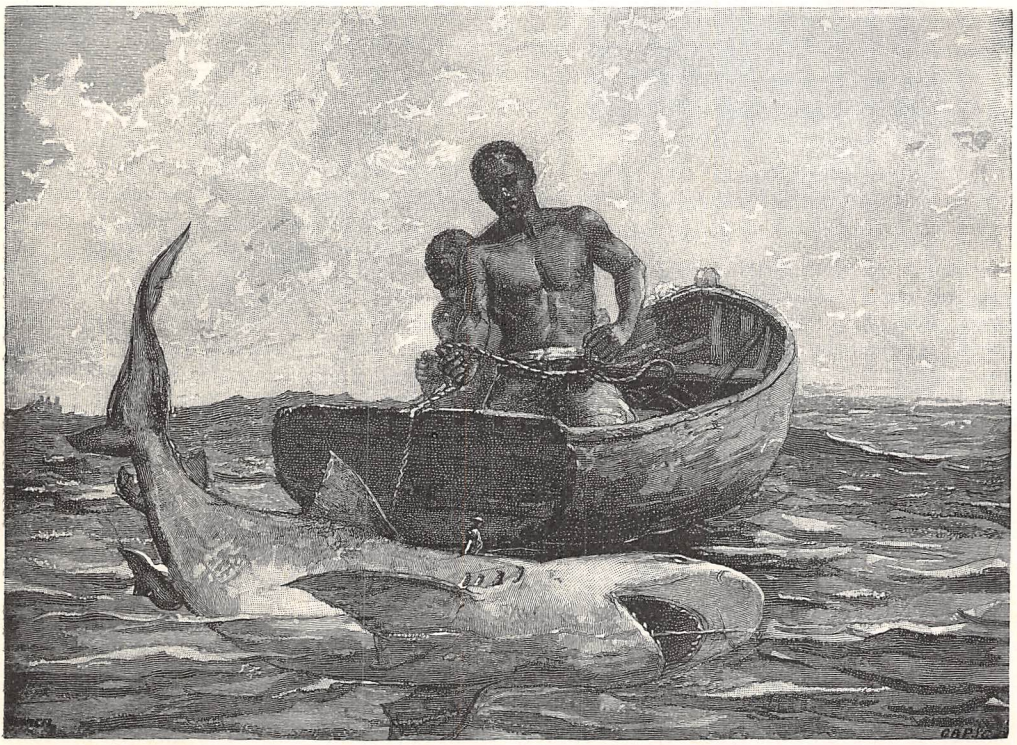
But transfer to the hotel by this means is comfort compared with the experience to which many visitors are subjected. With contrary winds and seas, approach to Nassau is impossible, and the steamer must make a harbor under the lee of the land, miles away. In some winds it is even compelled to go entirely around the island to South Bay, and dump its passengers on the beach, to get over the distance of fourteen miles to the hotel in carriages as best they can. There is a spice of adventure, but not such as invalids seek, in finding your way across a tangle of wilderness, through a country you never saw before. Fortunately for them there are no wild animals there larger than a hare, and the only representative of the ophidians is the chicken-snake, which is perfectly harmless, in spite of the fact that it is reported sometimes to grow to fifteen feet in length. The tarantulas or ground-spiders are the only venomous creatures on the island, unless we include the mosquitoes, which are said, with patriotic discrimination, to confine their visitations to foreigners. But these pests are citizens of the world, and extended their attentions even to the crew of the *Jeannette*, icebound in an Arctic sea.

Once safely landed at the Royal Victoria, everything will be found most comfortable, and the balmy breezes from the sea will woo the invalid from thought of his pain. As he is there only for the winter, he is not disturbed by the reflection that the city of Nassau is the hottest place in the colony. The fact that it is built upon the slope of a ridge of land which shuts it out from the prevailing southerly breezes concerns only its unhappy summer residents. The "out islands," as all but New Providence are called, have attractive sites for health resorts, but furnish no accommodations for visitors. What the hotel at Nassau would do if it were dependent, as the residents are, upon local supplies, it would be hard to say. All of its meats are brought in huge refrigerators from New York, where everything seems to be obtained, excepting fruit and fish, of which there is abundance in delicious variety. It is impossible to give a complete dinner without calling upon the resources of the hotel. A few vegetables are grown in the hotel grounds in soil brought, like that in which the Capuchins of Rome are planted, from a distance. There is scarcely any soil upon the island, except in the pockets of the coral rocks; scarcely any foundation for it, indeed. The trees in this climate seem able to live upon the air, and you see them growing to large size on top of walls. Over the sides their roots spread themselves, until they reach the crevices in the rock below and take anchorage there. Cut down a jungle, and you find beneath nothing but a mass of conglomerated rock, formed of finely comminuted coral, shells, and various marine deposits of recent origin, with red earth composed of vegetable mold and the detritus of the limestone rock, scattered irregularly in patches of a few inches in depth. The roads through the town are made by smoothing off the top of the coral rock, and they are nearly as dazzling in the sun as a white-washed wall.

The walls that border them are built of the

A NASSAU GATEWAY.
(SKETCH OWNED BY E. W. HOOPER.)

same rock, with, in many cases, gates of entrance curiously projecting above the low wall itself. There are no fences, stone walls being required for protection against the winds, which at times sweep over these islands with the fury of the hurricane. The rock seems hard enough when weather-beaten, until you see a laborer at work upon it with hatchet and saw, shaping it to his uses. The ocean works on the surface that the roots of plants and trees penetrate in all directions, seeking the fresh water stored up in its crevices, and resting upon the sea-water which is found below it. Andros Island is the only one of the group that has any pure water, except what is stored in tanks after a rain. The water of the shallow wells in Nassau is brackish, and rises and falls with the tide.



SHARK-FISHING — NASSAU BAR.

it into fantastic forms, of which we have an illustration in the famous Hole-in-the-wall on Abaco Island. This is an opening in the calcareous rock, through which the setting sun, blazing in its tropical majesty, at times produces a picture leaving an impression never to be effaced. The deposits of which the rock is formed have in places solidified into compact beds of limestone, from which fine building-stone is quarried. These beds show evidences of stratification, and abound in fossils of recent and living species. The infiltration of water through the mass of calcareous sand, produced by the attrition of the waves on the coral reef, has given to it an interior crystalline structure, like that of ancient limestone. Soft beneath, on the surface exposed to the air the coral rock is as hard as flint, and will, like flint, emit sparks when struck with a steel. Most of the coral rock is so porous

A tragedy is connected with the principal hotel, the Royal Victoria, which associates it with our own recent history. It is brought to mind by a notice found in the Nassau "Guardian" of fourteen years ago, to this effect:

NOTICE.

All persons having demands against the estate of the late Lewis F. Cleveland, deceased, are requested to render statements thereof, duly attested, on or before the first day of May next, to John S. Darling, Esquire.

And all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the said J. S. Darling.

GROVER CLEVELAND,
W. W. STEPHENSON,
January 20, 1873. Executors.

One of these executors has since been called to administer upon a larger estate. The occasion of his visit to Nassau in 1873 was the sudden and melancholy death of his brother, the lessee

of the hotel. He was lost on the steamer *Missouri*, burnt off Abaco Island on the morning of October 22, 1872. Another brother of President Cleveland, Mr. R. C. Cleveland, and a brother-in-law, were also among the victims of this disaster. Lewis Cleveland was a man of strong personality, and stories told of him would indicate that some of the characteristics of his distinguished brother are family traits. An inexorable rule of his hotel management forbade the payment of fees. One waiter who accepted a Christmas gift was promptly dismissed. The lady whose gratitude for special services had thus found expression finally secured the reversal of the sentence, on condition that the gift should be returned. "I will not," said Mr. Cleveland, "have those in my house who are unable or unwilling to fee the servants put to any disadvantage." It is told of Mr. Cleveland that, as he was on his way to the steamer at New York, he said: "I do not know how it is, but I have an impression that I cannot get rid of, that this will be my last voyage." So it proved, not only to him, but to sixty-eight others of the eighty-five persons who sailed in the *Missouri* as passengers and crew.

The loss of the *Missouri* is but one in a long train of disasters on record to the disadvantage of this fateful coast. What gives the Bahamas such value as they have for England is their situation opposite the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. They lie directly in the track of the great commerce that goes in and out of the gulf, tempting to their fate innumerable vessels, some the victims of misfortune, others, how many no one can say, the victims of dishonest owners or dishonest skippers. The dwellers on the Bahamas are "toilers of the sea," and among the sea's most lucrative products for them are the wrecks strewn along the coast. The extent of the industry dependent upon disasters not included in the underwriters' description as "the act of God" can be judged by the statistics of wreckage during a given period of fifteen months, 1858–9. Within this time eighty vessels, having a value of two million six hundred thousand dollars, contributed their salvage to the wealth of the Conchs. These made good use of the opportunity afforded them, and it is notorious that the system of salvage established here is little better than organized robbery. Judge Marvin, of the United States District Court, Florida, shows that the salvage on vessels unlucky enough to be wrecked on the Bahama side of the Florida channel was eighty-seven per cent. of their value, while on the American side it was but fourteen per cent. This disproportion becomes more noticeable when we recall the fact that the Florida wreckers are descendants of the Conchs; so the difference is one of laws and their administration, and not of people. The early inhabitants of the Bahamas were freebooters, preying on commerce under the lead of Black Beard and other pirates, and the breed does not seem yet extinct, in spite of the legend borne on the colonial escutcheon, "Expulsis Piratis, restituta Commercia." As the commerce of the United States is that which chiefly suffers, we have some right to protest. Here, again, we find ourselves paying tribute where we should be in a position to exact it. These islands were part of the colonial possessions known as the Carolinas, which came to us after the Revolution, and should have been included with them in the transfer of the title obtained from the Earl of Shaftesbury and his associates. The doubtful theory which holds that the Bahamas are built upon a deposit from our Mississippi would, if accepted, serve to give us a further title. Whatever their origin, they unquestionably belong to our system, as the colonists were once rudely reminded by the Home Government, in denying their request for an independent coinage. Geologically, the underlying stratum, upon which, as it gradually sank beneath the ocean, the coral insect built these islands, was once a part of our continent. Their work was begun thirty or forty thousand years ago, according to Agassiz, or one hundred thousand years after the corner-stone of the present Florida peninsula was laid by them. The Bahamas are the most northerly of the series of island groups beginning near the Florida coast and following the general trend of the North American continent for two thousand miles across the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea to near the mouth of the Orinoco in South America.

As to wrecking, two curious stories are told which illustrate local ideas. One is of the native who tendered the prospective profits of future salvages to a New York banker as security for a loan; another of the colonial governor who was about to return to England. In his farewell speech he offered to use his good offices to procure from the Home Government any favor the colonists might desire. The unanimous reply was as startling as the demand for the head of John the Baptist in a charger: "Tell them to tear down the lighthouses; they are ruining the prosperity of this colony." The one thing to be admired in these wreckers is the undoubted skill which long habit has given them. They will dive down through two hatches to fasten their grappling-irons on to packages floating in the lower hold, in the filthy mixture compounded of bilge-water and the various ingredients of an assorted cargo.

The Conch is, in fact, an amphibious animal. The proximity of water having a temperature, even in winter, of seventy degrees Fahrenheit, tempts the children, almost from the cradle, to seek upon the sea the freedom the land does not afford. This circumstance may also serve to explain the fact that the Baptists, judged by official statistics of average attendance, outnumber here all the other denominations combined. The sharks are not inviting, but there is a tradition that they do not take kindly to black flesh. Indeed, it is hard to find a proof that they meddle with human flesh of any color, in spite of such veracious stories as that with which the Duke of Edinburgh was entertained when here. According to this account, a boat carrying five men was upset off the coast, and nothing more seen of its occupants until a shark was captured within whose proper receptacle were stowed away five human skeletons, neatly arranged in a row. Clinging to the breast-bone of the man-eater was the silver watch carried by the former occupant of one of these skeletons,—still going. Without vouching for this story in all of its details, I can testify that I saw an unpleasantly suggestive-looking fin gleaming above the water near the spot where I had taken my boy of ten in the day before. One of the favorite pastimes of this land which affords so little game of any size is the hunting of sharks.

One of Mr. Homer's spirited sketches represents a party of fishermen watching one of their number as he appears above the water with a conch shell. The flesh of this mollusk furnishes a staple article of diet, as well as the bait with which the fish are enticed. Its shell is used for the manufacture of ornaments, and hidden in its recesses are occasionally found the pink pearls, the best of which command a high price. The "king conch" is the royal head of the mollusk tribe, represented in these waters by four thousand different species. Shells in every variety can be obtained from the shops along the shore devoted to the sale of marine curiosities, and having a most ultramarine smell. One of the glories of Nassau is the opportunity it offers for the study of the wonders of the ocean depths. In a boat having panes of glass set in the bottom, you glide over the coral reefs, studying their wonders through the opalescent water, which the eye penetrates to a depth of eighty or more feet. Unconscious of your presence, the denizens of the under world pursue the routine of their daily lives, and without the formality of an introduction you seem to be admitted to their homes. Description fails in the attempt to convey the impression received from such a glimpse of the ocean world. You understand, as never before, how it is that all primitive peoples dwelling by the sea have filled it with the semi-human beings of their own imaginative creation. Indeed, you are more than half inclined to doubt whether they were not nearer the truth, and sigh for "the creed outworn" which gave a charm to the ocean of which science would despoil us.

In the area of the Bahamian colony may be properly included the whole of the coral banks of the Great and the Little Bahamas,—42,560 square miles in all. Of this, 3560 square miles project above the surface of the sea in over a thousand islands and cays, a total area of land about three-quarters that contained in the State of Connecticut. The submerged banks rise out of the ocean depths to within a few feet of the surface, and from them are gathered the sponges, the fish, the shells and pearls, and the turtles, which are either consumed or sold in exchange for foreign necessities and luxuries, to supplement the meager diet of fish and vegetables which is all the islands afford. The most interesting as well as the most valuable portion of the Bahamas lies beneath the sea. There is enough in the sea gardens alone to explain why it is that her Britannic Majesty's colony of the Bahamas is seen so generally through the halo of imaginative description alone.

William C. Church.

IN MASQUERADE.

NOW every twig's a gleaming lance
With jeweled haft of dazzling frost,
And withered tops of weeds, once tossed,
Are frozen in a spectral trance.

The moon is blown a silver boat
Across the soundless upper seas;
A beetling castle stand the trees,
The valley is a bridgeless moat.

Beyond the meadow winding down
The dusky hollow to the sea,
Beyond the unstirred poplar-tree,
I seek two lights within the town.

They glitter like a serpent's eyes,
And waiting in their luring glow,
The serpent-soul I seek, I know,
Sits there in woman's sweetest guise.

L. Frank Tooker.

PART OF AN OLD STORY.

MANY a traveler whose taste has led him fondly to sip the flavor of oral tradition in old European towns has heard the story of Angelo and Francesca told in the quiet streets of Palermo — told always in a minor strain of mystery and sadness which recalls the memory of that other Francesca, the shadow of whose fate Dante has multiplied and cast upon every heart. There comes a point where the story is abruptly broken off; for the narrator, with pious ejaculations, says that, having lived thus long, Angelo and Francesca one day suddenly disappeared, and were never heard of again.

Strangely enough, now, after the lapse of nearly a hundred years,—for they disappeared in 1793,—the rest of their history comes to light. It is narrated in the Vatican manuscript entitled "The Last Confessions of the Count Orlando di Cagliostro," to which the attention of the world was called for the first time last year by Professor Emanuel Kopfweh, of the University of Todtstadt. It is through his courtesy that the writer is enabled to present here a translation of the part containing the story of Angelo and Francesca.

If any one is going to ask whether the story is *true* — bah! Cagliostro was reputed not only a great scientist but a great charlatan — a greater one, perhaps, than that other Cagliostro, the letters of whose name were emblazoned with the disappearing gleams of the "Diamond Necklace." Moreover, these "Confessions" were written for a credulous age; and it is known that Cagliostro vigorously worked the inexhaustible mine of human credulity, and found gold wherever he dug.

Still the history must be accepted as substantially true; for is not one-half of the story of Angelo and Francesca told even to-day in the streets of Palermo? And — not to be tediously logical — has the other half ever been told elsewhere than here?

Cagliostro wrote in the third person as follows:

I.

COUNT Cagliostro, prince of alchemists, sat alone one evening in the reception-room of his residence in Paris. Not long since he had passed beyond the eternal snow-line of human ambition, and from radiant heights he now stood looking down upon his contemporaries, as a being who towered midway between the mortal and the divine. On his threshold, indeed, was still lingering the last loiterer of a worshiping throng that had sought him this very night from every caprice of the human fancy, every need of the human soul. Their departure, however, had brought Count Cagliostro no relief; for he was now in solitude to meet the yet more insistent company of his thoughts, which began to gather as of old around the subject of life — its essential nature, its irreversible laws, its melancholy imperfections, its pitiful span. Ere long he was interrupted in his meditations by the unexpected entrance of a young couple in whom all the warm, splendid beauty of the Italian race seemed to have but lately flowered forth in the richest perfection. They approached him with truthlike simplicity of demeanor and unrestrained evidences of reverential regard for his august presence. Interested in the highest degree, he asked them whence they came, and learned that they were from Palermo, the city of his own nativity, and the place where the achievements of his incomparable learning were most enthusiastically exaggerated.

"To what do I owe the happiness of this visit?" then inquired Cagliostro.

"We have come to ask a favor of your wonderful skill, Signor Conte."

"And what favor may my wonderful skill render *you*, Angelo and Francesca? Shall I summon Death to relieve you of the burdens of old age?"

"Oh, Signor Conte! Francesca is but twenty-one."

"And Angelo is just twenty-three, Signor Conte."

"Then you are wasting away with incurable disease!"

"We have never known a day's illness in our lives, Signor Conte."

"Ah! I see. You wish to learn the alchemist's secret of converting all things into gold."

"We have great wealth, Signor Conte."

"Why, here is an excellent mystery! Is it some monstrous crime that I am to hear you confess?"

"We have committed no crime, Signor Conte, and we are absolved of all our sins."

"Youth, beauty, health, wealth, innocence! You possess all these, and yet you come to bespeak the offices of my poor skill! Ah!

Angelo and Francesca, it can render *you* no service. It is for those who come to me and say, 'Only mitigate the infirmities of old age, and we can bear all the rest'; or, 'Only ease this agony of pain, and we can bear all the rest'; or, 'Only aid us in the unequal struggle against poverty, and we can bear all the rest'; or, 'Only take from our souls the gnawing fang of remorse, and we can bear all the rest.' Such is the imperfect humanity by which my insufficient skill is too confidently sought. But you, you alone of all that I have ever seen, realize my dreams of ideal manhood and womanhood. And yet you may lack one thing: is it love?"

"Signor Conte," they cried passionately, "we love beyond the love of earth — beyond the love of heaven. It is the very perfection of our love that is the only source of our unhappiness. Two years ago we were wedded. Ah! the rapturous, the delirious joys of those two happy, happy years! From the ecstasy of this long trance, during which we had no thought of coming sorrow, we have just been fatally awakened. A pestilence is raging in Palermo. The air is full of the farewells of the dying, of wailings for the dead. Every morning we have trembled at the horrors of the coming day; every night we have clasped each other with forebodings that it would be the last. Ah! Signor Conte, the sadness of the human lot! Death, which may come at any instant, is the end of earthly love, and earthly love is so blissful that nothing in the power of even Heaven to bestow can ever compensate for its troubled course and too early dissolution."

"Angelo and Francesca, your remonstrances against destiny are at best short-sighted and vain. How have you lived so long in this world and been so strangely shielded from contact with its irreparable imperfections? Do you not know that love increases with increase of uncertainty? that it is purified by sorrows? that it blooms over the very abyss of parting, and sheds its perfume by the law of its own death? Too imperious and consuming is it, moreover, to be felt in this life without much alloy and for the briefest season. Return, then, to Palermo. Touching those inevitable casualties, those many sorrows, and that closing scene whereby it has pleased the will of Heaven to make the noblest passion of our mortal estate uneasy, sad, and brief, look not to find, in any means of mine, prevention or escapement."

"Signor Conte," they exclaimed in tears, "do not send us home to Palermo, but hear and grant the request which we have secretly come hither to make. How often have we not heard that you possess a marvelous elixir which has potency to restore even to the old the intense and satisfying realities of the long-lost youth! Is not this known to the whole world? Is it not the highest distinction of your name? Have you not openly promised its benefits to those who will become your followers? By means of this elixir, then, blot out of our lives the past two years. Bring us back once more to the very hour of the night on which we stood before the altar and plighted our troth, that we, starting thence again, may live through the perfect joys — the ideal bloom and unspent freshness — that now seem to have vanished from life forever. The two years that are gone are worth more to us than all the uncertain future."

"Angelo and Francesca, you may indeed recall the past and live over its pleasures many, many times; for have you not memory? And a thousand other pleasures yet to come you may even now experience many, many times; for have you not hope? Be content, I pray you, with the beautiful past, and so act that the favor of Heaven may reward you with a beautiful future. This longing for a return to the years that are gone is the old, universal dream of the race — as uncontrollable as it is idle. Do you not understand that if the happy past could be recalled once, twofold then would be the regret that it could not be recalled yet again? Do you not feel that no repetitions of it, however many, could ever satisfy the soul, whose ideal is a youth of perpetual renewal, that is, a youth immortal? But I cannot bestow upon you immortality, Angelo and Francesca; and therefore, even if my skill were sufficient for it, would I be doing you a kindness in bringing back these two coveted years a single time?"

But his reply only made them the more importunate, and Cagliostro became conscious that for him their request was fast acquiring a supreme fascination. What they had said was true. He had indeed proclaimed to the world his discovery of an inestimably precious elixir which would consolidate in man the most vigorous forces of youth. He had indeed promised perfection, through physical and moral regeneration, to those who would become his followers and pass through the long and intricate ceremonials that he had ordained as the esoteric initiation to his mysterious cult. But he knew that all those marvelous cures which had hitherto contributed so much to his fame were effected by his unequaled skill in extracting and compounding the virtues of medicinal substances, powerfully aided by the credulity and the sanguine imaginations of those who took them. Only he knew that he had toiled through many years with unwearied assiduity of experiment and intensity of

thought, to discover a potion that would not only arrest for a time the processes of natural decay, but even suspend or reverse the action of the vital forces at work in the human body. Only he knew that there was now in his possession a subtle fluid which represented the product of his life-long labors. Its effects on human life he had hitherto allowed himself to test only in the most partial and unsatisfactory manner. The minutest drop, greatly diluted, he had seen reanimate the old for a short season, causing the long-silent laughter to break forth from the lips, the long-smoldering fires to flame up in the eye, the long-bent form to struggle to regain its intrepid erectness. If twice as much were given, the Count noted with wonderment that very much the same effects were produced, lasting through twice as long a time. Repeated experiments enabled him to determine with minute accuracy the relation between the strength and the quantity given and the length of time during which the effects would endure.

He had never ventured to test fully the qualities of the elixir, however, on account of his inability to secure the conditions under which it was imperative that the experiment should be made. All these he now saw fulfilled in the young couple before him. They were physically perfect, and would thus insure the most favorable result. They were willing to become parties to the secrecy which the awful nature of the deed would make indispensable. They had entire faith in his supernatural skill. And the period of two years which they had mentioned was so short that he would be enabled to modify the strength of the draught and thus greatly diminish the possibility of a fatal result. Never again would such an opportunity occur: should he allow it to pass?

Count Cagliostro arranged to make the experiment on the next night, which was the second anniversary of Angelo and Francesca's marriage.

II.

For the first few hours after giving to each of them a draught, the strength of which he delicately regulated by the means already mentioned, he hung over the couch on which they lay, with scarcely a hope that life was not extinct, and that the light of day would not fully reveal to him the ghastliness of his presumptuous and most unnatural deed. Angelo and Francesca lay in the same deathlike trance that they had immediately sunk into, clothed in the mysterious beauty with which mortality adorns itself before its transmutation into dust. At length a sigh that seemed to issue not from human lips, but from the bosom of some invisible floating dream, wandered to the strained ear of the alchemist. Was it the last sigh of the old life, now soaring away from the earth, or was it the first troubled moan of a strange new life, that had just come in to tenant the abandoned clay? How dire had been the conflict between the forces of the two: the one hitherto had borne Angelo and Francesca inexorably forward toward old age and death; would the other now transport them as irremediably toward the past?

As the night wore on, their state seemed to become that of a weary, unnatural slumber. During the next day it assumed by imperceptible stages the aspect of a healthful and delicious rest. Cagliostro, who had never for a moment left their bedside, noted with transport the successive changes that denoted their difficult return from the very portals of death: the disappearance of ghastly pallor, the faint bloom that began to suffuse the cheeks, the eyelids, long rigid and tightened, now veiling the eyes with the soft adaptations of a sympathetic curtain. The white drapery of the couch fell like the thinnest veil of cloud about their forms, and revealed in clear outlines the exquisite molding of the limbs. Once the young husband, stirring in his sleep, threw his right arm across Francesca's breast. By this action the arm was left bare to the shoulder. Cagliostro then for the first time noticed that on it between the elbow and the shoulder was a wound, not yet entirely healed, that had evidently been made with a stiletto. Bending down to inspect this, he observed that on Francesca's bosom also, just above the heart, was a similar wound, in the same stage of incomplete healing. Afterward these wounds came to have a peculiar significance. Late that night Cagliostro, now worn out not so much by watching as by intense anxiety, sought his own chamber for a few hours' sleep, hopeful that the morning would bring him auspicious revelations.

Scarcely had the sun risen, when he hastened to them. They had already dressed themselves, and were now sitting with clasped hands at the open window. An exclamation of delight broke from the alchemist at the spectacle of their more than restored beauty. Such was its dewy freshness, its semblance of unworn faculty and surcharged power, that they might indeed have embodied a dream of immortal youth. But when Cagliostro had quickly approached them, he stood transfixed with horror to perceive that the intellectual and emotional counterpart of all this physical loveliness was lacking. Some great and incomprehensible change had passed over them, in regard to which they themselves could give

only bewildered and bewildering statements. Their lips seemed ever ready to part in delightful laughter, yet they felt no impulse to laugh; their eyes flashed, but not from the enjoyment of anything visible nor with the excitement of mental discovery; their graceful and animated movements appeared to have no relation to newly formed purposes and future results, but to be aimless revivals of things already experienced.

Many days passed before Cagliostro grasped the startling significance of the physical and the psychical phenomena that now began to fall under his notice and that became his constant study during the next two years. In so far as the elixir had affected the physical bases and forces of life, it seemed to have inaugurated a series of changes that might supposably have taken place in the case of persons growing younger, and growing younger at the same rate at which they had previously grown older. The evidences of this were slowly derived both from special facts and general results. Thus, he ascertained from Angelo that the stiletto wounds had been inflicted by a former suitor of Francesca's, who, maddened by long brooding over his unhappy passion, had one evening suddenly sprung upon them in the street, and aimed a blow at her heart. Angelo's quickly interposed arm had checked the course of the weapon, which had then been run through the arm itself by the assassin before he fled. This incident had occurred two months before their coming to Cagliostro. Two months after their coming these wounds disappeared, leaving neither on Angelo's arm nor Francesca's bosom the least traceable cicatrice. Most remarkable was it to observe that during this period the wounds had the appearance of going through a process the reverse of that of healing. They daily grew more red and swollen and painful, and on the night prior to their complete disappearance, they opened and bled afresh, as though but just inflicted.

During the previous year, Angelo's artistic imagination had all at once become fascinated with the heroic models of antiquity, and he had developed his muscles to athletic proportions. These now gradually declined, and in the end they reassumed simply the fine outlines that were his natural masculine endowment. Francesca, too, slipped from the lately opened rose of womanhood back into the half-blown, more enrapturing delicacy of the maiden.

More extraordinary still were the psychical changes through which they passed. If, as regards the purely vital forces, they seemed to be in the condition of persons who were growing younger, so, as regards the mind, they appeared to be retracing the stages of their latest development. All the knowledge that they had acquired in the two preceding years they now began to lose in an order the reverse of acquisitive technical skill left them, and they remained as though it had never been possessed. Thus, there were favorite books which they had hitherto never grown weary of discussing. Henceforth all knowledge of these began to pass away. The familiar passages in due time died out of their memories; they remembered them only as forgotten. Angelo had brought with him to Paris an unfinished painting, one of the figures in which was to represent Francesca. When he resumed work on it, he found himself unable to carry out the unexecuted part of his design. The particulars of this design, one by one, were lost from his consciousness, as one by one they had grown in his artistic conception. Under his diminishing skill the picture passed from bad to worse. Time and again, at rare intervals, he returned to it and despairingly left it; and before the period of two years had expired, it became simply a blurred and unintelligible canvas. Cagliostro ascertained that only two years before he had begun to receive instructions in painting. Francesca, too, gradually forgot the songs that she had most recently learned to sing. Those highest notes of her beautiful voice, which marked the latest extensions of its register, she soon discovered that she could no longer reach. Even while at the piano one day, the familiar notes of the music began to falter strangely from her lips, and her fingers grew motionless amid the dying echoes of the forgotten chords.

While there was this phase of forgetfulness, there was also one of reminiscence. They seemed to experience as complete a resuscitation of mental experience as was possible, considering the differences between their present and their original situation in the world. The past came back to them; disjointed sentences, the fragments of former conversations, started from the brain; sudden impulses to action, now divorced from all natural setting, swayed the will; old perplexities and old temptations besieged the heart; the former joys, which they had so eagerly desired to revive, now reappeared,—all a faded pageant,—a mocking, ghostly train, sweeping before the disappointed and disenchanted vision of the soul and compelling it to sit in calmer judgment upon the ruined idols and empty vanities of its previous estate.

Finally, there were the emotions with which Angelo and Francesca contemplated all these changes. As, in the order of nature, the soul abides within and notes how the body grows old,—how a furrow is plowed across the brow, a film creeps over the eye, how knowledge

perishes and skill is lost,—so the souls of this young pair, remaining aloof from all material mutations though not uninfluenced by them, appeared freely cognizant of the progressing rejuvenescence. They remembered their former future, which had now become their past; they realized that they were now being borne toward their former past, which thus became their future. But scarcely had they awakened to a realization of the fearful thought that they were growing younger, that they alone of all the race were being borne irremediably, not toward that verge of life where Death opens the portal of the infinite hereafter, but toward that more awful verge where Birth closes the portal upon the void and formless infinite behind; scarcely had they begun to see themselves losing day by day all that knowledge has power to bestow or art has beauty to inspire, before they threw themselves at the alchemist's feet and implored him to release them from the inexorable force of the imperious elixir.

III.

UNHAPPY, thrice unhappy Cagliostro! He had evoked the occult powers of science, and he now stood aghast at his own indestructible success. He durst neither interfere with what he had done, lest instant death should be the result, nor breathe to his own spirit a prophecy of the uncertain end. The visible workings of those laws which he and a long line of illustrious predecessors from the days of Hippocrates had, with the costliest devotion of years, sought to bring into activity, now terrified him as the very presence of the supernatural. Worse than this: Francesca had been under his roof but a little while ere he conceived for her a consuming passion. In earlier years he had known no pleasure greater than that of the society of beautiful and brilliant women, but the rigor of scientific pursuits and the august character of his position in the world had long compelled him to lead a life of unmitigated loneliness. Now his passionate heart reasserted itself; and ambition, learning,—all that he had achieved or ever hoped to win,—became as nothing to him in comparison with his love for Francesca, whose perfection he had once coldly surveyed as the means of making a scientific experiment. Exquisite punishment —reaching him even before the awful vengeance of insulted Heaven! By his own skill he had forced himself to behold the daily restoration of her more youthful loveliness; and he had given the labor of his life-time to renew for her those two years of wedded happiness with Angelo, to see her in whose arms for a single moment was to him the torture of eternity.

Truly, when Heaven shall allow one to attain a knowledge of the elixir of youth, will it not curse him by denying the wisdom that should accompany the power to use it?

He could not even fly from her, for he alone might hope to save her life. Thus, the fear of some unforeseen issue kept him near her during the day; and often at night, starting with horror from the pale specter of his dreams, he would take a lamp, and, stealing to the couch whereon she lay with her head on Angelo's bosom, assure himself that the end was not yet come. How little sweeter than death was this spectacle to him! In her incomprehensible state of mind and body, even momentary separation from Angelo might have brought about immediate death, and to destroy Angelo, as in his jealous frenzies he sometimes thought of doing, was an aggravation of his offenses that the dread thought of eternity always intervened to prevent.

One midnight he returned from one of these stolen visits to their chamber and threw himself upon the floor of his room, groveling in agony. Then he went to a secret panel-hidden recess in the wall, and taking from it a crystal vial filled with an ineffably bright fluid, he placed it on a table in the center of the room and took his seat before it.

"Inestimably precious elixir! What toil of studious years is not compressed into thy golden drops! What beautiful processes are not involved in thy slow distillation! The subtlest secrets of earth and air and sky unite their potencies in thy unequaled composition. Old—old—old baffler! universally dreamt of, despairingly sought for, never before found! Best of all things on this mortal side of the universe! Restorer of the past! Giver of strength and nimbleness and color to decrepitude, tottering and shivering and whitening through the long night of wintered years! Thou flashest here and dashest thy shimmering depths against thy prison-walls, as diffusive as perfume, as light as thought. But thou shalt return this night to the thousand visible and invisible sources from which thy virtues were collected. What hast thou been to Cagliostro? Poison deadlier than twisted wolf's-bane or mournful nightshade—draught of death to his hopes, his love, and his ambition. Thou mockery of the race! Over none other shalt thou ever cast thy fatal enchantment. Shattered now be thy receptacle! scattered be thy volatile, fast-vanishing drops! Blotted out from the brain be thy unhallowed formula, and never again be thy awful substance compounded!"

After this, nothing seemed to remain for him in life but to bring his daring experiment to an issue, and dismiss the young pair in peace. He had assigned them apartments in his house opening upon a garden, in which had been collected not only the numerous plants whose medicinal properties he wished to ascertain, but every flower that could delight the senses. It was here, face to face with material nature, that they had the final realization of their deplorable state. Twice they watched the annual procession of her forces, and through the benign stages of growth, mature effulgence, and decay traced the completed cycle of her forms. But they — they alone of all created things — seemed to have turned backward in their course, as though the vine, having clambered high upon the wall, should sink down into the tender, precarious shoot; or the rose, having once bloomed, should gather together its petals and disappear from sight on the summit of the green stalk. Here, perhaps, they came to entertain that broad view of life which embraces its endless succession of transitory forms, its long array of waiting and more splendid pageants, for which room must be made by those in front and whose preëstablished order of march none dare confuse. Here, perhaps, the overweening selfishness of personality, which would ask to have its coveted joys renewed and repeated at any unnatural cost, received its complete humiliation. And, in the end, perhaps the least desirable of all things was this return to their past, since it could but lengthen the time before they could enter those higher mysteries whose privileges appertain to eternity alone.

IV.

At length the two years drew toward a close, and the day approached in which Cagliostro had arranged that the effects of the elixir should expire. Whatever the result might be, he had now come to perceive that for one or all of them it must be tragical. If Angelo and Francesca should be left free to return to the world and publicly attest his supernatural skill, he foresaw his loss of her and his probable martyrdom at the hands of the Holy Inquisition for his impious attempts to contravene the divinely appointed laws of life and death. Over the other possible issues he had latterly pondered with awful forebodings. They were three. What if his calculation should prove erroneous, and the relentless hold of the elixir upon the bodies of Angelo and Francesca should continue, continue for years, continue until they were carried backward into helpless infancy — into — horrible thought! — what final state? Should he be compelled to witness the gradual transformation of the woman he loved into a handful of dust? Or, what if the calculation were right, and the effects of the draught were to expire at the expected moment? Would not the shock to the brain have been too great — its long unnatural action fatal — and would not Angelo and Francesca be left mindless, emotionless, mere beautiful idiots? Or, what if the natural life had ceased at the time the elixir was given, as it had seemed to do, and this strange state were but due to the fictitious vitality imparted by his own skill? When its sustaining virtues should be spent, would it not be found that the threads of existence had been snapped asunder long before?

Cagliostro denied himself to all visitors, and prepared for the supreme moment. In order to facilitate a transition from their artificial to their natural state, he arranged that it should take place amid a scene of bridal joy and beauty, befitting their return to the very hour of their nuptials. He chose for this purpose the most splendid room in his almost palatial residence. Lamps, swung by silver chains from the fretted ceiling, emitted flames of various colors. Down the walls and before the lofty windows fell rich tapestries and cloudlike masses of gorgeous curtains. On the marble floor lay the richest skins and rugs of the Orient. In the center of the room was represented the fountain of perpetual youth, whose descending perfumed sprays filled the ear with low molten music. Near this stood a collation, with joy-bringing wines in which they were to pledge each other for the new life. Over the feast presided a bronze figure of Time, his scythe entwined with roses. At one end of the room was a bridal altar, illumined by the myriad serene, starlike lights of crystal chandeliers. Above this altar hung one great picture — Medea at the moment of witnessing the triumphant restoration of the old king to his youth.

The day passed, the evening came, the hour began that was, at its close, to usher in the fateful moment. Cagliostro had instructed Angelo and Francesca to dress themselves as they had been dressed on the night of their nuptials. Half an hour before the time, he went to them and led them into the room that was to be the auspicious scene of their awakening. Borne on by uncontrollable excitement, he advanced with them unconsciously to the very steps of the altar, and standing on one of the steps, he joined their hands and held them clasped firmly in his own. How could he control himself to speak to them? His heart was broken; his brain was on fire. Never had he seen or dreamt of such beauty as Francesca now finally revealed

DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

"SOME GREAT AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE CHANGE HAD PASSED OVER THEM."

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

when dressed as a bride; it was the last extreme of torture. She stood arrayed thus only to renew her pledges of love to Angelo! Never, in comparison with the lustrous bloom and admirable symmetry of Angelo, had his own weakened frame and homely face been so acute a cause of irreparable wretchedness. Silently he looked down upon them, as they looked at each other and seemed suddenly to flush as with joyful anticipations of the approaching change. A few minutes, and he spoke:

"Angelo and Francesca, two years ago this evening, at the exact expiration of this hour, you received from me by your own request a draught of that elixir which was to turn backward the course of your lives and restore to you the joys of your bridal. With the stroke of the clock, as I expect, the last traces of that elixir will die out of your veins, leaving you free to go forth into the world again. But oh! Angelo and Francesca, you have learned in the meantime how melancholy a thing it is to turn backward over the course of even the happiest life. You have long since haply been led to believe that this longing for a return to youth is not meant to be gratified here, where one imperfect life is enough for one to live, but constitutes a slumberous prescience of its realization elsewhere in the universe."

Was it the effect of his words that sent a sudden shiver through their frames and caused them to drink deep, deep of the light in each other's eyes?

"While you have been learning this, I—alas!—have been purchasing wisdom with an age of suffering. I shall send you forth into life now, better reconciled to its inalienable imperfections, because better understanding their spiritual beauty and divine forecastings; but who is there to teach me, an old man, broken and desolate and pierced with many sorrows, how the residue of my years may be sweetened with human joys, or made an acceptable offering to Heaven?"

With a sudden pallor overspreading their faces, and heavy shadows under their eyes, they turned their gaze upon him, and clung awe-stricken to each other.

"A minute more, and the stroke of the clock will release you from the thralldom of the draught. Angelo, as you lead Francesca toward the long green uplands of life, remember Cagliostro, who used his skill—and did not use it ungenerously against you! Francesca, Francesca! Sometimes remember Cagliostro, whose heart was broken—"

The stroke!

At that instant Angelo and Francesca, without a groan, sank down together dead at the foot of the altar, their natural life having been ended two years before; and Cagliostro, his secret fears realized,—Francesca dead, and he her murderer,—fell forward in a long swoon upon the bridal attire and the cold dust of the unhappy pair, nor heard the music of the fountain of youth, nor saw the roses dying around the scythe of the figure of Time, nor watched the lights go out one by one on the bridal altar, nor met the gaze of Medea looking down fiercely upon him from the pictured wall

James Lane Allen.

THE CHICKADEE.

WHEN trees stand mute with bare, protesting arms
Against the grayness of November skies,
Wherein the menace of a snow-storm lies;
When bushes all have lost their mellow charms—
Save the witch-hazel whose dim stars appear,
In quaintest mockery of its fabled powers,
Like pallid ghosts of golden summer hours:
When winds seem sighing for the dying year;
When not a bird that mated in the Spring's
Elusive Eden dares to linger near,
Even to sing farewell, but spreads his wings
And, aiming South, shoots off with sudden fear
Of the cold clouds foreshadowing snows to be—
Then long and strong of song is heard the chickadee.

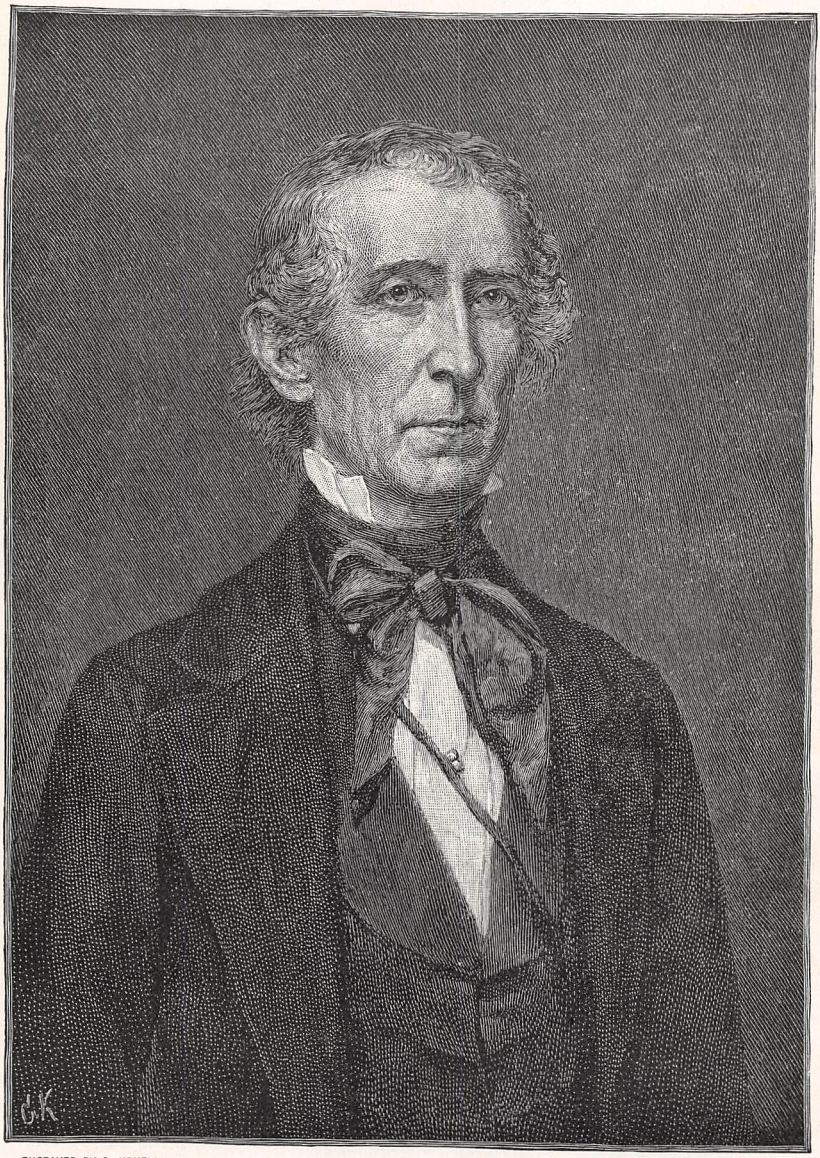
Henry W. Austin.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN IN CONGRESS.



ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

JOHN TYLER, PRESIDENT, 1841–45.

CAMPAIGN FOR CONGRESS.

IN the months that remained of his term, after the election of his successor, President Tyler pursued with much vigor his purpose of accomplishing the annexation of Texas, regarding it as the measure which was specially to illustrate his administration and to preserve it from oblivion. The state of affairs, when Congress came together in December, 1844, was propitious to the project. Dr. Anson Jones had been elected as President of Texas; the republic was in a more thriving condition than ever before. Its population was rapidly increasing under the stimulus of its probable change of flag; its budget presented a less

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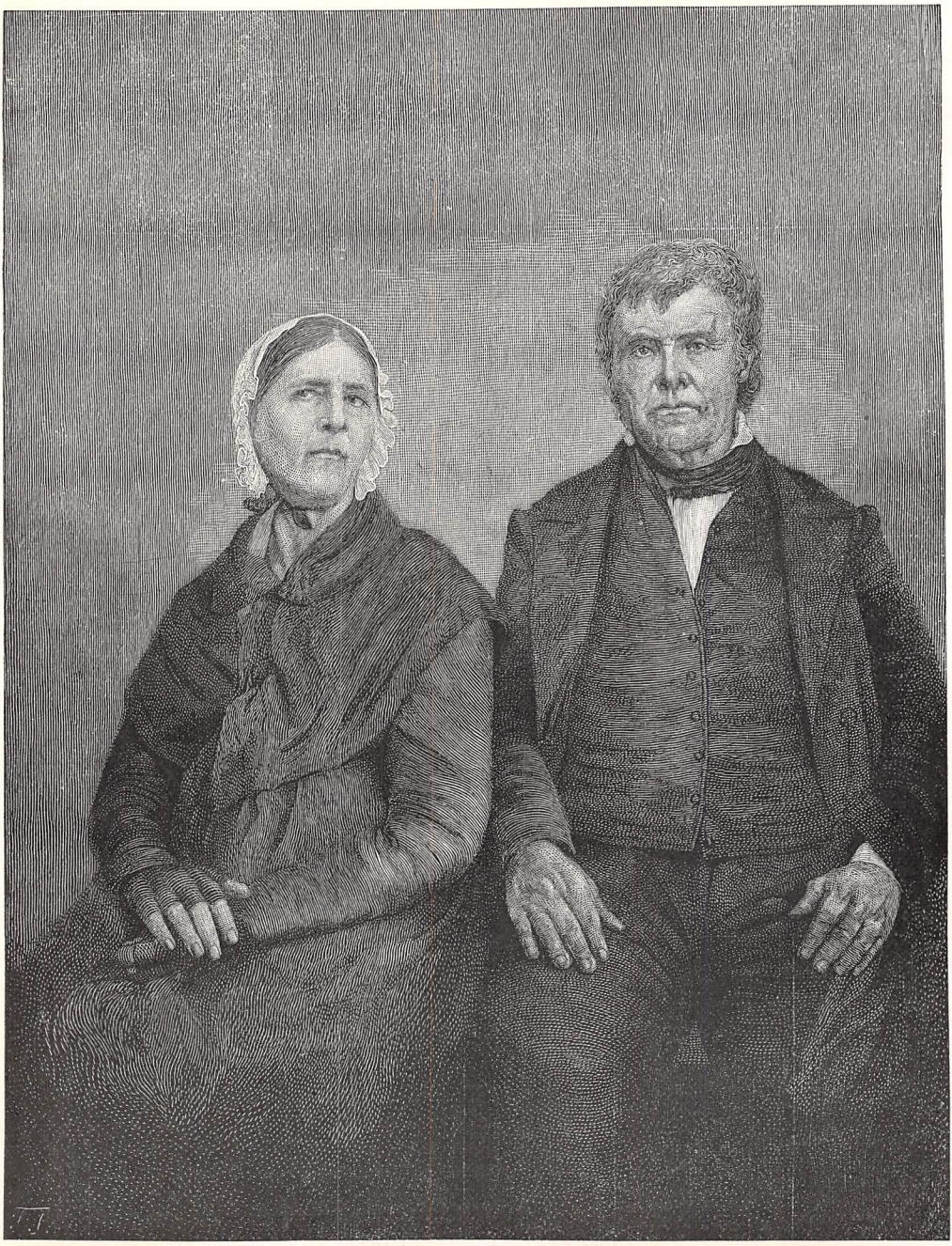


ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. FROM DAGUERREOTYPE, ABOUT 1866, IN POSSESSION OF L. C. PITNER.

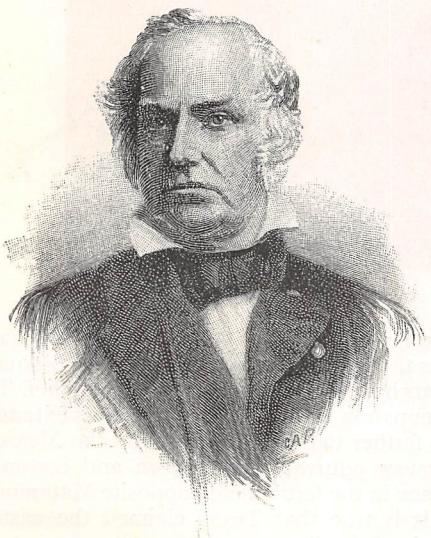
REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT AND HIS WIFE.

unwholesome balance; its relations with Mexico, while they were no more friendly, had ceased to excite alarm. The Tyler Government, having been baffled in the spring by the rejection of the treaty for annexation which they had submitted to the Senate, chose to proceed this winter in a different way. Early in the session a joint resolution providing for annexation was introduced in the House of Representatives, which, after considerable discussion and attempted amendment by the antislavery members, passed the House by a majority of twenty-two votes. In the Senate it encountered more opposition, as might have been

expected in a chamber which had overwhelmingly rejected the same scheme only a few months before. It was at last amended by inserting a section called the Walker amendment, providing that the President, if it were in his judgment advisable, should proceed by way of negotiation, instead of submitting the resolutions as an overture on the part of the United States to Texas. This amendment eased the conscience of a few shy supporters of the Administration who had committed themselves very strongly against the scheme, and saved them from the shame of open tergiversation. The President, however, treated this subterfuge with the contempt which it deserved, by utterly disregarding the Walker amendment, and by dispatching a messenger to Texas to bring about annexation on the basis of the resolutions, the moment he had signed them, when only a few hours of his official existence remained.

GENERAL JOHN J. HARDIN.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE, LENT BY MRS. E. H. WALWORTH.)

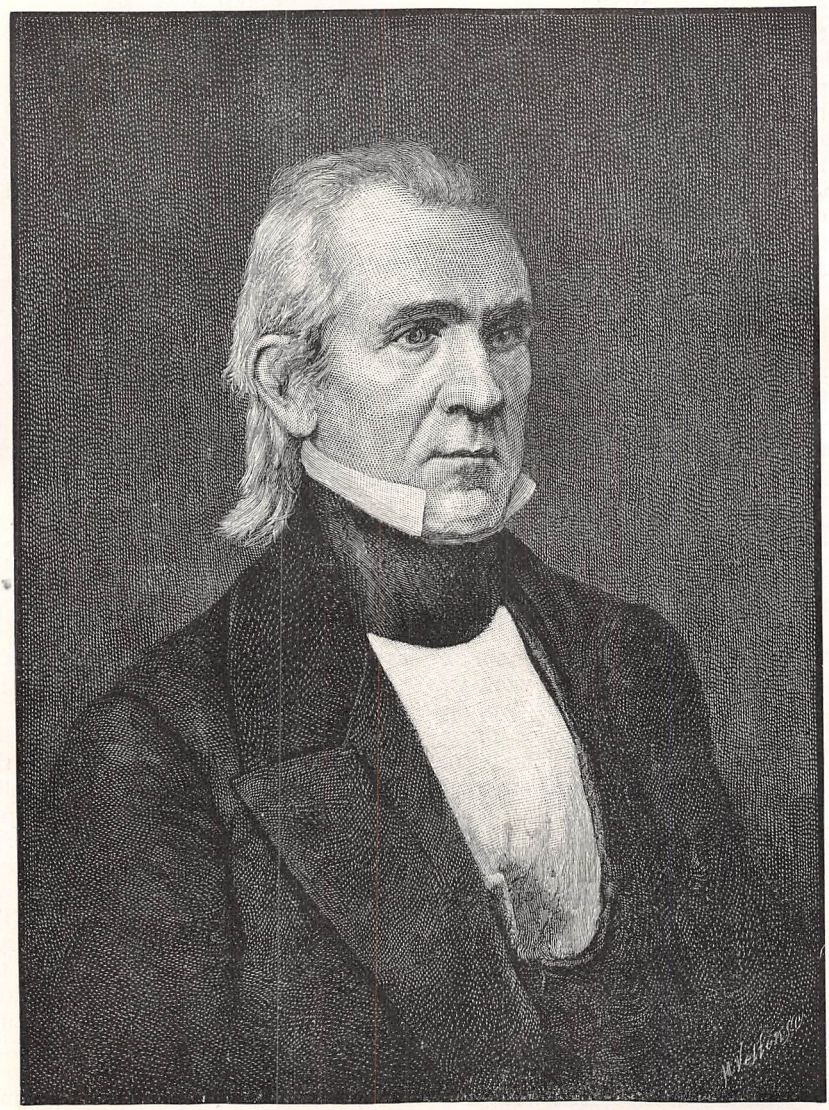
The measures initiated by Tyler were, of course, carried out by Polk. The work was pushed forward with equal zeal at Washington and at Austin. A convention of Texans was called for the 4th of July to consider the American propositions; they were promptly accepted and ratified, and in the last days of 1845 Texas was formally admitted into the Union as a State.



COLONEL E. D. BAKER. (ABOUT 1861.)
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Besides the general objections which the antislavery men of the North had to the project itself, there was something especially offensive to them in the pretense of fairness and compromise held out by the resolutions committing the Government to annexation. The third section provided that four new States might hereafter be formed out of the Territory of Texas; that such States as were formed out of the portion lying south of 36° 30′, the Missouri Compromise line, might be admitted with or without slavery, as the people might desire; and that slavery should be prohibited in such States as might be formed out of the portion lying north of that line. The opponents of slavery regarded this provision, with good reason, as derisory. Slavery already existed in the entire territory by the act of the early settlers from the South who had brought their slaves with them, and the State of Texas had no valid claim to an inch of ground north of the line of 36° 30′ nor anywhere near it; so that this clause, if it had any force whatever, would have authorized the establishment of slavery in a portion of New Mexico, where it did not exist, and where it had been expressly prohibited by the Mexican law. Another serious

objection was that the resolutions were taken as committing the United States to the adoption and maintenance of the Rio Grande del Norte as the western boundary of Texas. All mention of this was avoided in the instrument, and it was to the annexation of Texas, it is nevertheless certain that the occupation of the left bank of the Rio Grande, without an attempt at an understanding, would bring about a collision. The country lying between the Nueces and the



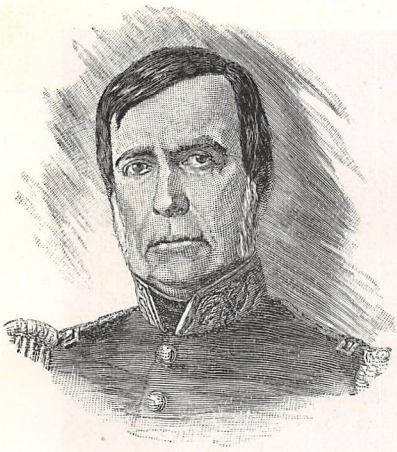
ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

JAMES K. POLK. (1845.) PRESIDENT, 1845–49.

expressly stated that the State was to be formed "subject to the adjustment by this Government of all questions of boundary that may arise with other governments," but the moment the resolutions were passed the Government assumed, as a matter beyond dispute, that all the territory east of the Rio Grande was the rightful property of Texas, to be defended by the military power of the United States.

Even if Mexico had been inclined to submit Rio Grande was then entirely uninhabited, and was thought uninhabitable, though subsequent years have shown the fallacy of that belief. The occupation of the country of Texas extended no farther than the Nueces, and the Mexican farmers cultivated their corn and cotton in peace in the fertile fields opposite Matamoras.

It is true that Texas claimed the eastern bank of the Rio Grande from its source to its mouth; and while the Texans held Santa



GENERAL D. MARIANO ARISTA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF JOHN W. FOSTER, ESQ.)

GENERAL D. JUAN N. ALMONTE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF JOHN W. FOSTER, ESQ.)

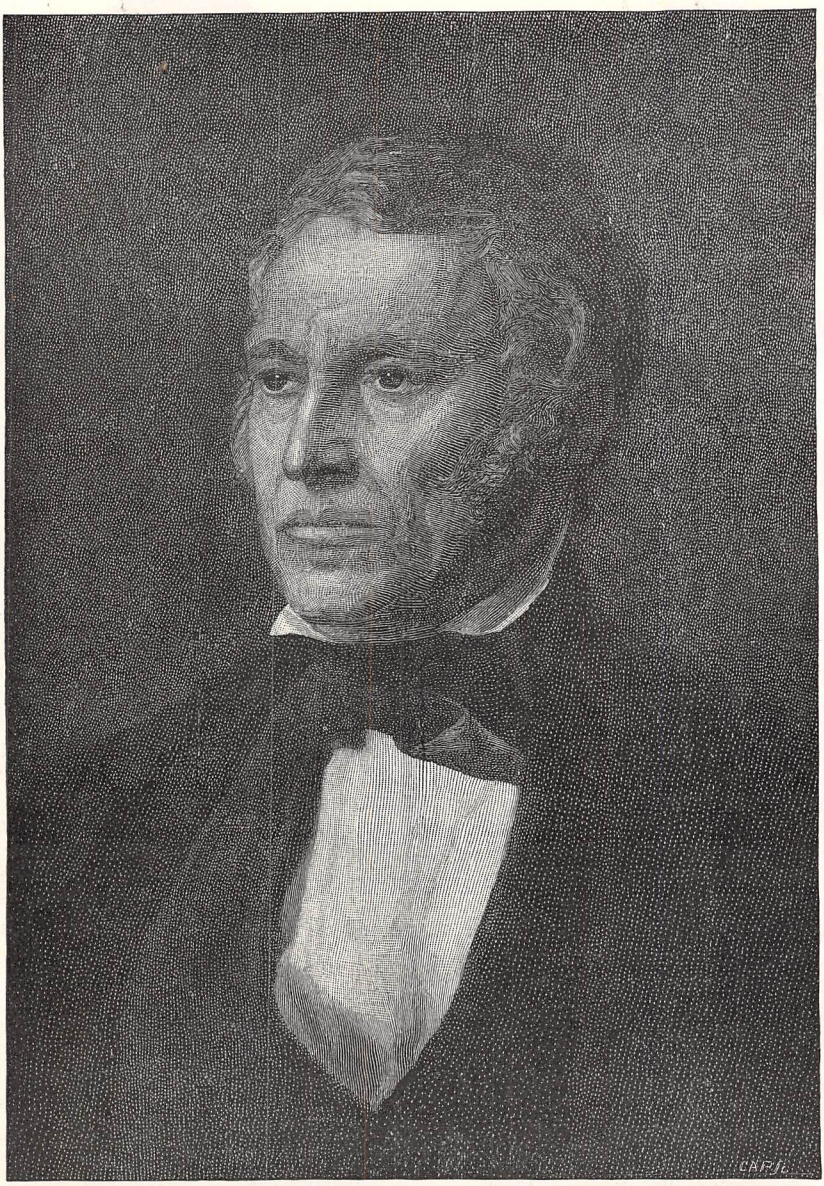
Anna prisoner, under duress of arms and the stronger pressure of his own conscience, which assured him that he deserved death as a murderer, "he solemnly sanctioned, acknowledged, and ratified" their independence with whatever boundaries they chose to claim; but the Bustamente administration lost no time in repudiating this treaty, and at once renewed the war, which had been carried on in a fitful way ever since.

But leaving out of view this special subject of admitted dispute, the Mexican government had warned our own in sufficiently formal terms that annexation could not be peacefully effected. When Mr. Upshur first began his negotiations with Texas, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the earliest rumors of what was afoot, addressed a note* to Waddy Thompson, our Minister in Mexico, referring to the reported intention of Texas to seek admission to the Union, and formally protesting against it as "an aggression unprecedented in the annals of the world," and adding, "if it be indispensable for the Mexican nation to seek security for its rights at the expense of the disasters of war, it will call upon God, and rely on its own efforts for the defense of its just cause." A little while later General Almonte renewed this notification at Washington, saying in so many words that the annexation of Texas would terminate his mission, and that Mexico would declare war as soon as it received intimation of such an act. In June, 1845, Mr. Donelson, in charge of the American Legation in Mexico, assures the Secretary of State that war is inevitable, though he adopts the fiction of Mr. Calhoun, that it is the result of the abolitionist intrigues of Great Britain, which he credited with the intention "of depriving both Texas and the United States of all claim to the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande."

No one, therefore, doubted that war would follow, and it soon came. General Zachary Taylor had been sent during the summer to Corpus Christi, where a considerable portion of the small army of the nation was placed under his command. It was generally understood to be the desire of the Administration that hostilities should begin without orders, by a species of spontaneous combustion; but the coolness and prudence of General Taylor made futile any such hopes, if they were entertained, and it required a positive order to induce him, in March, 1846, to advance

GENERAL PEDRO DE AMPUDIA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF JOHN W. FOSTER, ESQ.)

*August 23, 1843.



ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL. PAINTING BY VANDERLYN, IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY.

ZACHARY TAYLOR. (1852.) PRESIDENT, 1849–50.

towards the Rio Grande and to cross the disputed territory. He arrived at a point opposite Matamoras on the 28th of March, and immediately fortified himself, disregarding the summons of the Mexican commander, who warned him that such action would be considered as a declaration of war. In May General Arista crossed the river and attacked General Taylor on the field of Palo Alto, where Taylor won the first of that remarkable series of victories, embracing Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, all gained over superior forces of the enemy, which made the American commander for the brief day which was left him the idol alike of soldiers and voters.

After Baker's election in 1844, it was generally taken as a matter of course in the district that Lincoln was to be the next candidate of the Whig party for Congress. It was charged at the time, and some recent writers have repeated the charge, that there was a bargain made in 1840 between Hardin, Baker, Lincoln, and Logan to succeed each other in the order named. This sort of fiction is the commonest

known to American politics. Something like it is told, and more or less believed, in half the districts in the country every year. It arises naturally from the fact that there are always more candidates than places, that any one who is a candidate twice is felt to be defrauding his neighbors, and that all candidates are too ready to assure their constituents that they only want one term, and too ready to forget these assurances when their terms are ending. There is not only no evidence of any such bargain among the men we have mentioned, but there is the clearest proof of the contrary. Two or more of them were candidates for the nomination at every election from the time when Stuart retired until the Whigs lost the district. At the same time it is not to be denied that there was a tacit understanding among the Whigs of the district that whoever should, at each election, gain the honor of representing the one Whig constituency of the State, should hold himself satisfied with that privilege, and not be a candidate for reëlection. The retiring member was not always convinced of the propriety of this arrangement. In the early part of January, 1846, Hardin was the only one whose name was mentioned in opposition to Lincoln. He was reasonably sure of his own county, and he tried to induce Lincoln to consent to an arrangement that all candidates should confine themselves to their own counties in the canvass; but Lincoln, who was very strong in the outlying counties of the district, declined the proposition, alleging, as a reason for refusing, that Hardin was so much better known than he, by reason of his service in Congress, that such a stipulation would give him a great advantage. There was fully as much courtesy as candor in this plea, and Lincoln's entire letter was extremely politic and civil. "I have always been in the habit," he says, "of acceding to almost any proposal that a friend would make, and I am truly sorry that I cannot to this." A month later Hardin saw that his candidacy was useless, and he published a card withdrawing from the contest, which was copied and commended in the kindest terms by papers friendly to Lincoln, and the two men remained on terms of intimate friendship.

The convention was held at Petersburg on the 1st of May. Judge Logan placed the name of Lincoln before it, and he was nominated unanimously. The Springfield "Journal," giving the news the week after, said, "This nomination was of course anticipated, there being no other candidate in the field. Mr. Lincoln, we all know, is a good Whig, a good man, an able speaker, and richly deserves, as he enjoys, the confidence of the Whigs of this district and of the State."

The Democrats gave Mr. Lincoln a singular competitor — the famous Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright. It was not the first time they had met in the field of politics. When Lincoln ran for the Legislature on his return from the Black Hawk war, in 1832, one of the successful candidates of that year was this indefatigable circuit-rider. He was now over sixty years of age, in the height of his popularity, and in all respects an adversary not to be despised. His career as a preacher began at the beginning of the century and continued for seventy years. He was the son of one of the pioneers of the West, and grew up in the rudest regions of the border land between Tennessee and Kentucky. He represents himself, with the usual inverted pride of a class-leader, as having been a wild, vicious youth; but the catalogue of his crimes embraces nothing less venial than card-playing, horse-racing, and dancing, and it is hard to see what different amusements could have been found in southern Kentucky in the year 1801. This course of dissipation did not continue long, as he was "converted and united with the Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church" in June of that year, when only sixteen years old, and immediately developed such zeal and power in exhortation that less than a year later he was licensed "to exercise his gifts as an exhorter so long as his practice is agreeable to the gospel." He became a deacon at twenty-one, an elder at twenty-three, a presiding elder at twenty-seven, and from that time his life is the history of his church in the West for sixty years. He died in 1872, eighty-seven years of age, having baptized twelve thousand persons and preached fifteen thousand sermons. He was, and will always remain, the type of the backwoods preacher. Even in his lifetime the simple story of his life became so overgrown with a net-work of fable that there is little resemblance between the simple, courageous, prejudiced itinerant of his "Autobiography" and the fighting, brawling, half-civilized, Protestant Friar Tuck of bar-room and newspaper legend. It is true that he did not always discard the weapons of the flesh in his combats with the ungodly, and he was more than once compelled to leave the pulpit to do carnal execution upon the disturbers of the peace of the sanctuary; but two or three incidents of this sort in three-quarters of a century do not turn a parson into a pugilist. He was a fluent, self-confident speaker, who, after the habit of his time, addressed his discourses more to the emotions than to the reason of his hearers. His system of future rewards and punishments was of the most simple and concrete character, and formed the staple of his sermons. He had no patience with the refinements and reticences of modern theology, and in his later years observed with scorn and

sorrow the progress of education and scholarly training in his own communion. After listening one day to a prayer from a young minister which shone more by its correctness than its unction, he could not refrain from saying, "Brother —, three prayers like that would freeze hell over!"—a consummation which did not commend itself to him as desirable. He often visited the cities of the Atlantic coast, but saw little in them to admire. His chief pleasure on his return was to sit in a circle of his friends and pour out the phials of his sarcasm upon all the refinements of life which he had witnessed in New York or Philadelphia, which he believed, or affected to believe, were tenanted by a species of beings altogether inferior to the manhood that filled the cabins of Kentucky and Illinois. An apocryphal story of one of these visits was often told of him, which pleased him so that he never contradicted it: that becoming bewildered in the vastness of a New York hotel, he procured a hatchet, and in pioneer fashion "blazed" his way along the mahogany staircases and painted corridors from the office to his room. With all his eccentricities, he was a devout man, conscientious and brave. He lived in domestic peace and honor all his days, and dying, he and his wife, whom he had married almost in childhood, left a posterity of one hundred and twenty-nine direct descendants to mourn them.*

With all his devotion to the cause of his church, Peter Cartwright was an ardent Jackson politician, with probably a larger acquaintance throughout the district than any other man in it, and with a personal following which, beginning with his own children and grandchildren and extending through every precinct, made it no holiday task to defeat him in a popular contest. But Lincoln and his friends went energetically into the canvass, and before it closed he was able to foresee a certain victory.

An incident is related to show how accurately he could calculate political results in advance—a faculty which remained with him all his life. A friend, who was a Democrat, had come to him early in the canvass and had told him he wanted to see him elected, but did not like to vote against his party; still he would vote for him, if the contest was to be so close that every vote was needed. A short time before the election Lincoln said to him, "I have got the preacher, and I don't want your vote."

The campaign was carried on almost entirely without expense. Mr. Joshua Speed told the writers that some of the Whigs contributed a purse of $200, which Speed handed to Lincoln to pay his personal expenses in the canvass. After the election was over the successful candidate handed Speed $199.25, with the request that he return it to the subscribers. "I did not need the money," he said. "I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment, being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was 75 cents for a barrel of cider, which some farm-hands insisted I should treat them to."

The election was held in August, and the Whig candidate's majority was very large—1511 in the district, where Clay's majority had been only 914, and where Taylor's, two years later, with all the glamour of victory about him, was ten less. Lincoln's majority in Sangamon County was 690, which, in view of the standing of his competitor, was the most remarkable proof which could be given of his personal popularity;† it was the highest majority ever given to any candidate in the county during the entire period of Whig ascendency until Yates's triumphant campaign of 1852.

This large vote was all the more noteworthy because the Whigs were this year upon the unpopular side. The annexation of Texas was generally approved throughout the West, and those who opposed it were regarded as rather lacking in patriotism, even before actual hostilities began. But when General Taylor and General Ampudia confronted each other with hostile guns across the Rio Grande, and still more after the brilliant feat of arms by which the Americans opened the war on the plain of Palo Alto, it required a good deal of moral courage on the part of the candidates and voters alike to continue their attitude of disapproval of the policy of the Government, at the same time that they were shouting pæans over the exploits of our soldiers. They were assisted, it is true, by the fact that the leading Whigs of the State volunteered with the utmost alacrity and promptitude in the military service. On the 11th of May, Congress authorized the raising of fifty thousand volunteers, and as soon as the intelligence reached Illinois, the daring and restless spirit of Hardin leaped forward to the fate which was awaiting him, and he instantly issued a call to his brigade of

* The impressive manner of Mrs. Cartwright's death, who survived her husband a few years, is remembered in the churches of Sangamon County. She was attending a religious meeting at Bethel Chapel, a mile from her house. She was called upon "to give her testimony," which she did with much feeling, concluding with the words, "the past three weeks have been the happiest of all my life; I am waiting for the chariot." When the meeting broke up, she did not rise with the rest. The minister solemnly said, "The chariot has arrived."—"Early Settlers of Sangamon County," by John Carroll Power.

† Stuart's maj. over May in '36 in Sangamon Co. was 543
" " " Douglass " '38 " " " " 295
" " " Ralston " '40 " " " " 575
Hardin's " " McDougal " '43 " " " " 504
Baker's " " Calhoun " '44 " " " " 373
Lincoln's " " Cartwright " '46 " " " " 690
Logan's " " Harris " '48 " " " " 263
Yates's " " Harris " '50 " " " " 336

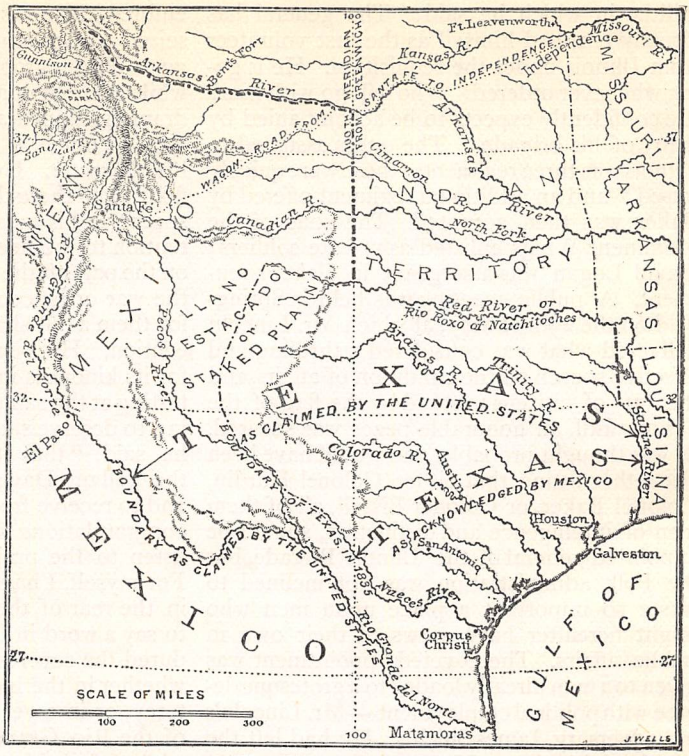
militia, in which he said: "The general has already enrolled himself as the first volunteer from Illinois under the requisition. He is going whenever ordered. Who will go with him? He confidently expects to be accompanied by many of his brigade." The quota assigned to Illinois was three regiments; these were quickly raised,* and an additional regiment offered by Baker was then accepted. The sons of the prominent Whigs enlisted as private soldiers; David Logan was a sergeant in Baker's regiment. A public meeting was held in Springfield on the 29th of May, at which Mr. Lincoln delivered what was considered a thrilling and effective speech on the condition of affairs, and the duty of citizens to stand by the flag of the nation until an honorable peace was secured. It was thought probable, and would have been altogether fitting, that either Colonel Hardin, Colonel Baker, or Colonel Bissell, all of them men of intelligence and distinction, should be appointed general of the Illinois Brigade, but the Polk administration was not inclined to waste so important a place upon men who might hereafter have views of their own in public affairs. The coveted appointment was given to a man already loaded to a grotesque degree with political employment — Mr. Lincoln's old adversary, James Shields. He had left the position of Auditor of State to assume a seat on the Bench; leaving this, he had just been appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office. He had no military experience, and so far as known no capacity for the service; but his fervid partisanship and his nationality commended him to Mr. Polk as a safe servant, and he received his commission, to the surprise and derision of the State. His bravery in action and his honorable wounds at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec saved him from contempt and made his political fortune.

He had received the recommendation of the Illinois Democrats in Congress, and it is altogether probable that he owed his appointment in great measure to the influence of Douglas, who desired to have as few Democratic statesmen as possible in Springfield that winter. A Senator was to be elected, and Shields had acquired such a habit of taking all the offices that fell vacant that it was only prudent to remove him as far as convenient from such a temptation. The election was held in December, and Douglas was promoted from the House of Representatives to that seat in the Senate which he held the rest of his life.

The session of 1846–7 opened with the Sangamon district of Illinois unrepresented in Congress. Baker had gone with his regiment to Mexico. It did not have the good fortune to participate in any of the earlier actions of the campaign, and his fiery spirit chafed in this enforced idleness of camp and garrison. He seized an occasion which was offered him to go to Washington as bearer of dispatches, and while there he made one of those sudden and dramatic appearances in the Capitol which were so much in harmony with his tastes and his character. He went to his place on the floor,† and there delivered a bright, interesting speech in his most attractive vein, calling attention to the needs of the army, disavowing on the part of the Whigs any responsibility for the war or its conduct, and adroitly claiming for them a full share of the credit for its prosecution. He began by thanking the House for its kindness in allowing him the floor, protesting at the same time that he had done nothing to deserve such courtesy. "I could wish," he said, "that it had been the fortune of the gallant Davis‡ to now stand where I do and to receive from gentlemen on all sides the congratulations so justly due to him, and to listen to the praises of his brave compeers. For myself, I have, unfortunately, been left far in the rear of the war, and if now I venture to say a word in behalf of those who have endured the severest hardships of the struggle, whether in the blood-stained streets of Monterey, or in a yet sterner form on the banks of the Rio Grande, I beg you to believe that while I feel this a most pleasant duty, it is in other respects a duty full of pain; for I stand here, after six months' service as a volunteer, having seen no actual warfare in the field." Yet even this disadvantage he turned with great dexterity to his service. He reproached Congress for its apathy and inaction in not providing for the wants of the army by reënforcements and supplies; he flattered the troops in the field, and paid a touching tribute to those who died of disease and exposure, without ever enjoying the sight of a battlefield, and rising to lyric enthusiasm, he repeated a poem of his own, which he had written in camp to the memory of the dead of the Fourth Illinois. He could not refrain from giving his own party all the credit which could be claimed for it, and it is not difficult to imagine how exasperating it must have been to the majority to hear so calm an assumption of superior patriotism on the part of the opposition as the following: "As a Whig I still occupy a place on this floor; nor do I think it worth while to reply to such a charge as that the Whigs are not friends of their country because many of them doubt the justice or expediency of the present war. Surely there was all the more evidence of the patriotism of the man who, doubting the expediency

* The colonels were Hardin, Bissell, and Freeman.
† December 28, 1864.
‡ Jefferson Davis, who was with the army in Mexico.

and even the entire justice of the war, nevertheless supported it, because it was the war of his country. In the one it might be mere enthusiasm and an impetuous temperament; in the other it was true patriotism, a sense of duty. Homer represents Hector as strongly doubting the expediency of the war against Greece. He gave his advice against it; he had no sympathy with Paris, whom he bitterly reproached, much less with Helen; yet, when the war came, and the Grecian forces were marshaled on the plain, and their crooked keels were seen cutting the sands of the Trojan coast, Hector was a flaming fire, his beaming helmet was seen in the thickest of the fight. There are in the American army many who have the spirit of Hector; who strongly doubt the propriety of the war, and especially the manner of its commencement; who yet are ready to pour out their hearts' best blood like water, and their lives with it, on a foreign shore, in defense of the American flag and American glory." *



THE BOUNDARIES OF TEXAS.

This map gives the boundary between Mexico and the United States as defined by the treaty of 1828; the westerly bank of the Sabine River from its mouth to the 32d degree of latitude; thence due north to the Red River, following the course of that stream to the 100th degree of longitude west from Greenwich; thence due north to the Arkansas River, and running along its south bank to its source in the Rocky Mountains, near the place where Leadville now stands; thence due north to the 42d parallel of latitude, which it follows to the Pacific Ocean.

On the west will be seen the boundaries claimed by Mexico and the United States after the annexation of Texas. The Mexican authorities considered the western boundary of Texas to be the Nueces River, from mouth to source; thence by an indefinite line to the Rio Pecos, and through the elevated and barren Llano Estacado to the source of the main branch of the Red River, and along that river to the 100th meridian. The United States adopted the Texan claim of the Rio Grande del Norte as their western limit. By the treaty of peace of 1848, the Mexicans relinquished to the United States the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande del Norte; also the territory lying between the last-named river and the Pacific Ocean, and north of the Gila River and the southern boundary of New Mexico, which was a short distance above the town of El Paso.—J. W.

Immediately after making this speech, Baker increased the favorable impression created by it by resigning his seat in Congress and hurrying as fast as steam could carry him to New Orleans, to embark there for Mexico. He had heard of the advance of Santa Anna upon Saltillo, and did not wish to lose any opportu-

* We give a copy of these lines, not on account of their intrinsic merit, but as illustrating the versatility of the lawyer, orator, and soldier who wrote them.

Where rolls the rushing Rio Grande,
How peacefully they sleep!
Far from their native Northern land,
Far from the friends who weep.
No rolling drums disturb their rest
Beneath the sandy sod;
The mold lies heavy on each breast,
The spirit is with God.

They heard their country's call, and came
To battle for the right;
Each bosom filled with martial flame,
And kindling for the fight.
Light was their measured footstep when
They moved to seek the foe;
Alas that hearts so fiery then
Should soon be cold and low!

They did not die in eager strife
Upon a well-fought field;
Nor from the red wound poured their life
Where cowering foemen yield.
Death's ghastly shade was slowly cast
Upon each manly brow,
But calm and fearless to the last,
They sleep securely now.

Yet shall a grateful country give
Her honors to their name;
In kindred hearts their memory live,
And history guard their fame.
Not unremembered do they sleep
Upon a foreign strand,
Though near their graves thy wild waves sweep,
O rushing Rio Grande!

nity of fighting which might fall in the way of his regiment. He arrived to find his troops transferred to the Department of General Scott; and although he missed Buena Vista, he took part in the capture of Vera Cruz, and greatly distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo. When Shields was wounded, Baker took command of his brigade, and by a gallant charge on the Mexican guns gained possession of the Jalapa road, an act by which a great portion of the fruits of that victory were harvested.

His resignation left a vacancy in Congress, and a contest, characteristic of the politics of the time, at once sprang up over it. The rational course would have been to elect Lincoln, but, with his usual overstrained delicacy, he declined to run, thinking it fair to give other aspirants a chance for the term of two months. The Whigs nominated a respectable man named Brown, but a short while before the election John Henry, a member of the State Senate, announced himself as a candidate, and appealed for votes on the sole ground that he was a poor man and wanted the place for the mileage. Brown, either recognizing the force of this plea, or smitten with a sudden disgust for a service in which such pleas were possible, withdrew from the canvass, and Henry got his election and his mileage.

THE THIRTIETH CONGRESS.

THE Thirtieth Congress organized on the 6th of December, 1847. Its roll contained the names of many eminent men, few of whom were less known than his which was destined to a fame more wide and enduring than all the rest together. It was Mr. Lincoln's sole distinction that he was the only Whig member from Illinois. He entered upon the larger field of work which now lay before him without any special diffidence, but equally without elation. Writing to his friend Speed soon after his election he said, "Being elected to Congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected,"— an experience not unknown to most public men, but probably intensified in Lincoln's case by his constitutional melancholy. He went about his work with little gladness, but with a dogged sincerity and an inflexible conscience.

It soon became apparent that the Whigs were to derive at least a temporary advantage from the war which the Democrats had brought upon the country, although it was destined in its later consequences to sweep the former party out of existence and exile the other from power for many years. The House was so closely divided that Lincoln, writing on the 5th, expressed some doubt whether the Whigs could elect all their caucus nominees, and Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was chosen Speaker the next day by a majority of one vote. The President showed in his message that he was doubtful of the verdict of Congress and the country upon the year's operations, and he argued with more solicitude than force in defense of the proceedings of the Administration in regard to the war with Mexico. His anxiety was at once shown to be well founded. The first attempt made by his friends to indorse the conduct of the Government was met by a stern rebuke from the House of Representatives, which passed an amendment proposed by George Ashmun that "the war had been unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President." This severe declaration was provoked and justified by the persistent and disingenuous assertion of the President that the preceding Congress had "with virtual unanimity" declared that "war existed by the act of Mexico"— the truth being that a strong minority had voted to strike out those words from the preamble of the supply bill, but being outvoted in this, they were compelled either to vote for preamble and bill together, or else refuse supplies to the army. It was not surprising that the Whigs and other opponents of the war should take the first opportunity to give the President their opinion of such a misrepresentation. The position of the opposition had been greatly strengthened by the very victories upon which Mr. Polk had confidently relied for his vindication. Both our armies in Mexico were under command of Whig generals, and among the subordinate officers who had distinguished themselves in the field, a full share were Whigs, who, to an extent unusual in wars of political significance, retained their attitude of hostility to the administration under whose orders they were serving. Some of them had returned to their places on the floor of Congress brandishing their laurels with great effect in the faces of their opponents who had talked while they fought.* When we number the names which leaped into sudden fame in that short but sanguinary war, it is surprising to find how few of them sympathized with the party which brought it on, or

* The following extract from a letter of Lincoln to his partner, Mr. Herndon, gives the names of some of the Whig soldiers who persisted in their faith throughout the war: "As to the Whig men who have participated in the war, so far as they have spoken to my hearing, they do not hesitate to denounce as unjust the President's conduct in the beginning of the war. They do not suppose that such denunciation is directed by undying hatred to them, as 'the Register' would have it believed. There are two such Whigs on this floor (Colonel Haskell and Major James). The former fought as a colonel by the side of Colonel Baker, at Cerro Gordo, and stands side by side with me in the vote that you seem dissatisfied with. The latter, the

with the purposes for which it was waged. The earnest opposition of Taylor to the scheme of the annexationists did not hamper his movements or paralyze his arm, when with his little band of regulars he beat the army of Arista on the plain of Palo Alto, and again in the precipitous Resaca de la Palma; took by storm the fortified city of Monterey, defended by a greatly superior force; and finally, with a few regiments of raw levies, posted among the rocky spurs and gorges about the farm of Buena Vista, met and defeated the best-led and best-fought army the Mexicans ever brought into the field, outnumbering him more than four to one. It was only natural that the Whigs should profit by the glory gained by Whig valor, no matter in what cause. The attitude of the opposition — sure of their advantage and exulting in it — was never perhaps more clearly and strongly set forth than in a speech made by Mr. Lincoln near the close of this session. He said:

"As General Taylor is *par excellence* the hero of the Mexican War, and as you Democrats say we Whigs have always opposed the war, you think it must be very awkward and embarrassing for us to go for General Taylor. The declaration that we have always opposed the war is true or false accordingly as one may understand the term 'opposing the war.' If to say 'the war was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President' be opposing the war, then the Whigs have very generally opposed it. Whenever they have spoken at all they have said this; and they have said it on what has appeared good reason to them; the marching of an army into the midst of a peaceful Mexican settlement, frightening the inhabitants away, leaving their growing crops and other property to destruction, to *you* may appear a perfectly amiable, peaceful, unprovoking procedure; but it does not appear so to *us*. So to call such an act, to us appears no other than a naked, impudent absurdity, and we speak of it accordingly. But if when the war had begun, and had become the cause of the country, the giving of our money and our blood, in common with yours, was support of the war, then it is not true that we have always opposed the war. With few individual exceptions, you have constantly had our votes here for all the necessary supplies. And, more than this, you have had the services, the blood, and the lives of our political brethren in every trial, and on every field. The beardless boy and the mature man, the humble and the distinguished,— you have had them. Through suffering and death, by disease and in battle, they have endured and fought and fallen with you. Clay and Webster each gave a son, never to be returned. From the State of my own residence, besides other worthy but less-known Whig names, we sent Marshall, Morrison, Baker, and Hardin; they all fought, and one fell, and in the fall of that one we lost our best Whig man. Nor were the Whigs few in number or laggard in the day of battle. In that fearful, bloody, breathless struggle at Buena Vista, where each man's hard task was to beat back five foes or die himself, of the five high officers who perished, four were Whigs."

There was no other refuge for the Democrats after the Whigs had adopted Taylor as their especial hero, as Scott was also a Whig and an original opponent of the war. His victories have never received the credit justly due them on account of the apparent ease with which they were gained. The student of military history will rarely meet with accounts of battles in any age where the actual operations coincide so exactly with the orders issued upon the eve of conflict, as in the official reports of the wonderfully energetic and successful campaign in which General Scott with a handful of men renewed the memory of the conquest of Cortes, in his triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the capital. The plan of the battle of Cerro Gordo was so fully carried out in action that the official report is hardly more than the general orders translated from the future tense to the past. The story of Chapultepec has the same element of the marvelous in it. The general commands apparent impossibilities in the closest detail on one day, and the next day reports that they have been accomplished. These successes were not cheaply attained. The Mexicans, though deficient in science and in military intelligence, fought with bravery and sometimes with desperation. The enormous percentage of loss in his army proves that Scott was engaged in no light work. He marched from Pueblo with about ten thousand men, and his losses in the basin of Mexico were 2703, of whom 383 were officers. But neither he nor Taylor was a favorite of the Administration, and their brilliant success brought no gain of popularity to Mr. Polk and his Cabinet.

During the early part of the session little was talked about except the Mexican war, its causes, its prosecution, and its probable results. In these wordy engagements the Whigs, partly for the reasons we have mentioned, partly through their unquestionable superiority in debate, and partly by virtue of their stronger cause, usually had the advantage. There was no distinct line of demarcation, however, between the two parties. There was hardly a vote, after the election of Mr. Winthrop as Speaker, where the two sides divided according to their partisan nomenclature. The question of slavery, even where its presence was not avowed, had its secret influence upon every trial of strength in Congress, and Southern Whigs were continually found sustaining the President, and New England Democrats voting against his most cherished plans. Not

history of whose capture with Cassius Clay you well know, had not arrived here when that vote was given; but, as I understand, he stands ready to give just such a vote whenever an occasion shall present. Baker, too, who is now here, says the truth is undoubtedly that way; and whenever he shall speak out, he will say so. Colonel Doniphan, too, the favorite Whig of Missouri, and who overran all northern Mexico, on his return home, in a public speech at St. Louis, condemned the Administration in relation to the war, if I remember. G. T. M. Davis, who has been through almost the whole war, declares in favor of Mr. Clay;" etc.

even all the Democrats of the South could be relied on by the Administration. The most powerful leader of them all denounced with bitter earnestness the conduct of the war, for which he was greatly responsible. Mr. Calhoun, in an attack upon the President's policy, January 4, 1848, said, "I opposed the war, not only because it might have been easily avoided; not only because the President had no authority to order a part of the disputed territory in possession of the Mexicans to be occupied by our troops; not only because I believed the allegations upon which Congress sanctioned the war untrue, but from high considerations of policy; because I believed it would lead to many and serious evils to the country and greatly endanger its free institutions." It was probably not so much the free institutions of the country that the South Carolina Senator was disturbed about as some others. He perhaps felt that the friends of slavery had set in motion a train of events whose result was beyond their ken. Mr. Palfrey of Massachusetts a few days later said with as much sagacity as wit that "Mr. Calhoun thought that he could set fire to a barrel of gunpowder and extinguish it when half-consumed." In his anxiety that the war should be brought to an end, Calhoun proposed that the United States army should evacuate the Mexican capital, establish a defensive line, and hold it as the only indemnity possible to us. He had no confidence in treaties, and believed that no Mexican government was capable of carrying one into effect. A few days later,* in a running debate, Mr. Calhoun made an important statement which still further strengthened the contention of the Whigs. He said that in making the treaty of annexation he did not assume that the Rio del Norte was the western boundary of Texas; on the contrary, he assumed that the boundary was an unsettled one between Mexico and Texas; and that he had intimated to our *chargé d'affaires* that we were prepared to settle the boundary on the most liberal terms! This was perfectly in accordance with the position held by most Democrats before the Rio Grande boundary was made by the President an article of faith. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, one of the leading men upon that side in Congress, in a speech three years before had said, "The stupendous deserts between the Nueces and the Bravo rivers are the natural boundaries between the Anglo-Saxon and the Mauritanian races"; a statement which, however faulty from the point of view of ethnology and physical geography, shows clearly enough the view then held of the boundary question.

* January 13, 1848.

The discipline of both parties was more or less relaxed under the influence of the slavery question. It was singular to see Mr. McLane of Baltimore rebuking Mr. Clingman of North Carolina for mentioning that forbidden subject on the floor of the House; Mr. Reverdy Johnson, a Whig from Maryland, administering correction to Mr. Hale, an insubordinate Democrat from New Hampshire, for the same offense, and at the same time screaming that the "blood of our glorious battle fields in Mexico rested on the hands of the President"; Mr. Clingman challenging the House with the broad statement that "it is a misnomer to speak of our institution at the South as peculiar; ours is the general system of the world, and the *free* system is the peculiar one," and Mr. Palfrey dryly responding that slavery was natural just as barbarism was; just as fig-leaves and bare skins were a natural dress. When the time arrived, however, for leaving off grimacing and posturing, and the House went to voting, the advocates of slavery usually carried the day, as the South, Whigs and Democrats together, voted solidly, and the North was divided. Especially was this the case after the arrival of the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico, which was signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo on the 2d of February and was in the hands of the Senate only twenty days later. It was ratified by that body on the 10th of March, with a series of amendments which were at once accepted by Mexico, and the treaty of peace was officially promulgated on the national festival of the Fourth of July. From the hour when the treaty was received in Washington, however, the discussion as to the conduct of the war naturally languished; the ablest speeches of the day before became obsolete in the presence of accomplished facts; and the interest of Congress promptly turned to the more important subject of the disposition to be made of the vast domain which our arms had conquered and the treaty confirmed to us. No one in America then realized the magnitude of this acquisition. Its stupendous physical features were as little appreciated as the vast moral and political results which were to flow from its entrance into our commonwealth. It was only known, in general terms, that our new possessions covered ten degrees of latitude and fifteen of longitude; that we had acquired, in short, six hundred and thirty-thousand square miles of desert, mountain, and wilderness. There was no dream, then, of that portentous discovery which, even while the Senate was wrangling over the treaty, had converted Captain Suttar's farm at Coloma into a mining camp — for his ruin and the sudden up-building of many colossal fortunes. The name of California, which

conveys to-day such opulent suggestions, then meant nothing but barrenness, and Nevada was a name as yet unknown — some future Congressman, innocent of taste and of Spanish, was to hit upon the absurdity of calling that land of silver and cactus, of the orange and the sage-hen, the land of snow. But imperfect as was the appreciation, at that day, of the possibilities which lay hidden in these sunset regions, there was still enough of instinctive greed in the minds of politicians to make them a subject of lively interest and intrigue.* At the first showing of hands, the South was successful.

In the twenty-ninth Congress this contest had begun over the spoils of a victory not yet achieved. President Polk, foreseeing the probability of an acquisition of territory by treaty, had asked Congress to make an appropriation for that purpose. A bill was at once reported in that sense, appropriating $30,000 for the expenses of the negotiation and $2,000,000 to be used in the President's discretion. But before it passed, a number of Northern Democrats† had become alarmed as to the disposition that might be made of the territory thus acquired, which was now free soil by Mexican law. After a hasty consultation they agreed upon a proviso to the bill, which was presented by Mr. David Wilmot of Pennsylvania. He was a man of respectable abilities, who then, and long afterwards, held a somewhat prominent position among the public men of his State; but his sole claim to a place in history rests upon these few lines which he moved to add to the first section of the bill under discussion:

"*Provided,* That as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the Republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty that may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."

This condition seemed so fair, when first presented to the Northern conscience, that only three members from the free States voted No in committee. The amendment was adopted — 80 to 64 — and the bill reported to the House. A desperate effort was then made by the pro-slavery members to kill the bill for the purpose of destroying the amendment with it. This failed,‡ and the bill, as amended, passed the House, but going to the Senate a few hours before the close of the session, it lapsed without a vote.

As soon as the war was ended and the treaty of peace was sent to the Senate, this subject assumed a new interest and importance, and a resolution embodying the principle of the Wilmot proviso was brought before the House by Mr. Harvey Putnam of New York, but no longer with the same success. The South was now solid against it, and such a disintegration of conscience among Northern Democrats had set in, that whereas only three of them in the last Congress had seen fit to approve the introduction of slavery into free territory, twenty-five now voted with the South against maintaining the existing conditions there. The fight was kept up during the session in various places; if now and then a temporary advantage seemed gained in the House, it was lost in the Senate, and no permanent progress was made.

What we have said in regard to the general discussion provoked by the Mexican war appeared necessary to explain the part taken by Mr. Lincoln on the floor. He came to his place unheralded and without any special personal pretensions. His first participation in debate can best be described in his own quaint and simple words: § "As to speech-making, by way of getting the hang of the House, I made a little speech two or three days ago on a post-office question of no general interest. I find speaking here and elsewhere about the same thing. I was about as badly scared, and no worse, as I am when I speak in court. I expect to make one within a week or two in which I hope to succeed well enough to wish you to see it." He evidently had the orator's temperament — the mixture of dread and eagerness which all good speakers feel before facing an audience, which

* To show how crude and vague were the ideas of even the most intelligent men in relation to this great empire, we give a few lines from the closing page of E. D. Mansfield's "History of the Mexican War." "But will the greater part of this vast space ever be inhabited by any but the restless hunter and the wandering trapper? Two hundred thousand square miles of this territory, in New California, has been trod by the foot of no civilized being. No spy or pioneer or vagrant trapper has ever returned to report the character and scenery of that waste and lonely wilderness. Two hundred thousand square miles more are occupied with broken mountains and dreary wilds. But little remains then for civilization."

† Some of the more conspicuous among them were Hamlin of Maine, Preston King of New York, Wilmot of Pennsylvania, Brinckerhoff of Ohio, McClelland of Michigan, etc.

‡ In this important and significant vote all the Whigs but one and almost all the Democrats, from the free States, together with Wm. P. Thomasson and Henry Grider, Whigs from Kentucky, voted against killing the amended bill, in all 93. On the other side were all the members from slave-holding States, except Thomasson and Grider, and the following from free States, Douglas and McClernand from Illinois, Petit from Indiana, and Schenck, a Whig, from Ohio, in all 79.—Greeley's "American Conflict," I. p. 189.

§ Letter to Wm. H. Herndon, January 8, 1848.

made Cicero tremble and turn pale when rising in the Forum. The speech he was pondering was made only four days later, on the 12th of January, and few better maiden speeches — for it was his first formal discourse in Congress — have ever been made in that House. He preceded it, and prepared for it, by the introduction, on the 22d of December, of a series of resolutions referring to the President's persistent assertions that the war had been begun by Mexico, "by invading our territory and shedding the blood of our citizens on our own soil," and calling upon him to give the House more specific information upon these points. As these resolutions became somewhat famous afterwards, and were relied upon to sustain the charge of a lack of patriotism made by Mr. Douglas against their author, it may be as well to give them here, especially as they are the first production of Mr. Lincoln's pen after his entry upon the field of national politics. We omit the preamble, which consists of quotations from the President's message.

Resolved by the House of Representatives. That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to inform this House:

First. Whether the spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed, as in his messages declared, was or was not within the territory of Spain, at least after the treaty of 1819, until the Mexican revolution.

Second. Whether that spot is or is not within the territory which was wrested from Spain by the revolutionary government of Mexico.

Third. Whether that spot is or is not within a settlement of people, which settlement has existed ever since long before the Texas revolution and until its inhabitants fled before the approach of the United States army.

Fourth. Whether that settlement is or is not isolated from any and all other settlements by the Gulf and the Rio Grande on the south and west, and by wide uninhabited regions in the north and east.

Fifth. Whether the people of that settlement, or a majority of them, or any of them, have ever submitted themselves to the government or laws of Texas or of the United States, by consent or by compulsion, either by accepting office, or voting at elections, or paying tax, or serving on juries, or having process served upon them, or in any other way.

Sixth. Whether the people of that settlement did or did not flee from the approach of the United States army, leaving unprotected their homes and their growing crops, *before* the blood was shed, as in the messages stated; and whether the first blood so shed was or was not shed within the inclosure of one of the people who had thus fled from it.

Seventh. Whether our citizens whose blood was shed, as in his message declared, were or were not at that time armed officers and soldiers, sent into that settlement by the military order of the President, through the Secretary of War.

Eighth. Whether the military force of the United States was or was not so sent into that settlement after General Taylor had more than once intimated to the War Department that in his opinion no such movement was necessary to the defense or protection of Texas.

It would have been impossible for the President to answer these questions, one by one, according to the evidence in his possession, without surrendering every position he had taken in his messages for the last two years. An answer was probably not expected; the resolutions were never acted upon by the House, the vote on the Ashmun proposition having sufficiently indicated the view which the majority held of the President's precipitate and unconstitutional proceeding. But they served as a text for the speech which Lincoln made in Committee of the Whole, which deserves the attentive reading of any one who imagines that there was anything accidental in the ascendency which he held for twenty years among the public men of Illinois. The winter was mostly devoted to speeches upon the same subject from men of eminence and experience, but it is within bounds to say there was not a speech made in the House that year superior to this, in clearness of statement, severity of criticism combined with soberness of style, or, what is most surprising, finish and correctness. In its close, clear argument, its felicity of illustration, its restrained yet burning earnestness, it belongs to precisely the same class of addresses as those which he made a dozen years later. The ordinary Congressman can never conclude inside the limits assigned him; he must beg for unanimous consent for an extension of time to come to his sprawling peroration. But this masterly speech covered the whole ground of the controversy, and so intent was Lincoln on not exceeding his hour that he finished his task, to his own surprise, in forty-five minutes. It is an admirable discourse, and the oblivion which overtook it, along with the other volumes of speeches made at the same time, can only be accounted for by remembering that the Guadalupe Treaty came suddenly in upon the debate, with its immense consequences sweeping forever out of view all consideration of the causes and the processes which led to the momentous result.

Lincoln's speech and his resolutions were alike inspired with one purpose: to correct what he considered an error and a wrong; to rectify a misrepresentation which he could not, in his very nature, permit to go uncontradicted. It gratified his offended moral sense to protest against the false pretenses which he saw so clearly, and it pleased his fancy as a lawyer to bring a truth to light which somebody, as he thought, was trying to conceal. He certainly got no other reward for his trouble. His speech was not particularly well received in Illinois. His own partner, Mr. Herndon, a young and ardent man, with more heart than learning, more feeling for the flag than for international justice, could not, or would not, understand Mr. Lincoln's

position, and gave him great pain by his letters. Again and again Lincoln explained to him the difference between approving the war and voting supplies to the soldiers, but Herndon was obstinately obtuse, and there were many of his mind. Lincoln's convictions were so positive in regard to the matter that any laxity of opinion among his friends caused him real suffering. In a letter to the Rev. J. M. Peck, who had written a defense of the Administration in reference to the origin of the war, he writes: this "disappoints me, because it is the first effort of the kind I have known, made by one appearing to me to be intelligent, right-minded, and impartial." He then reviews some of the statements of Mr. Peck, proving their incorrectness, and goes on to show that our army had marched under orders across the desert of the Nueces into a peaceful Mexican settlement, frightening away the inhabitants; that Fort Brown was built in a Mexican cotton-field, where a young crop was growing; that Captain Thornton and his men were captured in another cultivated field. He then asks, how under any law, human or divine, this can be considered "no aggression," and closes by asking his clerical correspondent if the precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is obsolete, of no force, of no application? This is not the anxiety of a politician troubled about his record. He is not a candidate for reëlection, and the discussion has passed by; but he must stop and vindicate the truth whenever assailed. He perhaps does not see, certainly does not care, that this stubborn devotion to mere justice will do him no good at an hour when the air is full of the fumes of gunpowder; when the returned volunteers are running for constable in every county; when so good a Whig as Mr. Winthrop gives, as a sentiment, at a public meeting in Boston, "Our country, however bounded," and the majority of his party are preparing — unmindful of Mr. Polk and all his works — to reap the fruits of the Mexican war by making its popular hero President.

It was fortunate for Mr. Lincoln and for Whigs like him, with consciences, that General Taylor had occupied so unequivocal an attitude in regard to the war. He had not been in favor of the march to the Rio Grande, and had resisted every suggestion to that effect until his peremptory orders came. In regard to other political questions, his position was so undefined, and his silence generally so discreet, that few of the Whigs, however exacting, could find any difficulty in supporting him. Mr. Lincoln did more than tolerate his candidacy. He supported it with energy and cordiality. He was at last convinced that the election of Mr. Clay was impossible, and he thought he could see that the one opportunity of the Whigs was in the nomination of Taylor. So early as April he wrote to a friend:* "Mr. Clay's chance for an election is just no chance at all. He might get New York, and that would have elected in 1844, but it will not now, because he must now, at the least, lose Tennessee, which he had then, and in addition the fifteen new votes of Florida, Texas, Iowa, and Wisconsin." Later he wrote to the same friend that the nomination took the Democrats "on the blind side. It turns the war thunder against them. The war is now to them the gallows of Haman, which they built for us, and on which they are doomed to be hanged themselves."

At the same time he bated no jot of his opposition to the war, and urged the same course upon his friends. To Linder of Illinois he wrote:† "In law, it is good policy to never plead what you need not, lest you oblige yourself to prove what you cannot." He then counsels him to go for Taylor, but to avoid approving Polk and the war, as in the former case he will gain Democratic votes and in the latter he would lose with the Whigs. Linder answered him, wanting to know if it would not be as easy to elect Taylor without opposing the war, which drew from Lincoln the angry response that silence was impossible; the Whigs must speak, "and their only option is whether they will, when they speak, tell the truth or tell a foul and villainous falsehood."

When the Whig Convention came together in Philadelphia,‡ the differences of opinion on points of principle and policy were almost as numerous as the delegates. The unconditional Clay men rallied once more and gave their aged leader ninety-seven votes to one hundred and eleven which Taylor received on the first ballot. Scott and Webster had each a few votes; but on the fourth ballot the soldier of Buena Vista was nominated, and Millard Fillmore placed in the line of succession to him. It was impossible for a body so heterogeneous to put forward a distinctive platform of principles. An attempt was made to force an expression in regard to the Wilmot proviso, but it was never permitted to come to a vote. The convention was determined that "Old Rough and Ready," as he was now universally nicknamed, should run upon his battle-flags and his name of Whig — although he cautiously called himself "not an ultra Whig." The nomination was received with great and noisy demonstrations of adhesion from every

* Archibald Williams of Quincy, Illinois. Lamon, p. 294.

† Holland, p. 118.

‡ June 7, 1848.

quarter. Lincoln, writing a day or two after his return from the convention, says: "Many had said they would not abide the nomination of Taylor; but since the deed has been done they are fast falling in, and in my opinion we shall have a most overwhelming, glorious triumph. One unmistakable sign is that all the odds and ends are with us,—Barnburners, native Americans, Tyler men, disappointed office-seeking Loco-focos, and the Lord knows what. This is important, if in nothing else, in showing which way the wind blows."

General Taylor's chances for election had been greatly increased by what had taken place at the Democratic Convention, a fortnight before. General Cass had been nominated for the Presidency, but his militia title had no glamour of carnage about it, and the secession of the New York Antislavery "Barnburners" from the convention was a presage of disaster which was fulfilled in the following August by the assembling of the recusant delegates at Buffalo, where they were joined by a large number of discontented Democrats and "Liberty" men, and the Free-soil party was organized for its short but effective mission. Martin Van Buren was nominated for President, and Charles Francis Adams was associated with him on the ticket. The great superiority of caliber shown in the nominations of the mutineers over the regular Democrats was also apparent in the roll of those who made and sustained the revolt. When Salmon P. Chase, Charles Sumner, Preston King, the Van Burens and Adamses, John P. Hale, Henry Wilson, William Cullen Bryant, David Wilmot, and their like went out of their party, they left a vacancy which was never to be filled. It was perhaps an instinct rather than any clear spirit of prophecy which drove the antislavery Democrats out of their party and kept the Whigs together. So far as the authorized utterances of their conventions were concerned, there was little to choose between them. They had both evaded any profession of faith in regard to slavery. The Democrats had rejected the resolution offered by Yancey committing them to the doctrine of "non-interference with the rights of property in the territories," and the Whigs had never allowed the Wilmot proviso to be voted upon. But nevertheless those Democrats who felt that the time had come to put a stop to the aggression of slavery, generally threw off their partisan allegiance, and the most ardent of the antislavery Whigs, with not many exceptions, thought best to remain with their party. General Taylor was a Southerner and a slaveholder. In regard to all questions bearing upon slavery, he observed a discretion in the canvass which was almost ludicrous.* Yet there was a well-nigh universal impression among the antislavery Whigs that his administration would be under influences favorable to the restriction of slavery. Clay, Webster, and Seward, all of whom were agreed at that time against any extension of the area of that institution, heartily supported him. Webster insisted upon it that the Whigs were themselves the best "Free-soilers," and for them to join the party called by that distinctive name would be merely putting Mr. Van Buren at the head of the Whig party. Mr. Seward, speaking for Taylor at Cleveland,† took still stronger ground, declaring that slavery "must be abolished"; that "freedom and slavery are two antagonistic elements of society in America"; that "the party of freedom seeks complete and universal emancipation." No one then seems to have foreseen that the Whig party—then on the eve of a great victory—was so near its dissolution, and that the bolting Democrats and the faithful Whigs were alike engaged in laying the foundations of a party which was to illustrate the latter half of the century with achievements of such colossal and enduring importance.

There was certainly no doubt or misgiving in the mind of Lincoln as to that future, which, if he could have foreseen it, would have presented so much of terrible fascination. He went into the campaign with exultant alacrity. He could not even wait for the adjournment of Congress to begin his stump-speaking. Following the bad example of the rest of his colleagues, he obtained the floor on the 27th of July, and made a long, brilliant, and humorous speech upon the merits of the two candidates before the people. As it is the only one of Lincoln's popular speeches of that period which has been preserved entire, it should be read by those who desire to understand the manner and spirit of the politics of 1848. Whatever faults of taste or of method may be found in it, considering it as a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, with no more propriety or pertinence than hundreds of others which have been made under like circumstances, it is an extremely able speech, and it is by itself enough to show how remarkably effective he must have been as a canvasser in the remoter districts of his State where means

* It is a tradition that a planter once wrote to him: "I have worked hard and been frugal all my life, and the results of my industry have mainly taken the form of slaves, of whom I own about a hundred. Before I vote for President I want to be sure that the candidate I support will not so act as to divest me of my property." To which the general, with a dexterity that would have done credit to a diplomatist, and would have proved exceedingly useful to Mr. Clay, responded, "Sir: I have the honor to inform you that *I* too have been all my life industrious and frugal, and that the fruits thereof are mainly invested in slaves, of whom I own *three* hundred. Yours, etc."—Greeley's "American Conflict," I. p. 199.

† October 26, 1848.

of intellectual excitement were rare and a political meeting was the best-known form of public entertainment. He begins by making a clear, brief, and dignified defense of the position of Taylor upon the question of the proper use of the veto; he then avows with characteristic candor that he does not know what General Taylor will do as to slavery; he is himself "a Northern man, or rather a Western free-State man, with a constituency I believe to be, and with personal feelings I know to be, against the extension of slavery" (a definition in which his caution and his honesty are equally displayed), and he hopes General Taylor would not, if elected, do anything against its restriction; but he would vote for him in any case, as offering better guarantees than Mr. Cass. He then enters upon an analysis of the position of Cass and his party which is full of keen observation and political intelligence, and his speech goes on to its rollicking close with a constant succession of bright, witty, and striking passages in which the orator's own conviction and enjoyment of an assured success is not the least remarkable feature. A few weeks later Congress adjourned, and Lincoln, without returning home, entered upon the canvass in New England,* and then going to Illinois, spoke night and day until the election. When the votes were counted, the extent of the defection among the Northern Democrats who voted for Van Buren and among the Southern Democrats who had been beguiled by the epaulets of Taylor, was plainly seen. The "Free-soilers" had given several important Northern States, by small pluralities, to the Whigs, carrying no electors, but having more votes than Cass in New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont. The entire popular vote (exclusive of South Carolina, which chose its electors by the Legislature) was for Taylor 1,360,752; for Cass 1,219,962; for Van Buren 291,342. Of the electors, Taylor had 163 and Cass 137.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

WHEN Congress came together again in December, there was such a change in the temper of its members that no one would have imagined, on seeing the House divided, that it was the same body which had assembled there a year before. The election was over; the Whigs were to control the Executive Department of the government for four years to come; the members themselves were either reëlected or defeated; and there was nothing to prevent the gratification of such private feelings as they might have been suppressing during the canvass in the interest of their party. It was not long before some of the Northern Democrats began to avail themselves of this new liberty. They had returned burdened with a sense of wrong. They had seen their party beaten in several Northern States by reason of its fidelity to the South, and they had seen how little their Southern brethren cared for their labors and sacrifices, in the enormous gains which Taylor had made in the South, carrying eight out of fifteen slave States. They were in the humor to avenge themselves by a display of independence on their own account, at the first opportunity. The occasion was not long in presenting itself. A few days after Congress opened, Mr. Root of Ohio introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on Territories to bring in a bill "with as little delay as practicable" to provide territorial governments for California and New Mexico, which should "exclude slavery therefrom." This resolution would have thrown the same House into a panic twelve months before, but now it passed by a vote of 108 to 80—in the former number were all the Whigs from the North and all the Democrats but eight, and in the latter the entire South and the eight referred to.

The Senate, however, was not so susceptible to popular impressions, and the bill, prepared in obedience to the mandate of the House, never got farther than the desk of the Senate Chamber. The pro-slavery majority in that body held firmly together till near the close of the session, when they attempted to bring in the new territories without any restriction as to slavery, by attaching what is called "a rider" to that effect, to the Civil Appropriation Bill. The House resisted, and returned the bill to the Senate with the rider unhorsed. A committee of conference failed to agree. Mr. McClernand, a Democrat from Illinois, then moved that the House recede from its disagreement, which was carried by a few Whig votes, to the dismay of those who were not in the secret, when Richard W. Thompson (who was thirty years afterwards Secretary of the Navy) instantly moved that the House do concur with the Senate, with this amendment, that the existing laws of those

* Thurlow Weed says in his Autobiography, Vol. I. p. 603: "I had supposed, until we now met, that I had never seen Mr. Lincoln, having forgotten that in the fall of 1848, when he took the stump in New England, he called upon me at Albany, and that we went to see Mr. Fillmore, who was then the Whig candidate for Vice-President." The New York "Tribune," September 14, 1848, mentions Mr. Lincoln as addressing a great Whig meeting in Boston, September 12. The Boston "Atlas" refers to speeches made by him at Dorchester, September 16; at Chelsea, September 17; by Lincoln and Seward at Boston, September 22, on which occasion the report says: "Mr. Lincoln of Illinois next came forward, and was received with great applause. He spoke about an hour and made a powerful and convincing speech which was cheered to the echo."

territories be for the present and until Congress should amend them, retained. This would secure them to freedom, as slavery had long ago been abolished by Mexico. This amendment passed, and the Senate had to force the many-pronged dilemma, either to defeat the Appropriation Bill, to consent that the territories should be organized as free communities, or to swallow their protestations that the territories were in sore need of government and adjourn, leaving them in the anarchy they had so feelingly depicted. They chose the last as the least dangerous course, and passed the Appropriation Bill in its original form.

Mr. Lincoln took little part in the discussions incident to these proceedings; he was constantly in his seat, however, and voted generally with his party, and always with those opposed to the extension of slavery. He used to say that he had voted for the Wilmot proviso, in its various phases, forty-two times. He left to others, however, the active work on the floor. His chief preoccupation during this second session was a scheme which links itself characteristically with his first protest against the proscriptive spirit of slavery ten years before in the Illinois Legislature and his immortal act fifteen years afterwards in consequence of which American slavery ceased to exist. He had long felt in common with many others that the traffic in human beings under the very shadow of the Capitol was a national scandal and reproach. He thought that Congress had the power under the Constitution to regulate or prohibit slavery in all regions under its exclusive jurisdiction, and he thought it proper to exercise that power with due regard to vested rights and the general welfare. He therefore resolved to test the question whether it were possible to remove from the seat of government this stain and offense. He proceeded carefully and cautiously about it, after his fashion. When he had drawn up his plan, he took counsel with some of the leading citizens of Washington and some of the more prominent members of Congress before bringing it forward. His bill obtained the cordial approval of Colonel Seaton, the Mayor of Washington, whom Mr. Lincoln had consulted as the representative of the intelligent slave-holding citizens of the District, and of Joshua F. Giddings,* whom he regarded as the leading abolitionist in Congress, a fact which sufficiently proves the practical wisdom with which he had reconciled the demands of right and expediency. In the mean time, however, Mr. Gott, a member from New York, had introduced a resolution with a rhetorical preamble directing the proper committee to bring in a bill prohibiting the slave-trade in the District. This occasioned great excitement, much caucusing and threatening on the part of the Southern members, but nothing else. In the opinion of the leading antislavery men, Mr. Lincoln's bill, being at the same time more radical and more reasonable, was far better calculated to effect its purpose. Giddings says in his diary: "This evening (January 11), our whole mess remained in the dining-room after tea, and conversed upon the subject of Mr. Lincoln's bill to abolish slavery. It was approved by all; I believe it as good a bill as we could get at this time, and was willing to pay for slaves in order to save them from the Southern market, as I suppose every man in the District would sell his slaves if he saw that slavery was to be abolished." Mr. Lincoln therefore moved, on the 16th of January, as an amendment to Gott's proposition, that the committee report a bill for the total abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the terms of which he gave in full. They were in substance the following:

The first two sections prohibit the bringing of slaves into the district or selling them out of it, provided, however, that officers of the Government, being citizens of slave-holding States, may bring their household servants with them for a reasonable time and take them away again. The third provides a temporary system of apprenticeship and eventual emancipation for children born of slave-mothers after January 1st, 1850. The fourth provides for the manumission of slaves by the Government on application of the owners, the latter to receive their full cash value. The fifth provides for the return of fugitive slaves from Washington and Georgetown. The sixth submits this bill itself to a popular vote in the District as a condition of its promulgation as law.

These are the essential points of the measure, and the success of Mr. Lincoln in gaining the adhesion of the abolitionists in the House is more remarkable than that he should have induced the Washington Conservatives to approve it. But the usual result followed as soon as it was formally introduced to the notice of Congress. It was met by that violent and excited opposition which greeted any measure, however intrinsically moderate and reasonable, which was founded on the assumption that slavery was not in itself a good and desirable thing. The social influences of Washington were brought to bear against a proposition which the Southerners contended would vulgarize society, and the genial and liberal mayor was forced to withdraw his approval as gracefully or as awkwardly as he might. The prospects of the bill were seen to be hopeless, as the session was to end on the 4th of March, and

* Giddings's diary, January 8, 9, and 11, 1849: published in "Cleveland Post," March 31, 1878.

no further effort was made to carry it through. Fifteen years afterwards, in the stress and tempest of a terrible war, it was Mr. Lincoln's strange fortune to sign a bill sent him by Congress for the abolition of slavery in Washington; and perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole transaction was that while we were looking politically upon a new heaven and a new earth — for the vast change in our moral and economic condition might justify so audacious a phrase — when there was scarcely a man on the continent who had not greatly shifted his point of view in a dozen years, there was so little change in Mr. Lincoln. The same hatred for slavery, the same sympathy with the slave, the same consideration for the slaveholder as the victim of a system he had inherited, the same sense of divided responsibility between the South and the North, the same desire to effect great reforms with as little individual damage and injury, as little disturbance of social conditions as possible, were equally evident when the raw pioneer signed the protest with Dan Stone at Vandalia, when the mature man moved the resolution in 1849 in the Capitol, and when the President gave the sanction of his bold signature to the act which swept away the slave-shambles from the city of Washington.

His term in Congress ended on the 4th of March, and he was not a candidate for reëlection. A year before he had contemplated the possibility of entering the field again. He then wrote to his friend and partner Herndon: "It is very pleasant for me to learn from you that there are some who desire that I should be reëlected. I most heartily thank them for the kind partiality; and I can say, as Mr. Clay said of the annexation of Texas, that 'personally I would not object' to a reëlection, although I thought at the time (of his nomination), and still think, it would be quite as well for me to return to the law at the end of a single term. I made the declaration that I would not be a candidate again, more from a wish to deal fairly with others, to keep peace among our friends, and keep the district from going to the enemy, than for any cause personal to myself, so that, if it should so happen that nobody else wishes to be elected, I could not refuse the people the right of sending me again. But to enter myself as a competitor of others, or to authorize any one so to enter me, is what my word and honor forbid." But before his first session ended he gave up all idea of going back, and heartily concurred in the nomination of Judge Logan to succeed him. The Sangamon district was the one which the Whigs of Illinois had apparently the best prospect of carrying, and it was full of able and ambitious men, who were nominated successively for the only place which gave them the opportunity of playing a part in the national theater at Washington. They all served with more or less distinction, but for ten years no one was ever twice a candidate. A sort of tradition had grown up, through which a perverted notion of honor and propriety held it discreditable in a member to ask for reëlection. This state of things was not peculiar to that district, and it survives with more or less vigor throughout the country to this day, to the serious detriment of Congress. This consideration, coupled with what is called the claim of locality, must in time still further deteriorate and degrade the representatives of the States at Washington. To ask in a nominating convention who is best qualified for service in Congress is always regarded as an impertinence; but the question "what county in the district has had the Congressman oftenest" is always considered in order. For such reasons as these Mr. Lincoln refused to allow his name to go before the voters again, and the next year he again refused, writing an emphatic letter for publication, in which he said that there were many Whigs who could do as much as he "to bring the district right side up."

Colonel Baker had come back from the wars with all the glitter of Cerro Gordo about him, but did not find the prospect of political preferment flattering in Sangamon County, and therefore, with that versatility and sagacity which was more than once to render him signal service, he removed to the Galena district, in the extreme north-western corner of the State, and almost immediately on his arrival there received a nomination to Congress. He was doubly fortunate in this move, as the nomination he was unable to take away from Logan proved useless to the latter, who was defeated after a hot contest. Baker therefore took the place of Lincoln as the only Whig member from Illinois, and their names occur frequently together in the arrangements for the distribution of "Federal patronage" at the close of the Administration of Polk and the beginning of that of Taylor. During the period while the President elect was considering the appointment of his Cabinet, Lincoln used all the influence he could bring to bear, which was probably not very much, in favor of Baker for a place in the Government. The Whig members of the Legislatures of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin joined in this effort, which came to nothing.* The recommendations to office which Lincoln made after the inauguration of General Taylor are probably unique of their kind. Here is a specimen which is short enough to give entire. It is addressed to the Secretary of the Interior:

* MS. letter from Lincoln to Schooler, Feb. 2, 1849.

"I recommend that William Butler be appointed Pension Agent for the Illinois agency when the place shall be vacant. Mr. Hurst, the present incumbent, I believe has performed the duties very well. He is a decided partisan, and I believe expects to be removed. Whether he shall be, I submit to the Department. This office is not confined to my district, but pertains to the whole State; so that Colonel Baker has an equal right with myself to be heard concerning it. However, the office is located here (at Springfield); and I think it is not probable any one would desire to remove from a distance to take it." We have examined a large number of his recommendations — for with a complete change of administration there would naturally be great activity among the office-seekers — and they are all in precisely the same vein. He nowhere asks for the removal of an incumbent; he never claims a place as subject to his disposition; in fact, he makes no personal claim whatever; he simply advises the Government, in case a vacancy occurs, who, in his opinion, is the best man to fill it. When there are two applicants, he indicates which is on the whole the better man, and sometimes adds that the weight of recommendations is in favor of the other! In one instance he sends forward the recommendations of the man whom he does not prefer, with an indorsement emphasizing the importance of them, and adding: "From personal knowledge I consider Mr. Bond every way worthy of the office and qualified to fill it. Holding the individual opinion that the appointment of a different gentleman would be better, I ask especial attention and consideration for his claims, and for the opinions expressed in his favor by those over whom I can claim no superiority." The candor, the fairness and moderation, together with the respect for the public service which these recommendations display, are all the more remarkable when we reflect that there was as yet no sign of a public conscience upon the subject. The patronage of the Government was scrambled for, as a matter of course, in the mire into which Jackson had flung it.

For a few weeks in the spring of 1849 Mr. Lincoln appears in a character which is entirely out of keeping with all his former and subsequent career. He became, for the first and only time in his life, an applicant for an appointment at the hands of the President. His bearing in this attitude was marked by his usual individuality. In the opinion of many Illinoisans it was important that the place of Commissioner of the General Land Office should be given to a citizen of their State, one thoroughly acquainted with the land law in the West and the special needs of that region. A letter to Lincoln was drawn up and signed by some half-dozen of the leading Whigs of the State asking him to become an applicant for that position. He promptly answered, saying that if the position could be secured for a citizen of Illinois only by his accepting it, he would consent; but he went on to say that he had promised his best efforts to Cyrus Edwards for that place, and had afterwards stipulated with Colonel Baker that if J. L. D. Morrison, another Mexican hero, and Edwards could come to an understanding with each other as to which should withdraw, he would join in recommending the other; that he could not take the place, therefore, unless it became clearly impossible for either of the others to get it. Some weeks later, the impossibility referred to having become apparent, Mr. Lincoln applied for the place; but a suitor for office so laggard and so scrupulous as he stood very little chance of success in a contest like those which periodically raged at Washington during the first weeks of every new administration. The place came, indeed, to Illinois, but to neither of the three we have mentioned. The fortunate applicant was Justin Butterfield of Chicago, a man well and favorably known among the early members of the Illinois bar* and an intimate friend of Lincoln. He possessed, however, too practical a mind to permit the claims of friendship to interfere with the business of office-seeking, which he practiced with fair success all his days.

It was in this way that Abraham Lincoln met and escaped one of the greatest dangers of his life. In after days he recognized the error he had committed, and congratulated himself upon the happy deliverance he had obtained through no merit of his own. The loss of at

* Butterfield had a great reputation for ready wit and was suspected of deep learning. Some of his jests are still repeated by old lawyers in Illinois, and show at least a well-marked humorous intention. On one occasion he appeared before Judge Pope to ask the discharge of the famous Mormon Prophet Joe Smith, who was in custody surrounded by his church dignitaries. Bowing profoundly to the court and the ladies who thronged the hall, he said, "I appear before you under solemn and peculiar circumstances. I am to address the Pope, surrounded by angels, in the presence of the holy apostles, in behalf of the Prophet of the Lord." We once heard Lincoln say of Butterfield that he was one of the few Whigs in Illinois who approved the Mexican War. His reason, frankly given, was that he had lost an office in New York by opposing the war of 1812. "Henceforth," he said with cynical vehemence, "I am for war, pestilence, and famine." He was once defending the Shawneetown Bank and advocating the extension of its charter; an opposing lawyer contended that this would be creating a new bank. Butterfield brought a smile from the court and a laugh from the bar by asking "whether when the Lord lengthened the life of Hezekiah he made a new man, or whether it was the same old Hezekiah?"

least four years of the active pursuit of his profession would have been irreparable, leaving out of view the strong probability that the singular charm of Washington life to men who have a passion for politics might have kept him there forever. It has been said that a residence in Washington leaves no man precisely as it found him. This is an axiom which may be applied to most cities in a certain sense, but it is true in a peculiar degree of our capital. To the men who come there from small rural communities in the South and the West, the bustle and stir, the intellectual movement, such as it is, the ordinary subjects of conversation, of such vastly greater importance than anything they have previously known, the daily and hourly combats on the floor of both houses, the intrigue and the struggle of office-hunting, which interest vast numbers besides the office-seekers, the superior piquancy and interest of the scandal which is talked at a Congressional boarding-house over that which seasons the dull days at a village-tavern,—all this gives a savor to life in Washington, the memory of which doubles the tedium of the sequestered vale to which the beaten legislator returns when his brief hour of glory is over. It is this which brings to the State Department, after every general election, that crowd of specters, with their bales of recommendations from pitying colleagues who have been reëlected, whose diminishing prayers run down the whole gamut of supplication from St. James to St. Paul of Loando, and of whom at the last it must be said, as Mr. Evarts once said after an unusually heavy day, "Many called, but few chosen." Of those who do not achieve the ruinous success of going abroad to consulates that will not pay their board, or missions where they only avoid daily shame by hiding their penury and their ignorance away from observation, a great portion yield to their fate and join that fleet of wrecks which floats forever on the pavement of Washington.

It is needless to say that Mr. Lincoln received no damage from his term of service in Washington, but we know of nothing which shows so strongly the perilous fascination of the place as the fact that a man of his extraordinary moral and mental qualities could ever have thought for a moment of accepting a position so insignificant and incongruous as that which he was more than willing to assume when he left Congress. He would have filled the place with honor and credit—but at a monstrous expense. We do not so much refer to his exceptional career and his great figure in history; these momentous contingencies could not have suggested themselves to him. But the place he was reasonably sure of filling in the battle of life should have made a subordinate office in Washington a thing out of the question. He was already a lawyer of skill and reputation; an orator upon whom his party relied to speak for them to the people. An innate love of combat was in his heart; he loved discussion like a medieval schoolman. The air was already tremulous with faint bugle-notes that heralded a conflict of giants on a field of moral significance to which he was fully alive and awake, where he was certain to lead at least his hundreds and his thousands. Yet if Justin Butterfield had not been a more supple, more adroit, and less scrupulous suitor for office than himself, Abraham Lincoln would have sat for four inestimable years at a bureau-desk in the Interior Department, and when the hour of action sounded in Illinois, who would have filled the place which he took as if he had been born for it? Who could have done the duty which he bore as lightly as if he had been fashioned for it from the beginning of time?

His temptation did not even end with Butterfield's success. The administration of General Taylor, apparently feeling that some compensation was due to one so earnestly recommended by the leading Whigs of the State, offered Mr. Lincoln the governorship of Oregon. This was a place more suited to him than the other, and his acceptance of it was urged by some of his most judicious friends* on the ground that the new Territory would soon be a State, and that he could come back as a senator. This view of the matter commended itself favorably to Lincoln himself, who, however, gave it up on account of the natural unwillingness of his wife to remove to a country so wild and so remote.

This was all as it should be. The best place for him was Illinois, and he went about his work there until his time should come.

SIX YEARS OF LAW PRACTICE.

In that briefest of all autobiographies, which Mr. Lincoln wrote for Jesse Fell upon three pages of note-paper, he sketched the period at which we have arrived in these words: "From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. . . . I was losing interest in politics, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again." His service in Congress had made him more generally known than formerly, and had increased his practical value as a member of any law firm. He was offered a partnership on favorable terms by a lawyer in good practice in Chicago; but he declined it on the

* Among others John T. Stuart, who is our authority for this statement.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

ground that his health would not endure the close confinement necessary in a city office. He went back to Springfield, and resumed at once his practice there and in the Eighth Judicial Circuit, where his occupations and his associates were the most congenial that he could anywhere find. For five years he devoted himself to his work with more energy and more success than ever before.

It was at this time that he gave a notable proof of his unusual powers of mental discipline. His wider knowledge of men and things, acquired by contact with the great world, had shown him a certain lack in himself of the power of close and sustained reasoning. To remedy this defect, he applied himself, after his return from Congress, to such works upon logic and mathematics as he fancied would be serviceable. Devoting himself with dogged energy to the task in hand, he soon learned by heart six books of the propositions of Euclid, and he retained through life an intimate knowledge of the principles they contain.

The outward form and fashion of every institution change rapidly in growing communities like our Western States, and the practice of the law had already assumed a very different degree of dignity and formality from that which it presented only twenty years before. The lawyers in hunting-shirts and moccasins had long since passed away; so had the judges who apologized to the criminals that they sentenced, and charged them "to let their friends on Bear Creek understand it was the law and jury who were responsible." Even the easy familiarity of a later date would no longer be tolerated. No successor of Judge Douglas had been known to follow his example by coming down from the bench, taking a seat in the lap of a friend, throwing an arm around his neck, and in that intimate attitude discussing, *coram publico*, whatever interested him.* David Davis — afterwards of the Supreme Court and of the Senate — was for many years the presiding judge of this circuit, and neither under him nor his predecessor, S. H. Treat, was any lapse of dignity or of propriety possible. Still there was much less of form and ceremony insisted upon than is considered proper and necessary in older communities. The bar in great measure was composed of the same men who used to follow the circuit on horseback, over roads impossible to wheels, with their scanty wardrobes, their law-books, and their documents crowding each other in their leather saddle-bags. The improvement of roads which made carriages a possibility had effected a great change, and the coming of the railway had completed the sudden development of the manners and customs of the modernized community. But they could not all at once take from the bar of the Eighth Circuit its raciness and its individuality. The men who had lived in log-cabins, who had hunted their way through untrodden woods and prairies, who had thought as much about the chances of swimming over swollen fords as of their cases, who had passed their nights — a half-dozen together — on the floors of wayside hostelries, could never be precisely the same sort of

* I. N. Arnold, in "History of Sangamon County," p. 94.

DAVID DAVIS. (1862–66.) (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

practitioners as the smug barristers of a more conventional age and place. But they were not deficient in ability, in learning, or in that most valuable faculty which enables really intelligent men to get their bearings and sustain themselves in every sphere of life to which they may be called. Some of these very colleagues of Lincoln at the Springfield bar have sat in Cabinets, have held their own on the floor of the Senate, have led armies in the field, have governed States, and all with a quiet self-reliance which was as far as possible removed from either undue arrogance or undue modesty.*

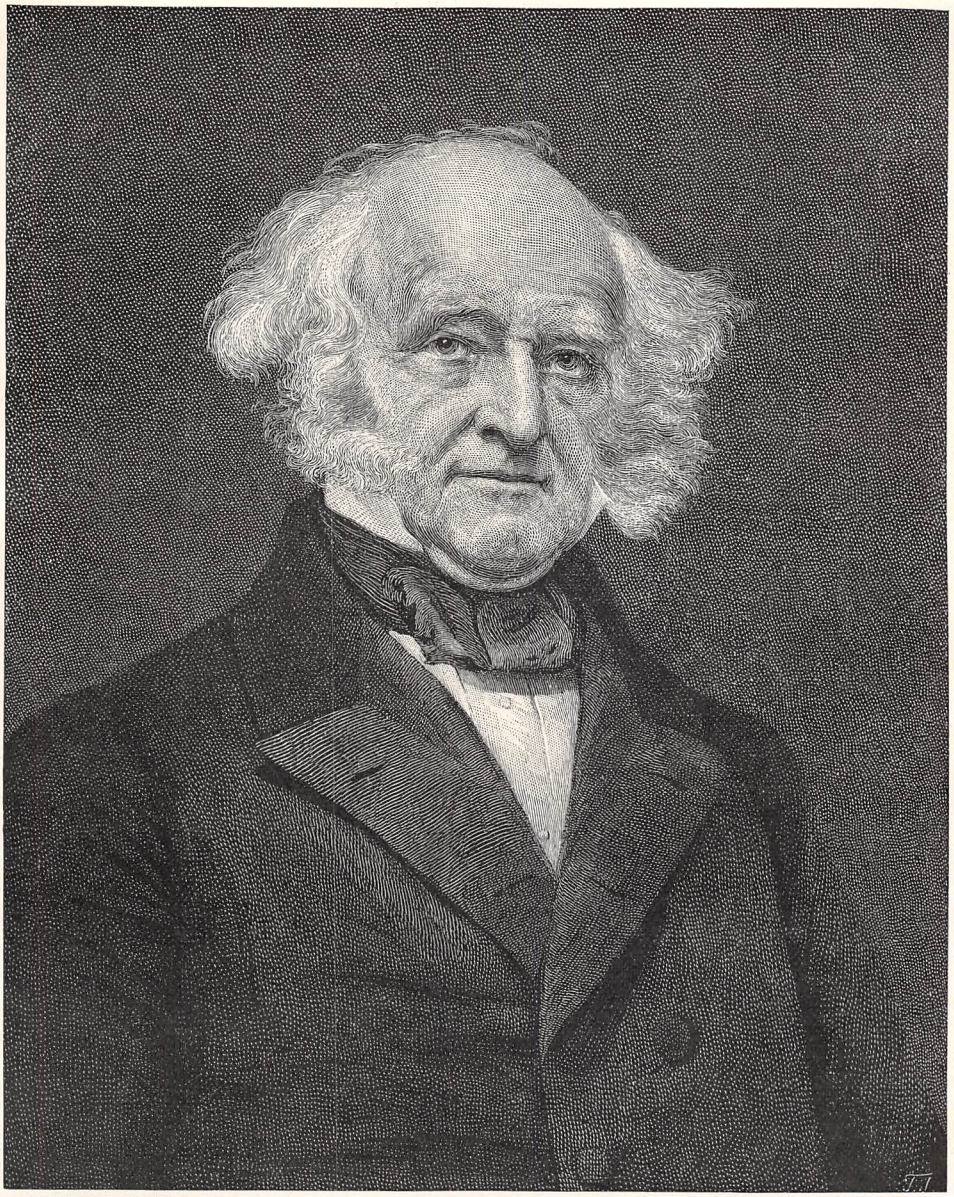
Among these able and energetic men Lincoln assumed and held the first rank. This is a statement which ought not to be made without authority, and rather than give the common repute of the circuit, we prefer to cite the opinion of those lawyers of Illinois who are entitled to speak as to this matter, both by the weight of their personal and professional character and by their eminent official standing among the jurists of our time. We shall quote rather fully from addresses delivered by Justice David Davis, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and by Judge Drummond, the United States District Judge for Illinois.

Judge Davis says:

"I enjoyed for over twenty years the personal friendship of Mr. Lincoln. We were admitted to the bar about the same time and traveled for many years what is known in Illinois as the Eighth Judicial Circuit. In 1848, when I first went on the bench, the circuit embraced fourteen counties, and Mr. Lincoln went with the court to every county. Railroads were not then in use, and our mode of travel was either on horseback or in buggies.

"This simple life he loved, preferring it to the practice of the law in a city, where, although the remuneration would be greater, the opportunity would be less for mixing with the great body of the people, who loved

* A few of the lawyers who practiced with Lincoln, and have held the highest official positions, are Douglas, Shields, Logan Stuart, Baker, Treat, Bledsoe, Browning, Hardin, Trumbull, McClernand, etc.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, PRESIDENT FROM 1837–41.

him, and whom he loved. Mr. Lincoln was transferred from the bar of that circuit to the office of the President of the United States, having been without official position since he left Congress in 1849. In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer he had few equals. He was great both at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal. He seized the strong points of a cause, and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. Generalities and platitudes had no charms for him. An unfailing vein of humor never deserted him; and he was able to claim the attention of court and jury, when the cause was the most uninteresting, by the appropriateness of his anecdotes.

"His power of comparison was large, and he rarely failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers possess, of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry, was denied him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful. He read law-books but little, except when the cause in hand made it necessary; yet he was usually self-reliant, depending on his own resources, and rarely consulting his brother lawyers,

either on the management of his case or on the legal questions involved.

"Mr. Lincoln was the fairest and most accommodating of practitioners, granting all favors which were consistent with his duty to his client, and rarely availing himself of an unwary oversight of his adversary.

"He hated wrong and oppression everywhere, and many a man whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice has writhed under his terrific indignation and rebukes. He was the most

COLONEL W. W. SEATON. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

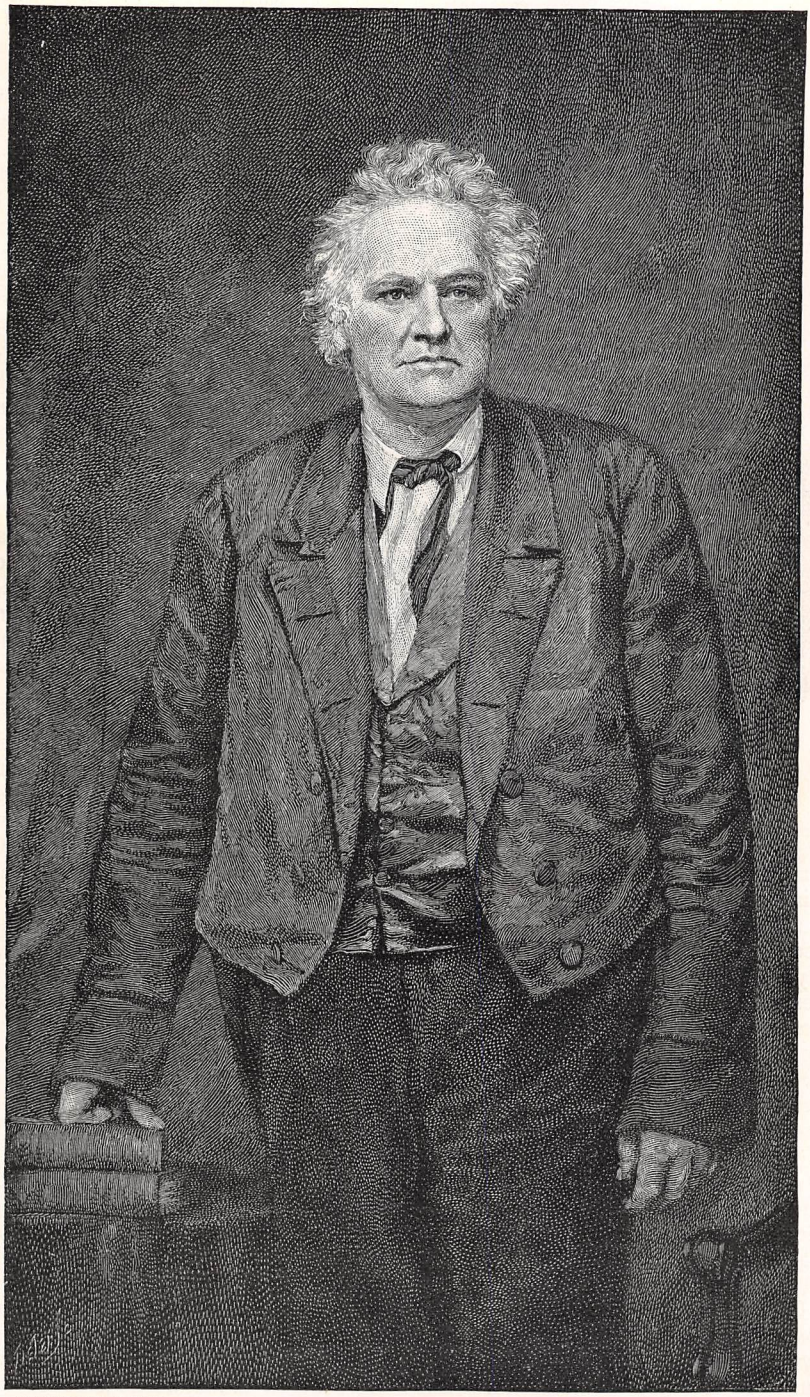
simple and unostentatious of men in his habits, having few wants, and those easily supplied. To his honor be it said that he never took from a client, even when his cause was gained, more than he thought the services were worth and the client could reasonably afford to pay. The people where he practiced law were not rich, and his charges were always small. When he was elected President, I question whether there was a lawyer in the circuit, who had been at the bar so long a time, whose means were not larger. It did not seem to be one of the purposes of his life to accumulate a fortune. In fact, outside of his profession, he had no knowledge of the way to make money, and he never even attempted it.

"Mr. Lincoln was loved by his brethren of the bar, and no body of men will grieve more at his death, or pay more sincere tributes to his memory. His presence on the circuit was watched for with interest, and never failed to produce joy or hilarity. When casually absent, the spirits of both bar and people were depressed. He was not fond of litigation, and would compromise a lawsuit whenever practicable."

No clearer or more authoritative statement of Lincoln's rank as a lawyer can ever be made than is found in these brief sentences, in which the warmth of personal affection is not permitted to disturb the measured appreciation, the habitual reserve of the eminent jurist. But, as it may be objected that the friendship which united Davis and Lincoln rendered the one incapable of a just judgment upon the merits of the other, we will also give an extract from the address delivered in Chicago by one of the ablest and most impartial lawyers who have ever honored the bar and the bench in the West. Judge Drummond says:

"With a probity of character known to all, with an intuitive insight into the human heart, with a clearness of statement which was in itself an argument, with uncommon power and felicity of illustration,—often, it is true, of a plain and homely kind,—and with that sincerity and earnestness of manner which carried conviction, he was perhaps one of the most successful jury lawyers we ever had in the State. He always tried a case fairly and honestly. He never intentionally misrepresented the evidence of a witness nor the argument of an opponent. He met both squarely, and if he could not explain the one or answer the other, substantially admitted it. He never misstated the law, according to his own intelligent view of it. Such was the transparent candor and integrity of his nature, that he could not well or strongly argue a side or a cause that he thought wrong. Of course he felt it his duty to say what could be said, and to leave the decision to others; but there could be seen in such cases the inward struggle of his own mind. In trying a case he might occasionally dwell too long upon, or give too much importance to, an inconsiderable point; but this was the exception, and generally he went straight to the citadel of the cause or question, and struck home there, knowing if that were won the outworks would necessarily fall. He could hardly be called very learned in his profession, and yet he rarely tried a cause without fully understanding the law applicable to it; and I have no hesitation in saying he was one of the ablest lawyers I have ever known. If he was forcible before a jury, he was equally so with the court. He detected with unerring sagacity the weak points of an opponent's argument, and pressed his own views with overwhelming strength. His efforts were quite unequal, and it might happen that he would not, on some occasions, strike one as at all remarkable. But let him be thoroughly roused, let him feel that he was right, and that some principle was involved in his cause, and he would come out with an earnestness of conviction, a power of argument, a wealth of illustration, that I have never seen surpassed."

This is nothing less than the portrait of a great lawyer, drawn by competent hands, with the life-long habit of conscientious accuracy. If we chose to continue we could fill this volume with the tributes of his professional associates, ranging all the way from the commonplaces of condolence to the most extravagant eulogy. But enough has been quoted to justify the tradition which Lincoln left behind him at the bar of Illinois. His weak as well as his strong qualities have been indicated. He never learned the technicalities, what some would call the tricks, of the profession. The sleight of plea and demurrer, the legerdemain by which justice is balked and a weak case is made to gain an unfair advantage, was too subtle and shifty for his strong and straightforward intelligence. He met these manœuvres sufficiently well, when



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

practiced by others, but he never could get in the way of handling them for himself. On the wrong side he was always weak. He knew this himself, and avoided such cases when he could consistently with the rules of his profession. He would often persuade a fair-minded litigant of the injustice of his case and induce him to give it up. His partner,

DAVID WILMOT. (AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY M. H. TRAUBEL.)

Mr. Herndon, relates a speech in point* which Lincoln once made to a man who offered him an objectionable case: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way." Sometimes, after he had entered upon a criminal case, the conviction that his client was guilty would affect him with a sort of panic. On one occasion he turned suddenly to his associate and said, "Swett, the man is guilty; you defend him, I can't," and so gave up his share of a large fee. The same thing happened at another time when he was engaged, with Judge S. C. Parks, in defending a man accused of larceny. He said, "If you can say anything for the man, do it, I can't; if I attempt it, the jury will see I think he is guilty, and convict him." Once he was prosecuting a civil suit, in the course of which evidence was introduced showing that his client was attempting a fraud. Lincoln rose and went to his hotel in deep disgust. The judge sent for him; he refused to come. "Tell the judge," he said, "my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them." We are aware that these stories detract something from the character of the lawyer; but this inflexible, inconvenient, and fastidious morality was to be of vast service hereafter to his country and the world.

The Nemesis which waits upon men of extraordinary wit or humor has not neglected Mr. Lincoln, and the young lawyers of Illinois, who never knew him, have an endless store of jokes and pleasantries in his name; some of them as old as Howleglass or Rabelais.† But the fact is that with all his stories and jests, his frank companionable humor, his gift of easy accessibility and welcome, he was, even while he traveled the Eighth Circuit, a man of grave and serious temper and of an unusual innate dignity and reserve. He had few or no special intimates, and there was a line beyond which no one ever thought of passing. Besides, he was too strong a man in the court-room to be regarded with anything but respect in a community in which legal ability was the only especial mark of distinction. Few of his forensic speeches have been preserved, but his contemporaries all agree as to their singular ability and power. He seemed absolutely at home in a court-room; his great stature did not encumber him there; it seemed like a natural symbol of superiority. His bearing and gesticulation had no awkwardness about them; they were simply striking and original. He assumed at the start a frank and friendly relation with the jury which was extremely effective. He usually began, as the phrase ran, by "giving away his case"; by allowing to the opposite side every possible advantage that they could honestly and justly

* Lamon, p. 317.

† As a specimen of these stories we give the following, well vouched for, as apocrypha generally are: Lincoln met one day on the court-house steps a young lawyer who had lost a case — his only one — and looked very disconsolate. "What has become of your case?" Lincoln asked. "Gone to h——," was the gloomy response. "Well, don't give it up," Lincoln rejoined cheerfully; "you can try it again there"— a quip which has been attributed to many wits in many ages, and will doubtless make the reputation of jesters yet to be.

claim. Then he would present his own side of the case, with a clearness, a candor, an adroitness of statement which at once flattered and convinced the jury, and made even the bystanders his partisans. Sometimes he disturbed the court with laughter by his humorous or apt illustrations; sometimes he excited the audience by that florid and exuberant rhetoric which he knew well enough how and when to indulge in; but his more usual and more successful manner was to rely upon a clear, strong, lucid statement, keeping details in proper subordination and bringing forward, in a way which fastened the attention of court and jury alike, the essential point on which he claimed a decision. "Indeed," says one of his colleagues, "his statement often rendered argument unnecessary, and often the court would stop him and say, 'if that is the case, we will hear the other side.'" *

Whatever doubts might be entertained as to whether he was the ablest lawyer on the circuit, there was never any dissent from the opinion that he was the one most cordially and universally liked. If he did not himself enjoy his full share of the happiness of life, he certainly diffused more of it among his fellows than is in the power of most men. His arrival was a little festival in the county-seats where his pursuits led him to pass so much of his time. Several eye-witnesses have described these scenes in terms which would seem exaggerated if they were not so fully confirmed. The bench and bar would gather at the tavern where he was expected, to give him a cordial welcome; says one writer,† "He brought light with him." This is not hard to understand. Whatever his cares, he never inflicted them upon others. He talked singularly well, but never about himself. He was full of wit which never wounded, of humor which mellowed the harshness of that new and raw life of the prairies. He never asked for help, but was always ready to give it. He received everybody's confidence, and rarely gave his own in return. He took no mean advantages in court or in conversation, and, satisfied with the respect and kindliness which he everywhere met, he sought no quarrels and never had to decline them. He did not accumulate wealth; as Judge Davis said, "he seemed never to care for it." He had a good income from his profession, though the fees he received would bring a smile to the well-paid lips of the great attorneys of to-day. The largest fee he ever got was one of five thousand dollars from the Illinois Central Railway, and he had to bring suit to compel them to pay it. He spent what he received in the education of his children, in the care of his family, and in a plain and generous way of living. One ‡ who often visited him writes, referring to "the old-fashioned hospitality of Springfield," "Among others I recall with a sad pleasure, the dinners and evening parties given by Mrs. Lincoln. In her modest and simple home, where everything was so orderly and refined, there was always on the part of both host and hostess a cordial and hearty Western welcome which put every guest perfectly at ease. Their table was famed for the excellence of many rare Kentucky dishes, and for the venison, wild turkeys, and other game, then so abundant. Yet it was her genial manner and ever-kind welcome, and Mr. Lincoln's wit and humor, anecdote and unrivaled conversation, which formed the chief attraction."

Here we leave him for a while, in this peaceful and laborious period of his life; engaged in useful and congenial toil; surrounded by the love and respect of the entire community; in the fullness of his years and strength; the struggles of his youth, which were so easy to his active brain and his mighty muscles, all behind him, and the titanic struggles of his manhood yet to come. We shall now try to sketch the beginnings of that tremendous controversy which he was in a few years to take up, to guide and direct to its wonderful and tragical close.

* Raymond's "Life of Lincoln," p. 32.

† I. N. Arnold, Speech before State Bar Association, January 7, 1881.

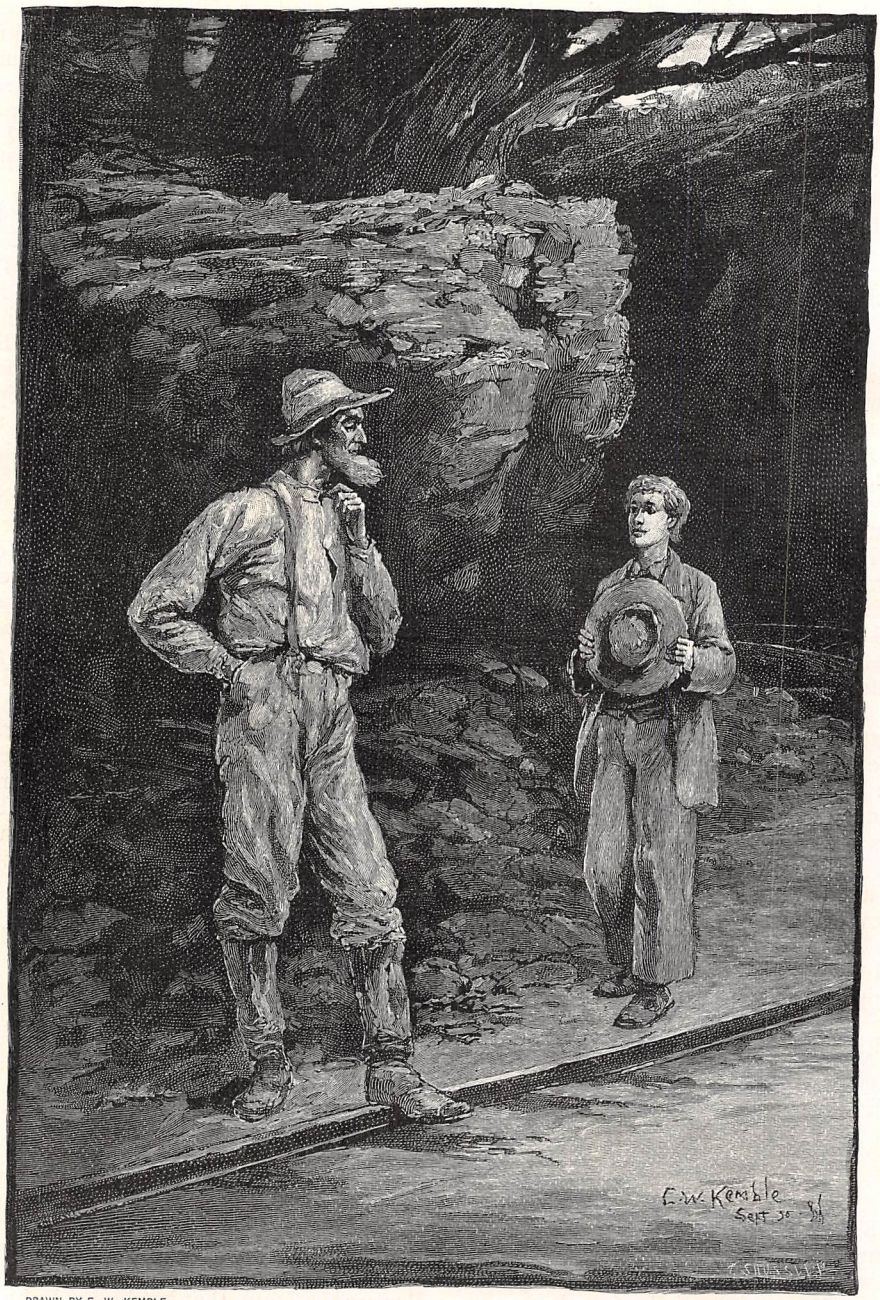
‡ *Ibid.*

THE STRONG.

DOST deem him weak that owns his strength is tried?
Nay, we may safest lean on him that grieves:
The pine has immemorially sighed,
Th' enduring poplar's are the trembling leaves.
To feel and bow the head is not to fear;
To cheat with jest — that is the coward's art.
Beware the laugh that battles back the tear;
He's false to all that's traitor to his heart.

He of great deeds does grope amid the throng
Like him whose steps toward Dagon's temple bore;
There's ever something sad about the strong —
A look, a moan, like that on ocean's shore.

John Vance Cheney.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

"MAKES A FIDDLE THESS TALK AN' CRY?" (SEE PAGE 548.)

CARANCRO.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Dr. Sevier," etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

VI. MISSING.

THE war was in its last throes even when 'Thanase enlisted. Weeks and months passed. Then a soldier coming home to Carancro —home-comers were growing plentiful—brought the first news of him. An officer making up a force of picked men for an expedition to carry important dispatches eastward across the Mississippi and far away into Virginia had chosen 'Thanase. The evening the speaker left for home on his leave of absence 'Thanase was still in camp, but was to start the next morning. It was just after Sunday morning mass that Sosthène and Chaouache, with their families and friends, crowded around this bearer of tidings.

"Had 'Thanase been in any battles?"

"Yes, two or three."

"And had not been wounded?"

"No, although he was the bravest fellow in his company."

Sosthène and Chaouache looked at each other triumphantly, smiled, and swore two simultaneous oaths of admiration. Zoséphine softly pinched her mother, and whispered something. Madame Sosthène addressed the home-comer aloud:

"Did 'Thanase send no other message except that mere 'how-d'ye all do'?"

"No."

Zoséphine leaned upon her mother's shoulder and softly breathed:

"He is lying."

The mother looked around upon her daughter in astonishment. The flash of scorn was just disappearing from the girl's eyes. She gave a little smile and chuckle and murmured, with her glance upon the man:

"He has no leave of absence. He is a deserter."

Then Madame Sosthène saw two things at once: that the guess was a good one, and that Zoséphine had bidden childhood a final "adjieu."

The daughter felt Bonaventure's eyes upon her. He was standing only a step or two away. She gave him a quick, tender look that thrilled him from head to foot, then lifted her brows and made a grimace of pretended weariness. She was growing prettier almost from day to day.

And Bonaventure, he had no playmates — no comrades — no amusements. This one thing, which no one knew but the curé, had taken possession of him. The priest sometimes seemed to himself cruel, so well did it please him to observe the magnitude Bonaventure plainly attributed to the matter. The boy seemed almost physically to bow under the burden of his sense of guilt.

"It is quickening all his faculties," said the curé to himself. Zoséphine had hardly yet learned to read without stammering when Bonaventure was already devouring the few French works of the curé's small bookshelf. Silent on other subjects, on one he would talk till a pink spot glowed on either cheek-bone and his blue eyes shone like a hot noon sky;—casuistry. He would debate the right and wrong of anything—everything, and the rights and wrongs of men in every relation of life.

Blessed was it for him then that the tactful curé was his father and mother in one, and the surgeon and physician of his mind. Thus the struggle brought him light. To the boy's own eyes it seemed to be bringing him only darkness, but the priest saw better.

"That is but his shadow; he is standing in it; it is deepening; that shows the light is increasing." Thus spake the curé to himself as he sat at solitaire under his orange-tree one afternoon.

The boy passed out of sight, and the curé's eyes returned to his game of solitaire; but as he slowly laid one card upon another, now here, now there, he still thought of Bonaventure.

"There will be no peace for him, no sweetness of nature, no green pastures and still waters, within or without, while he seeks life's adjustments through definitions of mere right and rights. No, boy; you will ever be a restless captive pacing round and round those limits of your inclosure. Worse still if you seek those definitions only to justify your overriding another's happiness in pursuit of your own." The boy was not in hearing; this was apostrophe.

"Bonaventure," he said, as the boy came by again; and Bonaventure stopped. The player pushed the cards from him, pile by pile, leaned back, ran his fingers slowly through his thin, gray hair, and smiled.

"Bonaventure, I have a riddle for you. It came to me as I was playing here just now. If everybody could do just as he pleased; if he had, as the governor would say, all his rights, life, liberty, pursuit of happiness — if everybody had this, I say, why would we still be unhappy?"

The boy was silent.

"Well, I did not suppose you would know. Would you like me to tell you? It is because happiness pursued is never overtaken. And can you guess why that is? Well, never mind, my son. But — would you like to do something for me?"

Bonaventure nodded. The curé rose, taking from his bosom as he left his chair a red silk handkerchief and a pocket-worn note-book. He laid the note-book on the table, and drawing back with a smile said:

"Here, sit down in my place and write what I tell you, while I stretch my legs. So; never mind whether you understand or not. I am saying it for myself: it helps *me* to understand it better. Now, as I walk you write. 'Happiness pursued is never overtaken, because'—have you written that?—'because, little as we are, God's image makes us so large that we cannot live within ourselves, nor even for ourselves, and be satisfied.' Have you got that down? Very well — yes — the spelling could be improved, but that is no matter. Now wait a moment; let me walk some more. Now write: 'It is not good for man to be alone, because'—because—let me see; where—ah, yes!—'because rightly self is the'—Ah! no, no, my boy; not a capital S for 'self'—Ah! that's the very point — small s, 'because rightly self is the smallest part of us. Even God found it good not to be alone, but to create'—got that?—'to create objects for his love and benevolence.' Yes—'And because in my poor, small way I am made like Him, the whole world becomes a part of me'—small m, yes, that is right!" From bending a moment over the writer the priest straightened up and took a step backward. The boy lifted his glance to where the sunlight and leaf-shadows were playing on his guardian's face. The curé answered with a warm smile, saying:

"My boy, God is a very practical God — no, you need not write it; just listen a moment. Yes; and so when He gave us natures like His, He gave men not wives only, but brethren and sisters and companions and strangers, in order that benevolence, yes, and even self-sacrifice,— mistakenly so called,— might have no lack of direction and occupation, and then bound the whole human family together by putting every one's happiness into some other one's hands. I see you do not understand: never mind; it will come to you little by little. It was a long time coming to me. Let us go in to supper."

The good man had little hope of such words taking hold. At school next day there was Zoséphine with her soft electric glances to make the boy forget all; and at the Saturday night balls there she was again.

"Bonaventure," her manner plainly said, "did you ever see anything else in this wide world so tiresome as these boys about here? Stay with me; it keeps them away." She never put such thoughts into words. With an Acadian girl such a thing was impossible. But girls do not need words. She drew as potently, and to all appearances as impassively, as a lodestone. All others than Bonaventure she repelled. If now and then she toyed with a heart it was but to see her image in it once or twice and toss it aside. All got one treatment in the main. Any one of them might gallop by her father's veranda seven times a day, but not once in all the seven would she be seen at the window glancing up at the weather or down at her flowers; nor on the veranda hanging up fresh hanks of yarn, nor at the well with the drinking-pail, getting fresh water, as she might so easily have been, had she so chosen. Yonder was Sosthène hoeing leisurely in the little garden, and possibly the sunbonnet of *la vieille* half seen and half hidden among her lima beans; but for the rest there was only the house, silent at best, or, worse, sending out through its half-open door the long, scornful No-o-o! of the maiden's unseen spinning-wheel. No matter the fame or grace of the rider. All in vain, my lad: pirouette as you will; sit your gallantest; let your hat blow off, and turn back and at full speed lean down from the saddle and snatch it airily from the ground, and turn again and gallop away; all is in vain. For by her estimate either you are living in fear of the conscript officer; or, if you are in the service, and here only transiently on leave of absence, your stay seems long, and it is rumored your leave has expired; or, worse, you cannot read; or, worst, your age, for all your manly airs, is so near Zoséphine's as to give your attentions strong savor of presumption. But let any fortune bring Bonaventure in any guise — sorriest horseman of all, youngest, slenderest, and stranger to all the ways that youth loves — and at once she is visible; nay, more, accessible; and he, welcome. So accessible she, so welcome he, that more than once she has to waft aside her mother's criticisms by pleading Bonaventure's foster-brotherhood and her one or two superior years.

"Poor 'Thanase!" said the youths and maidens.

And now the war came to an end. Bona-

venture was glad. 'Thanase was expected home, but—let him come. If the absent soldier knew what the young folks at the balls knew, he would not make haste in his return. And he did not, as it seemed. Day after day, in group after group, without shouting and without banners, with wounds and scars and tattered garments, some on horses, but many more on foot, the loved ones—the spared ones, remnants of this command and that command and 'Thanase's command—came home. But day by day brought no 'Thanase.

Bonaventure began to wish for him anxiously. He wanted him back so that this load might be lifted. Thus the bitter would pass out of the sweet; the haunting fear of evil tidings from the absent rival would haunt no more. Life would be what it was to other lads, and Zoséphine one day fall to his share by a better title than he could ever make with 'Thanase in exile. Come, 'Thanase, come, come!

More weeks passed. The youth's returned comrades were all back at their plows again and among their herds. 'Thanase would be along by and by, they said; he could not come with them for he had not been paroled with them; he had been missing — taken prisoner, no doubt—in the very last fight. But presently they who had been prisoners were home also; and still 'Thanase had not come. And then, instead of 'Thanase coming, Chaouache died.

A terror took up its home in the heart of Bonaventure. Everything he looked upon, every creature that looked upon him, seemed to offer an unuttered accusation. Least of all could he bear the glance of Zoséphine. He did not have to bear it. She kept at home now closely. She had learned to read, and Sosthène and his *vieille* had pronounced her education completed.

In one direction only could the eyes of Bonaventure go and meet nothing that accused him: that was into the face of the curé. And lest accusation should spring up there, he had omitted his confession for weeks. He was still child enough not to see that the priest was watching him narrowly and tenderly.

One night, away in the small hours, the curé was aroused by the presence of some one in his room.

"Who is that?" He rose from his pillow.

"It is I, father," said a low voice, and against the darkness of an inner door he saw dimly the small, long night-dress of the boy he loved.

"What gets you up, Bonaventure? Come here. What troubles you?"

"I cannot sleep," murmured the lad, noiselessly moving near. The priest stroked the lad's brow.

"Have you not been asleep at all?"

"Yes."

"But you have had bad dreams that woke you?"

"Only one."

"And what was that?"

There was a silence.

"Did you dream about—'Thanase, for example?"

"Yes."

The priest reached out and took the boy's small, slender hands in his. They were moist and cold.

"And did you dream —"

"I dreamed he was dead. I dream it every night."

"But, my child, that does not make it so. Would you like to get into bed here with me? No?—or to go back now to your own bed? No? What, then?"

"I do not want to go back to bed any more. I want to go and find 'Thanase."

"Why, my child, you are not thoroughly awake, are you?"

"Yes, I want to go and find 'Thanase. I have been thinking to-night of all you have told me — of all you said that day in the garden,—and — I want to go and find 'Thanase."

"My boy," said the priest, drawing the lad with gentle force to his bosom, "my little old man, does this mean that you have come to the end of all self-service? — that self is never going to be spelt with a capital S any more? Will it be that way if I let you go?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, my son — God only knows whether I am wise or foolish, but — you may go."

The boy smiled for the first time in weeks, then climbed half upon the bed, buried his face in the priest's bosom, and sobbed as though his heart had broken.

"It has broken," said the curé to himself as he clasped him tightly. "It has broken—thank God."

VII. A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK.

In such and such a battle, in the last charge across a certain cornfield, or in the hurried falling back through a certain wood, with the murderous lead singing and hitting from yonder dark mass descending on the flank, and the air full of imperious calls — "halt!" — "surrender!" a man disappeared. He was not with those who escaped, nor with the dead, when they were buried, nor among the wounded anywhere, nor in any group of prisoners. But long after the war was over, another man, swinging a bush scythe among the overgrown corners of a worm fence, found the poor remnant of him, put it scarcely underground, and that was the end. How many times that happened!

Was it so with 'Thanase? No. For Sosthène's sake the ex-governor had taken much pains to correspond with officials concerning the missing youth, and had secured some slender reassurances. 'Thanase, though captured, had not been taken to prison. Tidings of general surrender had overhauled him on the way to it, near, I think, the city of Baltimore — somewhere in that region, at any rate; and he had been paroled and liberated, and had started, penniless and on foot, south-westward along the railway tracks.

To find him Bonaventure must set out, like him on foot, eastward over some fifty miles of wagon-road to the nearest railway; eastward again over its cross-ties eighty miles to *la ville*, the great New Orleans, there to cross the Mississippi. Then away northward, through the deep, trestled swamps, leagues and leagues across Bayou La Branche and Bayou Desair, and Pass Manchac and North Manchac, and Pontchatoula River two or three times; and out of the swamps and pine barrens into the sweet pine hills, with their great resinous boles rising one hundred — two hundred feet overhead, over meadows and fields and many and many a beautiful clear creek, and ten or more times over the winding Tangipahoa, by narrow clearings, and the old tracks of forgotten hurricanes, and many a wide plantation; until more than two hundred miles from the great city, still northward across the sinking and swelling fields, the low, dark dome of another State's capitol must rise amid spires and trees into the blue, and the green ruins of fortifications be passed, and the iron roads be found branching west, north, and east.

Thence all was one wide sea of improbability. Even before a quarter of that distance should have been covered, how many chances of every sort there were against the success of such a search.

"It is impossible that he should find him," said the ex-governor.

"Well," — the curé shrugged,— "if he finds no one, yet he may succeed in losing himself." But in order that Bonaventure in losing himself should not be lost, the priest gave him pens and paper and took his promise to write back as he went step by step out into the world.

"And learn English, my boy; learn it with all speed; you will find it vastly, no telling how vastly, to your interest — I should say your usefulness. I am sorry I could not teach it to you myself. Here is a little spelling-book and reader for you to commence with. Make haste to know English; in America we should be Americans; would that I could say it to all our Acadian people; but I say it to you; learn English. It may be that by not knowing it you may fail, or by knowing it succeed in this errand. And every step of your way let your first business be the welfare of others. Hundreds will laugh at you for it; never mind; it will bring you through. Yes, I will tell Sosthène and the others good-bye for you. I will tell them you had a dream that compelled you to go at once. Adieu." And just as the rising sun's first beam smote the curé's brimming eyes, his "little old man" turned his face toward a new life and set forward to enter it.

"Have you seen anywhere, coming back from the war, a young man named 'Thanase Beausoleil?" — This question to every one met, day in, day out, in early morning lights, in noonday heats, under sunset glows, by a light figure in thin, clean clothing, dusty shoes, and with limp straw hat lowered from the head. By and by, as first the land of the Acadians and then the land of the Creoles was left behind, a man every now and then would smile and shake his head to mean he did not understand — for the question was in French. But then, very soon it began to be in English too, and by and by not in French at all.

"Sir, have you seen anywhere, coming back from the war, a young man named 'Thanase Beausoleil?"

But no one had seen him.

Travel was very slow. Not only because it was done afoot. Many a day he had to tarry to earn bread; for he asked no alms. But after a while he passed eastward into a third State, and at length into the mountains of a fourth.

Meantime the weeks were lengthening into months; the year was in its decline. Might not 'Thanase be even then at home? No. Every week Bonaventure wrote back, "Has he come?" and the answer came back, "He is not here."

But one evening, as he paced the cross-ties of a railway that hugged a huge forest-clad mountain side, with the valley a thousand feet below, its stony river shining like a silken fabric in the sunset lights, the great hillsides clad in crimson, green, and gold, and the long, trailing smoke of the last train — a rare, motionless blue gauze — gone to rest in the chill mid-air, he met a man who suddenly descended upon the track in front of him from higher up the mountain,— a great, lank mountaineer. And when Bonaventure asked the apparition the untiring question to which so many hundreds had answered no, the tall man looked down upon the questioner, a bright smile suddenly lighting up the unlovely chin-whiskered face, and asked:

"Makes a fiddle thess talk an' cry?"

"Yes."

"Well, he hain't been gone from hyer two weeks."

It was true. Only a few weeks before, gaunt, foot-sore, and ragged, tramping the cross-ties yonder where the railway comes from the eastward, curving into view out of that deep, green, and gray defile, 'Thanase had come into this valley. So short a time before, because almost on his start homeward illness had halted him by the way and held him long in arrest. But at length he had reached the valley and had lingered here for days; for it happened that a man in bought clothing was there just then, roaming around and hammering pieces off the rocks, who gave 'Thanase the chance to earn a little something from him, with which the hard-marched wanderer might take the train instead of the cross-ties for as far as the pittance would carry him.

VIII.

THE QUEST ENDED.

THE next sunrise saw Bonaventure, with a new energy in his step, journeying back the way he had come. And so anew the weeks wore by. Once more the streams ran southward, and the landscapes opened wide and fertile.

"Sir,—pardon your stopping,—in what State should I find myself at the present?"

The person inquired of looked blank, examined the questioner from head to foot, and replied:

"In what — oh! I understand; yes. What State — Alabama, yes, Alabama. You must excuse me, I didn't understand you at first. Yes, this is Alabama."

"Thank you, sir. Have you seen anywhere, coming back from the war, a young man named 'Thanase Beausoleil?"

"Back from the war! Why, everybody done got back from the war long ago." "Lawng ago-o-o," the speaker pronounced it, but the pronunciation could not be as untrue as the careless assertion.

A second time, and again a third, Bonaventure fell upon the trail. But each time it was colder than before. And yet he was pushing on as fast as he dared. Many a kind man's invitation to tarry and rest was gratefully declined. Once, where two railways parted, one leading south, the other west, he followed the southern for days, and then came back to the point of separation, and by and by found the lost thread again on the more westward road. But the time since 'Thanase had past was the longest yet. Was it certainly 'Thanase? Yes; the fiddle always settled that question. And had he not got home? He had not come. Somewhere in the long stretch between Bonaventure and Carancro there must be strange tidings.

On the first New Year's eve after the war, as the sun was sinking upon the year's end, Bonaventure turned that last long curve of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad, through the rushes, flags, willows, and cypress-stumps of the cleared swamp behind the city of the Creoles, and passing around the poor shed called the depot, paused at the intersection of Calliope and Magnolia streets, waiting the turn of chance.

Trace of the lost 'Thanase had brought him at length to this point. The word of a fellow-tramp, pledged on the honor of his guild, gave assurance that thus far the wanted man had come in strength and hope — but more than a month before.

The necessity of moving on presently carried Bonaventure aimlessly into the city along the banks of the New Canal. The lad had shot up in these few months into the full stature, without the breadth, of manhood. The first soft, uneven curls of a light-brown beard were on his thin cheek and chin. Patient weariness and humble perseverance were in his eyes. His coarse, ill-matched attire was whole and, but for the soilure of foot-travel, clean. Companioning with nature had browned his skin and dried his straight, fine hair. Any reader of faces would have seen the lines of unselfish purpose about his lips, and when they parted nervously for speech, the earnest glow of that purpose in a countenance that neither smiled nor frowned, and though it was shaded, cast no shadow.

The police very soon knew him. They smiled at one another and tapped the forehead with one finger as he turned away with his question answered by a shake of the head. It became their habit. They would jerk a thumb over a shoulder after him facetiously.

"Goes to see every unknown white man found dead or drowned. And yet, you know, he's happy. He's a heap sight"—sometimes they used other adjectives— "a heap sight happier than us, with his trampin' around all day and his French and English books at night, as old Tony says. He bunks with old Tony, you know, what keeps that little grocery in Solidelle street. Tony says his candles comes to more than his bread and meat, or, rather, his rice and crawfish. He's the funniest crazy *I* ever see. All the crazies I ever see is got some grind for pleasing number one; but this chap is everlastin'ly a-lookin' out for everybody *but* number one. Oh, yes, the candles and books,—I reckon they are for number one,—that's so; but anyhow, that's what I hear Madame Tony allow."

The short, wet winter passed. The search stretched on into the spring. It did not, by far, take up the seeker's whole daily life. Only it was a thread that ran all through it,

a dye that colored it. Many other factors — observations, occupations, experiences — were helping to make up that life, and to make it, with all its pathetic slenderness, far more than it was likely ever to have been made at Carancro. Through hundreds of miles of tramping the lad had seen, in a singularly complete yet inhostile disentanglement from it, the world of men; glimpses of the rich man's world with its strivings, steadier views of the poor man's world with its struggles. The times were strong and rude. Every step of his way had been through a land whose whole civil order had been condemned, shattered, and cast into the mill of revolution for a total remolding. Every day came like the discharge of a great double-shotted gun. It could not but be that, humble as his walk was, and his years so few, his fevered mind should leap into the questions of the hour like a naked boy into the surf. He made mistakes, sometimes in a childish, sometimes in an older way, some against most worthy things. But withal he managed to keep the main direction of truth, after his own young way of thinking and telling it. He had no such power to formulate his large conclusions as you or even I have, but whatever wrought to enlighten the unlettered, whatever cherished manhood's rights alike in lofty and lowly, whatever worked the betterment of the poor, whatever made man not too much and not too little his brother's keeper,—his keeper not by mastery, but by fraternal service,—whatever did these things was to him good religion, good politics. So, at least, the curé told the ex-governor, as from time to time they talked of the absent Bonaventure and of his letters. However, they had to admit one thing: all this did not find 'Thanase.

And why, now, should 'Thanase longer be sought? Was there anything to gain by finding him dead? Not for Bonaventure; he felt, as plainly as though he had seen an angel write the decree, that to Bonaventure Deschamps no kind of profit or advantage under the sun must come by such a way. But was there anything to be gained in finding that 'Thanase still lived? The police will tell you, as they told Bonaventure, that in these days of steam and steel and yoked lightning a man may get lost and be found again; but that when he stays lost, and is neither dead nor mad, it is because he wants to be lost. So where was to be the gain in finding 'Thanase alive? O much, indeed, to Bonaventure! The star of a new hope shot up into his starless sky when that thought came, and in that star trembled that which he had not all these weary months of search dared see even with fancy's eye,—the image of Zoséphine! This —this! that he had never set out to achieve — this! if he could but stand face to face with evidence that 'Thanase could have reached home and would not.

This thought was making new lines in the young care-struck face, when —

"See here," said a voice one day. Bonaventure's sleeve was caught by the thumb and forefinger of a man to whom, in passing, he had touched his hat. The speaker was a police captain.

"Come with me." They turned and walked, Bonaventure saying not a word. They passed a corner, turned to the right, passed two more, turned to the left,—high brick walls on either side, damp, ill-smelling pavements under foot,—and still strode on in silence. As they turned once more to the right in a dim, narrow way, the captain patted the youth softly on the back, and said:

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

So Bonaventure asked none. But presently, in one of those dens called sailors' boarding-houses, somewhere down on the water-front near the mint, he was brought face to face with a stranger whose manner seemed to offer the reverse proposition. Of him the youth asked questions and got answers.

'Thanase Beausoleil still lived, far beyond seas. How? why? If this man spake truly, because here in New Orleans, at the last turn in the long, weary journey that was to have brought the young volunteer home, he had asked and got the aid of this informant to ship — before the mast — for foreign parts. But why? Because his ambition and pride, explained the informant, had outgrown Carancro, and his heart had tired of the diminished memory of the little Zoséphine.

Bonaventure hurried away. What storms buffeted one another in his bosom!

Night had fallen upon the great city. Long stretches of street lay now between high walls and now between low-hanging eaves, empty of human feet and rife with solitude. Through long distances he could run and leap and make soft, mild pretense of shouting and smiting hands. The quest was ended! rivalry gone of its own choice, guilt washed from the hands, love returned to her nest! Zoséphine! Zoséphine! Away, now, away to the reward of penance, patience, and loyalty! Unsought, unhoped-for reward! As he ran, the crescent moon ran before him in the sky, and one glowing star, dipping low, beckoned him into the west.

And yet that night a great riot broke out in his heart; and in the morning there was a look on his face as though in that tumult conscience had been drugged, beaten, stoned, and left for dead outside the gate of his soul.

There was something of defiance in his eye, not good to see, as he started down the track of the old Opelousas railroad, with the city and the Mississippi at his back. When he had sent a letter ahead of him, he had no money left to pay for railway passage. Should he delay for that or aught else, he might never start; for already the ghost of conscience was whispering in at the barred windows of his heart.

"It is not true. The man has told you falsely. It is not true."

And so he was tramping once more — toward Carancro. And never before with such determined eagerness. Nothing could turn him about now. Once a train came in sight in front of him just as he had started across a trestle-work; but he ran forward across the open ties and leaped clear of the track on the farther side, just when another instant would have been too late. He stood a moment, only half-pausing among the palmettoes and rushes as the hurtling mass thundered by; then pushed quickly into the whirling dust of the track and hurried on between the clicking rails, not knowing that yonder dark, dwindling speck behind was bearing away from him strange tidings from the curé.

The summer was coming on; the suns were hot. There were leagues on leagues of unbroken, shaking prairie with never a handbreadth of shade, but only the glowing upper blue, with huge dazzling clouds moving, like herds of white elephants pasturing across heavenly fields, too slowly for the eye to note their motion; and below, the far-reaching, tremulous sheen of reed and bulrush, the wet lair of serpent, wild-cat, and alligator. Now and then there was the cool blue of sunny, wind-swept waters winding hither and thither toward the sea, and sometimes miles of deep forest swamp through which the railroad went by broad, frowzy, treeless clearings flanked with impassable oozy ditches; but shade there was none.

Nor was there peace. Always as he strode along, something he could not outgo was at his side, gaunt, wounded, soiled, whispering: "Turn back; turn back and settle with me," and ever put off with promises — after that fashion as old as the world — to do no end of good things if only the one right thing might be left undone.

And so because there were no shade, no peace, and no turning back, no one day's march made him stronger for the next; and at length, when he came to the low thatch of a negro cabin, under the shadow of its bananas he sank down in its doorway, red with fever.

There he had to stay many days; but in the end he was up and on his way again. He left the Atchafalaya behind him. It was easier going now. There was shade. Under his trudging feet was the wagon-road along the farther levee of the Teche. Above him great live oaks stretched their arms clad in green vestments and gray drapings, the bright sugar-cane fields were on his left, and on his right the beautiful winding bayou. In his face, not joy, only pallid eagerness, desire fixed upon fulfillment, and knowledge that happiness was something else; a young, worn face with hard lines about the mouth and neck; the face of one who had thought self to be dead and buried, and had seen it rise to life again, and fallen captive to it. So he was drawing near to Carancro. Make haste, Bonaventure.

IX.

THE WEDDING.

A HORSE and buggy have this moment been stopped and are standing on a faint rise of ground seven miles out beyond the southwestern outskirt of Carancro. The two male occupants of the vehicle are lifting their heads and looking with well-pleased faces at something out over the plain. You know the curé? — and the ex-governor.

In the far distance, across the vast level, something that looks hardly so large on the plain as an ant on the floor is moving this way across it. This is what the curé and his friend are watching. Open in the curé's hand, as if he had just read it aloud again, is that last letter of Bonaventure's, sent ahead of him from New Orleans and received some days ago. The governor holds the reins.

What do they see? Some traveler afoot? Can it be that Bonaventure is in sight? That is not even the direction from which Bonaventure, when he comes, will appear. No, speck though it is, the object they are looking at is far larger than a man afoot, or any horse, or horse and calèche. It is a house. It is on wheels, and is drawn by many yoke of oxen. From what the curé is saying we gather that Sosthène has bought this very small dwelling from a neighbor, and is moving it to land of his own. Two great beams have been drawn under the sills at each end, the running gear of two heavy ox-wagons is made to bear up the four ends of these beams, all is lashed firmly into place, the oxen are slowly pulling, the long whips are cracking, the house is answering the gentle traction, and, already several miles away from its first site, it will to-morrow settle down upon new foundations, a homely type of one whose wreath will soon be a-making and who will soon after come to be the little house's mistress.

But what have we done — let time slip backward? A little; not much; for just then, as the ex-governor said, "And where is

Bonaventure by this time?" Bonaventure had been only an hour or two in the negro cabin where fever had dragged him down.

Since then the house had not only settled safely upon its new foundations, but Sosthène, in the good, thorough way that was his own, had carried renovation to a point that made the cottage to all intents and purposes a new house. And the curé had looked upon it again, much nearer by; for before a bride dared enter a house so nearly new, it had been deemed necessary for him to come and, before a temporary altar within the dwelling, to say mass in the time of full moon. But not yet was the house really a dwelling; it, and all Carancro, were waiting for the wedding. Make haste, Bonaventure.

He had left the Teche behind him on the east. And now a day breaks whose sunset finds him beyond the Vermilion River. He cannot go aside to the ex-governor's, over yonder on the right. He is making haste. This day his journey will end. His heart is light; he has thought out the whole matter now; he makes no doubt any longer that the story told him is true. And he knows now just what to do: this very sunset he will reach his goal; he goes to fill 'Thanase's voided place; to lay his own filial service at the feet of the widowed mother; to be a brother in the lost brother's place; and Zoséphine? — why, she shall be her daughter, the same as though 'Thanase, not he, had won her. And thus, too, Zoséphine shall have her own sweet preference — that preference which she had so often whispered to him — for a scholar rather than a soldier. Such is the plan, and Conscience has given her consent.

The sun soars far overhead. It, too, makes haste. But the wasted, flushed, hungry-eyed traveler is putting the miles behind him. He questions none to-day that pass him or whom he overtakes; only bows, wipes his warm brow, and presses on across the prairie. Straight before him, though still far away, a small, white, wooden steeple rises from out a tuft of trees. It is *la chapelle!*

The distance gets less and less. See! the afternoon sunlight strikes the roofs of a few unpainted cottages that have begun to show themselves at right and left of the chapel. And now he sees the green window-shutters of such as are not without them, and their copperas- or indigo-dyed curtains blowing in and out. Nearer; nearer; here is a house, and yonder another, newly built. Carancro is reached.

He enters a turfy, cattle-haunted lane between rose-hedges. In a garden on one side, and presently in another over the way, children whom he remembers — but grown like weeds since he saw them last — are at play; but when they stop and gaze at him it is without a sign of recognition. Now he walks down the village street. How empty it seems; was it really always so? Still, yonder is a man he knows — and yonder a woman — but they disappear without seeing him.

How familiar everything is. There are the two shops abreast of the chapel, Marx's on this side, Lichtenstein's that, their dingy false fronts covered with their same old huge rain-faded words of promise. Yonder, too, behind the blacksmith's shop is the little school-house, dirty, half-ruined, and closed — that is, wide-open and empty — it may be for lack of a teacher, or funds, or even of scholars.

"It shall not be so," said the traveler to himself, "when *she* and I ——"

His steps grow slow. Yet here, not twenty paces before him, is the home of the curé. Ah! that is just the trouble. Shall he go here first? May he not push on and out once more upon the prairie and make himself known first of all to *her?* Stopping here first, will not the curé say tarry till to-morrow? His steps grow slower still.

And see, now. One of the Jews in the shop across the street has observed him. Now two stand together and scrutinize him; and now there are three, looking and smiling. Plainly, they recognize him. One starts to come across, but on that instant the quiet of the hamlet is broken by a sound of galloping hoofs.

Bonaventure stands still. How sudden is this change! He is not noticed now; everything is in the highest animation. There are loud calls and outcries; children are shouting and running, and women's heads are thrust out of doors and windows. Horsemen come dashing into the village around through the lanes and up the street. Look! they wheel, they rein up, they throw themselves from the rattling saddles; they leave the big wooden stirrups swinging and the little unkempt ponies shaking themselves, and rush into the *boutique de* Monsieur Lichtenstein, and are talking like mad and decking themselves out on hats and shoulders with ribbons in all colors of the rainbow!

Suddenly they shout, all together, in answer to a shout outside. More horsemen appear. Lichtenstein's store belches all its population.

"*La calège! La calège!*" The caleche is coming!

Something, he knows not what, makes Bonaventure tremble.

"Madame," he says in French to a chattering woman who has just run out of her door and is standing near him tying a red Madras kerchief on her head as she prattles to a girl,— "Madame, what wedding is this?"

"*C'est la noce à* Zoséphine," she replied, without looking at him, and goes straight on

telling her companion how fifty dollars has been paid for the pope's dispensation, because the bridal pair are first cousins.

Bonaventure moves back and leans against a paling fence, pallid and faint. But there is no time to notice him — look, look!

Some women on horseback come trotting into the street. Cheers! cheers! and in a moment louder cheers yet — the caleche with the bride and groom and another with the parents have come!

Throw open the church door!

Horsemen alight, horsewomen descend, down, also, come they that were in the caleche. Look, Bonaventure! They form by twos — forward — in they go. "Hats off, gentlemen! Don't forget the rule! — Now — silence! softly, softly; speak low — or speak not at all; sh-sh! Silence! The pair are kneeling. Hush-sh! Frown down that little buzz about the door! Sh-sh!"

Bonaventure has rushed in with the crowd. He cannot see the kneeling pair; but there is the curé standing over them and performing the holy rite. The priest stops — he has seen Bonaventure! He stammers, and then he goes on. Here beside Bonaventure is a girl so absorbed in the scene that she thinks she is speaking to her brother, when presently she says to the haggard young stranger, letting herself down from her tiptoes and drawing a long breath:

"*La sarimonie est fait.*"

It is true; the ceremony is ended. She rises on tiptoe again to see the new couple sign the papers.

Slowly! The bridegroom first, his mark. Step back. Now the little bride — steady! Zoséphine, *sa marque*. She turns; see her, everybody; see her! brown and pretty as a doe! They are kissing her! — Hail, Madame 'Thanase!

"Make way, make way!" The man and wife come forth. — Ah! 'Thanase Beausoleil, so tall and strong, so happy and hale, you do not look to-day like the poor decoyed, drugged victim that woke up one morning out in the Gulf of Mexico to find yourself, without foreintent or knowledge, one of a ship's crew bound for Brazil and thence to the Mediterranean! — "Make way, make way!" They mount the caleches, Sosthène, Madame Sosthène; 'Thanase and Madame 'Thanase. "To horse, ladies and gentlemen!" Never mind now about the youth who has been taken ill in the chapel, and whom the curé has borne almost bodily in his arms to his own house. "Mount! Mount! Move aside for the wedding singers!" — The wedding singers take their places, one on this side the bridal caleche, the other on that, and away it starts, creaking and groaning.

"*Mais, arretez!* — Stop, stop! Before going, *passez le 'nisette!* — pass the anisette!" May the New Orleans compounder be forgiven the iniquitous mixture! "*Boir les dames avant!* — Let the ladies drink first!" Aham! straight from the bottle.

Now, go. The caleche moves. Other caleches bearing parental and grandparental couples follow. And now the young men and maidens gallop after; the cavalcade stretches out like the afternoon shadows, and with shout and song and waving of hats and kerchiefs, away they go! while from window and door and village street follows the wedding cry:

"*Adieu, la calège! Adieu, la calège!* — God speed the wedding pair!"

Coming at first from the villagers, it is continued at length, faint and far, by the attending cavaliers. As mile by mile they drop aside, singly or in pairs, toward their homes, they rise in their stirrups, and lifting high their ribbon-decked hats, they shout and curvette and curvette and shout until the eye loses them and the ear can barely catch the faint farewell:

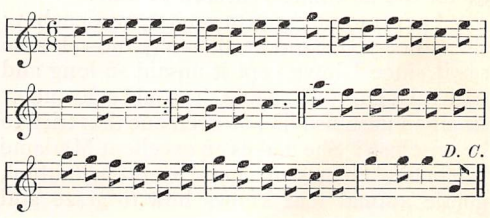
"*Adieu, la calège! Adieu, les mariées!*"

X.

AFTER ALL.

ADIEU; but only till the fall of night shall bring the wedding ball.

One little tune — and every Acadian fiddler in Louisiana knows it — always brings back to Zoséphine the opening scene of that festive and jocund convocation. She sees again the great clean-swept seed-cotton room of a cotton-gin house belonging to a cousin of the ex-governor lighted with many candles stuck into a perfect wealth of black bottles ranged along the beams of the walls. The fiddler's seat is mounted on a table in the corner, the fiddler is in it, each beau has led a maiden into the floor, the sets are made for the contra-dance, the young men stand expectant, their partners wait with downcast eyes and mute lips, as Acadian damsels should, the music strikes up and away they go.

Yes, Zoséphine sees the whole bright scene over again whenever that strain sounds.

It was fine from first to last! The ball closed with the bride's dance. Many a daughter Madame Sosthène had waltzed that farewell measure with, and now Zoséphine was the last. So they danced it, they two, all the crowd looking on: the one so young and lost in self, the other so full of years and lost to self; eddying round and round each other in this last bright embrace before they part, the mother to swing back into still water, the child to enter the current of a new life.

And then came the wedding supper! At one end of the long table the bride and groom sat side by side, and at their left and right the wedding singers stood and sang. How everybody ate, that night! Rice! beef-balls! pass them here! pass them there! help yourself! reach them with a fork! *des riz! des boulettes!* more down this way! pass them over heads! *des riz! des boulettes!* And the anisette!—bad whisky and oil of anise — never mind that; pour, fill, empty, fill again! Don't take too much—and make sure not to take too little! How merrily all went on. How gay was Zoséphine!

"Does she know that Bonaventure, too, has come back?" the young maidens whisper, one to another; for the news was afloat.

"Oh, yes, of course; some one had to let it slip. But if it makes any difference she is only brighter and prettier than before. I tell you—it seems strange, but I believe, now, she never cared for anybody but 'Thanase. When she heard Bonaventure had come back she only let one little flash out of her eyes at the fool who told her, then said it was the best news that could be, and has been as serene as the picture of a saint ever since."

The serenity of the bride might have been less perfect and the one flash of her eyes might have been two, had she known what the curé was that minute saying to the returned wanderer, with the youth's head pressed upon his bosom, in the seclusion of his own chamber:

"It is all for the best, Bonaventure. It is not possible that thou shouldst see it so now, but thou shalt hereafter. It is best this way." And the tears rolled silently down his cheek as the weary head in his bosom murmured back:

"It is best. It is best."

The curé could only press him closer then. It was much more than a year afterward when he for the first time ventured to add:

"I never wanted you to get her, my dear boy; she is not your kind at all—nay, now, let me say it, since I have kept it unsaid so long and patiently. Do you imagine she could ever understand an unselfish life, or even one that tried to be unselfish? She makes an excellent Madame 'Thanase. 'Thanase is a good, vigorous, faithful, gentle animal that knows how to graze and lie in the shade and get up and graze again. But you — it is not in you to know how poor a Madame Bonaventure she would have been; not now merely, but poorer and poorer as the years go by.

"And so I say, do not go away. I know why you want to go; you want to run away from a haunting thought that some unlikely accident or other may leave Madame 'Thanase a widow and you step into his big shoes. They would not fit. Do not go. That thing is not going to happen; and the way to get rid of the troublesome notion is to stay and see yourself outgrow it — and her."

Bonaventure shook his head mournfully, but staid. From time to time Madame 'Thanase passed before his view in pursuit of her outdoor and indoor cares. But even when he came under her galerie roof he could see that she never doubted she had made the very best choice in all Carancro.

And yet people knew — she knew — that Bonaventure not only enjoyed the acquaintance but sometimes actually went from one place to another on the business of the great ex-governor. Small matters they may have been, but, anyhow, just think!

Sometimes as he so went or came he saw her squatting on a board at the edge of a *coolée*, her petticoat wrapped snugly around her limbs, and a limp sunbonnet hiding her nut-brown face, pounding her washing with a wooden paddle. She was her own housekeeper, chambermaid, cook, washerwoman, goose-herd, seamstress, nurse, and all the rest. Her floors, they said, were always *bien fourbissée* (well scrubbed), her beds were high, soft, snug, and covered with the white mesh of her own crochet needle.

He saw her the oftener because she worked much out on her low veranda. From that place she had a broad outlook upon the world, with 'Thanase in the foreground, at his toil, sometimes at his sport. His cares as a herder, *vacheur*,—*vaché*, he called it,—were wherever his slender-horned herds might roam or his stallions lead their mares in search of the sweetest herbage; and when rains filled the *maraises* and the cold nor'westers blew from Texas and the sod was spongy with much water, and he went out for feathered game, the numberless mallards, black ducks, gray ducks, teal — with sometimes the canvas-back — and the *poules-d'eau* — the water-hens and the rails, and the *cache-cache* — the snipe — were as likely to settle or rise just before his own house as elsewhere, and the most devastating shot that hurtled through those feathered multitudes was that sent by her husband—hers — her own — possessive case — belonging to her. She was proud of her property.

Sometimes *la vieille* — for she was *la vieille* from the very day that she counted her wedding presents, mostly chickens, and turned them loose in the dooryard — sometimes she enjoyed the fine excitement of seeing her *vieux* catching and branding his yearling colts. Small but not uncomely they were: tougher, stronger, better, when broken, than the mustang, though, like the mustang, begotten and foaled on the open prairie. Often she saw him catch two for the plow in the morning, turn them loose at noon to find their own food and drink, and catch and work another pair through the afternoon. So what did not give her pride gave her quiet comfort. Sometimes she looked forth with an anxious eye, when a colt was to be broken for the saddle; for as its legs were untied, and it sprang to its feet with 'Thanase in the saddle, and the blindfold was removed from its eyes, the strain on the young wife's nerves was as much as was good, to see the creature's tremendous leaps in air and not tremble for its superb, unmovable rider.

Could scholarship be finer — or as fine — as such horsemanship? And yet, somehow, as time ran on, Zoséphine, like all the rest of Carancro, began to look up with a certain deference, half-conscious, half-unconscious, to the needy young man who was nobody's love or lover and yet, in a gentle, unimpassioned way, everybody's. Landless, penniless, artless Bonaventure, who honestly thought there was no girl in Carancro who was not much too good for him, and of whom there was not one who did not think him much too good for her. He was quite outside of all their gossip. How could they know that with all his learning — for he could read and write in two languages and took the Vermilionville newspaper — and with all his books, almost an entire mantel-shelf full — he was feeling heart hunger the same as any ordinary lad or lass unmated. Zoséphine found her eyes, so to speak, lifting, lifting more and more as from time to time she looked upon the inoffensive Bonaventure. But so her satisfaction in her own husband was all the more emphatic. If she had ever caught a real impulse toward anything that even Carancro would have called culture, she had cast it aside now — as to herself; her children — oh! yes; but that would be by and by.

Even of pastimes and sports she saw almost none. For 'Thanase there was, first of all, his fiddle; then *la chasse*, the chase; the *papegaie*, or, as he called it, *pad-go* — the shooting-match; *la galloche*, pitch-farthing; the cock-fight; the five-arpent pony-race; and too often, also, *chin-chin*, twenty-five-cent poker, and the gossip and glass of the roadside "store." But for Madame 'Thanase there was only a seat against the wall at the Saturday-night dance, and mass *a la chapelle* once in two or three weeks; these, and infant baptisms. These showed how fast time and life were hurrying along. The wedding seemed but yesterday, and yet here was little Sosthène, and tiny Marguerite, and cooing Zoséphine the younger — how fast history repeats itself!

But one day, one Sunday, it repeated itself in a different way. He was in gay humor that morning. He kissed his wife, tossed his children, played on his fiddle that tune they all liked best, and, while Zoséphine looked after him with young zest in her eye, sprang into the saddle and galloped across the prairie *a la chapelle* to pass a jolly forenoon at *chin-chin* in the village grocery.

Since the war almost every one went armed — not for attack, of course; for defense. 'Thanase was an exception.

"My fists," he said, in the good old drawling Acadian dialect and with his accustomed smile — "my fists will take care of me."

One of the party that made up the game with 'Thanase was the fellow whom you may remember as having brought that first news of 'Thanase from camp to Carancro, and whom Zoséphine had discredited. The young husband had never liked him since.

But, as I say, 'Thanase was in high spirits. His jests came thick and fast, and some were hard and personal, and some were barbed with truth, and one, at length, ended in the word "deserter." The victim grew instantly fierce and red, leaped up, crying "liar," and was knocked backward to the ground by the long-reaching fist of 'Thanase. He rose again and dashed at his assailant. The rest of the company hastily made way to right and left, chairs were overturned, over went the table, the cards were underfoot. Men ran in from outside and from over the way. The two foes clash together, 'Thanase smites again with his fist, and the other grapples. They tug and strain —

"Separate them!" cry two or three of the packed crowd in suppressed earnestness. "Separate them! Bonaventure is coming! And here from the other side the curé too! Oh, get them apart!" But the half-hearted interference is shaken off. 'Thanase sees Bonaventure and the curé enter; mortification smites him; a smothered cry of rage bursts from his lips; he tries to hurl his antagonist from him; and just as the two friends reach out to lay hands upon the wrestling mass, it goes with a great thud to the ground. The crowd recoils and springs back again; then a cry of amazement and horror from all around, the arm of the under man lifted out over the back of the other, a downward flash of steel — another — and another! the long, subsiding wail of a

"GO TELL GOD I WANT MY HUSBAND!"

strong man's sudden despair, the voice of one crying,—

"Zoséphine! Ah! Zoséphine, *ma vieille! ma vieille!*" —one long moan and sigh, and the finest horseman, the sweetest musician, the bravest soldier, yes, and the best husband, in all Carancro was dead.

Poor old Sosthène and his wife! How hard they tried, for days, for weeks, to comfort their widowed child. But in vain. Day and night she put them away in fierce grief and silence, or if she spoke wailed always the one implacable answer,—

"I want my husband!" And to the curé the same words,—

"Go tell God I want my husband!"

But when at last came one who, having come to speak, could only hold her hand in his and silently weep with her, she clung to his with both her own, and looking up into his young, thin face, cried,— not with grace of words, and yet with some grace in all her words' Acadian ruggedness,—

"Bonaventure! Ah! Bonaventure! thou who knowest the way — teach me, my brother, how to be patient."

And so — though the ex-governor had just offered him a mission in another part of the Acadians' land, a mission, as he thought, far beyond his deserving, though, in fact, so humble that to tell you what it was would force your smile — he staid.

A year went by, and then another. Zoséphine no longer lifted to heaven a mutinous and aggrieved countenance. Bonaventure was often nigh, and his words were a deep comfort. Yet often, too, her spirit flashed impatience through her eyes when in the childish philosophizing of which he was so fond he put forward — though ever so impersonally and counting himself least of all to have attained — the precepts of self-conquest and abnegation. And then, as the flash passed away, with a moisture of the eye repudiated by the pride of the lip, she would slowly shake her head and say:

"It is of no use; I can't do it! I may be too young — I may be too bad, but — I can't learn it!"

At last, one September evening, Bonaventure stood at the edge of Sosthène's galerie, whither Zoséphine had followed out, leaving *le vieux* and *la vieille* in the house. On the morrow Bonaventure was to leave Carancro. And now he said,—

"Zoséphine, I must go."

"Ah, Bonaventure!" she replied, "my children — what will my children do? It is not only that you have taught them to spell and read, though God will be good to you for that! But these two years you have been everything to them — everything. They will be orphaned over again, Bonaventure." Tears shone in her eyes, and she turned away her face with her dropped hands clasped together.

The young man laid his hand upon her drooping brow. She turned again and lifted her eyes to his. His lips moved silently, but she read upon them the unheard utterance: it was a word of blessing and farewell. Slowly and tenderly she drew down his hand, laid a kiss upon it, and said,—

"*Adjieu* — *adjieu*," and they parted.

As Zoséphine went with erect form and firm, clear tread by her parents and into the inner room where her children lay in their trundle-bed, the old mother said to *le vieux*,—

"You can go ahead and repair the school-house now. Our daughter will want to begin, even to-morrow, to teach the children of the village — *les zonfants a la chapelle*."

"You think so?" said Sosthène, but not as if he doubted.

"Yes; it is certain now that Zoséphine will always remain the Widow 'Thanase."

G. W. Cable.

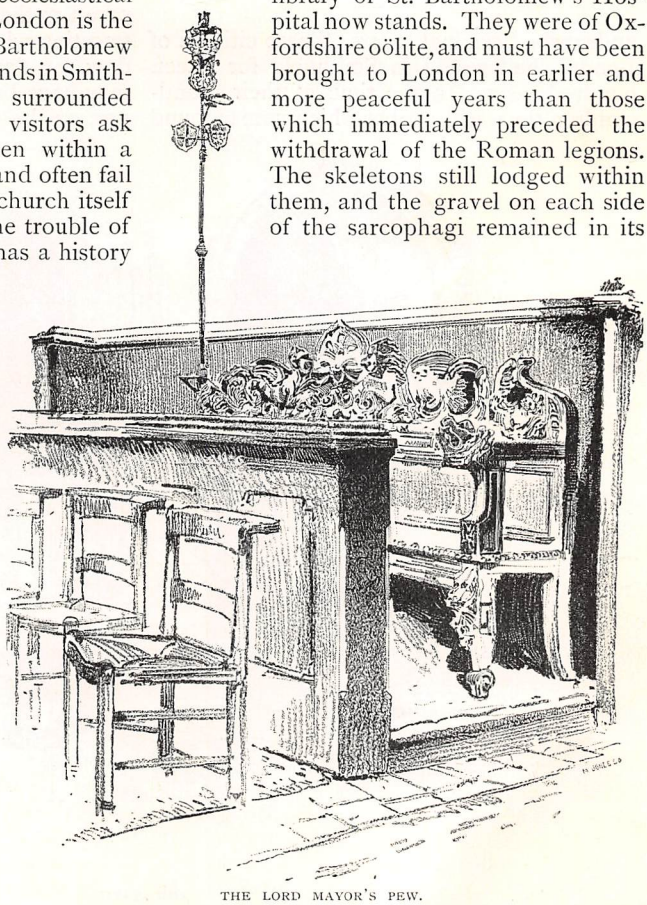
THE OLDEST CHURCH IN LONDON.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.

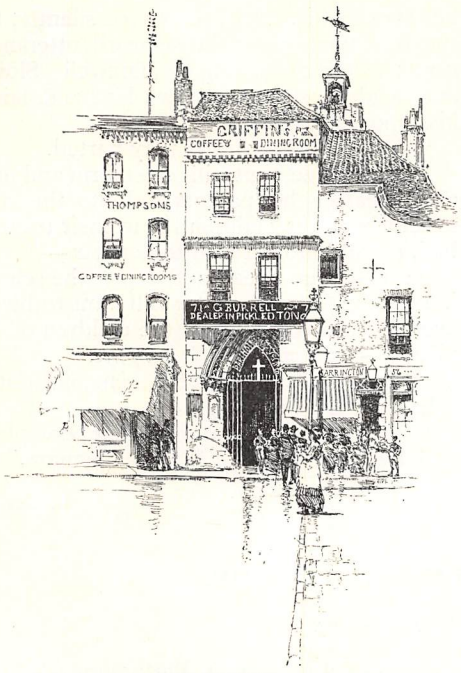
Rahere.

THE oldest ecclesiastical edifice in London is the church of St. Bartholomew the Great. It stands in Smithfield, so closely surrounded by houses that visitors ask where it is when within a few yards of it, and often fail to find it. The church itself is well worth the trouble of finding, and it has a history worthy of its noble structure.

Smithfield, of which a large paved space still remains open, though included in the jurisdiction of the city was outside the walls of London, and this extra-mural position is commemorated in the name of the ward, which is to this day called Farringdon Without. The Romans, obeying the law of the twelve tables, which prescribes that dead men shall be neither burnt nor buried within the city, used Smithfield as a cemetery; and both the urns of the period of cremation and the great stone sarcophagi of the later years of Roman dominion have been discovered in digging the foundations of the buildings which stand on the edges of the open space. The last discovery was in 1877, when two Roman sarcophagi were found where the library of St. Bartholomew's Hospital now stands. They were of Oxfordshire oölite, and must have been brought to London in earlier and more peaceful years than those which immediately preceded the withdrawal of the Roman legions. The skeletons still lodged within them, and the gravel on each side of the sarcophagi remained in its



THE LORD MAYOR'S PEW.



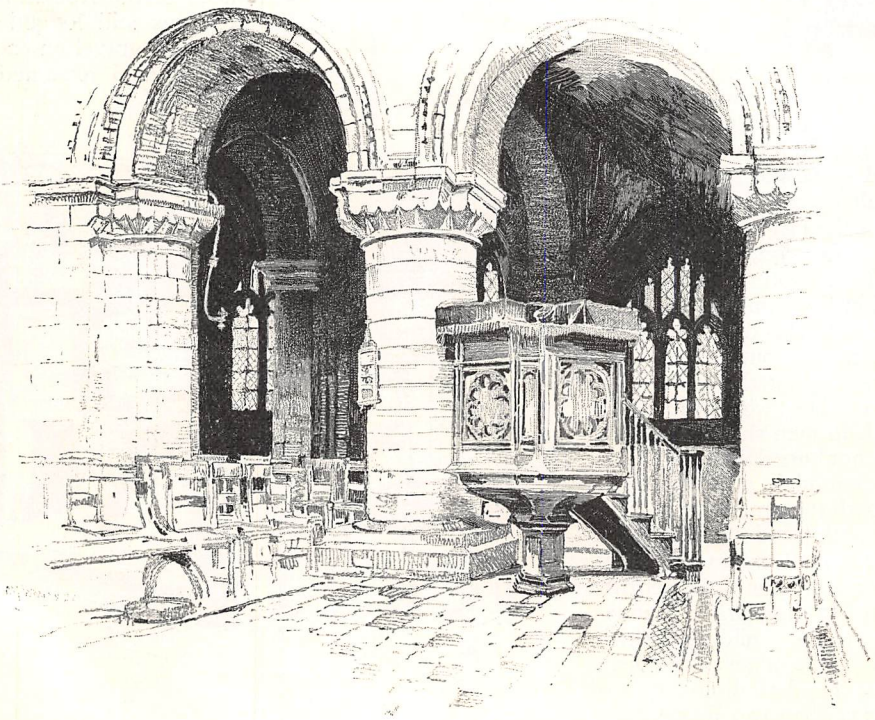
THE GATEWAY.

undisturbed original layers. These citizens of London had rested in Smithfield for fifteen hundred years. In the time of their grandchildren, the warlike tribes which were to found the greatness of England and of America poured into Britain, and, confident of the present and the future, swept away the past.

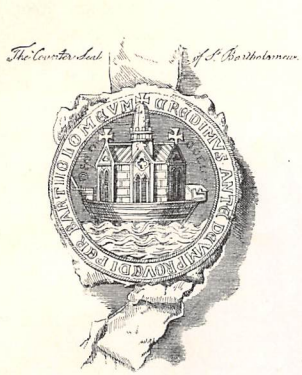
The burial-ground of the Romans continued open country outside the walls of London for several centuries. The citizen journeying by the New Gate could say prayers for a safe journey at St. Sepulchre's Church, and he going out by Aldersgate might ask the blessing of the clergy of Great St. Martin's; but between these churches and the highways near which they stood the land was bare. It was called Smethefeld, or Smithfield, and was reputed the king's property. On this open ground in the reign of King Henry I. the original building of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the existing priory church of St. Bartholomew the Great were built.

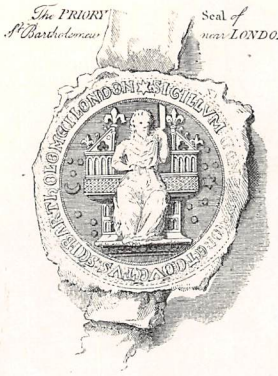
Rahere was the founder of both, and he lies in his original tomb under the arches of the magnificent church.

A dilapidated but still beautiful early English gateway near the end of Duke street, Smithfield, leads to the church. The pointed arch is overhung by a red brick house of the seventeenth century, a building modern compared to that on which it encroaches, but interesting when one reflects that from its window the flames of the great fire of London may have been watched dying out in Pie corner, on the other side of Smithfield. The pil-

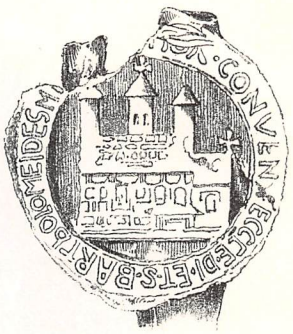


THE PULPIT.



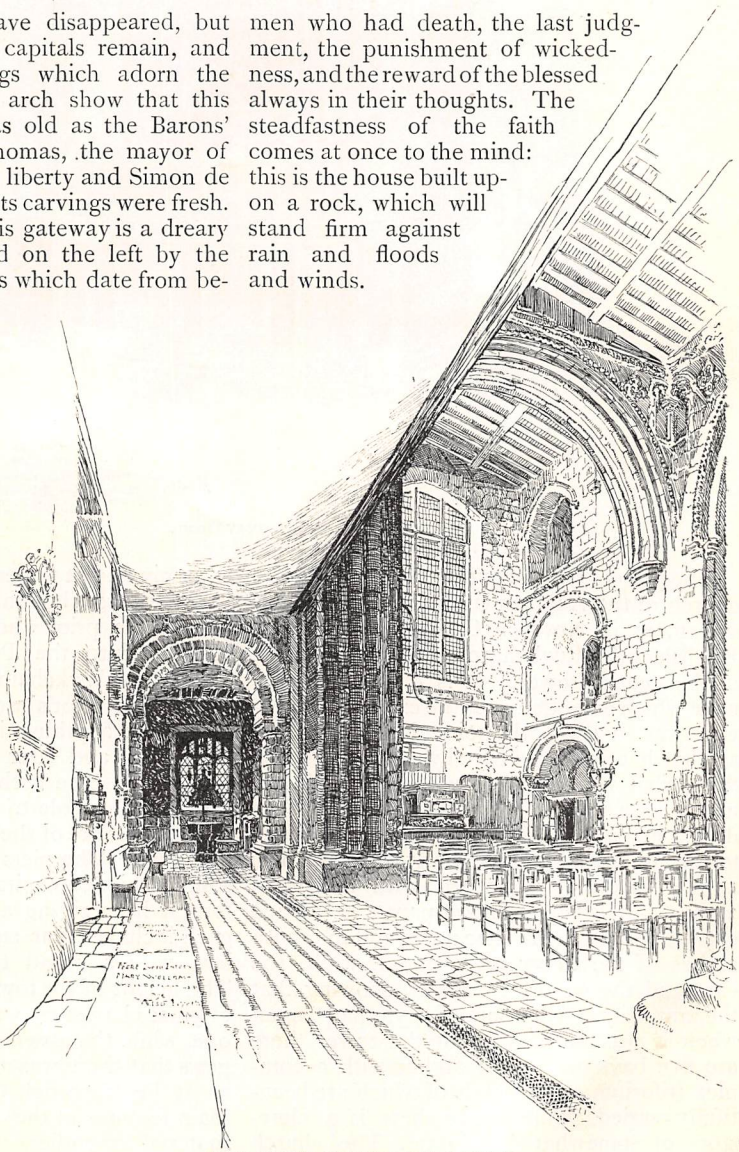


Seal of Convent of St. Bartholomew, showing church as it stood in 1837.

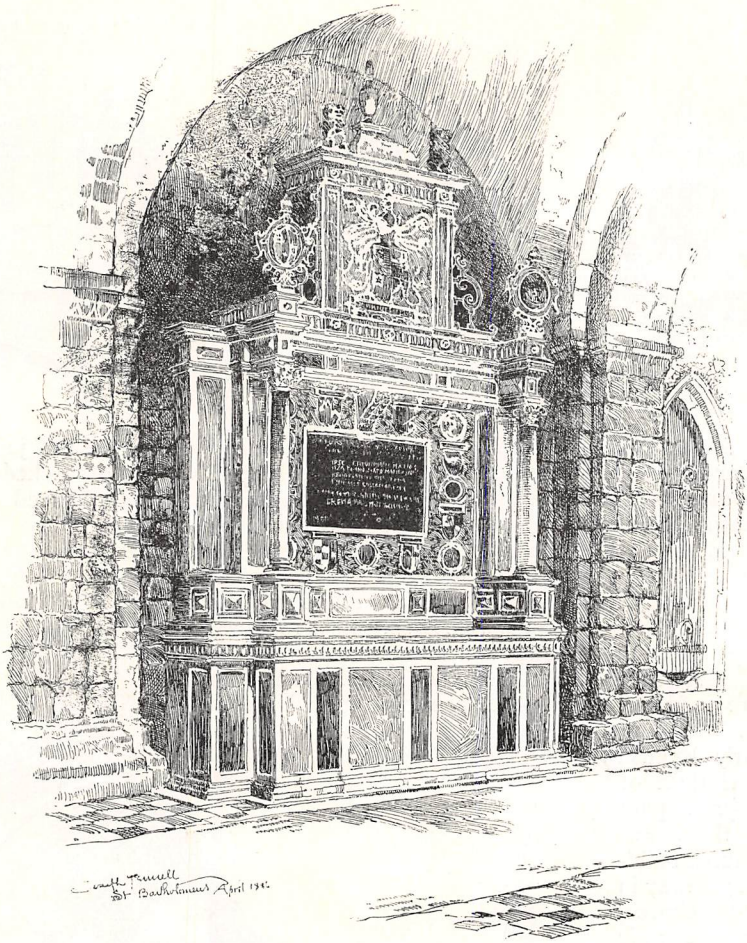


lars of the archway have disappeared, but parts of their circular capitals remain, and the dog-tooth moldings which adorn the graceful, sharp-pointed arch show that this venerable entrance is as old as the Barons' War. Thomas Fitz Thomas, the mayor of London who lost all for liberty and Simon de Montfort, knew it while its carvings were fresh.

A few steps within this gateway is a dreary church-yard, overlooked on the left by the gables of a row of houses which date from before the fire. The bases of some early English pillars on the right of the church-yard path show that there was once a continuous building from the gateway in Smithfield to the church, and this ruined aisle leads to a doorway in the west end of the church, beside a brick tower of late date. This entrance is dark and unpromising. Striking indeed is the transition, on passing it, from the squalid, modern exterior to the spacious internal grandeur of a Norman church. Of the four styles of Gothic architecture to be seen in England, none is more impressive than the earliest. The grand succession of round arches with huge circular piers produces a solemnity which is the greatest of architectural effects. The style is that of reverence and of faith, and expresses the feelings of men who had death, the last judgment, the punishment of wickedness, and the reward of the blessed always in their thoughts. The steadfastness of the faith comes at once to the mind: this is the house built upon a rock, which will stand firm against rain and floods and winds.



FONT WHERE HOGARTH WAS BAPTIZED.



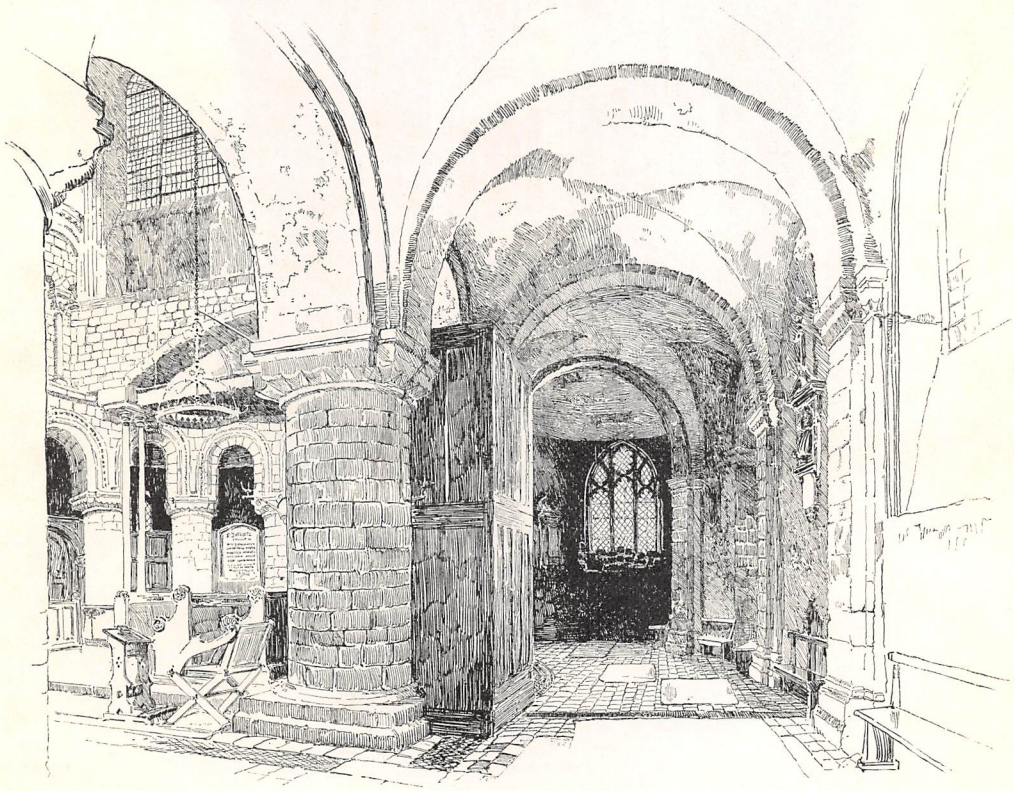
THE MILDMAY TOMB.

The present parish church is the choir of the church of the Augustinian priory. The choir screen, as in Norwich Cathedral and other English conventual churches, was placed west of the central tower. It is known that the nave which extended over the existing churchyard was in the early pointed style, so that all that has been destroyed was more modern than what remains, and we see the church much as it was at the time of its founder's death, in 1143. There is no external central tower, but all the internal work for it remains, and is beautifully adorned with zigzagged arches and lozenge-shaped panels of foliage carved in low relief. The north and the south arches of the tower are pointed, while the east and the west are circular, showing that the transition to the pointed style had begun when it was built. East of the tower there are five bays of circular arches with a complex triforium, the capitals of which are beautifully varied, while above there is a clere-story of somewhat later date. The church is terminated at the east by the remains of a beautiful apse, but this part was seriously injured by a prior who wished to change the Norman into the Perpendicular edifice, as William of Wykeham did Winchester Cathedral. The prior's work was stopped before it had put anything in place of what it had destroyed, and later times have aggravated the defect. The arches and the piers on the ground, the whole triforium, and the vaulting of the aisles are of the best period of the Norman style. The piers are circular, with short, solid-cushioned capitals; the arches of the triforium have zigzag and billet moldings, and each includes four small arches on long pillars, with a broad tympanum above them. The height of the tower arches shows that the original clere-story was as high as the present one, while the absence of vaulting-shafts suggests that there was a painted wooden ceiling as at Peterborough Cathedral. Such are the main features of the church; its details afford material for endless study.

The tomb of Rahere stands in the easternmost bay before the apse on the north side. Over the tomb is some tabernacle work of the fifteenth century, there are four panels of the same date on the base, and the inscription was perhaps recut when these were placed in position, but the effigy is probably original. When the tomb was opened, some twenty years ago, a sandal was found lying with the skeleton. The inscription has all the brevity

he will comfort all her waste places and he will make her wilderness like Eden and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Smithfield was the wilderness which Rahere had cultivated. There his dust remains undisturbed, and around spring the blossoms of his good actions,—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."



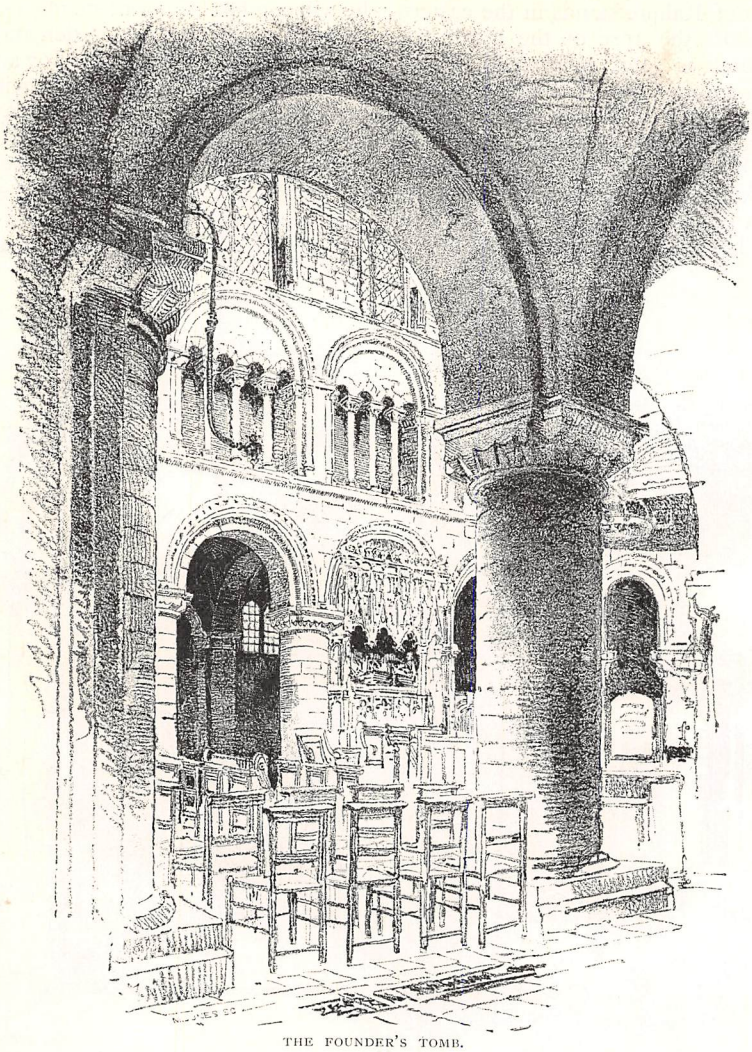
THE APSE.

of an early age: "Hic jacet Raherus, primus canonicus et primus prior hujus ecclesiæ."

The effigy of the first canon and first prior is of wood, and represents him with shaven crown and in the black robe of an Augustinian canon. A crowned angel at his feet holds a shield bearing two lions passant guardant and two crowns. At each side of him is a small kneeling figure of a monk reading from a book. The effigy has well-marked features, and is certainly a portrait of Rahere. His hands are in the attitude of prayer, his features are straight and prominent, and his countenance has the cheerful expression of one who rests in peace. His generous heart would have liked to hear the passage from Isaiah at which the Latin Bibles of the little kneeling monks are open: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion;

He changed Smithfield from waste into useful ground, and the region owes its present features to this ecclesiastic of the reign of Henry Beauclerc.

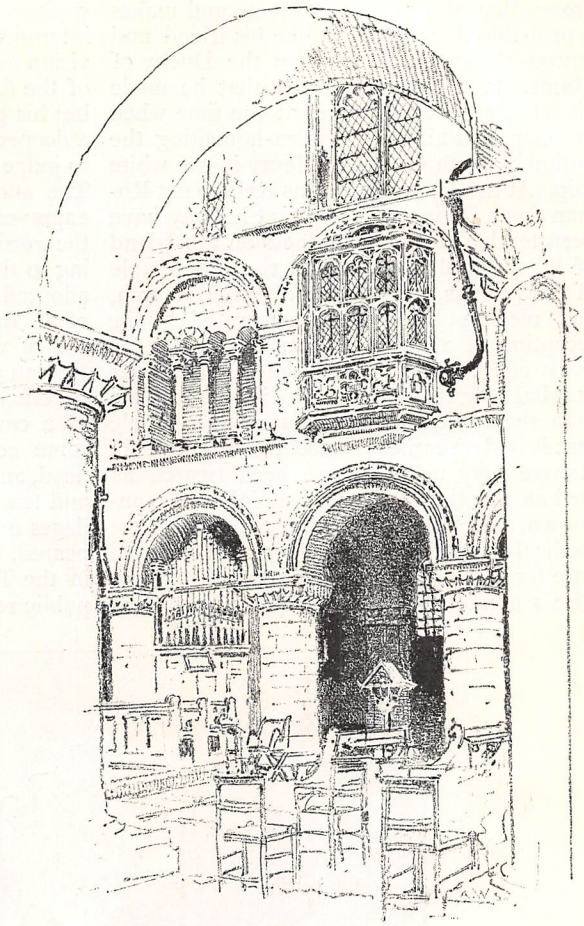
A life of Rahere was written in the twelfth century, and a manuscript copy of this made at a later date belonged to the priory at the time of its dissolution, and is still preserved. Most of the accounts of him have been drawn from this manuscript. The writer was an Augustinian canon living at St. Bartholomew's, and he had talked with those who remembered Rahere. In his first chapter he says: "This church Raherus founded in honor of the blessed apostle Bartholomew, and there he brought together religious men serving God according to the rule of the most holy Father Augustine, and in the same he ruled in the



THE FOUNDER'S TOMB.

rank of prior and discharged that office for twenty-two years." In a subsequent chapter the biographer mentions that the church was founded in the year from the incarnation of our Saviour one thousand one hundred and twenty-three. Calixtus II., he says, was Pope, and William was Archbishop of Canterbury; while Richard, Bishop of London, consecrated the site, and gave up some rights of ownership which he himself had in it. This passage is important as fixing the exact date of the foundation, as to which some confusion has arisen owing to a blunder which exists in the transcript. The original manuscript said the foundation was in the twenty-third year of the reign of King Henry. The transcriber copying the Latin wrote an x too much, thus changing "XX et III," twenty-third, into "XXX et III," thirty-third, and then, to try and square matters, made the *thirty years* apply to the king's age and the *third year* to his reign. Hence the statement of many books on London that the church was founded A. D. 1103. An examination of the account as a whole shows that the original writer referred to a time later than 1103, and that the earliest year he could have meant was 1123. Richard was not Bishop of London till 1108, and he died in 1127, and, what is conclusive, William was not consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury till February 18, 1123. Henry I. was, moreover, thirty years of age in the first year of his reign. The Augustinian canon's life of Rahere does not give many more dates. His object was to write the spiritual history of the founder, and not to chronicle the early history of his foundation. He tells how in his youth Rahere used to frequent the houses of nobles and the

king's court and cared chiefly to praise and divert his associates. But a change came over him, and he determined to spend his days better. His first step was a pilgrimage to Rome, where he visited the places of martyrdom of the apostles Peter and Paul. The latter place has always been notorious for its malaria. Rahere fell ill and vowed, if he recovered, to found a hospital for the poor in his own country. He did recover, and on his journey home had a vision in which a winged beast seemed to carry him aloft and to place him on a crag. In terror he called out, when, behold, a form of royal mien and wondrous beauty appeared to him. "I," said the form, "am Bartholomew, the apostle of Jesus Christ, and I have come to help thee in thy need and to instruct thee in hidden things of heavenly mystery. Know, then, by the will of the Trinity on high, and the universal will and command of the heavenly kingdom, that thou shalt choose a place in the outskirt of London, at Smedhfeld, where in my name thou shalt found a church, and it shall there be a house of God, a tabernacle of the Lamb, a temple of the Holy Ghost. Almighty God will dwell in this spiritual house, he will sanctify it, glorify it, and keep it spotless forever, and his eyes shall be open and his ears intent upon that house day and night, so that he who asks thence shall receive, he who seeks thence shall find, and he who knocketh thence shall he let in. They who pray there with contrite hearts shall be heard in heaven, and angels shall open the gates of heaven to vows and prayers coming thence. Therefore lift up thy hands, and, having faith in the Lord, work like a man. Be not troubled as to the means. Thou art to be the servant in this work; I will discharge the office of lord and patron." Thereupon the vision disappeared. Rahere mused upon it as he traveled on. Was it a fantastic illusion such as men often have in their sleep, or was it a message from heaven? How could he be worthy of such a communication, and yet, having received it, how dreadful to neglect it. Humility and fear, says his biographer, strove in his heart. God's will, he reflected, has often been made known to men in dreams, as may be read in both the Old and the New Testament. Daniel learnt the king's dream from his own and recognized God's revelation. Joseph was not afraid to accept as true the exhortation of a dream. Rahere made up his mind that his was a true vision, and decided to fulfill its command as well as his former vow. On his return, his friend Richard, Bishop of London, spoke for him to the king, and he set to work on both foundations. He accomplished both, and the canon tells of several of his further good deeds during his life, and how he died on September 20, 1143, and what wonders were wrought at his tomb after his death. The canon's account of Rahere's life is confirmed in many important particulars by independent evidence. This has never been fully set forth, and the statements of the canon with regard to Rahere's fondness for gossip and jocularity before his pilgrimage have led to a groundless but often-repeated statement that he was the king's jester. The assertion is as unjustifiable as the archbishop's mistake about Mr. Yorick.

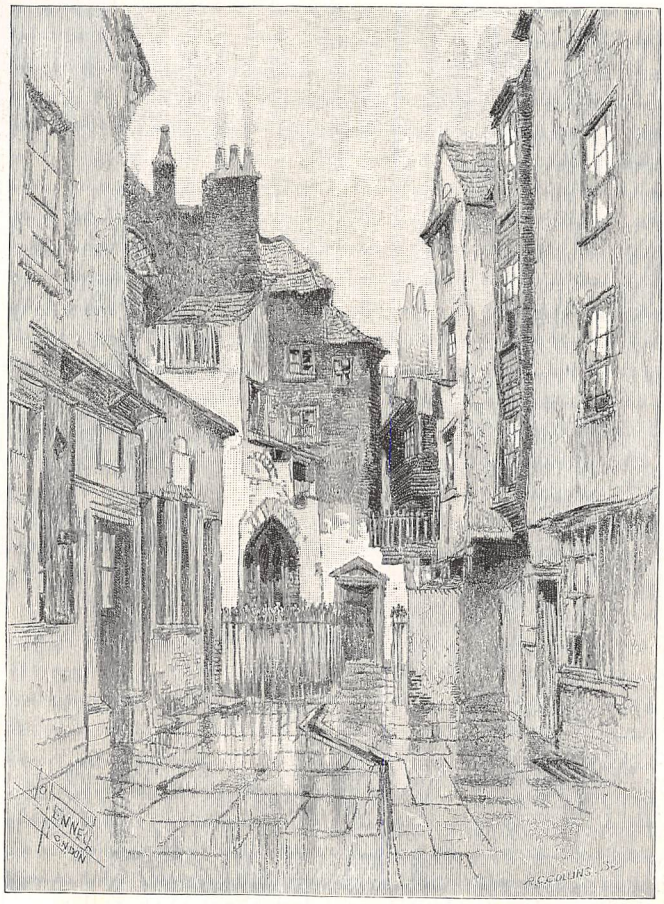


A PRIVATE PEW.

It can be shown that Rahere filled the stall of Chamberlayne's Wood in St. Paul's Cathedral about 1116, and an old French charter

proves that he was a Frenchman, and makes it probable that he came, like his friend and patron Bishop Richard, from the Duchy of Maine. It is further probable that he made his pilgrimage about 1120, at the time when the king and his friends were lamenting the untimely death of Prince Henry in the white ship. At the Three Fountains Rahere got Roman fever. It is very likely that he may have been tended during his illness on the Island of St. Bartholomew, where the old temple of Æsculapius, turned into a Gothic church, had recently been made celebrated by its reception of a famous relic stated to be the body of St. Bartholomew the apostle. The hospital now upon the island is of later date than the twelfth century, but it is probable that it had an earlier representative, and there Rahere may actually have been treated as well as the times allowed. Quinine was unknown, and Al Rhazis, whose treatise was the medical text-book of the day, knew no real cure for malarial fever. A homeward journey, with a mind bent on accomplishing a great work, was the best treatment to be had for intermittent fever in the twelfth century. The vision and its results — were they merely part of the fever? Rahere was himself in doubt, but his grateful heart decided that they had a deeper meaning, and we may rest content to judge them by their abundant good fruits. The ancient seal of the priory, on which is engraved a church standing on a ship, with the words, "*Navis cœli*," while of course pointing to the ship of the church, may have been adopted in allusion to the form of the island of St. Bartholomew in Rome, the travertine cliff of which is carved into the shape of a Roman galley.

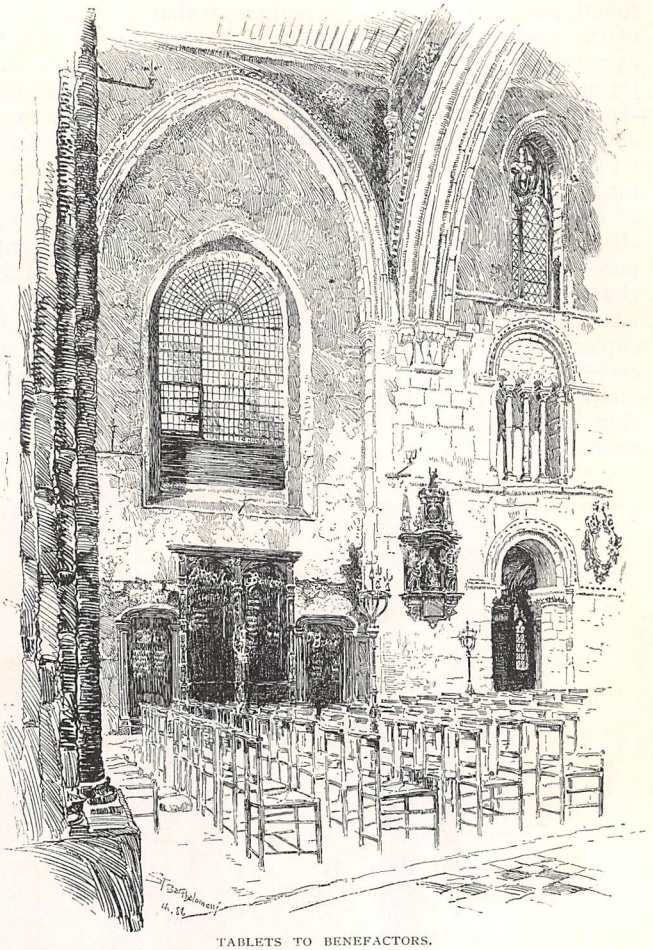
Rahere came back from Rome in the habit of a canon regular of St. Austin. He had some companions who chose him for their head, and he built his hospital and his church, and ten years later obtained a charter of privileges from the king. The original has disappeared, but the enrolled copy was preserved in the Tower of London, and is now in the public record office. It is clear that the prior



REAR ENTRANCE.

and his foundation enjoyed the royal favor, for the king says: "I will maintain and defend this church even as my crown," and "I adjure all my heirs and successors in the name of the Holy Trinity that they maintain and defend this sacred place by royal authority, and that they grant and confirm the liberties by me granted to it." A still more interesting document of Rahere's time has been preserved. It is of the year 1137, and was executed by Rahere himself. It has been kept in St. Bartholomew's Hospital ever since Rahere's time, and was first noticed in modern times by Dr. Powell, physician to the hospital, who published an excellent account of it, with its text, about sixty years ago. This charter of Rahere's is a small piece of parchment, written in a beautifully clear hand, and two large seals in good preservation remain attached. Its words are so few and so much to the point that it is worth translating at length.

"Be it known to all the faithful that I, Raherus of St. Bartholomew's which is in Smethefield Prior, and the whole convent of our church have granted as a benefice the church of St. Sepulchre to Hagno the clerk so long as he shall not enter the rule of another order to the end of his days. Moreover, know ye that the aforesaid Hagno shall every year render to the use of the canons and of the poor in the hospital fifty shillings; at the feast of Saint Michael twenty-five shillings, and at Easter twenty-five shillings. In the year of the Lord's incarnation eleven hundred and thirty-seven, the second year moreover of the reign of King Stephen in England. These were the witnesses: Haco, the dean; Hugh, canon of St. Martin's; Walter, brother of William the archdeacon; Tybold, the canon; Ralph, the master; Gilbert, the priest; Osbert, the priest; Robert, of St. Mary's; Algar, the priest; Godfrey, son of Baldwin the treasurer; Roger Black; Alexander; Odo; Geoffrey Conestable; Richard, the priest; Burdo, the clerk; Geoffrey, of Oheli."

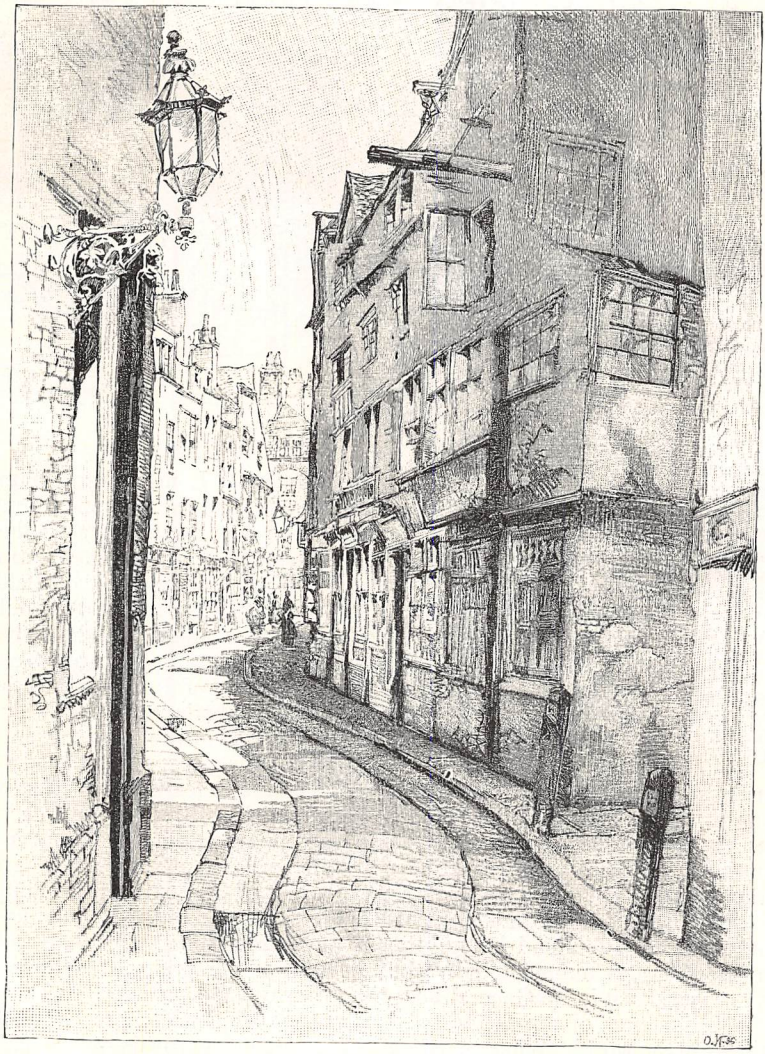


TABLETS TO BENEFACTORS.

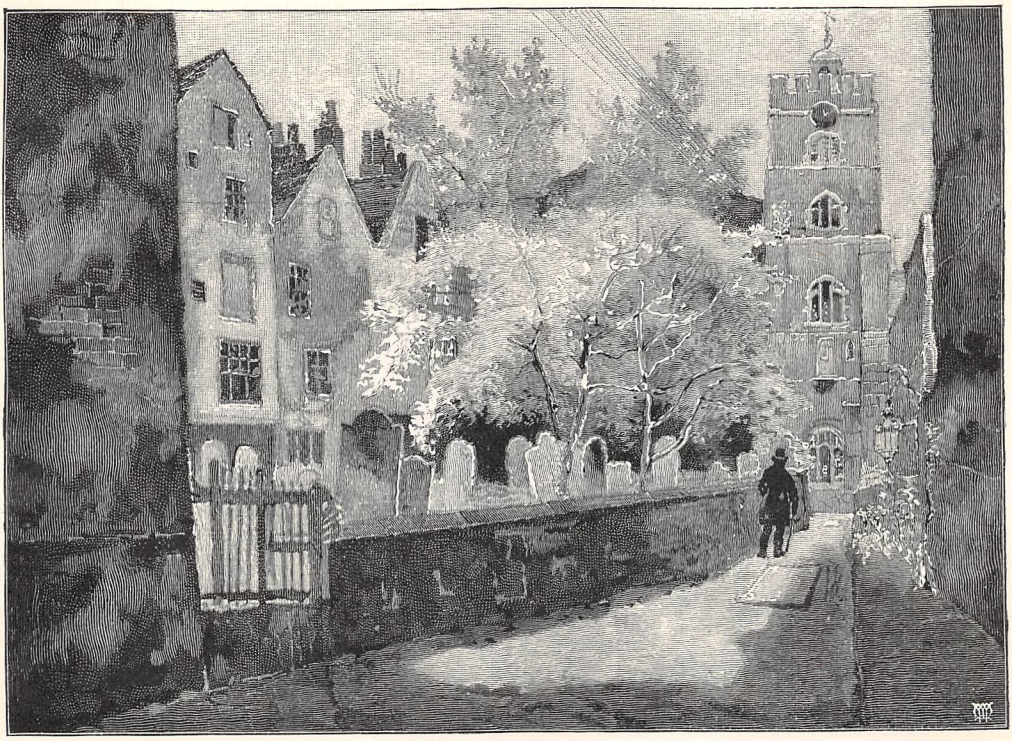
The witnesses were churchmen, Rahere's neighbors and friends. The first is Haco, Dean of St. Martin's, a canon of which is the second witness. St. Martin's is as well known now as in the days of Rahere. He knew it as a collegiate church, the quiet home of a college of learned priests, founded before the conquest, respected and augmented by the Conqueror. In our day it is the General Post-office, the busiest center of the farthest extended business in the world. William, whose brother Walter is the next witness, is the first archdeacon of London whose name has been preserved. The list contains several members of the chapter of the great cathedral which is, in this day as in that, the central ornament of London. Godfrey, son of Baldwin, is the first-recorded treasurer of St. Paul's. Osbert was a royal chaplain who held the prebendal stall of Consumpta-per-mare. Geoffrey Conestable was one of Rahere's successors in the stall of Chamberlayne's Wood, the sixth upon the south side of the choir. From the masses of documents preserved in the city of London, it is possible to learn where most of these witnesses lived, and an ancient deed shows that Algar, the priest, had his house in the line of the present Thames street. Hagno, to whom the grant of St. Sepulchre's Church is made in this deed, succeeded Rahere, first as master of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and afterwards as head of the priory. "He was a cheerful man," says a chronicler, "who could make verses off-hand while preaching, and to hear whose sermons crowds did flock."

Two seals are attached to the deed, one

round, the other oval. The round one is that of the priory, the other one, that of Rahere, at once prior of St. Bartholomew's and master of the hospital. On the seal of the priory is engraved the church as built by its founder. There are three towers — a solid one resting on the west end of the roof, a bell turret on the east end, and a great tower standing free of the church and surmounted by a cross. A chapel projects at the east end, of which traces may still be noticed behind the apse of the church, while more will certainly be found when the fringe-factory which at present occupies the site of this chapel is restored to ecclesiastical uses. The Latin legend on the seal reads, "The seal of the convent of the church of God and of St. Bartholomew of Smethefelde." The other seal bears the figure of a canon of St. Austin with his hood over his head. On the margin most of the letters of Rahere's name are still distinct. Its back is plain, but on the reverse of another very early seal of a master of the hospital is a smaller impression bearing the words, "Sigill. hospital. S. Barthol.," surrounding the figure of an eagle, with curved beak, spread tail, partly expanded wings, and finely engraved feathers. The convent seal and that of Rahere are examples of English art of the beginning of the twelfth century, but this eagle is a piece of ancient Roman work, and the outline of the gem from which it was impressed may be traced within the inscribed border. It was cut by some Roman artist not long after the time of the Cæsars, and was at least eight hundred years old when it was fixed in the seal of the



CLOTH FAIR.



IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

hospital. Perhaps Rahere himself had brought it from Rome; at any rate it was religiously preserved in the hospital for four centuries; for while the seal which Rahere used is replaced in deeds of the end of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth by one bearing a noble standing figure of St. Bartholomew, staff in hand, and that in the fourteenth century by a more conventional figure of the saint holding a flaying-knife and with armorial bearings on each side, on the reverse of all is the impression of this ancient classical gem.

It was the last prior but one who spoiled the apse. He, too, cut the corbels of the western tower arch into perpendicular moldings, destroying the bolder and more appropriate Norman corbel table which matched that fortunately preserved in the eastern arch.

"Prior Bolton with his bolt in tun," as Ben Jonson calls him, has, however, left one picturesque bit—a little bow-window which projects from the triforium into the church, and has his rebus, a cross-bow bolt piercing a wine-tun, carved on its middle panel. In the buildings surrounding the church, and which it is hoped may soon be removed, fragments will probably be found of the work of priors intermediate between Rahere and Bolton. As it is, there are only two; one is a lovely triple Purbeck marble shaft and fragment of vault of the decorated period, in the south aisle, and the other is the early English doorway in Smithfield.

There are many fine tombs of the period succeeding the dissolution of the priory, and the handsomest of all is that of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where Harvard was educated. This tomb is a fine piece of renaissance work in colored marble. Its decorations are columns, borders, and panels, with armorial bearings, and the absence of figures of any kind reminds us of Mildmay's rigid Puritanism. A great many Puritans seem to have lived in the parish in the seventeenth century, and a manuscript book preserved in the vestry, recording the preachers and the collections made in the church after sermons, and on other occasions, shows that they gave often towards the support of their friends during the great rebellion. Between February, 1642, and March, 1645, there were thirty-one collections for sick and maimed soldiers; a collection "for those souldiers that ware listed to goe for Irland"; a collection to raise a troop of horse for service in Ireland; besides £1. 12*s*. 4*d*. for Sir Thomas Fairfax, and a great many collections for those injured or impoverished by the

rising in Ireland. The parishioners often gave for the relief of distant towns and countries, and curious fragments of the life of that time come out in these terse, business-like entries. To be carried into slavery by the corsairs of Algiers or of Tunis was not uncommon then, and we read :

"Collected this 20 of Aprill, 1645, for Bridget Tookey, which was taken by the Turkes, the sum £1.3.2.",

and

"Collected this 14 of February, 1646, for Henry Smart, being a captive in Tunnis. The monies collected was to be paid to Joyce Smart, his sister, the sum of £1.2.6."

Nor were the friends of the Puritans across the ocean forgotten, for there was

"Collected for the children of New England uppon 2 Sabath daies following in february, 1643—£2.8.9."

The priory at the dissolution was sold to Sir Richard Rich on condition that he should preserve the choir as a parish church. He made what he could of the materials and of the land, but the signs of its old use are still well marked in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great. Iron gates at the entrances of Cloth Fair and of Bartholomew Close are still shut at midnight, and recall the days when the building and grounds of the priory covered the whole parish. The close is still an open space. The last tree of the mulberry garden was cut down in the present century. Many narrow, tortuous, paved paths mark lines originally laid down by the canons regular of St. Austin. Among the buildings which abut on the church, one of which has till lately been a fringe-factory, while another is still a forge, may be traced remains of the library, the refectory, the chapter-house, the lady chapel, and the cloister. The present rector and church-wardens, aided by the liberality of the patron of the living, of the inhabitants of the parish, and of many of the citizens, have already bought part of these buildings, and hope soon to buy them all. It will then be possible to preserve this venerable church and what remains of its ancient ecclesiastical surroundings from further dilapidation, so that many generations yet to come may be affected and delighted by its venerable architecture, and taught at once the beauty and the permanence of good deeds as they visit the the tomb and admire the work of its generous builder and founder.

Norman Moore.

WOULD WE RETURN?

WOULD we return
If once the gates which close upon the past
Were opened wide for us and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us clear
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last,
Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes and brought anear
The far-off streams in which our skies were glassed;
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and waited our returning,
Would we return?

Would we return
If love's enchantment held the heart no more
And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain;
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore
Worn out the soul's long anguish and had slain
At last the dragon of despair—if then the train
Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,
The same voice called, and with soft eyes beguiling,
Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,
Would we return?

Would we return
Once we had crossed to death's unlovely land
And trod the bloomless ways among the dead
Lone and unhappy; after years had fled
With twilight wings along that glimmering strand,
If then — an angel came with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled in dread
How soon the tears that once for us are shed
May flow for others—how like words in sand
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,
Would we return,—
Would we return?

Robert Burns Wilson.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

IX.

HEN Mr. Enoch Bullripple found himself with the Vatoldi establishment upon his hands, with John People steaming southward down the coast, and an unknown proprietor far away in some hazy distance, he rubbed those horny hands with much satisfaction. He had never managed a restaurant, and under ordinary circumstances, he would not have considered himself competent to undertake such responsibility; but this was a peculiar case, and Enoch believed himself fully able to treat it in the peculiar fashion which he had in view. He was a shrewd, quick-witted man, and in the course of his varied life had adapted himself to a great many out-of-the-way circumstances.

He had but a single object in this scheme of getting control of Vatoldi's, and that was to discover the owner, the man behind the scenes. That this owner was determined not to come forward into public view was plain enough, for if anything would have brought him forward, it would have been the recent disturbance of his business. That for some reason John was determined not to reveal the identity of this person was equally plain.

That John himself was at the head of affairs was a supposition well enough suited to the public mind, but Mr. Bullripple's mind would not entertain it for a moment. In the first place, he knew that his nephew had not the capital nor the interest to control such a business, and that he did not enjoy the income nor the independence which it would have given him; and, more than this, he did not believe that John had the ability to plan and carry on the admirable organization which had given Vatoldi's its reputation and its success. That John had abilities of a high order, his uncle did not doubt, but these, in Enoch's belief, were the abilities to do well what he was told to do. If he could find out the man who told his nephew what he was to do, and who rewarded him so indifferently for doing it, he did not doubt but he could make a very considerable revolution in the state of affairs, and one which would result to John's advantage. He had his nephew's welfare very much at heart, and he did not share his sister's opinion that the young man should return to them and become a farmer. From his own experience and observation he believed that there was more money in restaurant-keeping than in farming.

When Mrs. People heard that her son had gone off on a sea trip, she was glad of it, of course, because she believed he needed such a trip, but she was very much disturbed that he had not taken leave of her. Of the means employed to send John away Enoch told her nothing. She was not a person who could prevent the outside world from sharing in any information which she possessed, and besides, she would have been very much troubled, and might have, therefore, very much interfered with her brother's plans had she known that John had gone off against his will.

"You see, Hannah," said Mr. Bullripple, when he communicated the fact of John's departure, "there wasn't no time for good-byes. The steamer started off sooner than he expected, and it was lucky I had packed his valise for him and sent it down. But now he's off all right, with the best kind of weather, and he'll be back in about a week, well set up with good sea air. And what's more, if he's got his wits about him, he ought to do a little profitable tradin' down there, if it's nothin' but early peaches."

"Does Mr. Vatoldi know he has gone?" asked Mrs. People.

"No, he don't," said Enoch. "And if he wants to know anythin' about it, let him come and ask me; that's all he's got to do. And now, Hannah," continued Mr. Bullripple, "as long as you and me has got charge here, there's goin' to be a change in this restaurant. Things is goin' to be twisted around, and made very different from what they was before."

"What's the good of twistin' 'em?" asked Mrs. People. "I'm sure John's ways was all very good ways."

"That's all jus' so," replied her brother, "when the business was on its legs. But now it's flat on its back we've got to put a pillow under

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its head, and do a lot of things to make it comfortable. I don't suppose there'll be more customers than you and me can manage to do for, and if we jus' keep ourselves bold and chipper, and let people see that we're afraid of nobody, and that we're goin' to do what we please without carin' what anybody thinks about it, it won't be long before them old waiters will git tired howlin' for their coat-tails, and they'll all be beggin' to be took back. And when John comes home we can jus' hand over the place to him, and let him run it along as he used to."

"But I should think Mr. Vatoldi would have somethin' to say to all this," said Mrs. People.

"Very good," replied her brother; "and all he's got to do is to come and say it."

Vatoldi's was closed early that evening, and Mr. Bullripple went to work to inaugurate the new system by which the establishment was to be conducted. By the end of the following day the place was in pretty good running order. All the recently engaged waiters, many of whom showed signs of faint-heartedness and might be at any time frightened away by the boycotters, were discharged, and their places were supplied by a body of men whose training had been received at what is known as the cheap American restaurant.

If there remained extant anything of the spirit which used to animate the volunteer firemen of our city, the "Jakeys" and the "Sykeses" who "ran with the machine," and considered that banging each other over the head with their brass horns was one of the necessary accompaniments of a conflagration, it remained in these men. With a bold, undaunted air they strolled up and down the rows of tables with the peculiar intrepidity of shuffle known only to waiters of this class. In strong untrammeled tones they rang out the orders of the customers, sounding startling changes brought about by continued repetition upon the names of standard dishes and viands, and tossing to each diner his pasteboard check with an accuracy of aim which was sure to deposit it upon some retentive article of food.

These men had never worn dress-coats, and the army and navy would have to march over their dead bodies before they could be made to wear them. If a strike were on foot in which they sympathized, not a fallen spoon would they pick up from the floor until the matter in dispute had been settled; but in a strike like this at Vatoldi's they could see no sense, and if a boycotter had attempted to tamper with one of them, he might have imagined that the volunteer fire department had been revived, and that he and the waiter ran with rival companies.

The class of restaurant to which these men belonged was a very familiar one to Mr. Bullripple. When he was in business in the city he took his meals in such places, and many of their prominent features were fixed in his memory. In its palmy days, when everything was flowing smoothly at Vatoldi's, Enoch would never have advised his nephew to adopt any of these familiar features; but now there had been a great change in the conditions of the place, and the old man seemed to think it necessary to act in harmony with this fact; and he therefore set about making everything as different as possible from what it used to be. Placards were hung on the walls on which prominent articles of the ordinary bill of fare were inscribed in large letters of black and red.

Mrs. People was very proud of her ability in the manufacture of various kinds of pie, and as soon as she found she could do what she pleased in the kitchen, she went to work with radiant delight to make and bake pies. Many of the largest placards were emblazoned with the legend, "Home-made Pies," followed by an enumeration of varieties, and the price per slice. A table near the door was covered with cans, jars, and bottles, selected from the storeroom on account of the brightness of their labels; and on an adjoining table—there were plenty of them to spare just now—were specimens of cheese, pastry, fruit, cakes, etc., all covered with gauze netting to keep off the flies. In the two large show windows, which had never before contained anything but some luxuriant and handsome specimens of tropical plants in æsthetically decorated jars, now appeared some of the aforementioned placards, together with plates of uncooked chops or steaks, a box of live crabs packed in seaweed, a few particularly resplendent tin cans, with other objects of the sort adapted to catch the eye of the passer-by.

When the boycotters discovered John's absence, and noticed the great alteration in the aspect of Vatoldi's, they naturally supposed that the place had changed hands, and that in this way their oppressors had eluded the punishment which was being dealt out to them. But a few inquiries made to Mr. Bullripple by an emissary soon dispelled this notion, and they found that Mr. People was only temporarily absent, and that the establishment had not been sold, and that they could expect no favors from the parties in charge. They therefore continued their annoyances, and endeavored, by every method with which they did not expect police interference, to create a public feeling in favor of themselves, and against the heel-grinding practiced in the den called Vatoldi's.

When Mr. Bullripple and Mrs. People first appeared at Vatoldi's, that constant customer,

J. Weatherby Stull, met them as he would have met any man or woman whom, years ago, he had been in the habit of occasionally meeting in the neighborhood of Cherry Bridge, where he then lived. He spoke to them with a good-natured condescension, into which he infused enough cold dignity to show them the immense distance between their station and his own. He asked a few questions in regard to crops, etc., and then ordered his meal, and took out his newspaper. When he first discovered John's absence from his accustomed post, he was surprised and uneasy; and although he was careful not to show any interest in the matter, he could not avoid asking Mr. Bullripple what had become of his nephew, adding that he was so accustomed to seeing him there that the place appeared odd without him.

Enoch replied that John had gone away to make arrangements for regular supplies from the South, and that he would not be back for several days, perhaps a week.

"But that won't hender this place from goin' all right," added Mr. Bullripple. "John's mother and me will run the place, and you can always git your breakfast, dinner, and supper here, Mr. Stull, with somethin' to eat between meals, if you want it."

There was not a more astounded person in the city of New York than the proprietor of Vatoldi's when he received this information. A hundred questions rushed towards his tongue, but he could ask none of them. His long-continued habit of guarded non-interest when performing his part of a regular patron of the establishment had made him very prudent, and he could not help feeling that more than ordinary caution would be required in dealing with a sharp-witted old man like Enoch Bullripple. So he contented himself with some simple remark, paid his bill, and went away.

But his way was not a quiet one. His mind was troubled and tossed by conjectures regarding John's amazing stupidity at leaving his post, and, without consultation with himself, putting Vatoldi's in charge of those two country clodhoppers. To be sure, John had spoken to him about supplies from the South, but nothing had been said which could possibly lead him to suppose that that young man would actually leave the city for several days, or perhaps a week. Such idiocy, such criminal insubordination, he had never heard of! He could not understand it, and no supposition in regard to the matter which he brought before his reasoning powers was able to satisfy them.

But this state of mind was oil-smoothed tranquillity compared to the typhoon of emotions which swept through him when he perceived the changes which Mr. Bullripple had wrought in Vatoldi's — that ideal restaurant, which was at once his pride, his profit, and his closet skeleton. When he saw the firemen-like waiters striding up and down among his tables; when he saw the black-and-red-lettered placards, bearing the words, "Clam Chowder," "Golden Buck," "A Fry in a Box," "A Stew in a Pail"; but particularly when he saw the sign, "Home-made Pies, Five Cents a Slice," did the blood of Mr. Stull run in his veins like trickling streams from a glacier. He was so much astonished by the aspect of the place that he forgot to sit down, and stood almost motionless at the end of a table, until one of the new waiters strode up to him, and in a correspondingly strident voice inquired, "Have ye give ye'r order?"

For a few minutes Mr. Stull felt as if his whole nature demanded that he should rise up and assert himself; that then and there he should announce that he, J. Weatherby Stull, was lord and king of this establishment, and thereupon drive out the rowdy waiters, pack off to their homes the execrable Bullripple and his sister, tear down those vile placards, and, if necessary, shut up the place until the time should come when it could be restored to its former high position.

But he did not rise and speak. Even this soul-harrowing desecration could not give enough courage to this bank president, to this owner of the highest-priced pew, to this dignified condescender in society to avow to the world that, besides all this, he was a restaurant-keeper, and that it was the income from the sale of beefsteaks and mutton chops, tea, coffee, and ice-cream that had enabled him to establish the bank, to hire the pew, and to reach that high position in society from which he was accustomed to condescend. No, he could not do it. For too many years had he kept this vulgar source of wealth concealed from the public eye to allow it now to appear and stain with its gravies and its soups that unblemished eminence on which he believed himself to stand.

There was nothing for him to do but to sit dumb and see all this ruinous profanation of Vatoldi's without lifting a finger to prevent it. But if ever the time came when he could grind into dust the heart and fortunes of that rascally old farmer and his nephew, to whose treachery the present state of affairs was due, Mr. Stull swore to himself that with a firm and rapid hand he would grind.

He could not eat the meal he had ordered, and when he had sat over it long enough, he went up to the desk behind which Mr. Bullripple stood. As a well-known and regular

customer, Mr. Stull thought he might speak without exciting suspicion.

"You have made great changes here, Mr. Bullripple," he said. "I have been a patron of this establishment for some years, and I have never seen anything like this before. I am not accustomed to being waited upon by men of this class, and I do not like to sit in a room surrounded by such placards as I see upon these walls. The place has fallen very much from its former condition, which was highly creditable to its managers and its proprietors. Was it your nephew who decided to make these changes?"

"Now look here, Mr. Stull," said Enoch, leaning forward on the desk, and speaking in a conciliatory tone of voice, "John hasn't got nothin' to do with all this. John's away on business, and till he comes back, I'll have to run the consarn. I've got head enough on my shoulders, Mr. Stull, to know that a place that's bein' boycotted can't be run like a place that everybody's got good words and good money for. Now till John gits home I'm goin' to let them strikin' waiters see that neither them nor their coat-tails is needed here. And let me give you a piece of advice, Mr. Stull. It's easy enough to see that the kind of restaurant I'm goin' to run isn't suited to you and your likin's, and, if I was you, I'd keep away for a time. There's other restaurants that would suit you better, and if things ever gits round to the way they used to be, you might come back ag'in."

It was difficult for Mr. Stull to control his voice and his manner, but he did it. "I am not accustomed," he said in a tone as cold and disinterested as he could command, "to change the place where I take my meals. I have been coming here for a long time, and I shall continue to do so. By the way," — and here Mr. Stull determined to make a somewhat hazardous stroke, — "do the proprietors of this establishment approve of these changes?"

Mr. Bullripple leaned farther over the desk, and his tone became very confidential. "John never told me what sort of man Vatoldi is, and I've never asked him anythin' about him. But it's my opinion, Mr. Stull, that he is a mean, sneakin' hound who gits as much as he can out of other people, and gives 'em jus' as little as he can make 'em take, and when any trouble comes up he puts his tail between his hind legs and sneaks off like a dog that's been whipped fur stealin' victuals off the kitchen table, and keeps out of sight and hearin' till everythin' is all right ag'in, leavin' other people to stand up and be boycotted and abused. Now, if that coward of a proprietor, with a ham sandwich for a soul, and a stale one at that, don't like the way things are being managed here, let him come out of his hole and say so to me. That's all I want. Let him come and tell *me* what he thinks about it!" And, with that, the old man brought his hand heavily down on the desk.

Mr. Stull was a strong man, especially in those mental faculties whose duty it was to guard his long-preserved secret, but his strength was scarcely equal to this occasion. If he had spoken a word he would have exploded like a dynamite bomb. All that he did was to turn away suddenly with a "Humph!" as if he had been wasting his valuable time in listening to this talk about matters in which he took no interest. He then stalked off, the condescension with which he stepped out of the way of an incoming customer being mingled with a ferocity, which, had it been observed, must have been considered a singular combination.

Furious as was the mind of Mr. Stull, raging as it did by day and by night against the cruel fate which obliged him to bear these insults, these wrongs, and these treacheries without opening his mouth or moving his hand in his own defense, his mental turmoil did not prevent his regular attendance at Vatoldi's. He might, he thought, have staid away without exciting remark, for his absence would naturally be attributed to his disgust at the present state of affairs. But he could not stay away. He must go there, he must see what that black-hearted scoundrel of a farmer was doing with his property. Since the departure of John People no money had been paid in at the bank, the manager having probably neglected to inform his uncle of that part of the daily duties of the establishment. But Mr. Stull was not disturbed on this account. Monstrous as he considered Enoch Bullripple's conduct to be, he knew that the old man was perfectly honest, and he felt sure that he would account to John for all moneys expended, and hand over the surplus. That John himself was a defaulter was out of the question. Mr. Stull's constant supervision never gave him a chance to be dishonest, and he had made his regular deposit on the day he left. Stull also believed Enoch's statement that the young man had not betrayed his secret. No matter to what height his manager's stupid folly might rise, he still felt sure that he was to be trusted in this.

X.

MR. CRISMAN spent a very pleasant Sunday at Cherry Bridge, and he detailed to the ladies, with much more satisfaction than if Mr. Stratford had been present, his yachting experiences of the previous week. These were by no means extraordinary experiences, but they were rather novel to Mr. Crisman, and he talked about them to his heart's content. Mrs. Justin's heart was content before she had heard the half

of them; and Gay sometimes caught herself wondering if some of the things her lover told were of sufficient importance to deserve so much careful elucidation on his part and attention on her own. Of course she wanted to hear his adventures, but she was not very desirous to be told precisely how Pete Cummins and Charley Slocum sat together in the stern, and how Abe Henderson, who was just abaft the mast trying to smoke out one of those smuggled cigars which he had bought from a sailor on the Battery, sung out that there was a squall coming and would strike them on the port quarter in about six minutes, and that the best thing they could do was to put into the island until the blow was over, if they staid all night; and how everybody aboard, except Tom Wilson, knew that there was no likelihood of a squall, or, if there was, Abe didn't know anything about it, and that Abe was just trying on the nautical to torment Tom Wilson, who was making himself comfortable on a roll of sail-cloth in the bow — this comical Tom Wilson having on a blue flannel shirt which he bought too big by mistake, and full nineteen inches in the collar, giving him the air of a lady going out to an evening party, and causing him to be particularly anxious not to go on shore and make a guy of himself, which, of course, he would be obliged to do if a squall came up.

It was not that this, and similar incidents, possessed no interest for her, but Gay's mind was a quick one, and could comprehend situations upon very terse presentations. Mr. Crisman's elaboration of minutiæ became, therefore, a little tiresome to her, although she did not acknowledge this to herself, and listened with such gentle attention that Mr. Crisman felt it was almost as pleasant to tell about these things as to be at the happening of them.

On Sunday morning he went to church with the two ladies, and in the afternoon he strolled with one, but the scent of the yacht trip hung around his conversation still. But he was so good-humored, so buoyant and hearty in his talk and manner, and withal so handsome, that Gay reproached herself every time there came stealing into her mind a sense of distaste for small vessels on salt water. It was a quiet, uneventful day, but Mrs. Justin and Gay Armatt enjoyed it very much. The conditions for enjoyment were so exactly what they ought to be, and it appeared so just, right, and perfectly natural that the presence of Mr. Crisman should give pleasure not only to Gay, but to her dear friend, that the pleasure came to these two ladies as the delightful consciousness of virtue comes to the virtuous.

When Gay took her charming, beaming face upstairs that night, she sat by the window and looked out into her future — her future with Charley Crisman. It was very bright, brighter than the sunset. It was full of glowing visions of a voyage, not in a little boat upon a bay, but in a great ship upon the rolling ocean; of far-away and lovely lands; of the weird charms of foreign life, and the mountains and plains whence trickled the headwaters of literature; and through these visionary scenes she moved with Charley, hand in hand, until at last they came to a lovely rural home, which, after all, would be more charming than the ruins of the past or the palaces of to-day.

And then she rose, and the future faded, and in its stead she saw the sky, and there were some stars there which reminded her of the stars which had come twinkling out the week before, when she had walked home after dark from the hill where she had seen the sunset. And now it came into her mind that, for some reason or other, she did not know exactly why, it was more pleasant for Mr. Stratford not to be here on the Sundays Charley was here. This was very odd, and she did not try to explain it to herself. And so, with the Charley-smile still upon her lips, she went to bed.

Mr. Crisman did not immediately retire, but, lighting a cigar, he went out on the piazza to have a walk and a smoke, and to build some castles in the air. His thoughts went immediately forth to a medium-sized frame house, probably in the Queen Anne style, somewhere in the suburbs of the city. From the parlor and dining-room floor to a room in the attic which he intended to fit up with a work-bench, at which he could make all sorts of little things that would be needed about the house, he furnished this home. To be sure, he could not expect to be in it very much on week-days; for, as he had to be at the store at nine o'clock in the morning, and as it would take him at least an hour to reach the city, he would have to have his breakfast at half-past seven, and therefore get up at seven; and, as for coming home, he could not hope to reach the house before dark, except in the long summer days. But then there would be Sundays and holidays; and even on ordinary days, if they did not sit up too late, he could rise in the morning quite early enough to have a good time working in the garden and getting an appetite for his breakfast. He knew lots of fellows who lived out of town who did that. In some way or other, they really seemed to have more time to do things than his friends who lived in the city.

As to Gay, he pictured her as the most charming mistress of a house that the world ever saw. He did not suppose that she had any domestic abilities, for she could gain nothing of these while she was grinding away at school and at college; but all that sort of

thing would soon come to her, as it does to every woman who is worth anything. Of course they would have a servant, but there would be lots for Gay to do to keep her busy and contented while he was away. For one thing, he would have a poultry house and yard, and the care of the hens and chickens would give Gay no end of fun and occupation. He saw her, in his mind's eye, collecting the snow-white eggs, and tenderly caring for the downy little chicks. If his circumstances improved,—and there was reason to believe that, if he married, he would be promoted into the foreign woolens department,—he would have a cow, although, now he came to think of it, a good cow ought to give at least ten quarts of milk a day, and what he and Gay were to do with ten quarts of milk he could not see, unless, indeed, they churned, and, by George! that was a jolly idea! They would make their own butter, and Gay should have charge of it. He was glad Gay was not a rich girl, because she would take so much more pleasure in all this sort of thing than she would if she had been rich. She would find that she would have a lot to learn that they didn't teach in college. But, when she once came to give her mind to it, he knew very well that she would get along splendidly.

And then, throwing away the stump of his cigar, Mr. Crisman danced twice up and down the piazza, holding out his arms as if he were waltzing with Gay. And having finished this exercise, he went into the house, locked the hall-door, and betook himself to bed.

Mrs. Justin did not have a very long rest that night. She never could sleep when any one was walking up and down the piazza under her window; and when Gay married Mr. Crisman—and to-day Mrs. Justin had no doubt that this would happen—she hoped that she would cure him of this practice.

When Mr. Crisman had gone, and the week of ordinary life had begun again at Cherry Bridge, Gay let one day pass without saying anything on the subject, and then she asked Mrs. Justin if she did not think it somewhat strange that Mr. Stratford had not called upon them since he went back to the farm-house.

"It has been scarcely three days since he was here," said Mrs. Justin, "and I do not think that can be considered a very long absence."

"That depends," said Gay. "It is only a half-hour drive for him. Have the people at the farm returned yet?"

"I have not heard that they have returned," said Mrs. Justin.

"Well, then," said Gay, thoughtfully, "from what you said about the state of the farm household when you invited the two gentlemen here, I should think he must be having a very uncomfortable time of it."

Mrs. Justin possessed an excellent temper, but this remark irritated her. She felt that Gay was not called upon to interest herself in Mr. Stratford's welfare. And, more than that, she perceived in Gay's words something of a reproach to herself. Her conscience told her that this was not altogether undeserved. Affairs must be going on roughly at the farm, with no one but a very incompetent woman to manage the household, and it did not at all conform to her high ideas of hospitality to allow an old friend, such as Mr. Stratford was, to remain in discomfort with her own large house so near. But Stratford's intentions and conduct made it impossible for her to have him at her house while Gay was there. But that was no reason why the duties of friendship should be entirely neglected. She then remarked that she intended to drive over to the farm and find out when Mrs. People was expected back and how matters were going on there.

"I will go with you," said Gay.

Now did the irritation of Mrs Justin increase so much that she was unable to conceal it, and she answered in a tone more severe than she had ever before used towards her young friend:

"It is not at all necessary, Gay, that you should visit the farm. I am going to the village this morning, and will then drive over and see if Mr. Stratford needs anything that I can do for him."

Gay could not fail to perceive that Mrs. Justin did not approve of her putting herself forward in the cause of Mr. Stratford's welfare, but she was not offended, though she said no more upon the subject. It might be that her friend was sensitive about having other people interfere in a case like this, which was clearly within her own province; and as Gay considered the matter, she thought of several other things which might have induced Mrs. Justin to set her aside in this affair. But Gay's considerations of these possible reasons did not in the slightest degree diminish her interest in Mr. Stratford.

Mrs. Justin was not only irritated but disappointed. Mr. Crisman's last visit had produced the impression upon her that perhaps, after all, there was no reason for her fears in regard to Stratford. The lovers appeared so happy and content in each other's company that even if Mr. Stratford found further opportunities of interfering with their engagement, he would discover that he had no ground to work on. As soon as he had gone Gay had ceased to think of him, and had returned to her allegiance to the man she was to marry. But now Crisman was scarcely out of the house when Gay was filled with anxiety about Mr. Stratford's

domestic comfort, and with disappointment that he did not come to see her. All this was very disheartening to Mrs. Justin. Mr. Stratford was out when she called at the farm-house, but her inquiries convinced her that he was probably doing very well, as it was evident that he had taken the general direction of his domestic economies into his own hands. She gave the woman in charge some advice in regard to the gentleman's comfort, but she made no report of her proceedings when she returned.

Gay asked no further questions about Mr. Stratford, and she and her friend soon returned to their ordinary condition of amicable intercourse. It was Mrs. Justin's custom to leave her visitors free to spend the mornings as they best pleased, and to claim that privilege for herself. The next morning Gay pleased not to read or study. She was restless and thoughtful, and concluded that she would take a walk. So she walked over the fields and hills to the little eminence where she had seen the sunset. She climbed up to the broad rail where she had sat, and she sat there again and looked at the sky. The sky was blue now, with white clouds floating over it, but it was not a very interesting sky, and Gay got down from the fence on the other side from that on which she had climbed up. Then she walked on into a country which was new to her, and in which she experienced some of the sensations of the adventurer, for she knew she was not now on Mrs. Justin's land.

She kept on until she came to the bottom of a hill, where there was a little brook; and when she had rested herself by its banks a few minutes, watching the hurrying water as it pushed around and between and over the big stones which lay in its course, she stepped upon one or two of the dryest of these stones, and was over the brook in a flash. She followed the opposite bank of the stream around the end of a low hill, and then she found herself in a pretty little valley with this mountain stream running down the middle of it. Not far away there was a clump of trees by the side of the brook, and just above these a man was fishing.

Almost as soon as she saw this man Gay knew it was Mr. Stratford. She stopped, uncertain whether or not to go on. Before the conversation of yesterday she would not have hesitated for a moment, but would have hurried, as fast as she could run, to see Mr. Stratford fish; but now a recollection of the words and, still more, the manner, of Mrs. Justin produced a vague impression upon her mind that she ought, perhaps, to turn around and go back the way she came. But instantly she began to ask herself what possible reason there was for this impression? What was there in Mrs. Justin's words or manner which should prevent her from speaking to Mr. Stratford when she saw him? If he happened to turn his head she would be full in his view, and if he saw her going away what would he think of her? She would be treating him as if he were some stranger to be avoided. It would be most unkind and improper in her to behave to him in an unfriendly way, and so she would go on and speak to him.

This she did, but she did not run. She walked very sedately over the grass; and when she came near him he heard the slight rustling of her dress, and turned.

"Good-morning, Mr. Stratford," she said. "Shall I frighten the fish if I come there?"

Mr. Stratford was surprised, but very glad to see Gay. He put down his rod, and came forward to greet her. He said it did not matter in the least whether she frightened the fish or not, and wanted to know how she had happened to come this way.

When this had been explained, Gay begged him to go on with his fishing, because nothing would so much delight her as to see how he caught a trout. Thereupon they both approached the brook, and while Gay stood a little to one side, Mr. Stratford took up his rod and began with much dexterity to throw his fly among the ripples at the bottom of a tiny waterfall. In a few moments he caught a trout and threw it out upon the grass; then Gay ran up to it, dropped down on her knees, and was full of admiration for its beautiful colors and spots. If it had been Mr. Crisman who was fishing, Gay would have implored him to throw the poor little thing back into the water, but in regard to a fish hooked by Mr. Stratford she had no such thought. If he caught it, it was of course quite right that he should do so.

And now Mr. Stratford asked her if she would like to fish. Gay declared that she would be perfectly delighted to do so, but unfortunately she did not know how; she had never fished since she was a little girl, and then in the most primitive way, with worms. She had heard and read a good deal about artificial flies, but she had never before seen any one use them. Thereupon Mr. Stratford took out his book of flies, and showed Gay the various kinds of feather insects, and told her when and why he used this variety or that. Then she was very anxious to begin, and Stratford put the rod into her hands, explained the use of the reel, and going a little farther along the brook he began to give her lessons in managing the rod, throwing the fly, and in various other branches of trout-fishing. Gay's business in life was to learn, and she was so bright

and quick at seeing what ought to be done, and Stratford was so earnest and patient in teaching her, that after half an hour's practice she could make a fly skim above the surface of the water with something that resembled in a certain degree the skill of a practiced fisher.

In the course of time a trout actually rose to her fly, and she hooked it. With a wild, spasmodic jerk, which would have broken her tackle had the fish been a large one, she threw it far out on the grass, the line just grazing Mr. Stratford's hat as it flew over his head. She was now in raptures, and she fished on with much zest, although her success was small.

And so Gay did all the fishing, for Mr. Stratford assured her that he could fish any day, and that it was ever so much more pleasure to show her how to use the rod than to use it himself. And they walked and they talked, and Gay declared that she had found out something which was not taught in colleges, and that was that the way to superoxygenate the air was to fish. The atmosphere seemed truly full of exhilaration, and not only she herself, but everything else, seemed to be breathing it with delight.

"I wish Izaak Walton had written his book in Greek," cried Gay, "for then I would put it among my Greek reading next winter, and in that way keep before my mind this fussy little brook with real fishing fish in it. And now won't you show me again how to give that little wobble to the fly as I wave it?"

And so Mr. Stratford took Gay's little hand into his own, she still holding the rod, and the fly on the end of the line began to wobble itself more over the water, and less over the grass.

At length Stratford stopped and took out his watch. "I think, Miss Armatt," he said, "that we must now give up fishing for to-day. You will have just time enough to get home to lunch."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Gay, "that it is near one o'clock!"

"It is half-past twelve," said Stratford, "but I can show you a much shorter way to Mrs. Justin's house than that by which you came."

And now the little feather fly was put away with its brothers, the rod was disjointed and packed up, and Gay and Stratford walked along one edge of the stream until they came to a good place to cross, when he, with one foot upon a rock and the other on the bank, took both her hands in his, and she made a flying skip over the brook without any need of a stepping-stone. They now followed the course of the valley until they came to a fence, in one panel of which were movable bars, and these being taken down by Mr. Stratford, Gay passed through. Then he put them up again, but remained on the other side from her.

"Now all you have to do," he said, "is to keep straight on until you get to the corner of that bit of wood. When you have turned that, you will see the house before you at the bottom of a long hill."

"But are you not coming to take lunch with us?" exclaimed Gay. "I thought, of course, you'd do that!"

"Oh, no," replied Stratford with a smile. "I couldn't lunch with ladies in these fishing clothes and muddy boots."

"The clothes are plenty good enough," said Gay; "and I am sure that Mrs. Justin won't like it at all when she hears you have been so near and wouldn't stop to lunch."

Stratford smiled, but shook his head.

"Then you will come to-morrow?" said Gay. "You haven't been to see us for ever so long; and I have six pages marked, on which there are things I want to ask you about."

Mr. Stratford stood by the fence, leaning on the upper rail. "Miss Armatt," he said, "I shall not be able to visit you to-morrow. In fact, as I am going to the city in a day or two, it will be some time before I can give myself the pleasure of calling at Mrs. Justin's house."

"I don't see what going to the city in a day or two has to do with it," said Gay, "when you live so near."

Stratford laughed, but made no answer to this remark. "You must not think, Miss Armatt," he said, "that I have any intention of evading those six marked pages. But I must not keep you here any longer, or Mrs. Justin will think you are lost. Good-bye, for just now." And he reached out his hand over the fence.

Gay put her hand in his, and as she did so she said nothing, but looked straight into his eyes with an expression full of interrogation.

"Good-bye," he said again. And then he gently dropped her hand, and she went her way.

Gay's way was now a thoughtful one, and her thoughts could have been formulated to express the idea that the best plan to expel the oxygen from the air was to have Mr. Stratford say the things he had been saying. There was something wrong, and she could not understand it. In fact, she soon gave up trying to understand it; and her mind, for the greater part of the walk home, was entirely occupied with the contemplation of the fact that never in her life had she met any one who, in certain respects, could be compared to Mr. Stratford as a companion. It was not merely that he knew so much about all sorts of things; it was a good deal more than that. His mind seemed to possess the quality of hospitality; it seemed

to open its doors to you, to ask you to come in and make yourself at home; and you could not help going in and making yourself at home — at least Gay could not. And she did not want to help it either. She had never known any one on whom, in certain respects, it was such a pleasure to depend as Mr. Stratford. Even when he helped her over the brook, or showed her how to use a fishing-rod, there was something encouraging and inspiriting in his very touch.

And yet Gay's thoughts and sentiments in regard to Mr. Stratford did not interfere in the least with her thoughts and sentiments regarding Mr. Crisman. These were on a different plane, and in a different sphere. She did not exactly say this to herself, but reflections of similar significance passed across her mind, and being of such easy comprehension were not detained for consideration.

When Mrs. Justin heard where Gay had been, with whom she had met, how she had fished, how she had enjoyed it, what a perfectly lovely morning it had been, what a charming thing it was to have a man like Mr. Stratford teach one how to fish, how Mr. Stratford had declined to come to lunch, and a good deal of what he had said on this and other subjects, that lady listened in silence; her face was grave, and her heart was pained. She felt that Fate was against her in the effort she was making in behalf of the right. When she spoke she said a few words in regard to Mr. Stratford's visit to the city, and then changed the subject. In the course of an hour or two a basket of trout was sent over from the Bullripple farm, and they were cooked for supper; but Gay noticed that Mrs. Justin, who, as she knew, was very fond of trout, partook not of this dish.

Mrs. Justin's peace of mind was not increased when, next morning, she received a letter from Arthur Thorne requesting her permission to address Miss Armatt. Mr. Thorne wrote that he was aware that Mrs. Justin was not related to Miss Armatt, nor was she that young lady's guardian, but as Miss Armatt was at present a member of her family, he would consider it an instance of bad social faith were he to carry out his present intention of securing board in her neighborhood for the express purpose of visiting Mrs. Justin's house and endeavoring to win favor in the eyes of Miss Armatt, without frankly apprising Mrs. Justin of said intention. The letter closed with an earnest hope that this proposed step would meet with Mrs. Justin's approval.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the lady as she rose to her feet, with this letter crushed in her hand, "that Stratford has never told his friend of Mr. Crisman!"

For an hour Mrs. Justin walked the floor, this matter galloping through her mind, and then she sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Thorne informing him of Gay's engagement to Mr. Crisman. She did not allude to the strangeness of the fact that he had not heard of this, and she made her letter as kind and as appreciative of honorable motives as she believed such a truly honorable man as Arthur Thorne deserved.

XI.

THE cyclones and the typhoons still continued to rage through the soul of J. Weatherby Stull as he daily visited Vatoldi's and beheld the performances of Enoch Bullripple. Whatever deed an absolute fool might do, that, in the eyes of Mr. Stull, did Enoch, and whatever a wise man might perform, that thing Enoch left undone. With John People gone he knew not whither, and not a soul on earth with whom he could share his misery and rage, Mr. Stull's condition was such that every hour threatened the downfall of Mr. Bullripple, and the simultaneous toppling over of the lofty social pedestal of the Stull family. But the head of the family had made that pedestal his only object of adoration, and it was that adoration which time after time saved the pedestal from the destruction threatened by its builder.

As has been said, Mr. Stull came every day to Vatoldi's, but he no longer brought his family, nor urged them to come. That restaurant, with its swaggering waiters and its flaunting placards of "Chowder" and "Golden Buck," was no place for them. In its present condition he did not wish to see the place patronized. He went there himself because he must know what was going on, but he would have been very glad if no one else had gone. Attracted by Enoch's showy inducements, and by the notoriety which the boycotters had given to the place, a great many persons took their meals at Vatoldi's. But they were not the former patrons of the establishment. They belonged to a much lower social sphere; and, had circumstances permitted, it would have delighted the soul of Mr. Stull to take each one of them by the neck and put him out into the street, and then to close the shutters of Vatoldi's and lock and bar its doors, keeping them closed and barred until affairs could be so ordered that he could reopen his establishment upon its old basis of order, propriety, and systematic excellence.

One afternoon Mr. Horace Stratford arrived in town, and being very desirous to obtain news of his landlord and landlady, from whom he had received but two very unsatisfactory notes, he repaired directly to Vatoldi's. When he reached the place he was surprised

to see quite a crowd before the door, who regarded with much lively interest a man who was taking a meal at a small table placed on the sidewalk directly in front of one of the large windows. Over this man's head hung a placard, on which was inscribed:

"YESTERDAY THE BOYCOTTERS GAVE ME TWO DOLLARS
TO PLAY SHAM, AND TO-DAY I AM PAID THREE DOLLARS
TO EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY."

Mr. Stratford did not stop to ask questions; but, seeing Mrs. People inside the door, he immediately walked in and accosted her.

The good woman's face was beaming with the pleasure which frequently follows a benevolent action. A big policeman — all sorts of people now came to Vatoldi's — had just been partaking of a repast at a table near the door, and Mrs. People, who had been temporarily left in charge of the cashier's desk, and who liked to encourage the patronage of policemen in these troublous times, had cut a large slice of one of her own cherry pies, and had taken it to him with her own hands as a gratuitous addition to his meal.

"That's from me," she said, in her brusque, cheerful way. "It's all right. Don't mention it." And then she bustled back to the desk.

When the policeman came up to pay the amount of his check, Mrs. People, who was not an adept at addition and subtraction, gave him his change with a deficiency in the amount which was larger than the price of the piece of pie. The good policeman perceived the error, but hesitated a little before mentioning it to a person who had just been so generous to him. He stood for a moment undecided whether to speak or not, when Mrs. People exclaimed:

"Now don't say anythin' about that pie. That's all right. Did you think it was good? It ought to be, for I made it myself." And then, with a jolly little nod, she turned aside to speak to a waiter, and the policeman, in a state of uncertain gratefulness, departed.

The glow of kindliness upon Mrs. People's countenance brightened into the radiance of joy when she beheld Mr. Stratford. With outstretched hand she hurried to meet him, and poured forth an instantaneous torrent of questions regarding his welfare at the farm, broken by great bowlders of regret at the unfortunate state of affairs which obliged her to leave him there alone.

It was an hour when there were few persons in the long room, but had the place been crowded it would have been all the same to Mrs. People.

After a time Mr. Stratford began to ask questions. "This place seems very much changed," he said, looking about him. "Has boycotting done all this?"

"The dear knows what it has done, and what it hasn't done," said Mrs. People. "Enoch attends to the upstairs business, and I have my hands full tryin' to keep things straight in the kitchen. He is out now, and so I had to come up here; but he'll be back directly, and mighty glad he'll be to see you."

"What is the meaning," asked Stratford, "of that man eating at a table outside, with the people standing along the curb-stone looking at him?"

"Oh, that's one of Enoch's contrivances," said Mrs. People with a laugh. "Yesterday the boycotters hired that man to come in here and get somethin' to eat; and, dear knows, they didn't give him money to git much; and when he had finished he went out on the pavement right in front of the door, and bent himself nearly double, and began to howl as if he was suff'rin', and to holler out that he'd been p'izened by what had been given him to eat in here. As true as I live, sir, 'twasn't more'n half a minute before there was a crowd outside, a-blockin' up the pavement; and where they came from so quick I don't know; and that man in the middle of them a-howlin' and groanin' and shakin' his fist at the people in here for p'izenin' of him. It wouldn't 'a' been two minutes before there'd been a row, and windows broke, for all I know, but the very second that Enoch set eyes on the man and saw what was up, he made one dash out the front door, and grabbed the feller by the collar, and pulled him inside in no time. Then two of the waiters they took the man one by each arm and Enoch pushin' behind, and they whisked him out lively into the little back-yard, and then they got him down right flat on the bricks, and Enoch he called for a big bottle of olive oil to give to him quick to stop the p'izen. Then the feller he got frightened, not knowin' what he'd be made to take, and he sung out that he wasn't p'izened at all, and that 'twas all sham. Then Enoch he sent the waiters away and let the man up, and then and there he made a bargain with him; and as he had been hired yesterday to make believe he was sick, Enoch hired him to come to-day and set out in front of the shop and eat, and let people see that the victuals we furnish here agree with him. Enoch has give orders that they're to take victuals out to him a little at a time, so's he can be kep' eatin' all day. This mornin' some boycotter's boys threw mud at him, but the perlice ketched 'em, and there was an end to that. And here comes Enoch now."

Mr. Bullripple was quite as glad to see his

boarder as Mrs. People had been, and the two sat down at a table and had a long talk on the state of affairs. Mr. Stratford was greatly interested in Enoch's account of what he had done, for the old man told him everything, even to his method of getting rid of John People in order to have a clear field to work in.

"You see, sir," said Enoch, "what I'm about is a good sight deeper than what folks is likely to think that jus' looks at it from the outside. There's a rat in a hole in this Vatoldi business, and all these things that surprise you about the place is the stick that I'm tryin' to punch him out with; and I think that feller eatin' outside has just made the stick about long enough to reach the mean, sneakin' varmint at the bottom of his hole. I'm almost dead sure I tetched him, for if he didn't stick out his head this mornin', I'm wuss mistaken than I ever was before in my life. I'm pretty sure that it won't be long now before I'll have him. And then, if I choose, Mr. Stratford,—I don't say that I'm goin' to do it, but I can do it, if I like,—I'm of the opinion I can show you your hundredth man. For if there's one man that sticks out sharp from any hundred people you know, it's this one I'm after."

"I have a very strong notion, Enoch," said Mr. Stratford, "if you catch the person you call your rat, and bring him to me yourself, that I shall see my hundredth man."

(To be continued.) *Frank R. Stockton.*

EDWARD THOMPSON TAYLOR,

THE BOSTON BETHEL PREACHER.

THIS evangelist of the sea was born in Richmond, Virginia, December 25, 1793. He was a Christmas present of then unknown worth. He was a ruddy child; as of red earth the first Adam is fabled to have been made. As he grew up his brown hair had in it a tint of fire, as if from an ever-burning flame in his breast. He was a possessed man. To the credit of what was afterwards the Confederate capital, we must pass this great nativity. His mother was Scotch, a governess in what, from something of superior rank recognized at that time in the homestead, was called "the great house," from which his father was banished for making such a supposed inferior match. The mother expired as the son came into the world. The little "bundle of baby" fell into the hands of a negro mammy, whose love and care ever after haunted his heart. Like Moses, drawn out of the bulrush ark in Egypt, or like Jesus in the manger, he was a foundling of providence, and foreordained to the business of preaching. It is a curious parallel between him and the elder Booth that as the distinguished actor wanted prayers over some dead pigeons, so Taylor held funeral services for chickens and kittens that had departed this life, and used not only persuasion, but even the whip, to gather his mourning audience of negro boys and girls, though the lash may have been as gentle as the oratory was wonderful in the six-year-old boy. When he was about seven, living near the city with a lady to whom the charge of him had been consigned, he was one day out picking up chips. A sea-captain passing by asked him if he did not want to be a sailor. He instantly left his chips, as the first disciples did their nets and money-changers' tables. He did not even go back to the house to say good-bye, but, readily impressed, ran away with the free-spoken stranger, embarked on the sea and upon the for him wilder ocean of human life.

In the biography of Taylor, prepared by the Reverend Gilbert Haven and the Honorable Thomas Russell, one of his sons-in-law, the next ten years are called "a blank," and they were no doubt a hard experience, to which he was seldom inclined to refer. But void of instruction and discipline, that rough decade could not have been any more than were the "three years in Arabia" of the Apostle Paul. In his later ministry, having been taken to visit the famous Dr. Channing, on leaving the house he observed to the friend who had introduced him: "Channing has splendid talents; what a pity he had not been educated!" No school, academy, or college could equal in Taylor's mind that university of wind and wave through whose long and trying curriculum with many a sharp examination, for at last such triumphant graduation, he had passed. But he never forgot the rock he was hewn from in Virginia, the mother of States. A feeling, though no doctrine, of State sovereignty or State rights may have been at the bottom of his opposition to abolitionists, and of his resentment of John Brown's raid. But his abode in North Square would have been the quickest to open to a fugitive and the hardest out of which to get a runaway slave. He was a patriotic American, but his

yearning for native soil led him, when he was physically far past his prime, to make a pilgrimage to the old birthplace, and afterwards at a religious festival in Boston the tale of his travels was told. He had been anxious, he said, above all, to find one of his playmates, little Johnny by name. But he hunted the town after him in vain, until at length an old, white-headed, stooping man was discovered and brought to him; and that was all that was left of "little Johnny."

The present writer's recollection of this pathetic speech of reminiscence, which carried away a thousand hearers as with a flood of tears, advises him how impotent must be any attempt to expound the method of this "walking Bethel," as by Edward Everett he was called. It were as easy to describe the method of a cyclone, water-spout, or thunder-cloud. He was a piece of nature, yet also of perfect, marvelous, half-unconscious art. When an actor from New York went to see "how he did it," having heard of the effect he produced, all the watching of tone and gesture was foiled; and the curious expert had at length to retreat behind his pocket-handkerchief to hide his sobs. Like a rocket which, as it rises and blazes, unwraps manifold hues, and drops through the sky bewildering showers of sparks whose shapes are gone ere they can be marked and described, such was his spontaneous rhetoric, surprising nobody more than it did himself. In his bronzed and scarred face, that did not appear to have found itself in a looking-glass, and in the mellow voice, so musical unawares, was never an atom of pretense, artifice, or intoning affectation. When his own eyes were streaming, and the congregation's cheeks were wet, he would keep straight on without a quaver, and not break down, though everybody else was melted and overwhelmed. Once I asked Emerson to dine with him, and Emerson hesitated, saying he feared "Taylor was a cannon, better on the Common than in a parlor." But at the table what a flute, harp, or viol he proved to be! He represented, in New England, the tropical zone. He was a creature no less real than strange, as we have to take into our natural history not only the lark and robin and sparrow, but also the gait and flight and splendor of the parrot, oriole, and flamingo. But no repeater was he of other people's speech. Of all eminent Americans he was the most original and inimitable in his genius and style. Like his Master, he never wrote. He said he shivered from hand to foot at the sight of an inkstand and pen. If he undertook composition he was bereft of his power. He prepared himself after his own fashion for the pulpit; yet, if a text was handed in at the last moment, it was like a drill-borer on a sudden touching deep in earth an oil or gas-well, which bursts up, perhaps, in flame. His most overcoming eloquence in public or private was provoked by a question on the spot. When the Methodist ministry, to which he had belonged, was ridiculed as deserving but small pay, he answered that the circuit-rider, with his Bible in his hand and before him "a wilderness of human souls," would be a match for any divinity-school graduate. He was an extemporizer, who did not, however, slight his task. He compared getting ready for the desk to fermentation: "When the liquor begins to swell and strain and groan and hum and fizz, then pull out the bung!" No idler or lounger, he observed closely and mused deeply. He was perpetually alert with look and ear and thought. He leaped in humor and sparkled with wit. He was not partial, but threw his span across the broad stream of human life. He was the parallax of this solar system of society. He presided at all boards, as he would have walked the quarter-deck of a ship, a commander sympathetic with his crew, having the courage of a lion and the tenderness of a lamb or a dove. When one of his daughters remonstrated with him about something he was doing, he replied he "had not sailed so long, to be run down by a schooner." At his conference meetings, which were more entertaining than a museum or theater, he would cry out to the slow speaker, "The King's business requires haste"; to the irrelevant, "Too far off"; to those of laborious utterance, "Lubricate"; and when there had been any impertinent or insolent display of declamation, a green, tiger-ish light came into his untamed eye, the signal of seizing on his prey and omen of self-assured victory. "How long shall we compass this Jericho before the walls tumble!" he cried out in my vestry. I hinted that if conversion may be immediate, the formation of character is a process. He "got mad" with me in a moment, and bounced out of the room. But the next time we met he hugged and kissed me in the street.

His method, or rather God's method with him, did not exclude study or books. But he was not a peruser of literature. He listened while one of his daughters read to him for long hours, day after day. He admired the sermons of South. But he never quoted anybody. He assimilated and reproduced. He said of those constant at the church prayer-meetings, "These are the absorbents"; and he was himself a huge absorbent from all that the world of knowledge and action had to give. It was a normal school of the whole creation he went to, and which he never could get

through the lessons of, till he had been at the head of every class.

His mode was not learned, logical, or dogmatic, but so impassioned that the wonder is that his spontaneous combustion should not have brought his constitution to ashes ere he was nearly seventy-eight years old. Before his imagination, ever on fire, heaven and hell lost their substance, fled as fading views or fugitive shows, while in the horizon arose or lowered only the saint's or sinner's spiritual state. "Walking large" like the Indian and treading disrespectfully over all denominational lines, this indeed catholic preacher judged nothing and nobody by sectarian rules. He transcended the transcendentalists,—he dug with his garden shovel under all the radical growths. He was the only speaker among us that could hold scholars and authors, farmers and sailors under the same spell. After he had addressed once our Boston Philosophic Club, Emerson said, "When the spirit has orbed itself in a man, what is there to add?" When a brother begged of him a subject, he answered, "It would be too hot for you to hold."

In his rapt discourse he seemed to have no mortal body but what served for expression and was the medium of his mind; his eye, his hand, his very foot spoke. In the midst of other talkers he was like a President in his cabinet. What great orators we have had,—Everett with his studious grace and melodious voice, Webster the resistless and majestic, the oriental fancy of Choate and the silver trumpet of Phillips blazing against slavery the blast of doom! But in none of them was a power to fuse, blend, and kindle so divine as that of Taylor. His chimney did not smoke. His gun carried its charge without any stain in the barrel. If eloquence be clear delivery of the highest emotions and a communication so complete, through look and account, that the manner and gesture disappear in the lodging of sentiment and truth in the hearers' breasts, then this man succeeded. He was a live transparency and a self-operating telephone. How supple to the spirit and without a speck, to obscure or thwart, in himself!

He was in earnest. He said, "When I am full of grace, my voice is thunder." Dante was painted in the streets of Florence as "the man who had seen hell." Taylor beheld heaven and hell, like Swedenborg, as both alike eternal states in the soul. They were to him but the picture-book of its condition. Daniel Webster he called the best of bad men — but he wanted to see him again beyond! If Emerson should go to hell, he said, "it would change the climate, and the emigration would be that way." Parker, he declared, would have been in hell so long he would not know he had ever been out of it, before he could even "mar the gilding on the Bible lids." To astonish a stagnant preacher, he said that his own dearly beloved wife was in hell, but that she was having a good time there, as the church formulary teaches that Christ "descended into hell." When one affirmed of a desperate transgressor that he would "go to the devil," Taylor stretched out his hand and exclaimed, "farther than that," meaning that the wicked have a worse fate than is implied in meeting any visible Satan, in the grapple they were sentenced to with their own remorse.

The pit played no such part as did the celestial region in the drama which this exhorter's sermons were. When he heard a liberal Christian, in a May-meeting speech, make much ado about evil and dwell with long and painful patience on the subject of sin, he compared him to "a beetle rolling his ball of dung to his hole in the sand." "The good Samaritan," he said, "did not maul the wounded Jew with texts." I cite but a few samples from memory, out of the thousand-fold repertory of illustration which no record of a verbal herbarium would be big enough to hold, even pressed and dry.

It is fifteen years since, on April 6, 1871, the man passed on, or *over*, as the French say, whom we cannot conceive to be dead or to have any goal or term. When he was about to go, drawing his last breath, as it is said the majority of persons do, at the turn or ebbing of the tide, he was told that he would soon be among the angels. He replied, "Folks are better than angels."

He was an opposer of Spiritualism. In a call which I made upon him with William Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson, the English abolitionist, he denounced the doctrine of ghostly manifestations which they zealously upheld; he averred that where he, Taylor, was, the spirits never came to stay. They must have been indeed very lively to have had or been of spirit more than he was himself. Infinite love with imperial will was in this apocalyptic angel "standing on the land and on the sea."

Most men who have been famous in the clerical profession live in their works, as we so politely call their printed words. But no scrap of his writing is to be found. Paul said his converts were his "epistle." Father Taylor's letters were the sailors, who carried his name and lessons to every shore and port of the globe. As seeds of plants are transported by insects or in the bodies of larger beasts, and as germs float, as in thistle-down, on every breeze, so by whoever touched or heard this minister-at-large and by every wind under the

whole heaven his teachings were borne to sow the world.

He was a moralist; he taught temperance. "I would put all the alcohol in a cave and roll a planet to the door."

The main argument for religion is such a man who is by its realities so inspired that he feels like the prophet who had "fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins of mankind." But Taylor was not a man of vagaries, the heat-lightning of the mind. His peculiar faculty was to bring ideas into contact with life. "Higher law," he said, "it means stand from under." With the odd phrasing of transcendentalism he was offended; and he branded that new philosophy, of fifty years ago, as "a gull, with long wings, lean body, poor feathers, and miserable meat." A bright man said he was afraid of Taylor's wit, knowing he would make him cry before he got through. No error or iniquity could cloud or disperse the positive glory he saw or hush the hosannas he sang. So, without written register, he liveth evermore. His enthusiasm many floods of opposition or fogs of doubt or indifference could not quench or dim. To his thought the heavens were less than the human soul. There were no dimensions to his heart. He too was "greater than the temple." "O Lord," he once prayed for an old man, "take him to heaven, if his friend be there; but, at any rate and in all events, take him where his friend is!" That petition many friends of Taylor's, still in the flesh, are disposed for themselves to adopt and repeat.

No early Christianity, no medieval theology, or so-called ages of faith, could yield a better specimen than this man of trust, whether in a present providence or a future life. As he was leaving Boston, to journey for health in the East, he said to his friends, "I commit to you my wife, my children, and my church. But He, who gives a ton of herring for breakfast to the young whales, will take care of my children." When he was discoursing once to me about the Trinity and the only-begotten Son of God, I asked him if he thought there ever was a time when God had but one child, or when his family could be counted. He flushed and cried out, "There you are at your metaphysics!" The metaphysicians stood not high in his esteem. He said, "They are like fire-flies in a southern swamp — Flash, flash, and all is dark again." He tried to be a stanch Methodist in his creed. But no pulpit of his day showed a catholicity to match his own. When a denominational brother declined to enter his desk because a Unitarian had been in it, he left him at the end of the aisle, fell on his knees at the foot of the pulpit-stairs and exclaimed, "O Lord, deliver us, here in Boston, from bigotry and from bad rum; thou knowest which is worst, for I do not." The Reverend Doctor Lyman Beecher, meeting him one day in the street, said humorously, "Well, Brother Taylor, who is cheating? Are you cheating the Unitarians, or are the Unitarians cheating you?" Instantly came the reply, "The fact is, Brother Beecher, a third party has come in that wants to have all the cheating to itself." He loved Ralph Waldo Emerson, as Emerson did him, they being clerical cotemporaries. But he said, "Emerson knows nothing more about Christianity than Balaam's ass did of Hebrew; but I have watched him, and I find in him no fault. I have laid my ear close to his heart, and cannot detect any jar in the machinery." Of another person, nearly connected with himself, being asked if his friend had been converted to religion, he answered, "No, he is not a saint, but he is a very sweet sinner." As he was dining at my table with Doctor William Ellery Channing and my dear colleague, Doctor Charles Lowell, the latter inquired about a famous preacher of Taylor's acquaintance at the North End in Boston, where the Sailors' Bethel was, adding, "I should like very much to see him." Taylor broke out with, "You cannot see him, sir; he is behind his Master."

But for his unsurpassed independence of will and character, Taylor would have melted and been dissolved in his rarely equaled sympathies for every living creature. As I walked with him on the public garden in Boston, a sparrow, startled from a clump of bushes by our tread, flew in fright away. He stopped on the gravel path, looked and stretched his hand after the bird, squeezing his fingers gently together in a sort of caress, and said to the sparrow, "I would not hurt you." But, on another occasion, he declared to me, "If there were in the Boston Port Society any discontent, I would show them the back seams of my stockings very quick." It would have been hard to tell whether he most loved Boston, or Boston most loved him. Never was any morose or gloomy expression caught on his face. His charm was that he was a cheerful Christian. He said of believers of the long-visaged type, "They seem to have killed somebody and just come back from burying the body." On the doorstep of my house, as he went out to make a call, he turned and said, "Laugh till I get back." When John Quincy Adams had addressed the company at a Unitarian festival as "brothers and sisters," Taylor said, "My ears have heard and mine eyes have seen a wondrous thing,— the man with the army and navy of the United States at his nod and beck, saying here, 'brothers and sisters.'" He was not only a preacher, of

genius unlike any other, but a faithful pastor to visit the needy of the flock. But he said of a certain member of it who kept continually falling back into drunken ways, "He is an expensive machine; I have to keep mending him all the time; but I will never give him up."

In extemporaneous utterance Taylor has in no community ever been excelled. His was indeed a marvelous fervor and flow. He made an assembly of the clergy shake with irresistible laughter, as with perfect mimicry he took off their own manner of preaching, with the hand and arm stretched one way in gesture, and their eye in another direction hunting after the place on the manuscript page. But seldom indeed has any actor or orator been possessed in like measure, or rather beyond all calculable degree, with the dramatic gift. He astonished the late Dr. Bellows, with whom he sat at my board, as, without rising from his chair, he enacted the spinning dervish, a figure he had himself seen in his travels abroad, and which he made us see, though not stirring from the room where we sat and ate. It could not have been done by Kean or Booth. In the Revelation it is written, "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them." Reverently we may apply this sublime verse to illustrate how, before a divinely inspired human imagination, sublunary things flee and become as chaff in the wind from the threshing-floor, or put on new shapes as symbols and ciphers of realities which with the soul abide forever.

"Can a Calvinist be a Christian?" asked Taylor of Doctor Horace Bushnell. "Certainly he can," Bushnell replied. "Not so fast," rejoined Taylor. "Suppose, to the elect in heaven by sovereign decree with no claim beside, the Lord should come and say, "Let us turn this stick round, and give the doomed at the other end a chance, while you take a spell in their torment, would the saints by arbitrary favor submit?" Bushnell laughed, but offered no rebuttal to the query. Yet Taylor was not a Universalist in the sense of making the inner door of the tomb open into paradise immediately for all. When one scouted, in his presence, the notion of a retribution to come, he remarked, lifting his thumb and finger significantly to his nose, "We all have a sentimentality of that sulphur." But he was hospitable to any stranger, lay or clerical, in his church. "Come up," he cried to them; "my pulpit has no doors."

Perhaps these memorial fragments may hint a consistent whole. They may be formed into an image of the great friend and servant of the mariners, their priest without cowl or frock; or revive for some the actual traits in him which no abstract or analytic disquisition could clearly and fully set forth.

C. A. Bartol.

FATHER TAYLOR AND ORATORY.

I HAVE never heard but one essentially perfect orator — one who satisfied those depths of the emotional nature that in most cases go through life quite untouched, unfed — who held every hearer by spells which no conventionalist, high or low — nor any pride or composure, nor resistance of intellect — could stand against for ten minutes.

And by the way, is it not strange, of this first-class genius in the rarest and most profound of humanity's arts, that it will be necessary (so nearly forgotten and rubbed out is his name by the rushing whirl of the last twenty-five years) to first inform current readers that he was an orthodox minister, of no particular celebrity, who during a long life preached especially to Yankee sailors in an old fourth-class church down by the wharves in Boston — had practically been a sea-faring man through his earlier years — and died April 6, 1871, "just as the tide turned, going out with the ebb as an old salt should"? His name is now comparatively unknown outside of Boston, and even there (though Dickens, Mrs. Jameson, Dr. Bartol, and Bishop Haven have commemorated him) is mostly but a reminiscence.

During my visits to "the Hub," in 1859 and '60 I several times saw and heard Father Taylor. In the spring or autumn, quiet Sunday forenoons, I liked to go down early to the quaint ship-cabin-looking church where the old man ministered — to enter and leisurely scan the building, the low ceiling, everything strongly timbered (polished and rubbed apparently), the dark rich colors, the gallery, all in half-light, and smell the aroma of old wood, to watch the auditors, sailors, mates, "matlows," officers, singly or in groups, as they came in, their physiognomies, forms, dress, gait, as they walked along the aisles, their postures, seating themselves in the rude, roomy, undoored, uncushioned pews, and the evident effect upon them of the place, occasion, and atmosphere.

The pulpit, rising ten or twelve feet high,

against the rear wall, was backed by a significant mural painting, in oil—showing out its bold lines and strong hues through the subdued light of the building — of a stormy sea, the waves high-rolling, and amid them an old-style ship, all bent over, driving through the gale, and in great peril — a vivid and effectual piece of limning, not meant for the criticism of artists (though I think it had merit even from that standpoint), but for its effect upon the congregation, and what it would convey to them.

Father Taylor was a moderate-sized man, indeed, almost small (reminded me of old Booth, the great actor, and my favorite of those and preceding days), well advanced in years, but alert, with mild blue or gray eyes, and good presence and voice. Soon as he opened his mouth I ceased to pay any attention to church or audience or pictures or lights and shades; a far more potent charm entirely swayed me. In the course of the sermon (there was no sign of any MS., or reading from notes), some of the parts would be in the highest degree majestic and picturesque. Colloquial in a severe sense, it often leaned to Biblical and oriental forms. Especially were all allusions to ships and the ocean and sailors' lives of unrivaled power and life-likeness. Sometimes there were passages of fine language and composition, even from the purist's point of view. A few arguments, and of the best, but always brief and simple. In the main, I should say, of any of these discourses, that the old Demosthenean rule and requirement of "action, action, action," first in its inward and then its outward sense, was the quality that had leading fulfillment.

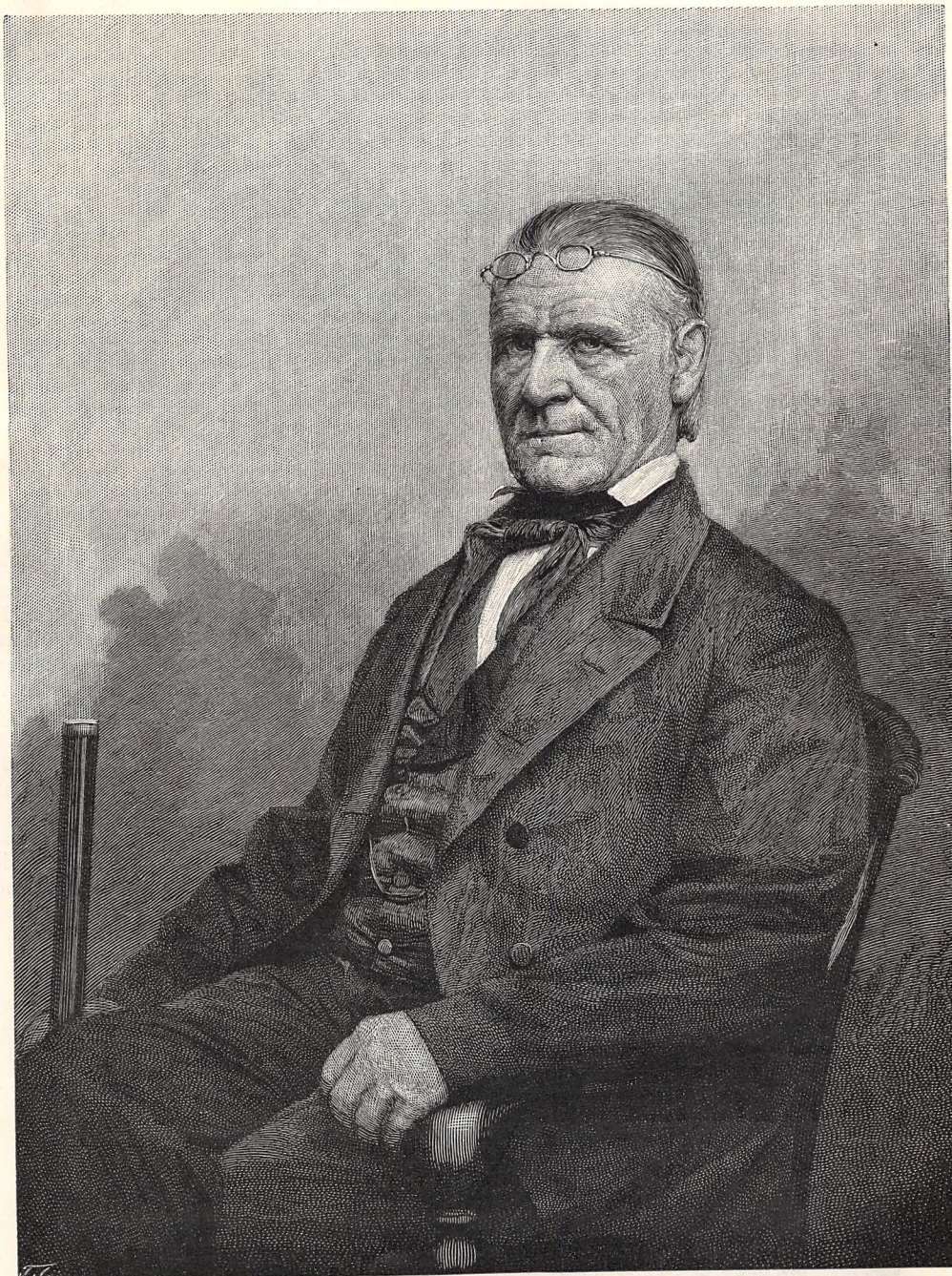
I remember I felt the deepest impression from the old man's prayers, which invariably affected me to tears. Never, on any similar or other occasions, have I heard such impassioned pleading — such human-harassing reproach (like Hamlet to his mother, in the closet) — such probing to the very depths of that latent conscience and remorse which probably lie somewhere in the background of every life, every soul. For when Father Taylor preached or prayed, the rhetoric and art, the mere words (which usually play such a big part), seemed altogether to disappear, and the *live feeling* advanced upon you and seized you with a power before unknown. Everybody felt this marvelous and awful influence. One young sailor, a Rhode Islander (who came every Sunday, and I got acquainted with, and talked to once or twice as we went away), told me, "that must be the Holy Ghost we read of in the Testament."

I should be at a loss to make any comparison with other preachers or public speakers. When a child I had heard Elias Hicks, and Father Taylor (though so different in personal appearance, for Elias was of tall and most shapely form, with black eyes that blazed at times like meteors) always reminded me of him. Both had the same inner, apparently inexhaustible, fund of volcanic passion — the same tenderness, blended with a curious remorseless firmness, as of some surgeon operating on a beloved patient. Hearing such men sends to the winds all the books, and formulas, and polished speaking, and rules of oratory.

Talking of oratory, why is it that the unsophisticated practices often strike deeper than the trained ones? Why do our experiences perhaps of some local country exhorter — or often in the West or South at political meetings — bring the most rapid results? In my time I have heard Webster, Clay, Edward Everett, Phillips, and such *célèbres;* yet for effect and permanence I recall the minor but life-eloquence of men like John P. Hale, Cassius Clay, and one or two of the old abolition "fanatics" ahead of all those stereotyped fames. Is not — I sometimes question — the first, last, and most important quality of all, in training for a "finished speaker," generally unsought, unrecked of, both by teacher and pupil? Though may be it cannot be taught anyhow. At any rate, we need to understand clearly the distinction between oratory and elocution. Under the latter art, including some of high order, there is indeed no scarcity in the United States,— preachers, lawyers, lecturers, etc. With all, there seem to be few real orators — almost none.

I repeat, and would dwell upon it (more as suggestion than mere fact) — among all the brilliant lights of bar or stage I have heard in my time — for years in New York and other cities I haunted the courts to witness notable trials, and have heard all the famous actors and actresses that have been in America the past fifty years — though I recall marvelous effects from one or other of them, I never had anything in the way of vocal utterance to shake me through and through, and become fixed, with its accompaniments, in my memory, like those prayers and sermons — like Father Taylor's personal electricity and the whole scene there — the prone ship in the gale, and dashing wave and foam for background — in the little old sea-church in Boston, those summer Sundays just before the Secession war broke out.

Walt Whitman.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK & CO.

EDWARD THOMPSON TAYLOR.

KEATS'S GREEK URN.

WHEN the young poet wrought so unaware
From purest Parian, washed by Grecian seas,
And stained to amber softness by the breeze
Of Attic shores, his Urn, antiquely fair,—
And brimmed it at the sacred fountain, where
The draught he drew were sweet as Castaly's,—
Had he foreseen what souls would there appease
Their purer thirsts, he had not known despair!
About it long processions move and wind,
Held by its grace,— a chalice choicely fit
For Truth's and Beauty's perfect interfuse,
Whose effluence the exhaling years shall find
Unwasted: for the poet's name is writ
(Firmer than marble) in Olympian dews!

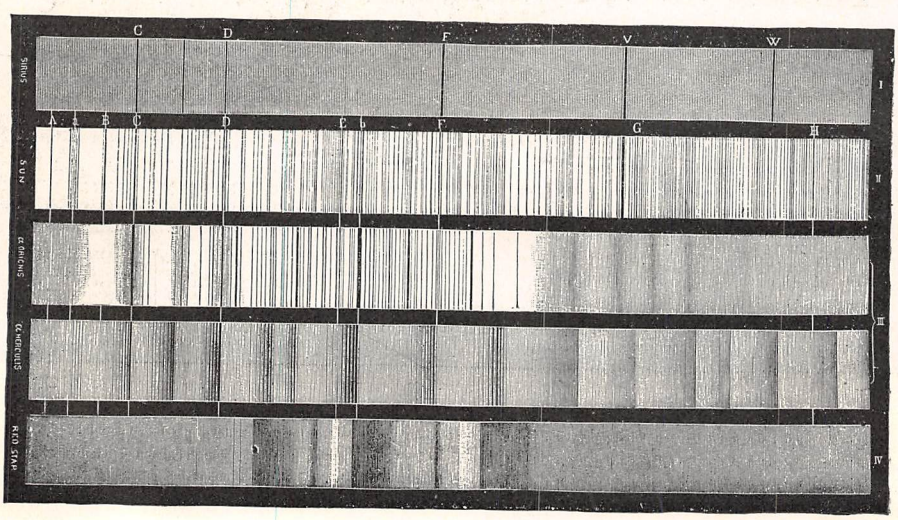
Margaret J. Preston.

THE STARS.

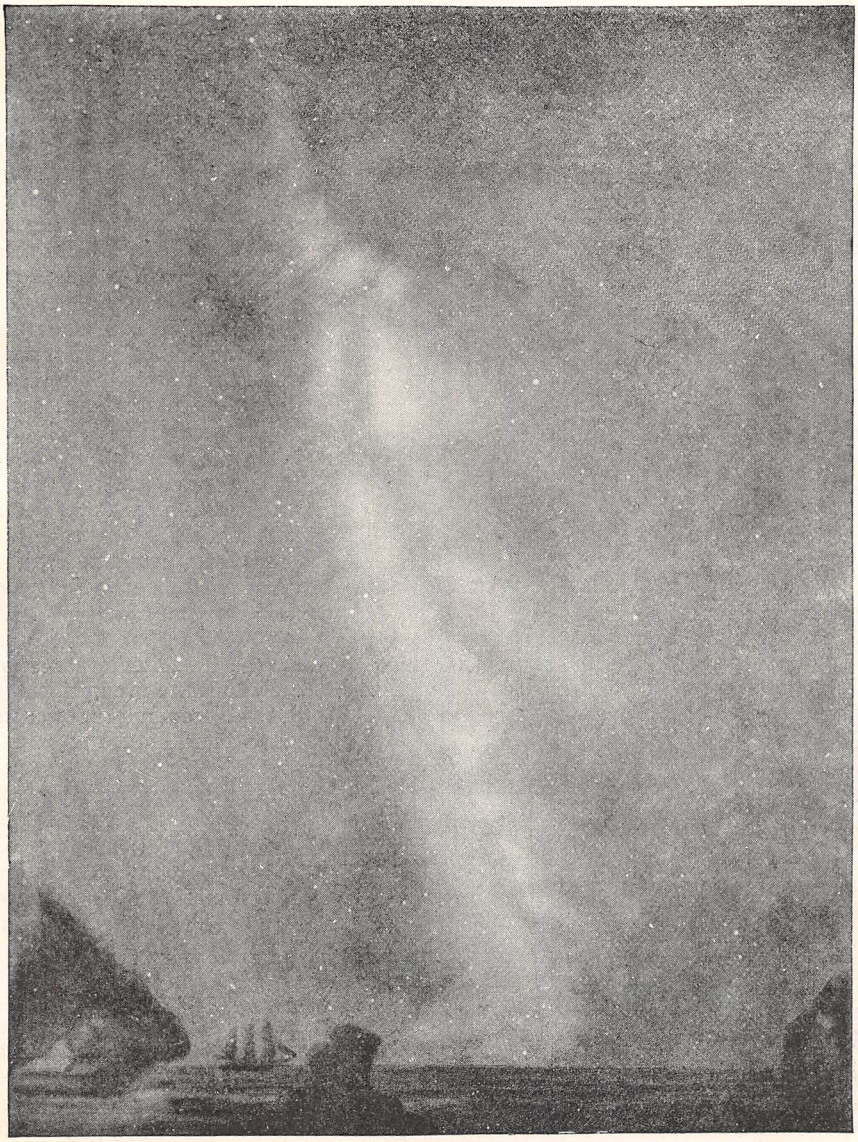
THE NEW ASTRONOMY.

IN the South Kensington Museum there is, as everybody knows, an immense collection of objects, appealing to all tastes and all classes, and we find there at the same time people belonging to the wealthy and cultivated part of society, lingering over the Louis Seize cabinets or the old majolica, and the artisan and his wife, studying the statements as to the relative economy of baking-powders, or admiring Tippoo Saib's wooden tiger.

There is one shelf, however, which seems to have some attraction common to all social grades, for its contents appear to be of equal interest to the peer and the costermonger. It is the representation of a *man* resolved into his chemical elements, or rather, an exhibition of the materials of which the human body is composed. There is a definite amount of water, for instance, in our blood and tissues, and there on the shelf are just so many gallons of water in a large vessel. Another jar shows the exact quantity of carbon in us; smaller bottles contain our iron and our phosphorus in just proportion, while others exhibit still other constituents of the body, and the whole reposes on the shelf, as if ready for the



TYPES OF STELLAR SPECTRA.



THE MILKY WAY. (FROM A STUDY BY E. L. TROUVELOT, BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

coming of a new Frankenstein, to re-create the original man and make him walk about again as we do. The little vials that contain the different elements which we all bear about in small proportions are more numerous, and they suggest, not merely the complexity of our constitutions, but the identity of our elements with those we have found by the spectroscope, not alone in the sun, but even in the distant stars and nebulæ, for this wonderful instrument of the New Astronomy can find the traces of poison in a stomach or analyze a star, and its conclusions lead us to think that the ancients were nearly right when they called man a microcosm, or little universe. We have literally within our own bodies samples of the most important elements of which the great universe without is composed, and you and I are not only like each other, and brothers in humanity, but children of the sun and stars in a more literal sense, having bodies actually made in large part of the same things that make Sirius and Aldebaran. They and we are near relatives.

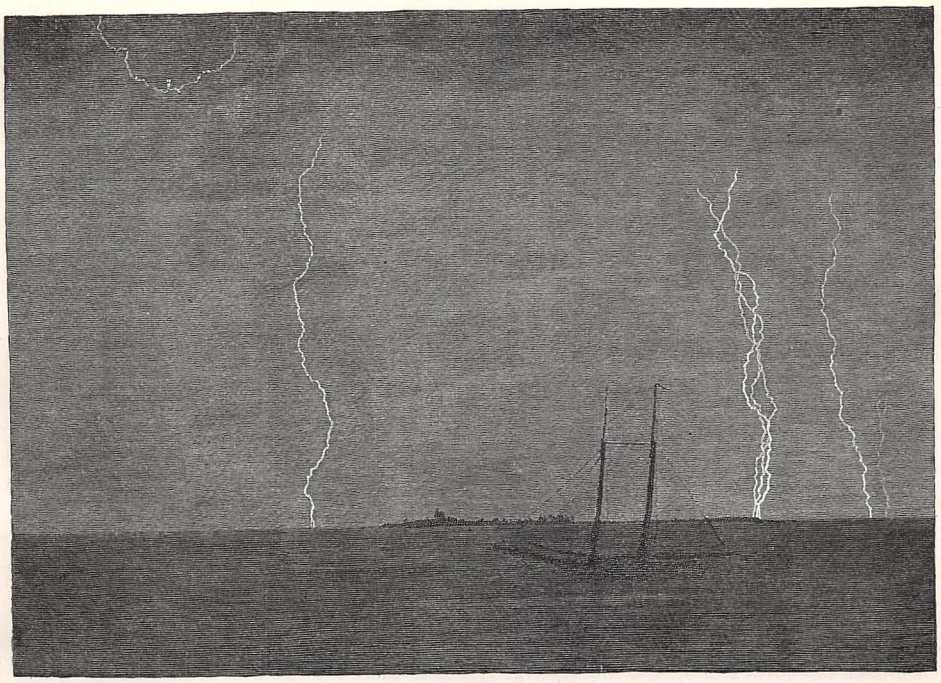
But if near in kind, we are distant relatives in another way, for the sun, whose remoteness we have elsewhere tried to give an idea of, is comparatively close at hand; quite at hand,

A FALLING MAN.

one may say, for if his distance, which we have found so enormous, be represented by that of a man standing so close beside us that our hand may rest on his shoulder, to obtain the proportionate distance of one of the *nearest* stars, like Sirius, for instance, we should need to send the man over a hundred miles away. It is probably impossible to give to any one an adequate idea of the extent of the sidereal universe; but it certainly is specially hard for the reader who has just realized with difficulty the actual immensity of the distance of the sun, and who is next told that this distance is literally a physical point as seen from the nearest star. The jaded imagination can be spurred to no higher flight, and the facts and the enormous numbers that convey them will not be comprehended.

Look down at one of the nests of those smallest ants, which are made in our paths. To these little people, we may suppose, the other side of the gravel walk is the other side of the world, and the ant who has been as far as the gate, a greater traveler than a man who comes back from the Indies. It is very hard to think not only of ourselves as relatively far smaller than such insects, but that, less than such an ant-hill is to the whole landscape, is our solar system itself, in comparison with the new prospect before us — yet so it is.

All greatness and littleness are relative. When the traveler from the great star Sirius (where, according to the author of "Micromegas," all the inhabitants are proportionately tall and proportionately long-lived) discovered our own little solar system, and lighted on what we call the majestic planet Saturn, he was naturally astonished at the pettiness of everything compared with the world he had left. That the Saturnian inhabitants were in his eyes a race of mere dwarfs (they were only a mile high, instead of twenty-four miles like himself) did not make them contemptible to his philosophic mind, for he reflected that such little creatures might still think and reason; but when he learned that these puny beings were also correspondingly short-lived, and passed but fifteen thousand years between the cradle and the grave, he could not but agree that this was like dying as soon as one was born, that their life was but a span, and their globe an atom. Yet it seems that when one of these very Saturnian dwarfs came afterward with him to our own little ball, and by the aid of a microscope discovered certain animalculæ on its surface, and even held converse with two of them, he could not in turn make up his own mind that intelligence could inhere in such invisible insects, till one of them (it was an astronomer with his sextant) measured his height to an inch, and the other, a divine, expounded to him the theology of some of these mites, according to which all the heavenly host,



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. H. G. PIFFARD.)

including Saturn and Sirius itself, were created for *them*.

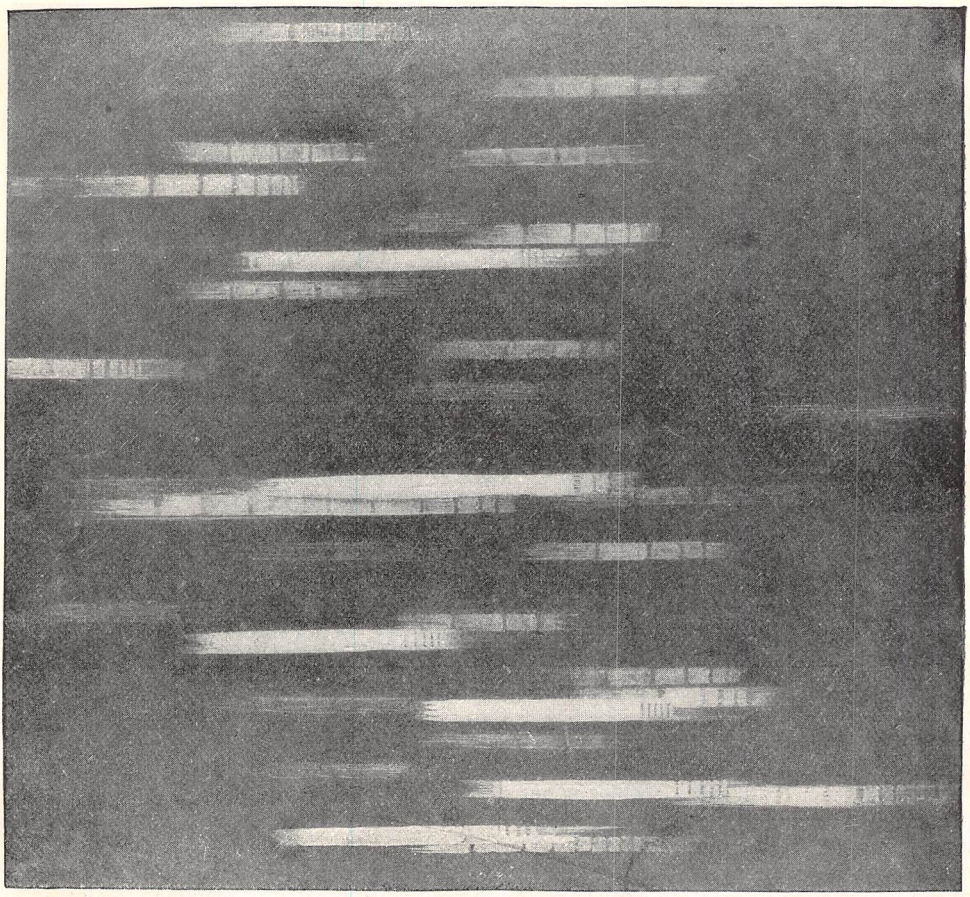
Do not let us hold this parable as out of place here, for what use is it to write down a long series of figures expressing the magnitude of other worlds, if it leave us with the old sense of the importance to creation of our own, and what use to describe their infinite number to a human mite who reads and remains of the opinion that *he* is the object they were all created for?

Above us are millions of suns like ours. The Milky Way (shown on page 587) spreads among them, vague and all-surrounding, as a type of the infinities yet unexplored, and of the world of nebulæ of which we still know so little. Let us say at once that it is impossible here to undertake the description of the discoveries of the New Astronomy in this region, for we can scarcely indicate the headings of the chapters which would need to be written to describe what is most important.

The first of these chapters (if we treated our subjects in the order of distance) would be one on space itself, and our changed ideas of the void which separates us from the stars. Of this we will only say in passing, that the old term "the temperature of space" has been nearly abrogated, for while it used to be supposed that more than half of the heat which warmed the earth came from this mysterious "space" or from the stars, it is now recognized that the earth is principally warmed only by the sun. Of the contents of the region between the earth and the stars, we have, it must be admitted, still little but conjecture, though perhaps that conjecture turns more than it used to the idea that the void is not a real void, but that it is occupied by something which, if highly attenuated, is none the less matter; and something other and more than the mere metaphysical conception of a vehicle to transmit light to us.

Of the stars themselves, we should need another chapter to tell what has been newly learned as to their color and light, even by the old methods, that is, by the eye and the telescope alone; but if we cannot dwell on this, we must at least refer, however inadequately, to what American astronomers are doing in this department of the New Astronomy, and first in the photometry of the stars, which has assumed a new importance of late years, owing to the labors carried on in this department at Cambridge.

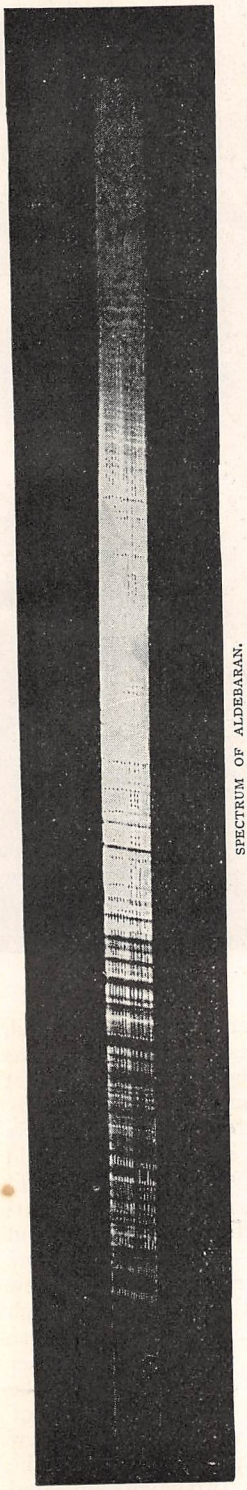
That one star differs from another star in glory we have long heard, but our knowledge of physical things depends largely on our ability to answer the question, "how much?" and the value of this new work lies in the accuracy and fullness of its measures, for in this case the whole heavens visible from Cambridge to near the southern horizon have been surveyed, and the brightness of every



SPECTRA OF STARS IN PLEIADES.

naked-eye star repeatedly measured, so that all future changes can be noted. This great work has taxed the resources of a great observatory, and its results are only to be adequately valued by other astronomers; but Professor Pickering's own investigations on variable stars have a more popular interest. It is surely an amazing fact that suns as large or larger than our own should seem to dwindle almost to extinction, and regain their light within a few days or even hours; yet the fact has long been known, while the cause has remained a mystery. A mystery, in most cases, it remains still, but in some we have begun to get knowledge, as in the well-known instance of Algol, the star in the head of Medusa. Here it has always been thought probable that the change was due to something coming between us and the star; but it is on this very account that the new investigation is more interesting, as showing how much can be done on an old subject by fresh reasoning alone, and how much valuable ore may lie in material which has already been sifted. The discussion of the subject by Professor Pickering, apart from its elevated aim, has if only in its acute analysis only the interest belonging to a story where the reader first sees a number of possible clews to some mystery, and then the gradual setting aside, one by one, of those which are only loose ends, and the recognition of the real ones which lead to the successful solution. The skill of the novelist, however, is more apparent than real, since the riddle he solves for us is one he has himself constructed, while here the enigma is of nature's propounding; and if the solution alone were given us, the means by which it is reached would indeed seem to be inexplicable.

This is especially so when we remember what a point there is to work on, for the whole system reasoned about, though it may be larger than our own, is at such a distance that it appears, literally and exactly, far smaller to the eye than the point of the finest sewing-needle; and it is a course of accurate reasoning, and reasoning alone, on the character of the observed changing brightness of this point,



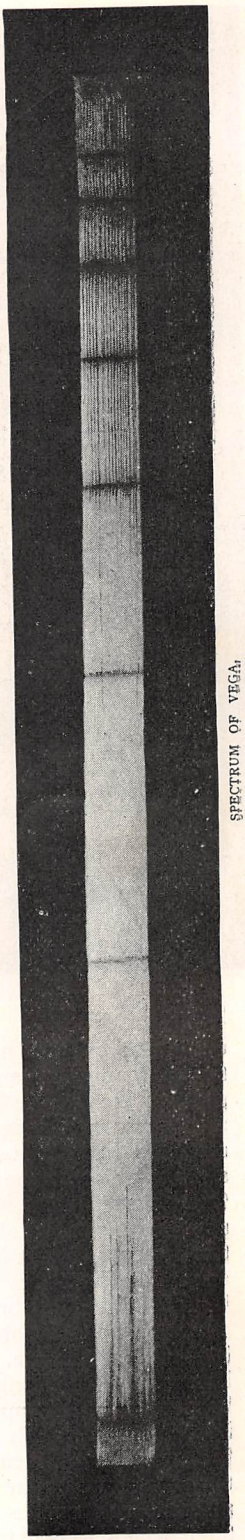
SPECTRUM OF ALDEBARAN.

which has not only shown the existence of some great dark satellite, but indicated its size, its distance from its sun, its time of revolution, the inclination of its orbit, and still more. The existence of dark invisible bodies in space, then, is in one case, at least, demonstrated, and in this instance the dark body is of enormous size, for, to illustrate by our own solar system, we should probably have to represent it in imagination by a planet or swarm of planetoids hundreds of times the size of Jupiter, and (it may be added) whirling around the sun at less than a tenth the distance of Mercury.

Of a wholly different class of variables are those which have till lately only been known at intervals of centuries, like that new star Tycho saw in 1572. I infer from numerous inquiries that there is such a prevalent popular notion that the "Star of Bethlehem" may be expected to show itself again at about the present time, that perhaps I may be excused for answering these questions in the present connection.

In the first place, the idea is not a new, but a very old, one, going back to the time of Tycho himself, who disputed the alleged identity of his star with that which appeared to the shepherds at the Nativity. The evidence relied on is, that bright stars are said to have appeared in this constellation repeatedly at intervals of from three hundred and eight to three hundred and nineteen years (though even this is uncertain); and as the mean of these numbers is about three hundred and fourteen, which again is about one-fifth of 1572 (the then number of years from the birth of Christ), it has been suggested, in support of the old notion, that the Star of Bethlehem might have been a variable, shining out every three hundred and fourteen or three hundred and fifteen years; whose fifth return would fall in with the appearance that Tycho saw, and whose *sixth* return would come in 1886 or 1887. This is all there is about it, and there is nothing like evidence, either that this was the star seen by the Wise Men, or that it is to be seen again by us. On the other hand, nothing in our knowledge, or rather in our ignorance, authorizes us to say positively it cannot come again, and it may be stated for the benefit of those who like to believe in its speedy return, that if it does come, it will make its appearance some night in the northern constellation of Cassiopeia's chair, the position originally determined by Tycho at its last appearance, being twenty-eight degrees and thirteen minutes from the pole, and twenty-six minutes in right ascension.

We were speaking of these new stars as having till lately only appeared at intervals of



SPECTRUM OF VEGA.

GREAT NEBULA IN ORION. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. A. COMMON, F. R. S.)

centuries; but it is not to be inferred that if they now appear oftener it is because there are more of them. The reason is, that there are more persons looking for them, and the fact is recognized that, if we have observers enough and look closely enough, the appearance of "new stars" is not so very rare a phenomenon. Every one at all interested in such matters remembers that in 1866 a new star broke out in the Northern Crown so suddenly that it was shining as bright as the Polar Star, where six hours before there had been nothing visible to the eye. Now all stars are not as large as our sun, though some are much larger; but there are circumstances which make it improbable that this was a small or near object, and it is well remembered how the spectroscope showed the presence of abnormal amounts of incandescent hydrogen, the material which is perhaps the most widely diffused in the universe (and which is plentiful, too, in our own bodies), so that there was some countenance to the popular notion that this was a world in flames. We were, at any rate, witnessing a catastrophe which no earthly experience can give us a notion of, in a field of action so remote that the flash of light which brought the news was unknown years on the way, so that all this — strange but now familiar thought — occurred long before we *saw* it happen. The star faded in a few days to invisibility to the naked eye, though not to the telescope; and, in fact, all these phenomena at present appear to be rather enormous and sudden enlargements of the light of existing bodies than the creation of absolutely new ones; while of these "new stars," the examples may almost be said to be now growing numerous, two having appeared in the last two years.

Not to enlarge, then, on this chapter of photometry, let us add, in reference to another department of stellar astronomical work, that the recognized master in the study of double stars the world over is not an astronomer by profession, at the head of some national observatory in Berlin or Paris, but a stenographer in the Chicago law-courts, Mr. W. S. Burnham, who, after his day's duties, by nightly labor, prolonged for years with the small means at an amateur's command, has perhaps added more to our knowledge of his special subject in ten years than all other living astronomers.

We have only here alluded to the spectroscope in its application to stellar research, and we cannot now do more than to note the mere headlines of the chapters that should be written on it.

It is the memorable fact, that after reaching across the immeasurable distances, we find that the stars are like *us*; like in their ultimate elements to those found in our own sun, our own earth, our own bodies. Any fuller view of the subject than that which we here only indicate would commence with the evidence of this truth, which is perhaps on the whole the most momentous our science has brought us, and with which no familiarity should lessen our wonder, or our sense of its deep and permanent significance.

Next, perhaps, we should understand that, invading the province of the Old Astronomy, the spectroscope now tells us of the motions of these stars, which we cannot see move; motions in what we have always called the "fixed" stars, to signify a state of fixity to the human eye which is such that to it at the close of the nineteenth century they remain in the same relative positions that they occupied when that eye first looked on them, in some period long before the count of centuries began.

In perhaps the earliest and most enduring work of man's hands, the great pyramid of Egypt, is a long straight shaft, cut slopingly through the solid stone, and pointing, like a telescope, to the heavens near the pole. If we look through it now we see — nothing; but when it was built it pointed to a particular star which is no longer there. That pyramid was built when the savages of Britain saw the Southern Cross at night, and the same slow change in the direction of the earth's axis itself that in thousands of years has borne that constellation to southern skies has carried the stone tube away from the star that it once pointed at. The actual motion of the star itself, relatively to our system, is slower yet — so inconceivably slow that we can hardly realize it by comparison with the duration of the longest periods of human history. The stone tube was pointed at the star by the old Egyptians, but "Egypt itself is now become the land of obliviousness, and doteth. Her ancient civility is gone, and her glory hath vanished as a phantasma. She poreth not upon the heavens, astronomy is dead unto her, and knowledge maketh other cycles. Canopus is afar off, Memnon resoundeth not to the Sun, and Nilus heareth strange voices." In all this lapse of ages the star's own motion could not have so much as carried it across the mouth of the narrow tube. Yet a motion to or from us of this degree, so slow that the unaided eye could not see it in thousands of years of watching, the spectroscope first, efficiently in the hands of the English astronomer, Dr. Huggins, and later in those of Professor Young of Princeton, not only reveals at a look, but tells us the amount and direction of, in a way that is as strange and unexpected, in the view of our knowledge a generation ago, as its revelation of the essential composition of the bodies themselves.

Again, in showing us this composition, it has also shown us more, for it has enabled us to form a conjecture as to the relative ages of the stars and suns; and this work of classifying them, not only according to their brightness, but each after his kind, we may observe was begun by a countryman of our own, Mr. Rutherfurd, who seems to have been among the first after Fraunhofer to apply the newly invented instrument to the stars, and quite the first to recognize that these were, broadly speaking, divisible into a few leading types, depending not on their size but on their essential nature. After him Secchi (to whom the first conception is often wrongly attributed) developed it, and gave four main classes into which the stars are in this way divisible, a classification which has been much extended by others; while the first carefully delineated spectra were those of Dr. Huggins, who has done so much for all departments of our science that in a fuller account his name would reappear in every chapter of this New Astronomy, and than whom there is no more eminent living example of its study. Owing to their feeble light, years were needed when he began his work to depict completely so full a single spectrum as that he gives of Aldebaran, though he has lived to see stellar spectrum photography, whose use he first made familiar, producing in its newest development, which we give here, the same result in almost as many minutes. Before we present this latest achievement of celestial photography, let us employ the old method of an engraving made from eye-drawings once more, to illustrate on page 586 the distinct character of these spectra, and their meaning. In the telespectroscope, the star is drawn out into

a band of colored light, but here we note only in black and white the lines which are seen crossing it, the red end in these drawings being at the left, and the violet at the right; and we may observe of this illustration, that though it may be criticised by the professional student, and though it lack to the general reader the attraction of color, or of beautiful form, it is yet full of interest to any one who wishes to learn the meaning of the message the star's light can be made to yield through the spectroscope, and to know how significant the differences are it indicates between one star and another, where all look so alike to the eye. First is the spectrum of a typical white or blue-white star, Sirius, the very brightest star in the sky, and which we all know. The brighter part of the spectrum is a nearly continuous ribbon of color, crossed by conspicuous, broad, dark lines, exactly corresponding in place to narrower ones in our sun, and due principally to hydrogen. Iron and magnesium are also indicated in this class, but by too fine lines to be here shown.

Sirius, as will be presently seen, belongs to the division of stars whose spectrum indicates a very high temperature, and in this case, as in what follows, we may remark (to use in part Mr. Lockyer's words) that one of the most important distinctions between the stars in the heavens is one not depending upon their mass or upon anything of that kind, but upon conditions which make their spectra differ just in the way that in our laboratories the spectrum of one and the same body will differ at different temperatures.

What these absolutely are in the case of the stars, we may not know, but placing them in their most probable relative order, we have taken as an instance of the second class or lower-temperature stage our own sun. The impossibility of giving a just notion of its real complexity may be understood, when we state that in the recent magnificent photographs by Professor Rowland, a part of this spectrum alone occupies something like fifty times the space here given to the whole, so that, crowded with lines as this appears, scarcely one in fifty of those actually visible can be given in it. Without trying to understand all these now, let us notice only the identity of two or three of its principle elements with those found in other stars, as shown by the corresponding identity of some leading lines. Thus, C and F (with others) are known to be caused by hydrogen; D, by sodium; *b*, by magnesium; while fainter lines are given by iron and by other substances. These elements can be traced by their lines in most of the different star-spectra on this plate, and all those named are constituents of our own frames.

The hydrogen lines are not quite accurately shown in the plate from which our engraving is made; those in Sirius, for instance, being really wider by comparison than they are here given, and we may observe in this connection, that by the particular appearance such lines wear in the spectrum itself, we can obtain some notion of the *mass* of a star, as well as of its chemical constitution. We can compare the essential characteristics of such bodies then without reference to their apparent size, or as though they were all equally remote; and it is a striking thought that when we thus rise to an impartial contemplation of the whole stellar universe, our sun, whose least ray makes the whole host of stars disappear, is found to be not only itself a star, but by comparison a small one — one at least which is more probably below than above the average individual of its class, while some, such as Sirius, are not impossibly hundreds of times its size.

Then comes a third class, such as is shown in the spectrum of the brightest star in Orion, looking still a little like that of our sun, but yet more distinctively in that of the brightest star in Hercules, looking like a columnar or fluted structure, and concerning which the observations of Lockyer and others create the strong presumption, not to say certainty, that we have here a lower temperature still. Antares and other reddish stars belong to this division, which in the very red stars passes into the fourth type; and there are more classes and subclasses without end, but we invite here attention particularly to the first three, much as we might present a child, an adult, and an old man, as types of the stages of human existence without meaning to deny that there are any number of ages between. We can even say that this may be something more than a mere figure of speech, and that a succession in age is not improbably pointed at in these types.

We may have considered — perhaps not without a sort of awe at the vastness of the retrospect — the past life of the worlds of our own system, from our own globe of fluid fire as we see it by analogy in the past, through the stages of planetary life to the actual condition of our present green earth and on to the stillness of the moon. Yet the life history of our sun, we can hardly but admit, is indefinitely longer than this. We feel, rather than comprehend, the vastness of the period that separates our civilization from the early life of the world; but what is this to the age of the sun, which has looked on and seen its planetary children grow? Yet if we admit this temperature classification of the stars, we are not far from admitting that the spectroscope is now pointing out the stages in the life of suns themselves; suns just beginning their life of

almost infinite years; suns in the middle of their course; suns which are growing old and casting feebler beams,— all these and many more it brings before us.

Another division of our subject would, with more space, include a fuller account of that strange and most interesting development of photography which is going on even while we write, and this is so new and so important that we must try to give some hint of it even in this brief summary, for even since the first numbers of this series were written, great advances have taken place in its application to celestial objects.

Most of us have vague ideas about small portions of time; so much so, that it is rather surprising to find to how many intelligent people a second, as seen on the clock face, is its least conceivable interval. Yet a second has not only a beginning, middle, and end, as much as a year has, but can, in thought, at least, be divided into just as many numbered parts as a year can. Without entering on a disquisition about this, let us try to show by some familiar thing that we can, at any rate, not only divide a second in imagination into, let us say, a hundred parts, but that we can observe distinctly what is happening in such a short time, and make a picture of it — a picture which shall be begun and completed while this hundredth of a second lasts.

Every one has fallen through at least some such a little distance as comes in jumping from a chair to the floor, and most of us, it is safe to say, have a familiar impression of the fact that it takes, at any rate, less than a second in such a case from the time the foot leaves its first support till it touches the ground. Plainly, however large or small the fall may be, each fraction of an inch of it must be passed through in succession, and if we suppose the space to be divided, for instance, into a hundred parts, we must divide in thought the second into at least as many, since each little successive space was traversed in its own little interval of time, and the whole together did not make a second. We can even, as a matter of fact, very easily calculate the time that it will take anything which has already fallen, let us say, one foot to fall an inch more; and we find this in the supposed instance to be almost exactly one one-hundredth of a second. On page 588 is a reproduction of a photograph from nature of a man falling freely through the air. He has dropped from the grasp of the man above him, and has already fallen through some small distance — a foot or so. If we suppose it to be a foot, since we can see that the man's features are not blurred, as they would undoubtedly have been had he moved even much less than an inch while this picture was being taken, it follows from what has been said, that the taking of the whole picture — landscape, spectators, and all — occupied not *over* one one-hundredth of a second.

We have given this view of the falling man because rightly understood it thus carries internal evidence of the limit of time in which it could have been made; and this will serve as an introduction to another picture where probably no one will dispute that the time was still shorter, but where we cannot give the same kind of evidence of the fact.

"Quick as lightning" is our common simile for anything occupying, to ordinary sense, no time at all. Exact measurements show that the electric spark does occupy a time, which is almost inconceivably small, and of which we can only say here that the one one-hundredth of a second we have just been considering is a long period by comparison with the duration of the brightest portion of the light.

On page 589 we have the photograph of a flash of lightning (which proves to be several simultaneous flashes) taken last July from a point on the Connecticut coast, and showing not only the vivid zigzag streaks of the lightning itself, but something of the distant sea view, and the masts of the coast survey schooner *Palinurus* in the foreground, relieved against the sky. We are here concerned with this interesting autograph of the lightning only as an illustration of our subject and as proving the almost infinite sensitiveness of the recent photographic processes, for there seems to be no limit to the briefness of time in which these can so act in some degree, whether the light be bright or faint, and no known limit to the briefness of time required for them to act *effectively* if the light be bright enough.

What has just preceded will now help us to understand how it is that photography also succeeds so well in the incomparably fainter objects we are about to consider and which have been produced not by short but by long exposures. We have just seen how sensitive the modern plate is, and we are next to notice a new and very important point in which photographic action in general differs remarkably from that of the eye. Seeing may be described, not wholly inaptly, as the recognition of a series of brief successive photographs, taken by the optic lens on the retina, but the important difference between seeing and photographing which we now ask attention to is this: When the eye looks at a faint object, such as the spectrum of a star or at the still fainter nebula, this, as we know, appears no brighter at the end of half an hour

than at the end of the first half-second. In other words, after a brief fraction of a second, the visual effect does not sensibly accumulate. But in the action of the photograph, on the contrary, the effect *does* accumulate, and in the case of a weak light accumulates indefinitely. It is owing to this precious property, that supposing (for illustration merely) the lightning flash to have occupied the one-thousandth part of a second in impressing itself on the plate: to get a nearly similar effect from a continuous light one thousand times weaker, we have only to expose it a thousand times as long, that is, for one second, while from a light a million times weaker, we should get the same result by exposing it a million times as long, that is, for a thousand seconds.

And now that we come to the stars, whose spectra occupy minutes in taking, what we just considered will help us to understand how we can advantageously thus pass from a thousandth of a second or less to one thousand seconds or even more, and how we can even,— given time enough,— conceivably, be able to photograph what the eye *cannot see at all.*

We have on page 590 a photograph quite recently taken at Cambridge from a group of stars (the Pleiades) passing by the telescope. Every star is caught as it goes, and presented, not in its ordinary appearance to the eye, but by its spectrum. There is a general resemblance in these spectra from the same cluster; while in other cases the spectra are of all types and kinds, the essential distinction between individuals alike to the eye being more strikingly shown, as stars apparently far away from one another are seen to have a common nature, and stars looking close together (but which may be merely in line, and really far apart) have often no resemblance; and so the whole procession passes through the field of view, each individual leaving its own description. This self-description will be better seen in the remarkable photographs of the spectra of Vega and Aldebaran which are reproduced on page 591 from the originals by a process independent of the graver. They were obtained on the night of November 9th, 1886, at Cambridge, as a part of the work pursued by Professor Pickering, with means which have been given from fitting hands thus to form a memorial of the late Dr. Henry Draper. We are obliged to the source indicated, then, for the ability to show the reader here the latest, and as yet inedited, results in this direction, and they are such as fully to justify the remark made above, that minutes by this new process take the place of years of work by the most skillful astronomer's eye and hand.

The spectrum of Vega (Alpha Lyrae) is marked only by a few strong lines, due chiefly to hydrogen, because these are all there are to be seen in a star of its class. Aldebaran (the bright star in Taurus), on the contrary, here announces itself as belonging to the family of our own sun, a probably later type, and distinguished by solar-like lines in its spectrum, which may be counted in the original photograph to the number of over two hundred. There is necessarily some loss in the printed reproduction, but is it not a wonderful thing to be able to look up, as the reader may do this February night, to Aldebaran in the western sky, and then down upon the page before us, knowing that that remote, trembling speck of light has by one of the latest developments of the New Astronomy been made, without the intervention of the graver's hand, to write its own autograph record on a page of THE CENTURY before him?

In the department of nebular astronomy, photography has worked an equal change. The writer well remembers the weeks he has himself spent in drawing or attempting to draw nebulæ; things often so ghost-like as to disappear from view every time the eye turned from the white paper, and only to be seen again when it had recovered its sensitiveness by gazing into the darkness. The labors of weeks were literally only represented by what looked like a stain on the paper, and no two observers, however careful, could be sure that the change between two drawings of a nebula at different dates was due to an alteration in the thing itself, or in the eye or hand of the observer, though unfortunately for the same reason it is impossible fully to render the nebulous effect of the photograph in engraving. We cannot with our best efforts do, then, full justice to the admirable one of Orion on page 592 which we owe to the particular kindness of Mr. Common, of Ealing, England, whose work in this field is as yet unequaled. The original enlargement measures nearly two square feet in area, with fine definition. It is taken by thirty-nine minutes' exposure, and its character can only be indicated here, for it is not too much to say here, too, of this original, that as many years of the life of the most skilled artist could not produce so trustworthy a record of this wonder.

The writer remembers the interest with which he heard Dr. Draper, not long before his lamented death, speak of the almost incredible sensitiveness of these most recent photographic processes, and his belief that we were fast approaching the time when we should photograph what we could not even see. That time has now arrived. At Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and at the Paris Observatory, by taking advantage of the cumulative action we have referred to, and by long exposures, photo-

graphs have recently been taken showing stars absolutely invisible to the telescope, and enabling us to discover faint nebulæ whose previous existence had not been suspected; and when we consider that an hour's exposure of a plate now not only secures a fuller star-chart than years of an astronomer's labor, but a more exact one; that the art is every month advancing perceptibly over the last, and that it is already, as we may say, not only making pictures of what we see, but of what we cannot see, even with the telescope,— we have before us a prospect whose possibilities no further words are needed to suggest.

We have now not described, but only mentioned, some division of the labors of the New Astronomy in its photometric, spectroscopic, and photographic stellar researches, on each of which as many books, rather than chapters, might be written, to give only what is novel and of current interest. But these are themselves but a part of the modern work that has overturned or modified almost every conception about the stellar universe which was familiar to the last generation, or which perhaps we were taught in our own youth.

In considering the results to be drawn from this glance we have taken at some facts of modern observation, if it be asked, not only what the facts are, but what lessons the facts themselves have to teach, there is more than one answer, for the moral of a story depends on the one who draws it, and we may look on our story of the heavens from the point of view either of our own importance or of our own insignificance. In the one case, we behold the universe as a sort of reflex of our own selves, mirroring in vast proportions of time and space our own destiny; and even from this standpoint, one of the lessons of our subject is surely that there is no permanence in any created thing. When primitive man learned that with lapsing years the oak withered and the very rock decayed, more slowly but as surely as himself, he looked up to the stars as the very types of contrast to the change he shared, and fondly deemed them eternal; but now we have found change there, and that probably the star clusters and the nebulæ, even if clouds of suns and worlds, are fixed only by comparison with our own brief years, and, tried by the terms of their own long existence, are fleeting like ourselves.

"We have often witnessed the formation of a cloud in a serene sky. A hazy point barely perceptible — a little wreath of mist increases in volume and becomes darker and denser, until it obscures a large portion of the heavens. It throws itself into fantastic shapes, it gathers a glory from the sun, is borne onward by the wind, and as it gradually came, so, perhaps, it gradually disappears, melting away in the untroubled air. But the universe is nothing more than such a cloud — a cloud of suns and worlds. Supremely grand though it may seem to us, to the infinite and eternal intellect it is no more than a fleeting mist. If there be a succession of worlds in infinite space, there is also a succession of worlds in infinite time. As one after another cloud replaces clouds in the skies, so this starry system, the universe, is the successor of countless others that have preceded it — the predecessor of countless others that will follow."

These impressions are strengthened rather than weakened when we come back from the outer universe to our own little solar system, for every process which we know tends to the dissipation, or rather the degradation, of heat, and seems to point, in our present knowledge, to the final decay and extinction of the light of the world. In the words of one of the most eminent living students of our subject, "The candle of the sun is burning down, and, as far as we can see, must at last reach the socket. Then will begin a total eclipse which will have no end."

Yet though it may well be that the fact itself here is true, it is possible that we draw the moral to it, unawares, from an unacknowledged satisfaction in the idea of the vastness of the funeral pyre provided for such beings as ourselves, and that it is pride, after all, which suggests the thought that when the sun of the human race sets, the universe will be left tenantless as a body from which the soul has fled. Can we not bring ourselves to admit that there may be something higher than man and more enduring than frail humanity in some sphere in which *our* universe, conditioned as it is, in space and time, is itself embraced, and so distrust the conclusions of man's reason where they seem to flatter his pride?

May we not receive even the teachings of science, as to the laws of nature, with the constant memory that all we know even from science itself depends on our very limited sensations, our very limited experience, and our still more limited power of conceiving anything for which this experience has not prepared us?

I have read somewhere a story about a race of ephemeral insects who live but an hour. To those who are born in the early morning the sunrise is the time of youth. They die of old age while his beams are yet gathering force, and only their descendants live on to midday; while it is another race which sees the sun decline, from that which saw him rise. Imagine the sun about to set, and the whole nation of mites gathered under the shadow of some

mushroom (to them ancient as the sun itself) to hear what their wisest philosopher has to say of the gloomy prospect. If I remember aright, he first told them that, incredible as it might seem, there was not only a time in the world's youth when the mushroom itself was young, but that the sun in those early ages was in the eastern, not in the western, sky. Since then, he explained, the eyes of scientific ephemera had followed it, and established by induction from vast experience the great law of nature, that it moved only westward; and he showed that since it was now nearing the western horizon, science herself pointed to the conclusion that it was about to disappear forever, together with the great race of ephemera for whom it was created.

What his hearers thought of this discourse I do not remember, but I have heard that the sun rose again the next morning.

S. P. Langley.

RECENT DISCOVERIES OF WORKS OF ART IN ROME.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE NEW MUSEO URBANO.

IN a manuscript volume of the Vatican Library, belonging to the Syriac collection, and numbered one hundred and forty-five, a short description of Rome has been found, written A. D. 546, by Zacharias, a Byzantine historian and bishop of Mitylene in the island of Lesbos. From his account we gather that, towards the middle of the sixth century of our era, there were in Rome *eighty* statues of gilt bronze representing gods, *three thousand seven hundred and eighty-five* bronze statues of miscellaneous subjects, and *twenty-five* bronze statues which according to the tradition had been removed from Jerusalem by Vespasian; in total, three thousand eight hundred and ninety works of art in bronze, exhibited in public places. Of this immense and invaluable collection a particle only has come down to us; in fact, the list of antique bronzes in modern Rome is so short that, as regards number, the contents of our museums cannot be compared favorably with the contents of the National Museum in Naples. Our list comprises, first of all, the Capitoline collection, namely, the "Bronze Wolf," the equestrian statue of M. Aurelius, the colossal head of Domitian, the "Camillus" or sacrificing youth, the "Boy Extracting a Thorn," and the "Hercules" from the Forum Boarium. Many errors connected with the origin and the discovery of these famous bronzes have been circulated, and are still believed by many. The equestrian statue is said to have been found between the Lateran and the basilica of S. Croce in Gerusalemme, in a vineyard adjoining the "Scala Santa"; the "She-wolf," to have been found under the N. W. spur of the Palatine hill, near the so-called "Arco degli argentieri" at S. Giorgio in Velabro; the colossal head of Domitian, to have been found in 1487 near the basilica of Constantine on the "Sacra Via," and so on. The truth is that these celebrated works have *never* been lost and rediscovered; and that, from the fall of the empire downwards, they have been kept together and preserved in and around the Pope's palace at the Lateran, until Sixtus IV. and Paul III. caused them to be removed to the Capitol.

Of the equestrian statue of M. Aurelius we have accounts since the tenth century. In the year 966, Peter, prefect of Rome, was executed for rebellion against Pope John XIII., being hung by the hair from this horse; and at its feet was flung the corpse of the Antipope Boniface, son of Ferruccio, in the year 974. We hear again of the group in 1347, during the festivities which followed the election of Rienzi to the tribuneship, when, for nearly a whole day, wine was made to flow from one nostril of the horse, water from the other. This constant connection of the equestrian group with the Lateran, from immemorial time, makes us believe that it was never removed thither from the Forum, as commonly asserted, but that it must have belonged to the Lateran imperial residence since the time of Marcus Aurelius, who was born and educated in the house of the Annii close by.

As regards the "She-wolf," the positive evidence of its being kept at the Lateran dates from the beginning of the ninth century. Benedict, a monk from Mount Soracte who wrote a "Chronicon" in the tenth century, speaks of the institution of a supreme court of justice "in the Lateran palace, in the place called *the Wolf*, viz., the mother of the Romans." Trials and executions "at the Wolf" are recorded from time to time until 1450. Paolo di Liello speaks of two highwaymen, whose hands, cut by the executioner, were hung at the Wolf. It was removed to the Conservatori palace on the Capitol in 1473, together with the colossal head, and the "Camillus."

The antique bronzes in the Vatican Museum

are less important in number and in interest than those of the Capitol; in fact, two only are worth mentioning: the "Pine-cone" in the "Giardino della Pigna," and the "Hercules," discovered in the autumn of 1864 under the foundations of the Palazzo Pio di Carpi, on the site of the theater of Pompey the Great.

The "Pine-cone," eleven feet high, is generally described as the pinnacle of Hadrian's mausoleum (now Castel Sant'Angelo), in the ruins of which it is said to have been found. The truth is that the "Pine-cone" has always been the central ornament of a large fountain, or basin, or pond, the water flowing in innumerable jets, *per foramina nucum*, that is to say, from each of the spikes. Pope Damasus, who did so much towards the embellishment of sacred edifices in Rome (between 366 and 384), removed the "Pine-cone" from its antique place, most probably from Agrippa's artificial lake in the Campus Martius, and adorned with it the magnificent fountain which he had built in the center of the so-called "Paradise" of St. Peter's, namely, in the center of the square portico in front of the basilica.

The other bronze of the Vatican, the colossal "Hercules" discovered twenty-two years ago near the Piazza di Campo dei Fiori, under the substructions of Pompey's theater, is remarkable more for having been an oracular statue than for its beauty. Very few persons are acquainted with the most striking feature of this Hercules. I mean very few persons know the existence of a hole on the back of the head, thirty-eight centimeters in diameter, through which a full-grown youth can easily penetrate into the colossus. The experience was actually made by a young mason named Pietro Roega, in November, 1864, in the presence of Commendatore Tenerani and other eminent personages; and the sound of his voice, in answering the questions addressed to him, was really impressive and almost supernatural. Hercules, like Æsculapius, Apollo, and the Fortune, was undoubtedly an oracular god, as shown by the existence of many temples and sanctuaries in which *responsa* or oracles were given in his name.

How happens it that so very few among the many thousand bronze statues of antique Rome have escaped destruction? The answer has already been given by Fea in his "Istoria della rovina di Roma," by Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Dyer in the last chapters of his "History of the City of Rome." During the long agony of the former capital of the world, an agony which lasted nearly seven centuries, from Constantine's age to the final burning of the city by Robert Guiscard and his Normans, in May, 1084, no one, except a few lime-burners, paid any attention to marbles; bronze and other metals were searched, spied, stolen, stripped, and melted with an almost incredible amount of labor and patience, on account of their marketable value and facility of transportation. In justice to the barbarians, upon whom is often cast the blame of spoliations committed by the Romans, we must acknowledge that the emperors themselves set the bad example of stealing bronze and other valuables from public places, especially from pagan temples and shrines, after the recognition of Christianity as the religion of the State. The first inroad upon this class of works of art was undoubtedly made by Constantine in transferring the seat of the empire to Byzantium; at any rate, under him began the wanton practice of changing the heads of bronze and marble statues, in order that they might be dedicated to new personages with no cost and no trouble.

The next important step towards the destruction of the artistic treasures of Rome was made in 383 by Gratianus, when he ordered, by imperial decree, the abolition and confiscation of the privileges and the patrimony of all pagan places of worship, on the ground that it was not becoming a Christian government and a Christian state to supply the infidels with the means of persevering in their errors. In 391 the edict of Gratianus was confirmed by his brother Valentinian II., and this measure having roused the indignation of the pagan majority in the Senate-house, ready to break into an open rebellion, the emperor decided to strike the final blow, and before that memorable year was over another decree prohibited forever superstitious sacrifices in Rome and in Italy, even if offered under a private name, at private cost, and within the threshold of a private house. The masterpieces of Grecian and Italo-Greek art, to which divine honors had been offered for centuries, were removed from their temples and exhibited in public places, in the baths, in the forums, in the theaters, as simple objects of curiosity. There is no doubt, however, that on this occasion, and on their being suddenly exposed to the hatred and violence of a Christian populace, who had so long and so bitterly suffered from the hatred and violence of the pagan aristocracy, the works of art must have suffered a certain amount of damage. The bronze "Hercules" of the Vatican, for instance, bears still the evidence of an ignoble attack, which must have taken place when the gates of the temple were shut behind him.

In 408 Alaric was induced to withdraw from Rome, on the payment of an exorbitant ransom, one of the items of which was five thousand pounds in weight of gold. In order to meet such a demand, the Romans were

compelled to strip the bronze statues of their heavy gilding. Two years later, on the 24th day of August, 410, Alaric and his hordes stormed the town, plundered it for three consecutive days, carrying off an incredible amount of articles of value.

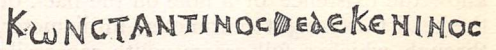
In June, 455, the Vandals, with whom were mixed Bedouins and Africans, entered Rome by the Porta Portese, and plundered it at leisure during a whole fortnight. On this occasion the palace of the Cæsars was completely robbed, not only of its precious statues, but even of its commonest brass utensils. Genseric seems to have particularly devoted himself to the plunder of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; its statues were carried off to adorn the African residence of the Vandal king, and half the roof was stripped of its tiles of gilt bronze.

On the first of January of the following year, 456, the Senate decreed that a bronze statue should be raised in Trajan's forum in honor of Sidonius Apollinaris, the son-in-law of the emperor Avitus. Although the decree of the Senate must be understood in the sense that a new head, representing within a certain approximation the likeness of Apollinaris, should be put on a preëxisting statue, still the fact proves that in spite of so many inroads and plunders, works in metal were still left in Rome, not only in private palaces and villas, but also in public palaces such as the forum of Trajan.

It does not enter into the scheme of this paper to follow any longer, chapter by chapter, the history of the destruction of Rome. Two incidents only remain to be noted: first, the erection of a monumental column in honor of Phocas, the usurper of the throne of the East and the murderer of Mauritius, because, from the inscription engraved on the pedestal, we learn that the column itself was crowned with a statue *in gilt bronze*. A statue in gilt bronze could not have been modeled and cast in Rome in 608; it was merely a statue cast centuries before, to which, I am inclined to believe, not even the head had been changed. The second incident worth note is the grant from the emperor Heraclius to Pope Honorius I., of the gilt bronze tiles forming the roof of Hadrian's temple of Venus and Rome. The tile grant had been requested in favor of the basilica of St. Peter: a consequence of it was the destruction of Hadrian's masterpiece.

At length, in 663, Rome had, for the last time, the misfortune of an imperial visit. Constans II., compelled by the guilty conscience of a fraticide to wander from sanctuary to sanctuary, undertook the pilgrimage to Rome, in the spring of that year, and was met by Pope Vitalianus and the few inhabitants near the sixth milestone of the Appian Way. The short and friendly visit of this Christian emperor proved absolutely fatal; he laid his hands on everything which, after the repeated sieges of the Vandals, Goths, and Lombards, had been left for plunder. "In the twelve days which Constans spent at Rome, he carried off as many bronze statues as he could lay hands on; and though the Pantheon seemed to possess a double claim to protection, as having been presented by Phocas to the Pope, and as having been converted into a Christian church, yet Constans was mean and sacrilegious enough to carry off the tiles of gilt bronze which covered it. After perpetrating these acts, which were, at least, as bad as robberies, and attending mass at the tomb of St. Peter, Constans carried off his booty to Syracuse. His plunder ultimately fell into the hands of the Saracens" (Dyer: p. 356).

A remarkably interesting discovery has been made of late in connection with this visit of Constans to Rome. It is certain that the emperor, between his acts of doubtful devotion in churches and basilicas, found time enough to visit the pagan monuments and ruins. These visits were recorded by one of his attendants by scraping the name of the emperor on the most prominent place of each building which the party would dishonor with its presence. Here is the fac-simile of the record scratched on the "Janus quadrifrons" on the Forum Boarium.

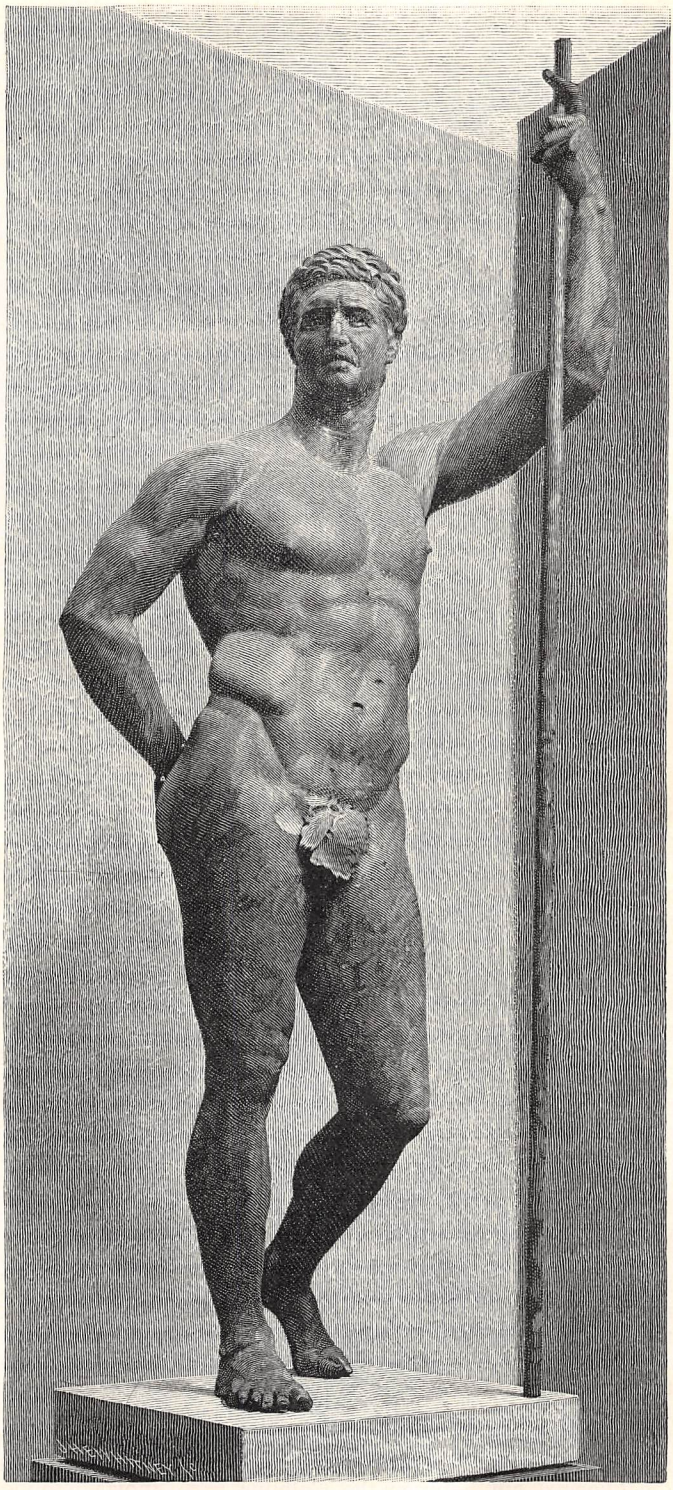


Another signature has been discovered and read on the very top of Trajan's column. I have no doubt that a careful examination of the principal Roman monuments, of the Coliseum, for instance, of the Pantheon, of the Antonine column, etc., would lead to the discovery of other such "graffiti," and would enable us to follow step by step the wanderings of the last emperor who saw Rome before its last destruction by the Normans.

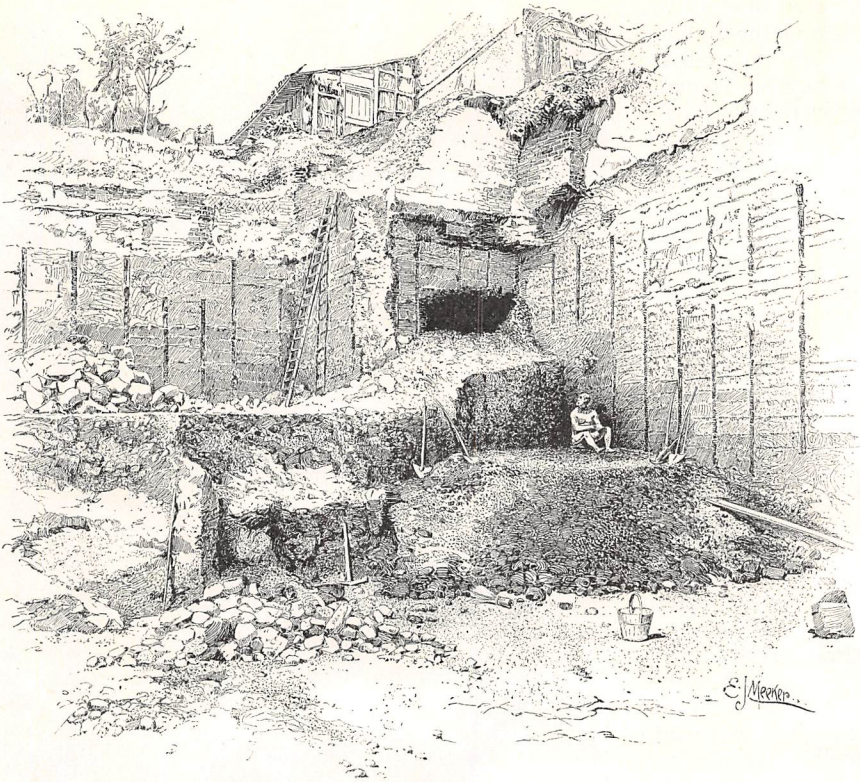
After such a marvelous succession of robberies and spoliations, there is no reason to wonder at the scarcity of antique bronzes in Rome; in fact there is reason to wonder at the chance by which the few we possess have come down to us. The explanation of the mystery is this: *Every bronze discovered in Rome since the Renaissance* (I speak of this later period, because our knowledge of earlier finds is too imperfect and fragmentary to be valued) *had been carefully concealed and hidden*, evidently under the apprehension of a great and imminent danger. The secret of the hiding-place was never revealed, either on account of the murder or of the death of those who knew it,

or else on account of the destruction of the building under which the treasure had been buried. To quote only discoveries which have taken place in my life-time, I will mention first of all the treasure-trove of the "Vicolo delle Palme" in the Trastevere. In 1849, a few weeks before the storming of Rome by the French army of General Oudinot, under the house No. 17 in the above-mentioned lane, a most remarkable collection of works of art was discovered by mere accident. It comprised the "Apoxyomenos" of Lysippus, now in the Braccio nuovo (a marble copy from the bronze original, which stood in front of the baths of Agrippa); the bronze horse, now in the Palazzo de' Conservatore, described by Emil Braun as "an unique work, a masterpiece, and a genuine Grecian antique"; a bronze foot, with an extremely ornamented shoe, which may possibly have belonged to the rider of the horse; a bronze bull, and many other fragments of less importance. Here we have the evidence of a collection of works in metal, stolen from different places, and concealed in that remote corner of the Trastevere, in readiness for shipment from the quay of the Tiber close by. Whether the deed was committed by a barbarian from the hordes of Genseric, who entered and left Rome precisely from this quarter, or by a Jew of the Transtiberine community, the fact is that the treasure was never removed from its hiding-place until its accidental discovery in 1849.

The Vatican "Hercules" above described, and discovered on August 8th, 1864, under the substructions of Pompey's theater,



STANDING ATHLETE, DISCOVERED FEBRUARY, 1885.



SITTING ATHLETE, AS DISCOVERED.

had been not only concealed, but actually buried with utmost care in a kind of coffin built of solid masonry and coated with marble.

In 1881, when the foundations of the English chapel were first laid at the corner of the Via del Babuino and the Via del Gesu-Maria, a collection of bronze imperial busts was found heaped up and concealed in a subterranean passage. The same thing had happened two years before at the corner of the Via Nazionale and the Via di St. Eufemia, when a remarkable set of bronzes was found by Madame Ristori concealed under the foundations of her palace. The discovery of the two magnificent athletic statues, which forms the subject of this paper, has taken place under circumstances absolutely identical, as I shall presently relate.

In the spring of 1884 an application was made to the government and to the municipality of Rome for the constitution of a "national dramatic society," and for the grant of a plot of ground, upon which the society's theater could be built. Both requests having been accepted by the State and the town authorities, the society took possession of a beautiful plot of ground, on the western slope of the Quirinal hill, between the Colonna gardens and the Palazzo Campanari, on the condition that whatever should be found in clearing the site should become the property of the State. The work of excavation had not even begun, when I received a letter from an old digger of antiquities, warning me to watch carefully the building of the new theater, on account of some rare bronzes which he thought were buried there at a great depth. The surmise was not based on any real knowledge; the plot of ground had never been excavated or explored before, and no human being could tell what would be the chances and the results of such an excavation. Strange to say, the prophecy of my humble correspondent, Signor Guiseppe Gagliardi, proved to be correct beyond expectation; the two bronze statues discovered there in March and April, 1885, must be classed among the finest masterpieces ever brought to light from the Roman soil.

The slope of the Quirinal hill, upon which the society is building, was occupied in ancient times by three different edifices: by the temple which the Emperor Aurelian dedicated to the Sun, A.D. 273, after his victories in the East; by the shrine dedicated to Semo Sancus, an archaic, little-known Sabine god; and lastly, by a portico built under Constantine, and known in topographical books as the "porticus Constantini." Still the limits of these three buildings were so imperfectly known, that we

could not tell how large a portion of each would be discovered in clearing the site for the new theater. The result of the excavations has shown that the lower portion of the ground was occupied by a private house of a modest appearance, the existence of which was altogether unknown; the upper portion was occupied by the towering substructions of the temple of the Sun.

On Saturday, February 7th, 1885, toward sunset, a workman engaged in clearing the rubbish which filled up the space between the first and the second substruction wall of the temple (at the south-west corner of the platform) discovered the fore-arm of a bronze statue lying on its back at a depth of seventeen feet below the level of the platform itself. The news was kept secret by the contractor of the works until the following day; and when the government officials met on the spot, the statue had been already removed from its place of concealment, and consequently we were not able to study and take notice of the circumstances of the find, which circumstances, however minute and uninteresting they appear at first sight, may sometimes throw an unexpected light on problems otherwise very hard to deal with.

This noble figure is seven feet four inches high, two feet wide at the shoulders, and represents a naked athlete, or at least a man of the athletic type, in the full development of his strength, whose features are evidently modeled from nature — in other words, it is a portrait statue. Some adepts of that modern archæological school which pretends to be able to identify everything, have started up the idea that the statue may represent one of the Macedonian kings,— I don't recollect exactly which,— but there seems to be hardly any foundation for such a statement. The figure stands and rests on the right leg, the left being extended a little forward. The right arm is bent behind the back and rests on the haunches, as is the case with the Vatican Meleager and the Hercules of Glycon. The left arm is raised high above the head and was supported by a rod or a lance, the traces of which are to be seen all along the fore-arm. On the breast of the figure the letters

L · VIS · L · XXIIX

have been engraved at a very late period, that is to say, many years, centuries perhaps, after the removal of the statue from Greece to Rome. These letters have given rise to much speculation. They have even been read and explained as follows, *L(ucius) VIS(ullius) L(uctavit) XXIIX:* "Lucius Visullius has fought in the arena twenty-eight times!" I need not dwell on such absurdities, the truth being that nobody, not even the great Mommsen, has been able to give a satisfactory explanation of those mysterious signs.

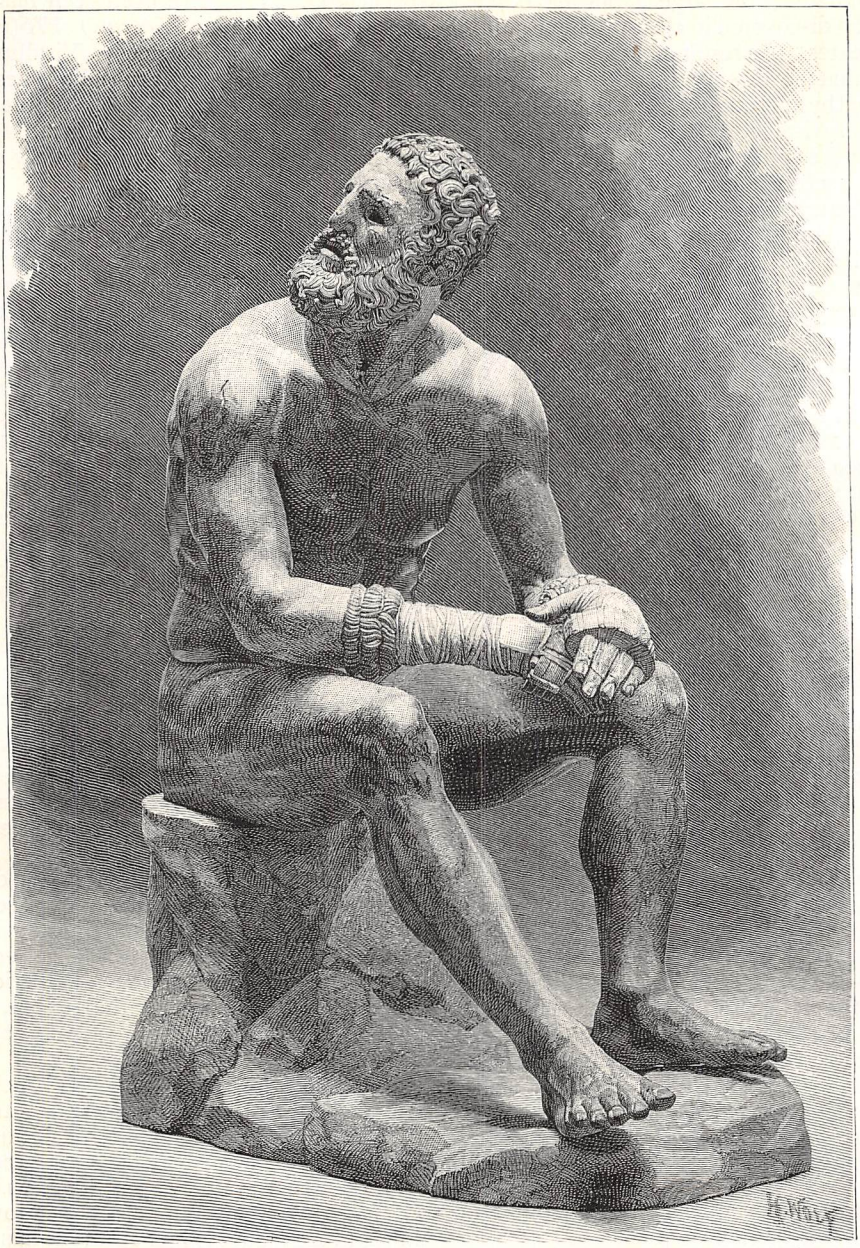
The excitement created by this extraordinary find had scarcely abated, when, about a month later, a second bronze statue was dug up, under the same circumstances as related above. The discovery took place between the second and the third foundation wall, at a depth of eighteen feet below the level of the platform. Being warned at once, we assembled this time on the spot when only the head of the figure was coming out of the ground, and consequently we could watch and follow and ascertain the minutest details of the find.

The most important piece of evidence collected, in witnessing and following the removal of the earth in which the masterpiece lay buried, is that the statue had not been thrown there disorderly, or buried in haste, but that it had been concealed and treated with utmost care. The figure, being in a sitting posture, had been placed on a stone capital of the doric order, as upon a stool, and the trench, which had been opened through the lower foundations of the temple of the Sun to conceal the statue, had been filled with sifted pure earth, in order to save the surface of the bronze from any possible injury.

I have witnessed in my long career on the active field of archæology many discoveries,* but I have never felt such an extraordinary impression as the one created by the sight of this magnificent specimen of a semi-barbaric athlete coming slowly out of the ground, as if awakening from a long repose after his gallant fights.

His torso bends gently forward; his elbows rest on the knees; his attitude is the attitude of a boxer (wrestler, pugilist, pankratiastes) exhausted by the numerous blows received, the traces of which are visible all over his body. The face, of Herculean type, is turned towards the right, the mouth is half open, the lips seem to quiver, as if speaking to some one,— in fact, there is no doubt that the statue belongs to a group. Every detail is absolutely realistic: the nose is swollen from the effects of the last blow received; the ears resemble a flat and shapeless piece of leather; the neck, the shoulders, the breast, are seamed with scars. The

* To convey an idea of the riches which our Roman soil is capable of yielding, in spite of so many centuries of uninterrupted excavations, I quote from the municipal statistics. From January 1st, 1872, to December 31st, 1885, the following works of art and objects have been found in building the new quarters: 192 marble statues, 266 busts and heads, 152 bas-reliefs, 390 columns, 2360 lamps, 4024 inscriptions, 405 bronzes, 711 cameos, intaglios, and precious stones, 47 objects in gold, 39 objects in silver, 36,679 coins in gold, silver and bronze, etc.



SITTING ATHLETE, AS SEEN IN THE MUSEUM.

modeling of the muscles of the arms and of the back is simply wonderful. The gallant champion is panting from sheer fatigue, but he is ready to start up again at the first call. The details of the fur-lined boxing-gloves are also interesting, and one wonders how any human being, no matter how strong and powerful, could stand the blows from such engines as these gloves, made of four or five thicknesses of leather, and fortified with brass buckles.

This bronze was considered at first to belong to the best period of Græco-Roman sculpture; the majority of connoisseurs and archæologists are now in favor of a purely Greek origin. This latter opinion, to which I fully subscribe, is confirmed to a certain degree by a circumstance which loses none of its importance because it is minute. Under the middle toe of the left foot I have traced the existence of a letter, of a big A, which

letter has not been engraved after the casting (as is the case with the signs on the breast of the standing athlete), but cast at the same time with the figure. The letter is not a Latin A, but a Greek Αλφα, and of a rather archaic shape, its height and width being absolutely the same. The minute circumstance proves, if I am not mistaken, that the work was not cast in Rome, but in Greece, and cast at a comparatively early period.

As regards the building in which the two statues were exhibited in Rome, and from which they were removed under the apprehension of danger, to be buried so carefully and at such a depth, I have no doubt it was the Baths of Constantine, separated from the temple of the Sun by a narrow street. Athletic statues were the special ornament of Roman *thermæ*, and those of Constantine must have possessed their share of this class of works in metal and marble. I have no doubt that many more statues may be found if a proper search is made under the substructions of the temple; the work however is difficult, costly, and not exempt from danger, on account of the modern buildings under which the exploration ought to be extended.

The third bronze statue, a Bacchus, discovered in Rome in the spring of 1885, comes from the bed of the Tiber, from that mighty reservoir of antiquities which seems to be inexhaustible. It was found in making the foundations of the middle pier for the new bridge (Ponte Garibaldi alla Regola) which spans the river between the Ponte Sisto and the island of St. Bartolomeo.

The statue lay in almost a perpendicular position, head downwards, sixteen feet below the bottom of the river, and twenty-six below the surface of the water. The merry god is represented in the full bloom of youth, and has a decidedly feminine type, especially as regards the arrangement of the long curling hair, which is parted in the middle and fastened with a band on the forehead. The band is gracefully inlaid with copper and silver; the eyeballs are made of a soft yellowish stone called "palombino."

This Bacchus, compared with the two superb masterpieces from Constantine's baths, seems altogether too tame, and need not be described at length. It is, at any rate, Græco-Roman work of the first century of the Christian era, a fact proved, first, by the stiffness and, as we Italians say, by the "maniera" or "conventionality" of the attitude and of the outline of the figure; secondly, by the impression of a coin on the calf of the left leg. Our best numismatists think that this coin must have been an imperial gold piece, probably of the time of Nero.

The lower portion of the body has evidently suffered from the effects of fire, but under what circumstances, by whom, at what period, this valuable work of art was hurled into midstream, it is impossible to determine. Its discovery, at any rate, affords us a compensation for the many losses which the gigantic work of the embankment of the river makes us suffer. One of those losses, the greatest perhaps of all, is the destruction, or, to speak more exactly, the deformation, of the antique bridge connecting the island of St. Bartolomeo with the Trastevere, to which bridge two modern arches will be added on each side, as the bed of the Tiber must be widened there. The bridge was built twenty-one centuries ago by Lucius Cestius, and restored A. D. 380 by the Emperor Gratianus with blocks of travertine stolen from the theater of Marcellus close by, a circumstance which shows to what degree of poverty and humiliation Rome, the queen of the world, had descended at the end of the fourth century of the Christian era.

Rodolfo Lanciani.

THE RIVER OF REST.

A BEAUTIFUL stream is the River of Rest;
The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold,
A tall mast crosses a star in the west,
A white sail gleams in the west world's gold;
It leans to the shore of the River of Rest —
The lily-lined shore of the River of Rest.

The boatman rises, he reaches a hand,
He knows you well, he will steer you true,
And far, so far from all ills upon land,
From hates, from fates that pursue and pursue;
Far over the lily-lined River of Rest —
Dear mystical, magical River of Rest.

A storied, sweet stream is this River of Rest;
The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore;
And journey you east, or journey you west,
Unwilling, or willing, sure-footed, or sore,
You surely will come to this River of Rest —
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.

Joaquin Miller.

POLLY.

THE Standneges lived in a little sheltered cove upon the mountain-side, their house only a two-roomed cabin, with an entry separating the rooms, and low, ungainly chimneys at each end. Below it the Cartecay River lay like an amber ribbon in the green, fertile valley; above it towered majestic mountain heights, shrouded in silver mists or veiled in a blue haze. The Standneges were bred-and-born mountaineers, and had drifted into the little cove while Indian camp-fires were still glowing like stars in the valley of the Cartecay and Indian wigwams dotting the river's banks. The house had a weather-beaten look, and the noble chestnut oaks shading it had covered the roof with a fine green mold.

The kitchen, a heavy-looking, smoke-blackened structure with a puncheon floor, stood just in the rear of the house, and so situated that from the door one could look through the entry to the front gate and the mountain road beyond.

Mrs. Standnege sat in the kitchen door one morning with bottles and bean-bags scattered around her, "sortin'" out seed-beans. She was a woman not much beyond middle age, but lean and yellow, with faded eyes and scant dun-colored hair, time and toil and diet having robbed her of the last remnant of youth, without giving her a lovely old age. She was a good type of the average mountain woman, illiterate but independent, and contented with her scant homespun dress, her house, her bean-bags.

A heavy old loom occupied one corner of the kitchen, and Polly, the eldest daughter, sat on the high bench before it, industriously weaving, while S'phiry Ann stood by the smoke-stained mantel, watching the pine she had laid on the fire burst into vivid flame. A bundle of clothes lay at her feet, surmounted by a round flat gourd, filled with brown jelly-like soap.

Polly was the eldest and she the youngest of eight children, but the others all lay safely and peacefully in the little neglected burial-ground at the foot of the mountain. She was unlike mother and sister. She had youth, she was supple and fair, her hair dark and abundant, her eyes gray and clear. She had the soft, drawling voice, but also a full share of the sturdy independence, of her race. The circumstances of her christening Mrs. Standnege was rather fond of relating.

"Yes, S'phiry Ann is er oncommon name,"

MRS. STANDNEGE.

she would say, not without a touch of complacency, "but her pap gin it tu her. She was a month old to a day, when that travelin' preacher came through here an' held meetin' fer brother Dan'l on Sunday. He preached mos'ly about them liars droppin' dead at the 'postles' feet, an' Standnege came home all but persessed about it, an' nothin' ed do but he mus' name the baby S'phiry Ann instead er Sarry Ann as we'uns had thought. He 'lowed it sarved them onprincipled folks right to die, an' he wanted somethin' ter remin' him o' that sermont. Well, I ain't desputin' but it was right, but I tole Standnege then, an' I say so yit, that ef all the liars in the world war tuk outen it, thar wouldn't be many folks left."

S'phiry Ann had heard of the fate of the Sapphira figuring in sacred history; it had been deeply impressed on her mind in her tenderest years, and might possibly have left a deep impression, for she grew up a singularly truthful, upright girl. Just now, as she leaned against the mantel and stared at the fire, her face wore an unwontedly grave expression.

"Folks as set themselves up ter be better'n they ekals air mighty apt tu git tuk down, S'phiry Ann," said her mother, evidently resuming a conversation dropped a short time before.

"But I ain't a-settin' up ter be better'n my ekals, ma," said S'phiry Ann, gently but defensively.

"It 'peared like nothin' else yiste'day when you'uns so p'intedly walked away from Gabe Plummer at meetin', an' it the fust time you-'uns had seed him since comin' from yer aunt Thomas over in Boondtown settle*mint*. Thar ain't no call ter treat Gabe so."

"But ain't we hearn he's tuk up with them distillers on the mountains?" said the girl in a low tone, a deep flush overspreading her face.

"Yes, we'uns hev hearn it, but what o' that? Many a gal has tuk jes' sech."

"An' glad to get 'em too," snapped Polly sharply, stopping to tie up a broken thread.

"Gabe Plummer is er oncommon steddy boy. He's er master hand at en'thing he wants ter do, an'—"

But S'phiry Ann did not linger to hear the full enumeration of her lover's virtues. Hastily balancing the bundle of clothes on her head, she took up the blazing torch, and hurried to the spring, a crystal-clear stream, running out of a ledge of rock, and slipping away through a dark ravine to the river. If she imagined she had escaped all reproaches for her reprehensible conduct the day before, it was a sad mistake. Hardly had the fire been kindled and the rusty iron kettle filled with water, when a young man came treading heavily

MR. STANDNEGE.

through the laurel thicket above the spring, leaped down the crag, and saluted her.

"Mornin', S'phiry Ann."

"Mornin', Gabe," she said, blushing vividly and busying herself piling unnecessary fuel on the fire.

He was a fine specimen of the mountaineer, lithe, well-made, toughened to hardy endurance, with tawny hair falling to his collar, and skin bronzed to a deep brown. He wore no coat, and his shirt was homespun, his nether garments of coarse brown jeans. He carried a gun, and a shot-bag and powder-horn were slung carelessly across his shoulders.

"I knowed you'uns had a way er washin' on Monday, so I jest thought bein' as I was out a-huntin' I'd come roun'," he said, sitting down on the wash-bench, and laying the gun across his lap.

"You'uns air welcome," she said, taking a tin pail and stepping to the spring to fill it.

"I wouldn't 'a' 'lowed so from yiste'day," darting a reproachful glance at her.

She made no reply.

"What made you'uns do it, S'phiry Ann?" he exclaimed, no longer able to restrain himself. "I ain't desarved no sech; but if it was jes' ter tease me, why —"

She raised up with the pail of water.

"No, it wasn't that," she said in a low tone, her eyes downcast, the color flickering uncertainly in her face.

"Then you'uns didn't mean what was said that night a-comin' from the Dillin'ham gatherin'," he cried, turning a little pale. "Mebby it's somebody over in Boondtown settlement," a smoldering spark of jealousy flaming up.

"It's the 'stillery, Gabe," she said, and suddenly put down the pail to unburden her trembling hands. "You'uns hadn't ought ter go inter it."

"But the crap last year made a plum' failure," he replied excusingly, his eyes shifting slightly under the light of hers. She was standing by the spring, against a background of dark green, a slanting sunbeam shifting its gold dawn through the overhanging pine on her dark, uncovered head, lighting up her earnest face, lending lustrous fire to her eyes. The scant cotton skirt and ill-fitting bodice she wore could not destroy the supple grace of her figure, molded for strength as well as beauty.

GABE AND S'PHIRY ANN.

"The crap wusn't no excuse, an' if you'uns mus' make whisky up thar on the sly, I ain't got no more tu say, an' I ain't got no use fer ye."

"Yer mean it, S'phiry Ann?"

"I mean it, Gabe."

"Then you'uns never keered," he cried with rising passion, "an' that half-way promise ter marry me was jest a lie ter fool me, nothin' but a lie. I'll make it if I please," bringing his hand down on the bench with a fierce blow.

"An' hide in the caves like a wild creetur, when the raiders air out on the mountains?" she scornfully exclaimed.

His sunburned face flushed a dull red, and he writhed under the cruel question.

"They ain't apt ter git me, that's certain," he muttered.

"You'uns don't know that," more gently. "Think o' Al Hendries an' them Fletcher boys. They thought themselves too smart for the officers, but they wasn't. You'uns know how they was caught arter lyin' out for weeks a-takin' the sleet an' rain an' all but starvin', an' tuk down ter Atlanty an' put in jail, an' thar they staid a-pinin'. I staid long er Al's wife them days, for she was that skeery she hated ter see night come, an' I ain't forgot how she walked the floor a-wringin' her hands, or settin' deep over the fire a-dippin' snuff or a-smokin' — 'twas all the comfort she had — an' the chillun's axin' for their pap, an' she not a-knowin' if he'd ever git back. Oh! 'twas turrible lonesome, plum' heart-breakin' to the poor creetur. Then one day, 'long in the spring, Al crept in, all broke down an' no 'count. The life gave outen him, an' for a while he sot roun' an' tried ter pick up, but the cold an' the jail had their way, an' he died."

She poured out the brief but tragic story breathlessly, then paused, looked down, and then up again. "Gabe, I sez ter myself then, 'none o' that in your'n, S'phiry Ann, none o' that in your'n.'"

She raised the bucket and threw its contents into a tub.

Gabe Plummer cast fiery glances at her, the spirit and firmness she displayed commanding his admiration, even while they filled him with rage against her. Yes, he knew Al Hendries's story; he distinctly remembered the fury of resentment his fate roused among his comrades, the threats breathed against the

law, but he held himself superior to that unfortunate fellow, gifted with keener wits, a more subtile wariness. The stand S'phiry Ann had taken against him roused bitter resentment in his soul, but the fact that he loved her so strongly made him loath to leave her. A happy dream of one day having her in his home, pervading it with the sweetness of her presence, had been his close and faithful companion for years, comforting his lonely winter nights when the wind tore wildly over the mountains, and the rain beat upon his cabin roof, or giving additional glory to languorous summer noons, when the cloud-shadows seemed to lie motionless on the distant heights, and the sluggish river fed moisture to the heated valley.

What right had she to spoil this dream before it had become a reality? He could not trust himself to argue the matter with her then, but abruptly rose to his feet.

"We'uns'l not say any more this mornin', though I do think a-settin' up Al Hendries's wife agin me is an onjestice. Me an' some o' the boys air comin' down ter ole man Whitaker's this evenin', an' bein' agreeable I might step down to see you'uns agin."

"Jest as ye please," she quietly replied, then with a tinge of color added, "If you-'uns'l go back ter the clearin' I'll do jest what I promised, Gabe."

But without saying whether he would or would not, Gabe shouldered his gun and went away.

S'phiry Ann had been very calm and decided throughout the interview, but the moment her lover had disappeared, she sank trembling on the bench, her face hidden in her hands.

"If it hadn't 'a' be'n for thinkin' o' Al Hendries's wife I never could 'a' stood up agin him," she sighed faintly.

A squirrel springing nimbly from a laurel to a slender chestnut-tree paused on a swaying branch to look at her, and a bird fluttered softly in the sweet-gum above her. The sun slipped under a cloud, and when she rose to go about her work, the spring day had grown gray and dull. It sent a shiver through her, as she stared dejectedly at the overshadowed valley. She had little time though for idle indulgence, she must be at her washing; and presently when the clouds had drifted away, and the sunshine steeped the earth in its warmth again, her spirits rose, a song burst from her lips,—an ancient hymn, old almost as the everlasting mountains around her.

The day waxed to full noon, then waned, and S'phiry Ann spread the clothes on the garden fence and the grass to dry. There were other duties awaiting her. The geese must be driven up, the cows milked, and water brought from the spring for evening use. Then she would put on her clean cotton gown, and smooth the tangles out of her hair, before Gabe came in. It was all accomplished as she had planned, and at dusk she sat on the rear step of the entry taking a few minutes of well-earned rest. The light streamed out from the kitchen, falling across the clean, bare yard and sending shifting gleams up among the young leaves of the trees. On the kitchen step sat Eph, an orphan boy of twelve or thirteen the Standneges had adopted, whittling a hickory stick for a whistle, and at his side crouched a lean, ugly hound. S'phiry could see her father tilted back in a chair against the loom, talking to Jim Wise, a valley farmer who had come up to salt his cattle on the mountains, while her mother and sister passed back and forth, preparing supper. The voices of the men were raised, and presently she heard Wise say:

"The raiders air out ter-night, so I hearn comin' up the mountain. They air expectin' ter ketch up with things this time, bein' as somebody has been a-tellin',—it 'pears so any way."

S'phiry Ann pressed her hands together with a little gasp.

"The boys air got they years open," said Mr. Standnege with a slow smile, his half-shut eyes twinkling.

"But this is er onexpected move, an' they mayn't be a-lookin' for it," persisted the other man.

"They air always a-ready an' a-lookin'. They ain't ter be tuk nappin'."

But the girl listening with breathless attention shivered, not sharing her father's easy confidence. She remembered that Gabe Plummer had said they were coming down to old man Whitaker's, and she knew that they were off guard. They would be caught, she thought, with a cold sensation around her heart; Gabe would be put in jail, and locked up, probably for months, and then come back with all the youth and strength gone from him. Even as these thoughts were passing through her mind, a sound fell on her ears, faint, far away, and yet to her, alert, keenly alive to the approach of danger, terribly significant. It was the steady tramp of iron-shod hoofs upon the road, and it approached from the valley. She sat motionless, but with fierce beating heart, listening and feeling sure it was the enemy drawing near.

The revenue men had always looked upon the Standneges as peaceful, law-abiding citizens, and though no information had ever been obtained from them, the officers sometimes stopped with them, lounged on the entry, or sat at their board, partakers of their humble

fare. Probably they intended stopping for supper. The girl devoutly hoped they would. The steady tramp grew louder, the hound pricked up his long ears, sniffed at the air, then dashed around the house with a deep, hostile yelp. The next moment a party of horsemen halted before the gate. Her fears were realized.

The dog barked noisily, the men chaffed each other in a hilarious way, while the horses stamped and breathed loudly, and the quiet place seemed all at once vivified with fresh life. Standnege went out to the gate, followed by his guest; Mrs. Standnege and Polly came to the door and peered out, and Eph hurriedly closed his knife and thrust the whistle into his pocket preparatory to following his elders. The officers would not dismount, though hospitably pressed to do so.

"'Light, 'light, an' come in; the wimmen folks air jest a-gettin' supper," said Standnege cordially.

"Business is too urgent. We are bound to capture our men to-night. Why, the whole gang are coming down out of their lair to old man Whitaker's to-night, so we have been informed, and we must be on hand to welcome them."

Eph crossed the yard, but when he would have stepped up to take a short cut through the entry, his hand was caught in another hand so cold it sent a shiver of terror over him.

"My — why, S'phiry Ann!" he sharply exclaimed.

"Hush!" she whispered, drawing him out of the light. "Will you'uns go with me ter old man Whitaker's, Eph?"

"This time o' night?"

"Yes, now."

"It's more'n a mile."

"We'uns'l take the nigh cut through the woods."

"Dark as all git-out."

"I'm not afeerd; I'll go erlone then," she said with contempt.

"What air you'uns up ter? Good Lord! S'phiry Ann, do you'uns think that could be done an' they a-ridin'?" suddenly understanding her purpose.

"Nothin' like tryin'," she replied, and glided like a shadow around the corner of the house.

The boy stared for a moment after her.

"Well, *I* never!" he muttered, and followed on.

They ran through the orchard, an ill-kept, weedy place full of stunted apple-trees, across a freshly plowed field to the dense, black woods beyond. It was a clear night, the sky thickly set with stars, and low in the west a pale new moon hanging between two towering sentinel peaks, but the light could not penetrate to the narrow pathway S'phiry Ann had selected as the nearest route to Whitaker's. The awful solitude, the intense darkness, did not daunt her. She knew the way, her footing was sure, and she ran swiftly as a deer before the hunters, animated by one desire, to get to Whitaker's before the officers. It was a desperate chance. If her father detained them a few minutes longer,— but if they hastened on,— she caught her breath and quickened her own steps. Eph stumbled pantingly along behind her, divided between admiration at her fleetness and anger that he had been called on to take part in such a mad race.

In speaking of it afterwards, he said:

"I never seed a creetur git over more ground in ez short a time sence that hound o' Mis' Beaseley's got pizened. It's a dispens'i'n er providence her neck wusn't broke a-rushin' through them gullies an' up them banks, an' it so dark you'uns mought 'a' fell plum' inter the bottomless pit an' not a knowed it."

But S'phiry Ann had no consideration to spare to personal danger, as she broke through the underbrush and climbed stony, precipitous heights. Once an owl flew across her way, its outspread wings almost brushing her face, and with a terrified hoot sought a new hiding-place. The wind swept whisperingly through the forest, and a loosened stone rolled down and fell with a dull hollow sound into the black depths of the ravine below them. Eph wished they had brought a torch, wished that he had not come, then struck out in a fresh heat, as he heard a mysterious rustling in the bushes behind him.

At last they emerged from the woods opposite Whitaker's, and S'phiry Ann leaned for a moment against the fence, panting, breathless, but exultant. She had won the race.

The house was only one forlorn old room, built of rough hewn logs, with a rickety shed in the rear. A small garden spot and the meager space inclosed with the house comprised all the open ground. Mountains rose darkly above it, and below, the mountain road wound and twisted in its tortuous course, to the fair, open valley. At the back of the dwelling the ridge shelved abruptly off into a deep ravine, dark the brightest noonday, an abyss of blackness at night.

From the low, wide, front door ruddy light streamed generously, defying the brooding night, playing fantastic tricks with the thickly growing bushes on the roadside. The girl had a good view of the interior, the men lounging around the fire, the vivid flame of pine knots bringing out the lines in their tanned weather-beaten faces, flashing into their lowering eyes, and searching out with cruel distinctness all the rough shabbiness of their coarse homespun and jeans.

There were the Whitaker boys, hardy, middle-aged men; Jeff Ward, a little shriveled fellow with long, tangled, gray beard and sharp, watchful eyes; Bill Fletcher, who had bravely survived the trials which had proved the death of his comrade, poor Al Hendries; Jeems Allen, a smooth-faced boy, and Gabe Plummer. He sat somewhat aloof from the others, staring gloomily into the fire, instead of giving attention to the lively story Jeff Ward was telling. At one end of the great hearth, laid of rough unhewn rocks, sat old man Whitaker, at the other, his wife,— a gray and withered couple; he tremulous with age, she deaf as a stone.

Nobody seemed to be on the lookout for enemies. The wide-flung door, the brilliant light, the careless group, gave an impression of security.

What had become of the revenue officers? No sound of hoofs struck upon the hard road, or murmur of voices betrayed hostile approach. Eph turned and peered down the road, then clutched excitedly at his companion's arm.

"Good Lord, S'phiry Ann! they're right down there a-hitchin' they horses an' a-gittin' ready ter creep up. I'm er goin' ter leave here."

S'phiry sprang across the fence, and the next moment stood in the door.

"The raiders, the raiders air a-comin'," she cried, not loudly but with startling distinctness; her torn dress, wild, loose hair, and brilliant excited eyes, giving her a strangely unfamiliar aspect. The warning cry thrilled through the room and brought every man to his feet in an instant.

"Whar? which way?" exclaimed young Jeems Allen, staring first up among the smoke-blackened rafters, then at the solid log wall.

"'Tain't the time fer axin' questions, but fer runnin', boys," said Jeff Ward, making a dash toward the back door, closely followed by his comrades. Gabe Plummer had made a step toward S'phiry Ann, but she vanished as she appeared, and he escaped with his friends into the fastnesses of the woods. There was a shout from the raiders, creeping stealthily around the house, a disordered pursuit, and over the cabin the stillness following a sudden whirlwind seemed to fall.

S'phiry Ann crept cautiously out from the chimney-corner, slipped over the fence, and knelt down on the edge of the bushes, to watch and wait. The officers soon returned with torn clothes, scratched hands and faces, but without a prisoner. They were swearing in no measured terms at being baffled of their prey.

Old man Whitaker and his wife had quietly remained in the house, apparently not greatly moved from their usual placidity. Once the old woman dropped the ball of coarse yarn she was winding and rose to her feet, but the old man motioned her down again. They were questioned by the officers, but what reliable information could be expected from an imbecile old man and a deaf old woman! The girl could overlook the whole scene from a crack in the fence,—the officers stamping about the room, the scattered chairs, the old people with their withered yellow faces, dim eyes, and bent, shrunken forms, and the dancing flames leaping up the wide sooty chimney. Satisfied that the distillers were safe, she softly rose and started across the road. One of the men caught a glimpse of her, the merest shadowy outline, and instantly shouted:

"There goes one of 'em now."

She heard him, heard the rush of feet over the threshold and the bare yard, and, without a backward glance, fled like a wild thing through the woods, home.

One afternoon, a week later, S'phiry Ann drew the wheel out into the middle of the kitchen floor, tightened the band, pulled a strip of yellow corn husk from a chink in the logs, and set herself to finish spinning the "fillin'" for the piece of cloth in the loom. Her mother and sister were out in the garden sowing seeds, Eph was cutting bushes in the new ground, and she could hear the loud, resonant "gee-haw" with which her father guided the ox drawing his plow. It was a serenely still day, with the heat of midsummer in its glowing sunshine, with only a fleck of cloud here and there along the horizon, and mountains wrapped in a fine blue haze.

It had been a trying week to S'phiry Ann, but she had no time to mope and brood over her anxieties, no inclination to confide them to her family. She had not shirked daily duties, but went about them silently and without enthusiasm. The revenue officers, disgusted, angered, at their disappointment, lingered on the mountains several days seeking something to lay violent hands on. One still they found and destroyed, but if the earth had opened and swallowed them, their prey could not have disappeared more completely. The law is strong, but it loses its power when carried into the strongholds of the mountains, majestic, clothed in repose, yielding up their secrets only to those bred and born upon them.

S'phiry Ann lifted her eyes to the lofty heights, yearning to know if her lover and his friends had found safe refuge, trembling with terror every time the dog barked or an ox-cart creaked slowly along the road. When the family were made acquainted with her part in that Monday night raid, there were various exclamatory remarks at the inconsistency of her behavior. Mrs. Standnege dropped her pipe, and stared at her in great amazement.

"Well, ef you'uns don't beat all! Last Sunday a-slightin' Gabe Plummer at meetin', an' now mighty nigh a-breakin' yer neck ter git him outer the way o' the raiders."

"Gabe wasn't the only one thar," said the girl in a low tone.

"But it stands ter reason you'uns wouldn't 'a' done it, ef he hadn't 'a' be'n thar. Yer pap may hev ter look out fer a new farm-hand arter all," with a touch of facetious humor, but watching the slow reddening of the girl's throat and face. Standnege came to her aid.

"Let her be, ma, an' work it out in her own mind. Thar ain't no 'countin' fer the doin's o' wimmun folks, no how. They air mighty oncertain creeturs."

"Why, pap!" exclaimed his eldest daughter, a mixture of indignation and reproach in her tone.

"Now I ain't a-meanin' ter throw off on 'em, an' I don't say as they ain't all steddy enough when they settle down, but a gal in love is the oncertaintest creetur that ever lived. Now S'phiry Ann ain't a-lackin' in common sense an' grit, if she does belong to me," he continued, with calm impartiality; "an' ef she wants ter marry Gabe Plummer 'fore craps air laid by, she kin do it."

But it was Monday again, and S'phiry felt that her fortune was still an unsettled thing.

"Ef it hadn't 'a' be'n for thinkin' o' Al Hendries's wife," she said to herself again and again, and the old spinning-wheel flew swiftly beneath strong, young fingers, and the yellow corn husk on the spindle filled slowly with smooth, even thread. She could look as downcast and troubled as her heart prompted, for no curious eyes were resting on her. Was it true? A shadow suddenly darkened the doorway.

"Howd'y'do, S'phiry Ann?"

The half-twisted thread fell from her fingers, writhed and rolled along the floor, fair sport for the kitten lazily coiled on the hearth, while she turned toward the secretly wished-for, but unexpected, visitor. She trembled, and the color in her face flushed and paled.

"Gabe!" Then quickly, and with a swift searching glance toward the road, "is it safe for you'uns ter be here?"

"Yes, they air gone—an' ter the devil, I hope." He leaned against the wall, jaded, forlorn-looking, the week of hiding out not improving either temper or appearance.

"Take a cheer, an' set down, Gabe," she said, a vibration of tenderest pity in her voice.

"I ain't a-keerin' tu rest jest yit. That was a good turn you'uns done us t'other night. No tellin' where we'uns would be now ef it hadn't 'a' be'n fer that. I don't know how to thank you'uns fer it, S'phiry Ann," he said with strong emotion in his voice.

"Don't, Gabe!" she stammered, stooping to snatch the tangled thread from the paws of the kitten.

"Would you'uns 'a' done it fer me?"

"T'ain't fair tu be axin' sech questions," she said defensively.

"'Cordin' tu promise you'uns air tu marry me."

"I said it ef you'uns ud go back tu the clearin'."

"Yes, an' that's jest what I'm a-goin' tu do. I've had a week o' thinkin', an' now I'm willin' tu 'low you'uns kin hev your way. Ain't I be'n afeerd tu put my head outen the holler?" he continued in angry disgust; "afeerd tu tech a dead leaf fer the noise it made, afeerd tu draw my breath, an' I tell ye I ain't a-hankerin' arter any more sech days, an' I tole the boys so, an' I'm a-goin' back tu the clearin' ef every crap fails."

S'phiry Ann stood by the wheel, her face turned from him, silent, motionless. He waited a moment, then strode across the floor, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"We'uns mus' settle it now, S'phiry. I ain't a-blamin' you'uns now, though I don't say as I didn't back yander a week ergo, fer standin' tu principle."

"If it hadn't 'a' be'n fer thinkin' o' Al Hendries's wife," she said gently.

"I've be'n a-lovin' you'uns er long time, an' its time tu settle what we air a-goin' tu do."

"The clearin' settles it, Gabe," she murmured, and turned her head slowly until her eyes, softly radiant, met his eager, ardent ones.

Mat Crim.

AT THE GRAVE.

IN MEMORY OF A. M.

IT is a world of seeming:
The changeless moon seems changing ever,
The sun sets daily, but sets never
So near the stars and yet so far;
So small they seem, so large they are!
It is a world of seeming.

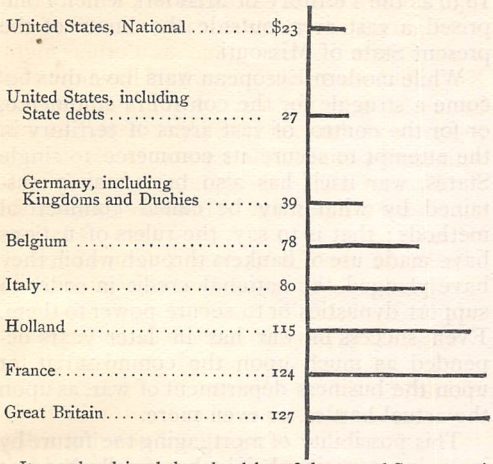
And so it seems that she is dead;
Yet so seems only; for, instead,
Her life is just begun; and this—
Is but an empty chrysalis;
While she, unseen to mortal eyes,
Now wins her way in brighter skies—
Beyond this world of seeming.

Henry Ames Blood.

THE RELATIVE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF NATIONS.*

TWO STUDIES IN THE APPLICATION OF STATISTICS TO SOCIAL SCIENCE.

NATIONAL DEBTS—PER CAPITA.



It may be claimed that the debts of the several States constituting the United States should be added to the national debt.

In 1880 the total amount of such debts was $226,597,594, since which date they have been diminished by large payments in many States. The present debt of all the States is not in excess of $4.00 per capita of the whole population.

The data for computing department, county, city, town, and communal debts are not within the reach of the writer; but as these debts have been mostly incurred for public improvements, both in Europe and in this country, they do not come into the same category with the war debts of nations.

II.

WEAKNESS.

HAVING analyzed the strength of Democracy in America, we may now turn our attention to the other side, and consider the sources of the weakness of nations which are governed by dynasties.

In Professor J. R. Seeley's recent book upon the expansion of England, he has traced nearly all the European wars of recent times to the struggle of nations for dominion over other continents or parts of continents, in order to establish colonies and to control commerce therewith; commerce itself having been regarded by almost all nations, and being now regarded by the greater number, as a *quasi* war in which what one nation gains another must lose.

This fallacy has led to very many of the great actual wars of the last century and a half, and the vast national debts of Europe have been incurred in this futile and foolish attempt to set up as a rule among nations:

> "Let him take who has the power,
> And let him keep who can."

The business man who fully comprehends the function of the merchant and of the manufacturer, and the place which commerce holds in the beneficent progress of the world, may well covet the genius of Southey in order that he might add new verses to the "Devil's Walk" as he passes in review the great wars which have been fought to gain the control of commerce which could have been had for the asking, and which would then have yielded a vastly greater benefit to both parties than either could gain by attempting to get an advantage over the other.

What more fruitful subject for the satirist than the bluster of the party politician at the present time, whose zeal is apparently in inverse proportion to his sincerity, in regard to the respective claims of this country and of Canada over the right to fish within a certain distance from the coast, when it would benefit both countries to put the regulation of all the fisheries under a joint control, so that both might be far better served with fish than either can now be?

What greater economic blunder has ever been committed than the support of slavery in this country for nearly a century of its history? It was the most costly and least productive system of labor, brutalizing to the black man and debasing to the white man, yet it was justified by men of such intelligence and force that had it not been for the narrowing influence and the bitter apparent necessity imposed upon them to sustain a crime against humanity, they might have left a reputation as statesmen.

What more ludicrous commentary upon the intellectual mediocrity of legislators than the demand lately presented in Congress by the representatives of one of the New England States for a heavier duty upon sugar when imported in bags rather than in boxes, in order that the Cuban planters might be compelled to buy the decreasing timber supply of the forests of Maine in the form of sugar-boxes and charge it back to all consumers of sugar in this country?

Could there be a more complete *reductio ad*

† It should be stated that a considerable part of the debt of Germany and Belgium, and a small part of that of France, was incurred in the construction of railroads, but most of these railroads have been constructed for military purposes. A large part of the debt of Canada has also been incurred for the construction of railroads which are at present very unprofitable.

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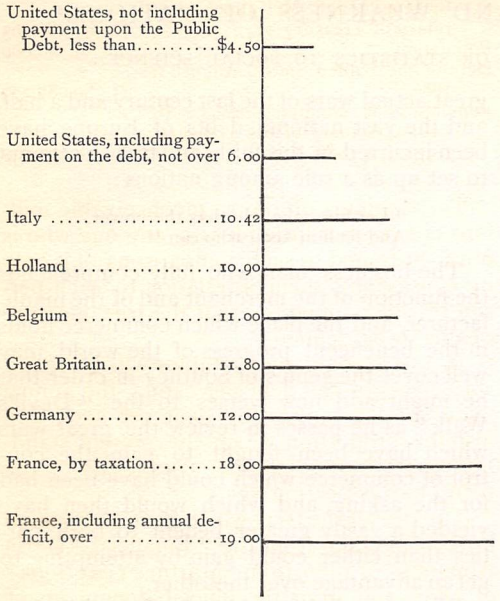
RELATIVE BURDEN OF NATIONAL TAXATION

Per capita of the principal commercial or manufacturing states of Europe which are solvent, and of the United States (omitting local taxation for departments, counties, cities, or for town purposes)



The true burden of taxation may not be measured even by the proportion which the taxes of one country bear to another. The measure of importance is what ratio do they bear to the productive capacity of each nation or state, and for what are they expended. These matters are treated in a subsequent table.

absurdum than the conclusion to which the late Henry C. Carey was led by his lack of insight in respect to the functions of commerce; namely, "that the material prosperity of this country would be more fully promoted by a ten-years' war with Great Britain than it could be in any other way"?

(I quote this from memory; the statement was made in a conversation to which I listened.)

Yet out of this very jealousy of nations we gained almost without cost one of our most important possessions.

One of the most singular of the incidents of one of these great European contests was the sale of the Louisiana territory to this country by the First Napoleon, who, being unable to keep it, chose that England should not possess it. In a few short weeks this territory might have come under the dominion of England. One's imagination can hardly grasp the changed conditions of the world as they would have been had Great Britain succeeded in getting and keeping the control of all that vast territory west of the Mississippi River which was comprised in this purchase, thus confining the United States substantially to what lies east of this mighty river.

It is a singular fact that there appears to be no historical school atlas in use in this country in which the several additions to the territory of the United States are pictured and described; hence very few persons realize the vast importance and extent of the Louisiana purchase, or know the true conditions of the great contest with the slave power over the extension of slavery into what was known in 1830 as the Territory of Missouri, which comprised a vast area outside the limits of the present State of Missouri.

While modern European wars have thus become a struggle for the control of commerce, or for the control of vast areas of territory in the attempt to secure its commerce to single States, war itself has also been mainly sustained by what may be called commercial methods; that is to say, the rulers of nations have made use of bankers through whom they have pledged the national credit in order to support dynasties or to secure power to them. Even success in war has in later years depended as much upon the commissariat, or upon the business department of war, as upon the actual battles, or even more.

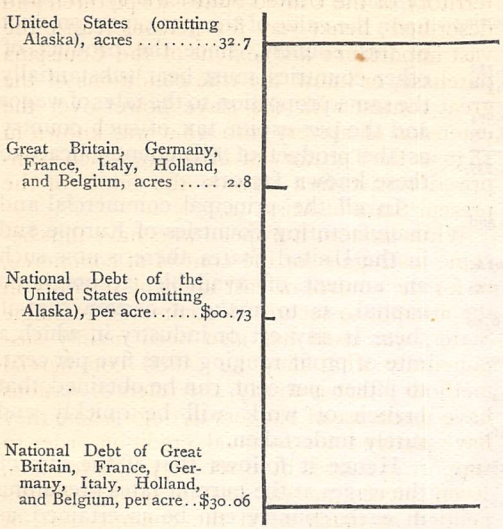
This possibility of mortgaging the future by incurring a national debt has finally become the chief cause of the weakness of nations. The same century that has witnessed the increase of European national debts from a little over $2,600,000,000 to more than $22,000,000,000 has also seen Spain, Portugal, Austria, and Greece become bankrupt, while Russia is without credit. The attempt to enforce the payment of the bonded debt of Egypt by the force of armies at the instance of foreign creditors may be held to be a disgrace to the nations that have engaged in the undertaking. The debt was incurred without the consent of the people, and even the interest cannot now be met without taking so large a share of the meager product of the fellaheen as almost to reduce them to starvation.

Before the century ends we may even witness a general repudiation of these national mortgages which the dynasties of the past have imposed upon the people of the present without their consent, and in almost all cases to their injury rather than to their benefit.

In order that the relative weakness of Europe caused by the burden of debts and of standing armies may be fully comprehended, the following statements are submitted:

The debt of the United States at its highest point, in 1865, was eighty-four dollars per head, which is now the average debt of the commercial and manufacturing states of Europe specifically named in the ensuing statement. The debt of the United States is now less than twenty-three dollars per head (or including all State debts, less than twenty-seven dollars). The national debt — now twenty-three dol-

ACRES PER HEAD OF POPULATION, AND DEBT PER ACRE.



The proportion of men under arms in the commercial and manufacturing states of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, and Belgium is 2,200,431. The cost of sustaining these forces in the last fiscal year was $493,505,520, or at the rate of $223 per man.

The force which is actually under arms, aside from the reserves, is at the ratio of one man to each 200 acres; and the annual tax for his support averages $1.10 per acre.

The average cost per man in the army and navy of the United States, including the cost of ships, fortifications, navy-yards, and all other war expenses, is about $1,600 annually per man. The ratio is one man under arms to each 51,000 acres, and the annual tax for his support and for all other military purposes is a fraction over three cents per acre.

lars — will probably all be paid within one generation from the date when it was incurred.

In the consideration of the following tables it must be borne in mind that the annual product of a nation or state is the source of all wages, taxes, rents, and profits, and that by so much as one element of these charges upon the annual product is greater must some other element be less. No scientific method has yet been invented by which taxes can be made to stay where they are first imposed. As a rule, taxation tends to diffuse itself over all consumption, and cannot be drawn in any large measure from what would otherwise be rent or profit. Hence, when the product is small, the necessary correlative of high taxation is a low rate of wages or earnings. Therefore, low wages in Continental Europe give no evidence of low cost of production, but rather indicate that the laborer is deprived of a large and undue share of his product by excessive taxation, chiefly for the destructive purposes of war or of preparation of war.

The debt of all Europe in 1884 and 1885 was	$22,158,000,000
Population	334,000,000
Debt of the principal solvent and commercial states of Europe — Great Britain, France, Germany, Netherlands, and Italy...	$13,269,447,000
Population at last census	157,549,817
Debt of the United States at its maximum, August 1, 1865, liquidated and unliquidated, as computed by Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of Treasury	$2,997,386,203
Population	34,748,000
Debt of the United States, August 1, 1886	$1,380,087,279
Population as computed by E. B. Elliott, Actuary of the Treasury, August 1, 1886	58,670,000

These figures of almost inconceivable millions convey but little idea to any one who is not accustomed to such comparisons; it is only by considering them in relation to each person of the population, that the true measure begins to be defined.

In the accompanying tables will be found statements of the debt per capita, the annual taxation per capita, the debt per acre, and also the proportion which the present standing armies bear to the population and to the men of arms-bearing age.

Thus far all the facts which have been given have been taken from the "Financial Reform Almanac" of 1886, from "Martin's Year Book" of 1886, and from the official documents of the United States.

I may now enter upon that part of my treatise which rests upon estimates only. These estimates must be accepted for what they are worth. It is admitted that they are somewhat hypothetical. Are they sustained by facts?

The true income of a nation is not the money by which it is measured; it is, in fact, the product of its labor and capital, consisting of the materials for food, for clothing, for shelter, fuel, metals, and the like, converted and reconverted until ready for consumption. These products are measured in money's worth in the process of exchange, and it is important when making use of terms of money to carry with the measure of money the conception of the quantities of substance which money will buy, or which are exchanged for money.

In a very few cases certain countries, like England, possess an income from foreign investments of capital previously saved; but this is a very small element as compared to the value of its annual product.

In the following tables this increase of income from foreign investments has been considered with respect to the average value of the product per capita assigned to England.

I have attempted to establish a comparison of the product, per capita, of European countries, as compared to this country, at its measure in money. The known factors in the problem are, first, the relative rates of wages paid in the several countries considered, each

STANDING ARMIES AND NAVIES OF EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES,

Compared in ratio to the number of men of arms-bearing age, assuming one in five of the population to be of that age.

Standing armies of Europe in actual service	3,854,752
Men in the navies	268,622
Total armed force	4,123,374
Reserves ready for service at call	10,398,163
Total	14,521,537

Substantially one in five of all men of arms-bearing age.

Proportion of men of arms-bearing age in the standing armies and navies, *not* including reserves:

	Proportion.	*Exempts.*
All Europe	1 in 16.13	15.13
Italy	1 " 7.50	6.50
Holland	1 " 11.	10.
France	1 " 13.	12.
Russia	1 " 17.	16.
Germany	1 " 19.50	18.50
Belgium	1 " 23.	22.
Austria	1 " 25.40	24.40
Great Britain	1 " 26.	25.
United States	1 " 322.	321.

Men in active service in armies and navies, omitting reserves:

Russia	1,004,507	Belgium	46,539
Italy	765,820	Sweden	43,174
France	575,959	Denmark	37,725
Germany	462,678	Greece	33,187
Austria	298,501	Portugal	29,920
Great Britain	281,746	Norway	22,250
Turkey	180,404	Roumania	20,572
Spain	116,256	Servia	13,079
Switzerland	113,368		
Holland	77,689		

4,123,374 or 1 man in 81 of population.

Reserves 10,129,541

14,252,915 or 1 " 24 "

United States 36,294 or 1 " 1610 "

as compared to the other; second, the relative amount of national taxation per capita.

Another factor which may be deemed to be sufficiently well established for purposes of comparison is the value of the per capita annual product of the people of the United States, estimated at two hundred dollars' worth to each person.

The family group in this country consists of a fraction over five persons; the proportion who were occupied for gain was one in 2.90 in the census year, and may be computed as one in three at the present time. Two hundred dollars' worth per head would make the average product of each person working for gain six hundred dollars' worth of product per year.

The writer has himself devoted a great deal of examination to this subject, and his estimate of two hundred dollars' worth per head has been sustained by many other experts, official and unofficial. Accepting this measure as approximately true to the facts, it is held that the value of the product, per capita, of other countries may be based upon the value of the per capita product of this country, since the product of other countries must bear substantially the same proportion to the rates of wages and the per capita tax of such country as the product of this country bears to these known factors.

In all the principal commercial and manufacturing countries of Europe and in the United States there is now such an amount of available accumulated capital, as to make it certain that if there is any art or industry in which a rate of profit ranging from five per cent. to fifteen per cent. can be obtained, that branch of work will be quickly and surely undertaken.

Hence it follows that if the sum of the wages at the current rates prevailing in each country can be ascertained, as well as the per capita taxes, we may ascertain the average value of the product of such labor by adding to these elements of cost from five per cent. to fifteen per cent. as the corresponding profit. In other words, there must be a necessary relation in the ratios which profits, wages, and taxes bear to each other in each commercial or manufacturing country, according to the respective conditions of industry in that country.

For example, assuming that one person sustains two others in France as well as in this country, we know first that the average wages in France are not more than sixty per cent. the rate of wages in this country. We also know that national taxes are eighteen dollars per head in France and less than five dollars here. We need therefore only to establish the rate of profit which will induce the employment of capital in the arts which can be established in France in order to reach an approximate estimate of the average value of the product of each person employed in productive industry.

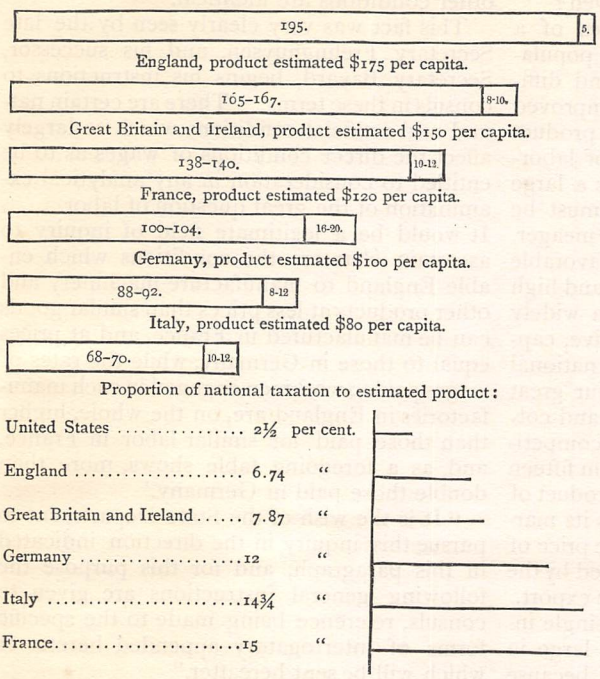
We may take as a class any group of skilled mechanics or artisans in the United States who earn two dollars a day, or six hundred dollars a year, each one supporting two other persons.

Their net wages each, free of national taxes, would be	$585
Their proportion of national taxes for three persons at $5 per capita	15
Wages and taxes	$600

Now if any one can make ten per cent. upon this sum, capital will be found for the employ-

RELATIVE PROPORTION OF THE ASSUMED PRODUCT PER CAPITA WHICH IS ABSORBED BY NATIONAL TAXATION ONLY, ON THE BASIS OF PREVIOUS COMPUTATIONS.

The proportion divided off at the end represents national taxation. The remainder is what is left to be applied to local taxation, rent, profits, earnings, and wages.



Proportion of national taxation to estimated product:

United States	2½	per cent.
England	6.74	"
Great Britain and Ireland	7.87	"
Germany	12	"
Italy	14¾	"
France	15	"

ment of such men, and their product will be sold at such ten per cent. advance, if no more can be had, or at six hundred and sixty dollars.

This would make the final value of the product of such a workman six hundred and sixty dollars: divided into profits, sixty dollars; taxes, fifteen dollars; net wages, five hundred and eighty-five dollars.

We know that the corresponding rate of wages of a French artisan would not exceed, on the average, sixty per cent., or three hundred and sixty dollars, and that the proportion of national taxes due from him and his two dependants would be fifty-four dollars. But the gross product of France being less than it is in this country, it may require a larger proportion of the product to be assigned to profits; we will, therefore, call it fifteen per cent. on three hundred and sixty dollars, which is fifty-four dollars. This sum added to wages and taxes gives a gross value of the French workman's product, four hundred and fourteen dollars.

The ratios in this comparison would be:

Product per workman,		United States	$660
"	"	France	414
"	" capita,	United States	220
"	"	France	138

On the other hand, if the average annual product is only one hundred and thirty-eight dollars' worth per head, or four hundred and fourteen dollars' worth for the earnings of one of a group of three by whom the two others are sustained, the reason is not that the work is not equal, but that the quantity of the product to each person is limited by the conditions under which the work is done. The same workman when removed to the United States may produce twice as much as in France with the same labor if he can adjust himself to his new conditions. The German immigrant actually does so. Does it not follow that wages are the reflex or result of the labor of the workman derived from the sale after profits and taxes have been set apart? Hence all attempts to compare the cost of production of any article by comparing the rates of wages must be entirely fallacious unless all the conditions of production are the same. The rates of farm wages are, on the average, four to five dollars per month with board, in Rhenish Prussia; in the United States they are four to six times as much, but the money cost of producing a bushel of wheat in Prussia is double the cost in many parts of the West, where machinery is used to an extent unknown in Prussia and almost impossible on account of the very minute subdivision of the land.

The causes of the variation of the product per workman and per capita are, of course, manifold. The principal causes must be variation in:

First. The natural resources of the country.

Second. The efficiency of the workman in respect to mental training and manual or technical dexterity.

Third. The efficiency of the tools or machinery used.

Fourth. The full or deficient nutrition of the body.

Fifth. The freedom from obstruction in exchanging the surplus of one art or industry for what is deficient in another, either one part with another in the same country, or one country with another.

Upon this theory I have constructed the table on this page, to which reference may be made, and while no claim for positive accuracy in the money estimates can be made for it, it may perhaps be accepted as relatively or proportionately correct. The facts sustain these proportions, and therefore prove the theory to be correct.

Is it not also a matter of common observation that in a country like the United States,

in which laborers are perfectly free, the transfer of land and of other property very easy and very promptly made, the use of machinery fully comprehended, and any new inventions speedily adopted, that the product will be large in ratio to the number of persons employed?

Conversely, if the natural resources of a country are not large in ratio to the population, the transfer of land complex and difficult, machinery inadequate, and improved tools not readily accepted, then the product will be small in ratio to the number of laborers. It follows that if taxation takes a large share of such small product, wages must be very low, and subsistence must be very meager.

In this country all conditions are favorable to low cost of production, low prices, and high wages, and therefore conducive to a widely extended commerce. Labor is effective, capital ample, and the average burden of national taxation very light. The prices of our great staple products, such as grain, wool, and cotton, are practically determined by competition in the markets of the world. From fifteen per cent. to twenty per cent. of the product of agriculture of the United States finds its market in foreign countries. Therefore the price of all products of agriculture is determined by the price which the surplus will bring for export.

Agriculture represents the largest single industry; and the product being very large in ratio to the number of men employed, because of the fertility of the soil and the use of machinery, it follows that when the low rate of taxes has been set aside and the ratio of profit has been assigned which is required in order that capital may be invested in agriculture, the rates of wages or the earnings of farmers in this country are, relatively to other countries, very high. Under such conditions large earnings and high wages are the necessary correlative of the very low cost of the production of the staples of agriculture. One is the reflex of the other.

Up to this time the conditions of and the wages in all other arts in the United States have been practically determined by reference to the condition of and wages in agriculture. All other arts which have been undertaken in this country are therefore governed by corresponding rules; namely, by the application of machinery under the best conditions, the largest product is assured with the least expenditure of labor. Therefore in all arts, with few exceptions, after the low rate of taxation and such profit as is necessary to induce the investment of capital have been set aside, the general rate of wages has been very high, because the general cost of production has been low. The same rule, therefore, applies in all arts — that high wages or earnings are the reflex or complement of the large product, so long as labor and capital are left free to work together and are not subjected to excessive taxation. Hence no comparison of cost can be made by a comparison of wages unless all other conditions are identical.

This fact was very clearly seen by the late Secretary Frelinghuysen, and his successor, Secretary Bayard, begins his instructions to consuls in these terms: "'There are certain natural and artificial conditions which so largely affect the direct conditions of wages as to be entitled to consideration in any analytical examination of the great question of labor. . . . It would be a legitimate field of inquiry to ascertain what are the conditions which enable England to manufacture machinery and other products at less prices than similar goods can be manufactured in France, and at prices equal to those in Germany, while the rates of wages paid to workmen engaged in such manufactories in England are, on the whole, higher than those paid for similar labor in France, and, as a foregoing table shows, more than double those paid in Germany.'

"It is the wish of the State Department to pursue this inquiry in the direction indicated in this paragraph, and for this purpose the following general instructions are given to consuls, reference being made to the specific forms of interrogatory appended hereto or which will be sent hereafter."

This apparent paradox of high wages and low cost becomes very simple when applied by any employer to his own experience. In a dull time, when it becomes necessary to discharge a part of the working force, which are the operatives first discharged? Are they not those whose wages or earnings have been lowest — not those who have earned the most for themselves? Are not the men who earn the most for themselves retained because they are the most effective workmen and therefore most capable of producing goods at the lowest cost? Conversely, does not the fact which is apparently lost sight of by the proposed "organizers of labor" represent an absolute principle; namely, that the strong, industrious, and well-nourished manual laborer, or the skillful artisan or factory operative, will be substantially sure of continuous employment at the highest possible rate of wages, when the less able or competent can find no steady occupation?

Is not the rule of universal application in civilized countries that there must be a certain ratio between the *sum* of the wages and the taxes combined, and the profit which may be derived from the several arts and industries of each of the several countries?

It has been admitted that in very poor countries where hand labor prevails in greater

measure than the application of machinery, and where the taxes are very heavy while the product is very small, the ratio of profit must bear a larger proportion to the entire product than it does in a rich country where machinery is most fully applied and where the taxes are low.

In making the computations of the relative per capita product of the different countries, I have not attempted to cover this variation in the rate of profit, but I assume that, on the whole, any art in which capital can secure ten per cent. profit will be surely undertaken either in the United States or in England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. Perhaps not in Italy without a higher rate of profit.

Upon this theory, and assuming that the product per capita of the United States may be valued at two hundred dollars' worth, that of England, with its income from foreign investments added, may not exceed one hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth; that of Great Britain and Ireland combined may be assumed not to exceed one hundred and fifty dollars' worth; that of France as not exceeding one hundred and twenty dollars' worth; that of Germany as not exceeding one hundred dollars' worth; that of Italy as not exceeding eighty dollars' worth; such being substantially the ratios which the average rates of wages with the per capita national taxation added bear to each other, and to the wages and taxes of the United States, with corresponding profits added in each case.

In order that this proposition may be made more clear, the foregoing table is submitted in which the line representing the product of each country is divided off into sections: in the sections on the right will be found the national taxation per capita; on the left, the value of what remains for distribution as wages, profits, and for municipal taxes. In the same table will be found the percentage which national taxes bear to the assumed per capita product.

In considering these remainders after national taxes have been set off, it must be borne in mind that municipal taxation as well as profits doubtless take a larger proportion in the poorer countries than in the richer ones. Hence that part of the product which may be assigned as the wages or earnings of the working people becomes less and less in proportion to the whole product, as the product itself diminishes in quantity and in value. "For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

These figures correspond to known facts. In Italy, which is relatively under a heavier burden of armies and taxes than any one of the countries treated, what is left to the workman, either of his own product or what he can buy with his wages, now appears to be insufficient to sustain life in strength and vigor. Is it not also true that portions of the population of the German empire, especially in southern Germany, are living on the edge of starvation, becoming weaker as they become less well nourished?

In Egypt so much of the miserable product of a rich and productive country is taken away to meet the interest of a bonded debt imposed upon the people without their consent, that starvation exists in the Nile valley, which once sustained tenfold the present population in comfort.

Is it not true that France has reached its utmost limit of taxation, and the annual deficit is adding to the burden which cannot, perhaps, be borne much longer? Yet France may be saved from immediate bankruptcy by the richness of its soil and the intelligent economy of its people.

Is not the present burden upon Ireland the burning question in Great Britain?

May there not be found in these conditions the underlying causes of nihilism, anarchy, socialism, and communism upon the continent of Europe?

In considering what is left after taxes and profits have been set aside in these several countries, it must be remembered that an equal amount of money will buy a less amount of food in Europe than it will in the United States, and the price of food is much more than half the cost of subsistence to a very large proportion of the working people of Europe; else we should not be exporting the products of our fields to European countries, and there would be no call for prohibitory laws, or for high duties on grain and pork in a vain attempt to promote an increase of the farm products in Germany and in France by such artificial methods.

The true measure of these burdens upon industry may be, perhaps, more accurately measured in terms of work than when stated in terms of money or of men. The product of every country stands for so much work. In the census year the work of this country, manual, mental, mechanical, and manufacturing, was performed by one in three of the population so far as gain in money was the object of the work, the bread-winners numbering 17,400,000 in a little over 50,000,000 population.

The national and municipal taxes of that year were proportionately higher than they are now; all taxes, national, State, and municipal, in that year required substantially seven per cent. of the highest estimate of the value of the total product. This percentage

being applied to persons, represented the year's work of men numbering 1,218,000, whose labor was devoted either to the direct work of government, or in sustaining all the forms of government by way of national, town, city, county, and State taxes.

The national taxes only of the United States are now about two and a half per cent. of the product, and they therefore represent the work of 500,000 persons out of about 20,000,000 workers. This body of half a million persons is either employed directly in the service of the Government, or else is occupied in sustaining those who are in such service.

In the preceding table the proportion of the annual product assigned to national taxes is represented by percentage upon the assumed per capita product of each country.

If the burden upon the United States corresponded to the several percentages assigned to other countries, the number who would be engaged either in the service of the Government, civil or military, or in sustaining those who perform this work, would be according to the following computation, it being assumed that out of our present population, approaching sixty million persons, twenty millions are at work in various occupations in sustaining the whole body politic:

At the ratio which the national taxes now bear to product in the United States, the actual work required to sustain all the functions of the National Government, directly or indirectly, is that of...	500,000	men.
At the ratio which the national taxes bear to the assumed product of England, the proportionate number of men who would be required in support of the functions of government in the United States would be	1,348,000	"
At the ratio assigned to Great Britain and Ireland as a whole.....	1,574,000	"
At the ratio assigned to France....	3,000,000	"
" " " " Germany..	2,400,000	"
" " " " Italy	2,950,000	"

It will be apparent to any one who reasons upon these figures, that if either one of these proportionate services in sustaining government, except perhaps that of Great Britain, were in force in this country, it would put a strain even upon our abundant resources that we could scarcely bear. What must then be the burden of those who are thus loaded?

The computed product of two hundred dollars' worth per head of our population after setting aside ten per cent. as the maximum addition to capital, and six per cent. as the maximum of all our present national and municipal taxes, leaves only one hundred and sixty-eight dollars' worth to each man, woman, and child. This being divided by three hundred and sixty-five days in the year leaves but forty-six cents' worth per day for shelter, clothing, and food for each person. A variation of five cents per day to each person from this computed average stands for an additional product worth more than $1,000,000,000 a year.

Let it be assumed for a moment that our two hundred dollars' worth of product, of which two and a half per cent. supports the National Government, were depleted by national taxation to the extent of fifteen per cent., as the product of France now is, a difference of twelve and a half per cent.; then the average sum available to each person, per day, would be reduced from forty-six cents to a fraction under thirty-nine cents; not apparently a great variation,— only about the price of a glass of beer,— yet six cents a day comes to over $1,300,000,000 on our present population.

If we assume that one in three of the population of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy is occupied for gain, the whole number of workers is a fraction less than 50,000,000 out of a population a little less than 150,000,000.

At the respective ratios assigned to the functions of government, the total number engaged in such functions is now in those four countries 6,067,000, or a fraction over twelve per cent. of the whole working force, occupied either as soldiers in active service, as officials in the civil service, or in sustaining these classes with bread, meat, and shelter. The actual number of men under arms in these countries is 2,086,000, and they cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars each. It surely takes at least one peasant's or one operative's product to sustain one soldier. If the armies and navies require the services of 2,086,000 men, and if the work of as many more is required to sustain them, then the waste of preparation for war requires the constant work of 4,176,000 men out of 30,000,000 men of arms-bearing age in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, computing one in five of the population of arms-bearing age. This is very nearly one in every seven of the adult men. Deducting this number from the whole number assigned to government service as above 6,067,000, the remainder is 1,891,000, or proportionately about fifty per cent. more than have been assigned to the support of the National Government to the United States aside from their army and navy. The number needed to earn the interest on the national debts of those countries above the proportion required in the United States would fully account for this disparity.

Do not these facts sustain the approximate accuracy of all the preceding computations? Does not the burden of armaments only re-

quire ten to twelve per cent. of the whole number of men of arms-bearing age in those countries, or eight to ten per cent. of the whole working force, if the proportion of working men and women to the population is the same as in the United States; to wit, one in three?

But is such the proportion of men and women who must labor to the utmost for subsistence? When men are wasting their time in camp and barracks, are not the women and children forced to labor in such a way that the physical stamina of the race is deteriorated, and material prosperity sapped at its very foundation?

What must then be the necessary conditions of life when the money's worth to be divided among the families of those who do the actual work of production is only one-half as much as it is in the United States? If the product of Germany is only one hundred dollars' worth per head, it will yield less than *twenty-eight cents*' worth per day for all taxes, subsistence, profits, and wages to each person. If the product of Italy is worth only eighty dollars per head, all taxes, profits, and wages must be derived from *twenty-two cents*' worth per day to each person.

If, on the other hand, the average value of the product per capita of these European countries cannot be deduced *a priori* according to the theory presented, then again we must go back to the facts; and we then find in all the various reports upon the condition of a vast body of the population of Europe that they are actually subsisting upon much less than half the income of the working people of this country. The facts sustain the theory, and the theory may explain the facts.

Many records may be found in recent consular reports of the families of German and Italian peasants who are subsisted on only four to five cents' worth of food for each person per day; and even at that price the cost of food is sixty or seventy per cent. of the whole cost of living.

On the other hand, if such are the facts as to the common life of great masses of the people, and if we cannot deduce the per capita annual product of each worker in Europe by adding ten per cent. for profit or addition to capital to the average rate of wages and the average burden of taxes,—that is to say, if the product of either country is greater per capita than this measure, then it follows that the privileged classes of Europe are securing to their own use a very much larger share of the annual product than the capitalists of this country can thus secure; and this adds to the danger and complexity of the problem in Europe, rather than rendering it more simple.

What then do these figures and facts mean? Is not the apparent strength of the armaments of European nations a source of weakness which is now working at the foundation of the present forms of society upon the continent?

Is not our apparent weakness the very source of our strength?

Are we not stronger *without* expensive fortifications, navies, and other armaments than we should be if we spent our force in constructing them?

May not the time be near at hand when it shall no longer be lawful for one generation to mortgage the labor of the next by any national and perhaps by any municipal debt? When pay as you fight becomes the rule, will not war become almost impossible?

May not the right government of cities be found in more strictly limiting the power of cities or towns to incur debts?

Has not the power of the rings which have plundered our great cities been founded mainly in the abuse of public credit? Could Tweed have stolen the property of the people of the city of New York had he plundered them by direct taxation?

These may be questions which will soon require an answer, and which are perhaps suggested by the figures and the facts submitted in this treatise.

It may be said that the present relative conditions of Europe as compared to the United States require no statistics to bring them into view. Perhaps not; yet when a great bankruptcy occurs or is impending, the first call of the business man is for the trial balance. Such bankruptcies sometimes occur in arts which are most necessary and which must be continued. When the settlement has been made after the bankruptcy, the business is reëstablished, but the expensive supernumeraries who had previously lived upon the work of others are afterward set to work to earn their own living.

In what way the representatives of the dynasties and privileged classes of Europe, or those whose present trade is war, will get their living after a hungry democracy has called for a settlement of accounts will be an interesting problem to watch.

The business of government is necessary and must be continued. How will it be reorganized after the impending settlement of accounts in Europe has been completed?

Many other applications of the statistics of these two studies will suggest themselves to him who can read what is written between the graphical lines or underneath the figures. Except to one who possesses such an imagination, statistics may be but dry bones, and all figures may be mere rubbish.

Edward Atkinson.

[In the table on page 430 of THE CENTURY for January, "Grain crop 256%" should read "Grain crop 167%."]

LEE'S INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"CARRY ME BACK TO OLE VIRGINNY."

ONE night in the spring of 1863, I was sitting in my tent opposite Suffolk, Virginia, when there came in a slender, wiry fellow about five feet eight, with hazel eyes, dark hair and complexion, and brown beard. He wore a citizen's suit of dark material, and except for his stooped shoulders was well-formed and evidently a man of great activity. He handed me a note from Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War. That was my first meeting with the famous scout Harrison, who in his unpretending citizen's dress passed unmolested from right to left through the Federal army, visited Washington City, ate and drank with the Federal officers, and joined me at Chambersburg with information more accurate than a force of cavalry could have secured.

While my command was at Suffolk, engaged in collecting supplies from the eastern coasts of Virginia and North Carolina, General Burnside was relieved and General Hooker put in command of the Federal Army of the Potomac. General Lee was not expecting Hooker to move so early, and gave me no warning until the Federals moved out to turn his left by Chancellorsville. He then sent urgent demand for me, but it so happened that all my trains were down on the eastern coasts, and I could not move my troops without leaving the trains to the enemy. I made haste to get them back as quickly as possible, and the moment we got them within our lines I pulled up from around Suffolk, and, recrossing the Blackwater, started back on my march to join General Lee at Fredericksburg. Before we got to Richmond, however, we received dispatches announcing the Confederate success. But with these tidings of victory came the sad intelligence that General Stonewall Jackson was seriously wounded, a piece of news that cast a deep gloom over the army.

On the 9th of May I joined General Lee at his headquarters at Fredericksburg. At our first meeting we had very little conversation; General Lee merely stated that he had had a severe battle, and the army had been very much broken up. He regarded the wound accidentally inflicted on Jackson as a terrible calamity. Although we felt the immediate loss of Jackson's services, it was supposed he would rally and get well. He lingered for several days, one day reported better and the next worse, until at last he was taken from us to the shades of Paradise. The shock was a very severe one to men and officers, but the full extent of our loss was not felt until the remains of the beloved general had been sent home. The dark clouds of the future then began to lower above the Confederates.

General Lee at that time was confronted by two problems: one, the finding a successor for Jackson, another, the future movements of the Army of Northern Virginia. After considering the matter fully he decided to reorganize his army, making three corps instead of two. I was in command of the First Corps, and he seemed anxious to have a second and third corps under the command of Virginians. To do so was to overlook the claims of other generals who had been active and very efficient in the service. He selected General Ewell to command the Second, and General A. P. Hill for the Third Corps. General Ewell was entitled to command by reason of his rank, services, and ability. Next in rank was a North Carolinian, General D. H. Hill, and next a Georgian, General Lafayette McLaws, against whom was the objection that they were not Virginians.*

In reorganizing his army, General Lee impaired to some extent the *morale* of his troops, but the First Corps, dismembered as it was,

* General D. H. Hill was the superior of General A. P. Hill in rank, skill, judgment, and distinguished services. He had served with the army in Virginia, on the Peninsula in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and the Seven Days' battles around Richmond. In the Maryland campaign he made the battle of South Mountain alone from morning till late in the afternoon, with five thousand against a large part of McClellan's army. He also bore the brunt of the battle of Sharpsburg. He hailed, however, not from Virginia but from North Carolina, and had just been detailed for service in that State. Next in rank after General D. H. Hill was General Lafayette McLaws, who had served with us continually from the Peninsular campaign. His attack of Maryland Heights in the campaign of 1862 was the crowning point in the capture of Harper's

still considered itself, with fair opportunities, invincible, and was ready for any move warranted by good judgment.

While General Lee was reorganizing his army he was also arranging the new campaign. Grant had laid siege to Vicksburg, and Johnston was concentrating at Jackson to drive him away. Rosecrans was in Tennessee and Bragg was in front of him. The force Johnston was concentrating at Jackson gave us no hope that he would have sufficient strength to make any impression upon Grant, and even if he could, Grant was in position to reënforce rapidly and could supply his army with greater facility. Vicksburg was doomed unless we could offer relief by strategic move. I proposed to send a force through East Tennessee to join Bragg and also to have Johnston sent to join him, thus concentrating a large force to move against Rosecrans, crush out his army and march against Cincinnati. That, I thought, was the only way we had to relieve Vicksburg. General Lee admitted the force of my proposition but finally stated that he preferred to organize a campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, hoping thereby to draw the Federal troops from the southern points they occupied. After discussing the matter with him for several days I found his mind made up not to allow any of his troops to go west. I then accepted his proposition to make a campaign into Pennsylvania, provided it should be offensive in strategy but defensive in tactics, forcing the Federal army to give us battle when we were in strong position and ready to receive them. One mistake of the Confederacy was in pitting force against force. The only hope we had was to outgeneral the Federals. We were all hopeful and the army was in good condition, but the war had advanced far enough for us to see that a mere victory without decided fruits was a luxury we could not afford. Our numbers were less than the Federal forces, and our resources were limited while theirs were not. The time had come when it was imperative that the skill of generals and the strategy and tactics of war should take the place of muscle against muscle. Our purpose should have been to impair the *morale* of the Federal army and shake Northern confidence in the Federal leaders. We talked on that line from day to day, and General Lee, accepting it as good military view, adopted it as the keynote of the campaign. I suggested that we should have all the details and purposes so well arranged and so impressed upon our minds that when the critical moment should come, we could refer to our calmer moments and know we were carrying out our original plans. I stated to General Lee that if he would allow me to handle my corps so as to receive the attack of the Federal army, I would beat it off without calling on him for help except to guard my right and left, and called his attention to the battle of Fredericksburg as an instance of defensive warfare, where we had thrown not more than five thousand troops into the fight and had beaten off two-thirds of the Federal army with great loss to them and slight loss to my own troops. I also called his attention to Napoleon's instructions to Marmont at the head of an invading army.

A few days before we were ready to move, General Lee sent for General Ewell to receive his orders. I was present at the time and remarked that if we were ever going to make an offensive battle it should be done south of the Potomac — adding that we might have an opportunity to cross the Rappahannock near Culpeper Court House and make a battle there. I made this suggestion in order to bring about a discussion which I thought would give Ewell a better idea of the plan of operations. My remark had the desired effect and we talked over the possibilities of a battle south of the Potomac. The enemy would be on our right flank while we were moving north. Ewell's corps was to move in advance to Culpeper Court House, mine to follow, and the cavalry was to move along on our right flank to the east of us. Thus, by threatening his rear, we could draw Hooker from his position at Fredericksburg. Our movements at the beginning of the campaign were necessarily slow in order that we might be sure of having the proper effect on Hooker and draw him from his position on Stafford Heights opposite Fredericksburg.

Ewell was started off to the valley of Virginia to cross the mountains and move in the direction of Winchester, which was occupied by considerable forces under Milroy. I was moving at the same time east of the Blue Ridge with Stuart's cavalry on my right so as to occupy the gaps from Ashby on to Harper's Ferry. Ewell, moving on through the valley, captured troops and supplies at Winchester, and passed through Martinsburg and Williamsport into Maryland. As I moved

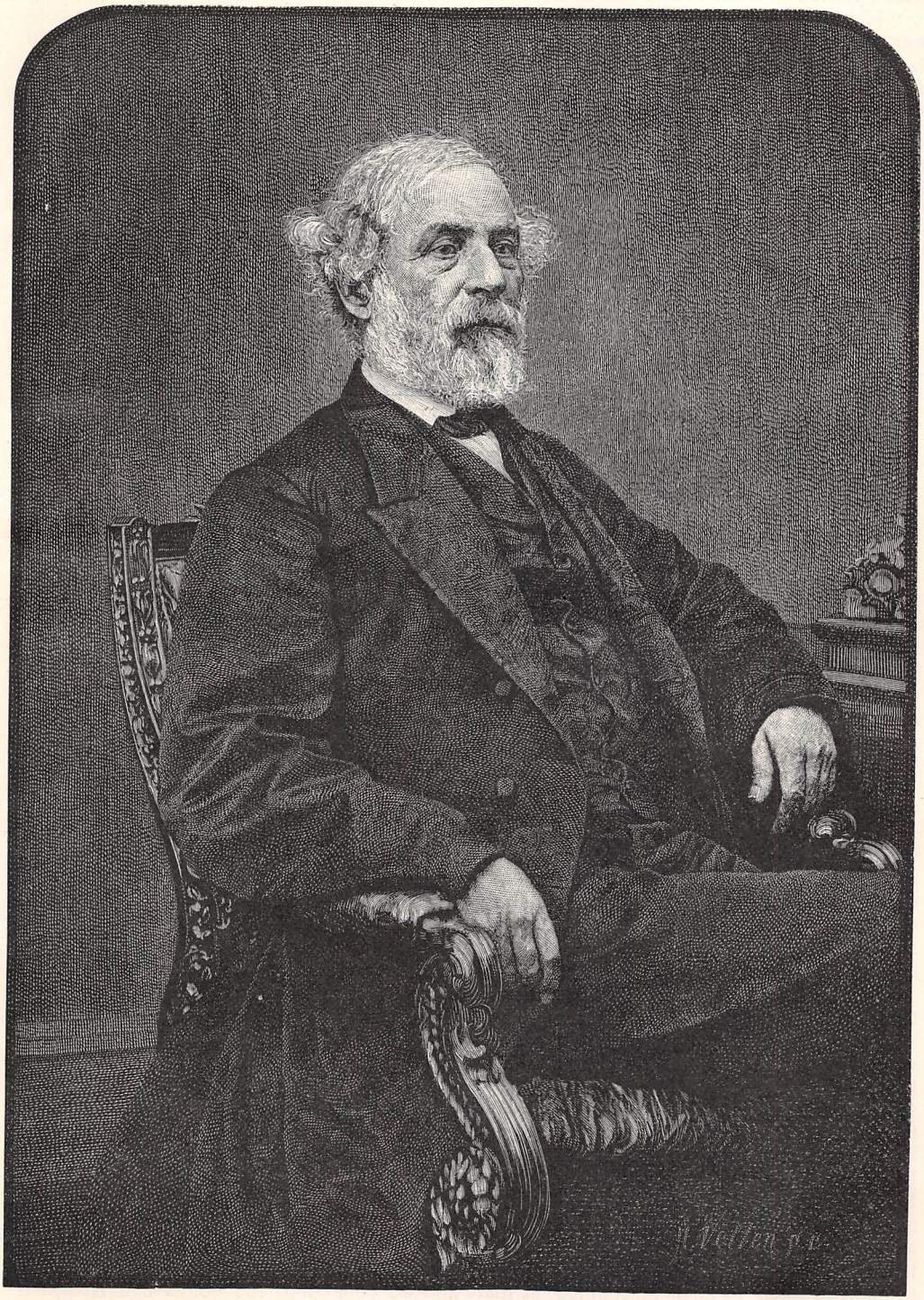
Ferry with its garrison and supplies. With Maryland Heights in our hands Harper's Ferry was untenable. Without Maryland Heights in our possession Jackson's forces on the south side of the Potomac could not have taken the post. At Fredericksburg McLaws held the ground at Marye's Hill with five thousand men (his own and Ransom's division) against forty thousand, and put more than double his defending forces *hors de combat*, thus making, for his numbers, the best battle of the war. General McLaws was not in vigorous health, however, and was left to command his division in the campaign. He called on General Lee to know why his claims had been overlooked, but I do not know that Lee gave him satisfactory reasons.—J. L.

along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge we heard from day to day of the movements of Hooker's army, and that he had finally abandoned his position on Stafford Heights, and was moving up the Potomac in the direction of Washington. Upon receipt of that information, A. P. Hill was ordered to draw off from Fredericksburg and follow the movements of General Ewell, save to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown. When Hill with his troops and well-supplied trains had passed my rear, I was ordered to withdraw from the Blue Ridge, pass over to the west of the Shenandoah and follow the movements of the other troops, only to cross the Potomac at Williamsport. I ordered General Stuart, whom I considered under my command, to occupy the gaps with a part of his cavalry and to follow with his main force on my right, to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and move on my right flank. Upon giving him this order, he informed me that he had authority from General Lee to occupy the gaps with a part of his cavalry, and to follow the Federal army with the remainder. At the same time he expressed his purpose of crossing the river east of the Blue Ridge and trying to make way around the right of the Federal army; so I moved my troops independent of the cavalry, following my orders, crossed at Williamsport, came up with A. P. Hill, in Maryland, and we moved on thence to Chambersburg.

Before we left Fredericksburg for the campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, I called up my scout Harrison, and, giving him all the gold he thought he would need, told him to go to Washington City and remain there until he was in possession of information which he knew would be of value to us, and directed that he should then make his way back to me and report. As he was leaving, he asked where he would find me. That was information I did not care to impart to a man who was going directly to the Federal capital. I answered that my command was large enough to be found without difficulty. We had reached Chambersburg on the 27th of June and were remaining there to give the troops rest, when my scout straggled into the lines. He told me he had been to Washington and had spent his gold freely, drinking in the saloons and getting upon confidential terms with army officers. In that way he had gotten a pretty good idea of the general movements of the Federal army and the preparation to give us battle. The moment he heard Hooker had started across the Potomac he set out to find me. He fell in with the Federal army before reaching Frederick — his plan being to walk at night and stop during the day in the neighborhood of the troops. He said there were three corps near Frederick when he passed there, one to the right, and one to the left, but he did not succeed in getting the position of the other. This information proved more accurate than we could have expected if we had been relying upon our cavalry. I sent the scout to report to General Lee, who was near, and suggested in my note that it might be well for us to begin to look to the east of the Blue Ridge. Meade was then in command of the Federal army, Hooker having been relieved.

The two armies were then near each other, the Confederates being north and west of Gettysburg and the Federals south and south-east of that memorable field. On the 30th of June, we turned our faces toward our enemy and marched upon Gettysburg. The Third Corps, under Hill, moved out first and my command followed. We then found ourselves in a very unusual condition: we were almost in the immediate presence of the enemy with our cavalry gone. Stuart was undertaking another wild ride around the Federal army. We knew nothing of Meade's movements further than the report my scout had made. We did not know, except by surmise, when or where to expect to find Meade, nor whether he was lying in wait or advancing. The Confederates moved down the Gettysburg road on the 30th of June, encountered the Federals on the 1st of July, and a severe engagement followed. The Federals were driven entirely from the field and forced back through the streets of Gettysburg to Cemetery Hill, which had been previously selected as a Federal rallying point and was occupied by a reserve force of the Eleventh Corps.

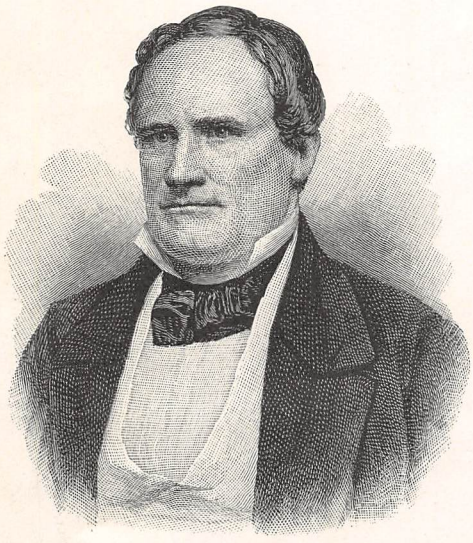
Gettysburg lies partly between Seminary Ridge on the west and Cemetery Ridge on the south-east, a distance of about fourteen hundred yards dividing the crests of the two ridges. As General Lee rode to the summit of Seminary Ridge and looked down upon the town he saw the Federals in full retreat and concentrating on the rock-ribbed hill that served as a burying-ground for the city. He sent orders to Ewell to follow up the success if he found it practicable and to occupy the hill on which the enemy was concentrating. As the order was not positive but left discretion with General Ewell, the latter thought it better to give his troops a little rest and wait for more definite instructions. I was following the Third Corps as fast as possible, and as soon as I got possession of the road went rapidly forward to join General Lee. I found him on the summit of Seminary Ridge watching the enemy concentrate on the opposite hill. He pointed out their position to me. I took my glasses and made as careful a survey as I



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

could from that point. After five or ten minutes I turned to General Lee and said:

"If we could have chosen a point to meet our plans of operation, I do not think we could have found a better one than that upon which they are now concentrating. All we have to do is to throw our army around by their left and we shall interpose between the Federal army and Washington. We can get a strong position and wait, and if they fail to attack us we shall have everything in condition to move back to-morrow night in the direction of Washington, selecting beforehand a good position into which we can place our troops to receive battle next day. Finding our object is Washington or that army, the Federals will be sure to attack us. When they attack, we shall beat them, as we proposed to do before we left Fredericksburg, and the probabilities are that the fruits of our success will be great."



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM BARKSDALE, WOUNDED JULY 2D, DIED JULY 3D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

"No," said General Lee; "the enemy is there, and I am going to attack him there."

I suggested that such a move as I proposed would give us control of the roads leading to Washington and Baltimore, and reminded General Lee of our original plans. If we had fallen behind Meade and had insisted on staying between him and Washington, he would have been compelled to attack and would have been badly beaten. General Lee answered, "No; they are there in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip me." I saw he was in no frame of mind to listen to further argument at that time, so I did not push the matter, but determined to renew the subject the next morning. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon.

On the morning of the 2d I joined General Lee and again proposed the move to Meade's left and rear. He was still unwilling to consider the proposition, but soon left me and rode off to see General Ewell and to examine the ground on our left with a view to making the attack at that point. After making the examination and talking to General Ewell, he determined to make the attack by the right, and, returning to where I was, announced his intention of so doing. His engineer officers had been along the line far enough to find a road by which the troops could move and be concealed from the Federal signal stations.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 2d he ordered the march, and put it under the conduct of his engineer officers, so as to be assured of their moving by the best route and encountering the least delay in reaching the position designated by him for the attack on the Federal left, at the same time concealing the movements then under orders from view of the Federals.

McLaws's division was in advance, with Hood following. After marching some distance there was a delay in front, and I rode forward to ascertain the cause, when it was reported to me that part of the road just in advance of us was in plain view of the Federal signal station on Round Top. To avoid that point the direction of the troops was changed. Again I found there was some delay, and ordering Hood's division, then in the rear, to move on and double with the division in front, so as to save as much time as possible, I went forward again to see the cause of the delay. It seemed there was doubt again about the men being concealed, when I stated that I could see the signal station, and there was no reason why they could not see us. It seemed to me useless, therefore, to delay the troops any longer with the idea of concealing the move, and the two divisions moved on. As the line was deployed I rode along from left to right, examining the Federal position and putting my troops in the best position we could find. General Lee at the same time gave orders for the attack to be made by my right — following up the direction of the Emmettsburg road toward the Cemetery Ridge, holding Hood's left as well as could be toward the Emmettsburg road, McLaws to follow the movements of Hood, attacking at the Peach Orchard the Federal Third Corps, with a part of R. H. Anderson's division following the movements of McLaws to guard his left flank. As soon as the troops were in position, and we could find the points against which we should march and give the guiding points, the advance was ordered — at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The attack was

RELIEF MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A MODEL OR RELIEF MAP BY AMBROSE E. LEHMAN, C. E.)

1. Chambersburg pike bridge over Willoughby Creek — beginning of the battle of the first day. 2. McPherson's farm and woods. 3. Railway cuts. 4. Seminary. 5. Oak Hill. 6. Carlisle Road. 7. Harrisburg Road bridge over Rock Creek. 8. Hanover Road. 9. Wolf Hill. 10. Culp's Hill. 11. East Cemetery Hill. 12. Cemetery Hill — site of National Cemetery. 13. Ziegler's Grove. 14. Meade's headq'rs on the Taneytown Road. 15. Slocum's headquarters on Power's Hill. 16. Codori's house on the Emmettsburg Road. 17. Cemetery Ridge. 18. Little Round Top. 19. Round Top. 20. Devil's Den. 21. Wheat-field. 22. Trostle's farm. 23. Peach Orchard. 24. Seminary Ridge. 25. Extreme right of Longstreet's line.

made in splendid style by both divisions, and the Federal line was broken by the first impact. They retired, many of them, in the direction of Round Top behind bowlders and fences, which gave them shelter, and where they received reënforcements.

This was an unequal battle. General Lee's orders had been that when my advance was made, the Second Corps, on his left, should move and make a simultaneous attack; that the Third Corps should watch closely and engage so as to prevent heavy massing in front of me. Ewell made no move at all until about eight o'clock at night, after the heat of the battle was over, his line having been broken by a call for one of his brigades somewhere else. Hill made no move whatever, save of the brigades of his right division that were covering our left.

When the battle of the 2d was over, General Lee pronounced it a success, as we were in possession of ground from which we had driven the Federals and had taken several field pieces. The conflict had been fierce and bloody, and my troops had driven back heavy columns and had encountered a force three or four times their number,* but we had accomplished little toward victorious results. Our success of the first day led us into battle on the 2d, and the battle on the 2d doubtless led us into the terrible and hopeless slaughter on the 3d.

On the night of the 2d, I sent to our extreme right to make a little reconnoissance in that direction, thinking General Lee might yet conclude to move around the Federal left. The morning of the 3d broke clear and indicated a day on which operations would not be interrupted by the elements. The Confederate forces still occupied Seminary Ridge, while the Federals occupied the range stretching from Round Top to Cemetery Hill and around Culp's Hill. The position of the Federals was quite strong, and the battle of the 2d had concentrated them so that I considered an attack from the front more hazardous than the battle on the 2d had been. The Federals were concentrated, while our troops were stretched out in a long, broken, and thus a weak line. However, General Lee hoped to break through the Federal line and drive them off. I was disappointed when he came to me on the morning of the 3d, and directed that I should renew the attack against Cemetery Hill, probably the strongest point of the Federal line. He had already ordered Pickett's division, which had been left at Chambersburg to guard our supply trains, up for that purpose. In the meantime the Federals had placed batteries on Round Top in position to make a raking fire against troops attacking the Federal front. Meade knew that if the battle was renewed it would be virtually over the same ground as my battle of the 2d. I stated to General Lee that I had been examining the ground over to the right, and was much inclined to think the best thing was to move to the Federal left.

"No," he said; "I am going to take them where they are on Cemetery Hill. I want you to take Pickett's division and make the attack. I will reënforce you by two divisions of the Third Corps."

"That will give me fifteen thousand men," I replied. "I have been a soldier, I may say, from the ranks up to the position I now hold. I have been in pretty much all kinds of skirmishes, from those of two or three soldiers up to those of an army corps, and I think I can safely say there never was a body of fifteen thousand men who could make that attack successfully."

The General seemed a little impatient at my remarks, so I said nothing more. As he showed no indication of changing his plan, I went to work at once to arrange my troops for the attack. Pickett was put in position and received directions for the line of his advance as indicated by General Lee. The divisions of the Third Corps were arranged along his left with orders to take up the line of march as Pickett passed before them in short echelon. We were to open with our batteries, and Pickett was to move out as soon as we silenced the Federal batteries. The artillery combat was to begin with the rapid discharge of two field pieces as our signal. As soon as the orders were communicated along the line, I sent Colonel E. P. Alexander (who was commanding a battalion of artillery and who had been an engineer officer) to select carefully a point from which he could observe the effect of our batteries. When he could discover the enemy's batteries silenced or crippled, he should give notice to General Pickett, who was ordered, upon receipt of that notice, to move forward to the attack. When I took Pickett to the crest of Seminary Ridge and explained where his troops should be sheltered, and pointed out the direction General Lee wished him to take and the point of the Federal line where the assault was to be made, he seemed to appreciate the severe battle he was to encounter, but was quite hopeful of success. Upon receipt of notice, he was to march over the crest of the hill down the gentle slope and up the rise opposite the Federal stronghold. The distance was about fourteen hundred yards, and for most of the way the Federal batteries would have a rak-

* General Meade's report shows that all of the Third and parts of the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Twelfth corps took part in the second day's fight.—EDITOR.

A DISPATCH BEARER.

ing fire from Round Top, while the sharpshooters, artillery, and infantry would subject the assaulting column to a terrible and destructive fire. With my knowledge of the situation, I could see the desperate and hopeless nature of the charge and the cruel slaughter it would cause. My heart was heavy when I left Pickett. I rode once or twice along the ground between Pickett and the Federals, examining the positions and study-

ing the matter over in all its phases so far as we could anticipate.

About one o'clock everything was in readiness. The signal guns broke the prevailing stillness, and immediately a hundred and fifty Confederate cannon burst into a deafening roar, which was answered by a thunder almost as great from the Federal side. From both sides the shells were hurled and burst as

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RICHARD B. GARNETT, KILLED JULY 3D.

the great artillery combat proceeded. The destruction was, of course, not great; but the thunder on Seminary Ridge, and the echo coming back from the Federals, showed that both sides were ready. The armies seemed like mighty wild beasts growling at each other and preparing for a death struggle. For an hour or two the fire was continued, and met such steady response on the part of the Federals, that it seemed less effective than we had anticipated. I sent word to Alexander that unless he could do something more, I would not feel warranted in ordering the troops forward. After a little, some of the Federal batteries ceased firing, possibly to save ammunition, and Alexander thought the most suitable time for the advance had come. He sent word to Pickett, and Pickett rode to my headquarters. As he came up he asked if the time for his advance had come. I was convinced that he would be leading his troops to needless slaughter, and did not speak. He repeated the question, and without opening my lips, I bowed in answer. In a determined voice Pickett said: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward." He then remounted his horse and rode back to his command. I mounted my horse and rode to a point where I could observe the troops as they marched forward. Colonel Alexander had set aside a battery of seven guns to advance with Pickett, but General Pendleton, from whom they were borrowed, recalled them just before the charge was ordered. Colonel Alexander told me of the seven guns which had been removed, and that his ammunition was so low he could not properly support the charge. I ordered him to stop Pickett until the ammunition could be replenished, and he answered, "There is no ammunition with which to replenish." In the hurry he got together such guns as he could to move with Pickett.

It has been said that I should have exercised discretion and should not have sent Pickett on his charge. It has been urged that I had exercised discretion on previous occasions. It is true that at times when I saw a certainty of success in another direction, I did not follow the orders of my general, but that was when he was not near and could not see the situation as it existed. When your chief is away, you have a right to exercise discretion; but if he sees everything you see, you have no right to disregard his positive and repeated orders. I never exercised discretion after discussing with General Lee the points of his orders, *and* when after discussion he had ordered the execution of his policy. I had offered my objections to Pickett's battle and had been overruled, and I was in the immediate presence of the commanding general when the order was given for Pickett to advance.

Gettysburg was one of the saddest days of my life. I foresaw what my men would meet and would gladly have given up my position rather than share in the responsibilities of that day. It was thus I felt when Pickett at the head of forty-nine hundred brave men marched over the crest of Seminary Ridge and began his descent of the slope. As he passed me he rode gracefully, with his jaunty cap raked well over on his right ear and his long auburn locks, nicely dressed, hanging almost to his shoulders. He seemed rather a holiday soldier than a general at the head of a column which was about to make one of the grandest, most desperate assaults recorded in the annals of wars. Armistead and Garnett, two of his brigadiers, were veterans of nearly a quarter of a century's service. Their minds seemed absorbed in the men behind, and in the bloody work before them. Kemper, the other brigadier, was younger but had experienced many severe battles. He was leading my old brigade that I had drilled on Manassas plains before the first battle on that noted field. The troops advanced in well-closed ranks and with elastic step, their faces lighted with hope. Before them lay the ground over which they were to pass to the point of attack. Intervening were several fences, a field of corn, a little swale running through it and then a rise from that point to the Federal stronghold. As soon as Pickett passed the crest of the hill, the Federals had a clear view and opened their batteries, and as he descended the eastern

slope of the ridge his troops received a fearful fire from the batteries in front and from Round Top. The troops marched steadily, taking the fire with great coolness. As soon as they passed my batteries I ordered my artillery to turn their fire against the batteries on our right then raking my lines. They did so, but did not force the Federals to change the direction of their fire and relieve our infantry. As the troops were about to cross the swale I noticed a considerable force of Federal infantry moving down as though to flank the left of our line. I sent an officer to caution the division commanders to guard against that move, at the same time sending another staff officer with similar orders so as to feel assured the order would be delivered. Both officers came back bringing their saddles, their horses having been shot under them. After crossing the swale, the troops kept the same steady step, but met a dreadful fire at the hands of the Federal sharpshooters; and as soon as the field was open, the Federal infantry poured down a terrific fire which was kept up during the entire assault. The slaughter was terrible, the enfilade fire of the batteries on Round Top being very destructive. At times one shell would knock down five or six men. I dismounted to relieve my horse and was sitting on a rail fence watching very closely the movements of the troops. Colonel Freemantle, who had taken a position behind the Third Corps where he would be out of reach of fire and at the same time have a clear view of the field, became so interested that he left his position and came with speed to join me. Just as he came up behind me, Pickett had reached a point between his and the Federal lines. A pause was made to close ranks and mass for the final plunge. The troops on Pickett's left, although advancing, were evidently a little shaky. Colonel Freemantle, only observing the troops of Pickett's command, said to me, "General, I would not have missed this for anything in the world." He believed it to be a complete success. I was watching the troops supporting Pickett and saw plainly they could not hold together ten minutes longer. I called his attention to the wavering condition of the two divisions of the Third Corps, and said they would not hold, that Pickett would strike and be crushed and the attack would be a failure. As Pickett's division concentrated in making the final assault, Kemper fell severely wounded. As the division threw itself against the Federal line Garnett fell and expired. The Confederate flag was planted in the Federal line, and immediately Armistead fell mortally wounded at the feet of the Federal soldiers. The wavering divisions then seemed appalled, broke their ranks, and retired. Immediately the Federals swarmed around Pickett, attacking on all sides, enveloped and broke up his command, having killed and wounded more than two thousand men in about thirty minutes. They then drove the fragments back upon our lines. As they came back I fully expected to see Meade ride to the front and lead his forces to a tremendous counter-charge. Sending my staff officers to assist in collecting the fragments of my command, I rode to my line of batteries, knowing they were all I had in front of the impending attack, resolved to drive it back or sacrifice my last gun and man. The Federals were advancing a line of skirmishers which I thought was the advance of their charge. As soon as the line of skirmishers came within reach of our guns the batteries opened again and their

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM D. PENDER, WOUNDED JULY 2D, DIED JULY 18TH.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL PAUL SEMMES, MORTALLY WOUNDED JULY 2D.

PICKETT'S CHARGE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

fire seemed to check at once the threatened advance. After keeping it up a few minutes the line of skirmishers disappeared, and my mind was relieved of the apprehension that Meade was going to follow us.

General Lee came up as our troops were falling back and encouraged them as well as he could; begged them to re-form their ranks and reorganize their forces, and assisted the staff-officers in bringing them all together again. It was then he used the expression that has been mentioned so often:

"It was all my fault; get together, and let us do the best we can toward saving that which is left us."

As our troops were driven back from the general assault an attack was made on my extreme right by several squadrons of cavalry, which succeeded in breaking through our line of pickets. They were met by counter-move of the Ninth Georgia and the well-directed fire of Captain Bachman's battery and driven back, the Eleventh and Fifty-ninth Georgia regiments joining in the counter-move.

Finding that Meade was not going to follow us, I prepared to withdraw my line to a better defensive position. The batteries were withdrawn well over Seminary Ridge, and orders were sent to the right for McLaws's and Hood's divisions to be withdrawn to corresponding positions. The armies remained in position, the Confederates on Seminary Ridge extending around Gettysburg, the left also drawn back, the Federals on Cemetery Ridge, until the night of the 4th, when we took up the march in retreat for Virginia.

That night, while we were standing round a little fire by the roadside, General Lee said again the defeat was all his fault. He said to me at another time, "You ought not to have made that last attack." I replied, "I had my orders, and they were of such a nature there was no escape from them." During that winter, while I was in East Tennessee, in a letter I received from him he said, "If I only had taken your counsel even on the 3d, and had moved around the Federal left, how different all might have been."

The only thing Pickett said of his charge was that he was distressed at the loss of his command. He thought he should have had two of his brigades that had been left in Virginia; with them he felt that he would have broken the line.

While I was trying to persuade General Lee to turn the Federal left on the 1st of July, Halleck telegraphed Meade as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1, 1863.

"The movements of the enemy yesterday indicate his intention to either turn your left or to cover himself by the South Mountain and occupy Cumberland Valley. Do not let him draw you too far to the east."

Again on the same day:

"Your tactical arrangements for battle seem good so far as I can judge from my knowledge of the character of the country. But in a strategic view, are you not too far east? And may not Lee attempt to turn your left and cut you off from Frederick? Please give your full attention to this suggestion."

The next day, just thirty minutes before my assault, General Meade telegraphed General Halleck at 3 P. M.:

"If I find it hazardous to do so [meaning to attack], or am satisfied that the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear and interpose between me and Washington, I shall fall back to my supplies at Westminster."

From this we know that the ground of the Gettysburg cemetery could have been occupied without the loss of a man, yet even at this late day, some of the Virginians, not satisfied with the sacrifice already made, wish that I, who would and could have saved every man lost at Gettysburg, should now be shot to death.

If we had made the move around the Federal left, and taken a strong position, we should have dislodged Meade without a single blow; but even if we had been successful at Gettysburg, and had driven the Federals out of their stronghold, we should have won a fruitless victory, and returned to Virginia conquered victors. The ground they occupied would have been worth no more to us than the ground we were on. What we needed was a battle that would give us decided fruits, not ground that was of no value. I do not think there was any necessity for giving battle at Gettysburg. All of our cavalry was absent, and while that has been urged by some as a reason why the battle should have been made at once, to my mind it was one of the strongest reasons for delaying the battle until everything was well in hand. The cause of the battle was simply General Lee's determination to fight it out from the position in which he was at that time. He did not feel that he was beaten on the second day, but that he was the victor, and still hoped he would be able to dislodge Meade; but he made a mistake in sending such a small number of men to attack a formidable force in position of great natural strength, reënforced by such temporary shelter as could be collected and placed in position to cover the troops. Lee's hope in entering the campaign was that he would be in time to make a successful battle north of the Potomac, with such advantages as to draw off the army at Vicksburg as well as the Federal troops at other points.

I do not think the general effect of the battle was demoralizing, but by a singular

coincidence our army at Vicksburg surrendered to Grant on the 4th, while the armies of Lee and Meade were lying in front of each other, each waiting a movement on the part of the other, neither victor, neither vanquished. This surrender, taken in connection with the Gettysburg defeat, was, of course, very discouraging to our superior officers, though I do not know that in rank and file it was felt as keenly. For myself, I felt that our last hope was gone, and that it was now only a question of time with us. When, however, I found that Rosecrans was moving down toward Georgia against General Bragg, I thought it possible we might recover some of our lost prospects by concentrating against Rosecrans, destroying his army, and advancing through Kentucky.

General Lee evidently felt severely mortified and hurt at the failure, so much so that at times he was inclined to listen to some of those who claimed to be his friends, and to accept their proposition to find a scapegoat. He resisted them, however, and seemed determined to leave the responsibility on his own hands.

For several reasons I will take occasion here to answer some serious charges that have been made against me by men who claim to have been the friends of General Lee.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," quotes from a memorial address the old story of the Rev. W. N. Pendleton (page 441, Vol. II.):

"The ground south-west of the town was carefully examined by me after the engagement on July 1st. Being found much less difficult than the steep ascent fronting the troops already up, its practicable character was reported to our commanding general. He informed me that he had ordered Longstreet to attack on that front at sunrise the next morning. And he added to myself, 'I want you to be out long before sunrise, so as to reëxamine and save time.'

"He also desired me to communicate with General Longstreet as well as with himself. The reconnoissance was accordingly made as soon as it was light enough on the 2d, and made through a long distance —in fact, very close to what there was of the enemy's line. No insuperable difficulty appearing, and the marching up far off the enemy's reënforcing columns being seen, the extreme desirableness of immediate attack there was at once reported to the commanding general, and according to his wish, message was also sent to the intrepid but deliberate corps commander, whose sunrise attack there had been ordered. There was, however, unaccountable delay. My own messages went repeatedly to General Lee, and his I know was urgently pressed on General Longstreet until, as I afterwards learned from officers who saw General Lee, as I could not at the time, he manifested extreme displeasure with the tardy corps commander. That hard-fighting soldier, to whom it had been committed there to attack early in the day, did not in person reach the commanding general and with him ride to a position whence to view the ground and see the enemy's arriving masses until twelve o'clock, and his column was not up and ready for the assault until four P. M. All this, as it occurred under my personal observation, it is nothing short of imperative duty that I should thus fairly state."

Mr. Davis indorses the statement thus:

"For the reasons set forth by General Pendleton, whose statement in regard to a fact coming under his personal observation none who know him will question, preparations for a general engagement were unfortunately delayed until the afternoon instead of being made at sunrise; then troops had been concentrated, and Round Top, the commanding position unoccupied in the morning, had received the force which inflicted such disaster on our assaulting columns. The question as to the responsibility for this delay has been so fully discussed in the 'Southern Historical Society Papers' as to relieve me from the necessity of entering into it."

As General Pendleton's lecture was the capital upon which it was proposed to draw funds for a memorial church, it was natural, perhaps, that Mr. Davis should *as a sentiment* claim the statements made as beyond question. Most Virginia writers on this subject have taken up and followed the false scent announced by Mr. Pendleton. Outside that State, I believe Mr. Davis and General Wilcox are the only persons who do not spurn it as false. Facts connected with this battle have been so distorted and misrepresented that a volume of distinct maps must be written in order to make a demonstration, to the letter, of all its features.

General C. M. Wilcox, in an article in the September number, 1877, of the "Southern Historical Society Papers," refers to the order for early attack, viz.:

"It has been asserted that General Longstreet was ordered to attack at daylight or early the next morning. Of this I have no knowledge personally, but am inclined to believe that he was so ordered."

But from the *official accounts* of Generals Pendleton and Wilcox * we see that the right of General Lee's army was not deployed as far as the Fairfield road on the 1st of July, that General Pendleton did not pass beyond this road, and only noted the location of the ridge on the right from his position on the Fairfield road especially as likely to be important "toward a flank movement." With this idea in his mind he leaves us to infer that he left our right and moved over to our left to supervise the posting of artillery battalions just then coming up. Soon after General Pendleton passed from about the Fairfield road to our left, the division of General R. H. Anderson,— of the Third Corps,— led by the brigade of General C. M. Wilcox, filed off to the right from the Chambersburg road, marched in an oblique direction toward the Fairfield road,

* The text of these reports is omitted here for want of space.

where it was halted for the night, lying in bivouac till the next day, the brigade of Wilcox being on picket or guard service during the night about a mile farther to the right. In the absence of other evidence, one might be at a loss to know which of these accounts was intended in the Pickwickian sense, but the account of General R. H. Anderson, who was guileless and truthful, supports the official reports. General A. A. Humphreys (of the other side), late chief of the United States Corps of Engineers, a man whose entire life and service were devoted to official accuracy, gives similar evidence in his official report.

All the subordinate reports on the Confederate side confirm the account by General Anderson, while the reports of subordinate officers on the Federal side conform to that of General Humphreys. It is conclusive therefore that the Confederates occupied no ground east of the Fairfield road till R. H. Anderson's division advanced on the morning of the 2d at ten to find its position on the right of the Third Corps.

When it is remembered that my command was at the close of the first day's fight fifteen to twenty miles west of the field, that its attack as ordered was to be made along the east side of the Emmettsburg road, that no part of General Lee's army touched that road till 10 A. M. of the 2d, that up to that hour it was in possession of the Federals, and that their troops had been marching in by that road from early on the 1st till 10 A. M. on the 2d, it will be seen that General Pendleton's reconnoissance on the 1st was made, if made at all, by his passing through the Federal lines on the afternoon of the 1st and again on the morning of the 2d. If he had there delivered his memorial lecture, Sickles's corps would have been driven off in confusion, to the great benefit of the Confederate cause.

General Wilcox confesses want of personal information of the order for daylight or early attack, but expresses his confidence that the order was given. That is, he, occupying our extreme right, on picket on the 1st, at a point considerably west of the Emmettsburg road, believes that General Lee ordered troops some fifteen or twenty miles further west, and yet on the march, to pass his picket guard in the night to its point of attack, east of the Emmettsburg road, through the Federal lines, to make a daylight attack east of the Emmettsburg road. While I am prepared to admit that General Lee ordered, at times, desperate battles, I cannot admit that he, blindfold, ever led or ordered his next in rank, also blindfold, into night marches through the enemy's lines to gain position and make a battle at daylight next morning.

In articles formerly published on this charge of Mr. Pendleton, masses of evidence were adduced showing that my column when ordered to the right, east of the Emmettsburg road, was conducted by General Lee's engineer officer; that when halted under the conduct of that officer I doubled the rear division on the leading one so as to save time; that my arrangements were promptly made, and that my attack was made many hours before any of our other troops were ready to obey their orders to coöperate. As I was the only one prepared for battle, I contended against the Federal army throughout the contest with two divisions and some misguided brigades sent to cover my left.

Colonel Taylor, of General Lee's staff, takes exception to the delay in the attack of Pickett on the last day under the impression that had I attacked earlier and before Johnson was driven from the Federal right, the latter might have held his ground longer and to some advantage to the Confederates. He seems to lose sight of the fact that General Lee, not I, was commanding our left under Johnson, and that he alone could order concert of action. On the 2d, notwithstanding his orders to move in concert with my attack at 4 P. M., Johnson did not go in till eight at night, long after my battle was ended. Colonel Taylor thinks the forlorn hope should have gone in sooner. The universal opinion now is that it should not have gone in at all; and, as already stated, that was the opinion General Lee expressed soon after the battle.

Some of our North Carolina troops seem to consider the less conspicuous part given them a reflection upon them as soldiers of true mettle and dash. This sensitiveness is not well founded. Every officer of experience knows that the best of veteran soldiers, with bloody noses, from a fresh battle, are never equal to those going in fresh in their first stroke of the battle. Had Pickett's men gone through the same experience of the other troops on the 1st, they could not have felt the same zest for fighting that they did coming up fresh and feeling disparaged that the army had won new laurels in their absence. There is no doubt that the North Carolinians did as well as any soldiers could have done under the circumstances. I can truthfully attest that the old North State furnished as fine and gallant troops as any that fought in the Confederate ranks — and that is saying as much as can be said for soldiers. They certainly made sufficient sacrifice, and that was all we had left to do on that day.

DURING the Franco-Prussian war I kept a map of the field of operations with col-

ored pegs, that were moved from day to day to indicate the movements of the two armies. Bazaine had been driven to shelter at Metz, McMahon had been driven back to the route leading from Paris to Metz and seemed in doubt whether he would go to Paris or to Bazaine's relief. He suffered himself to be forced north of the route between these points. On the morning that the wires brought us that information two or three of the French Creoles of New Orleans visited my office to inquire my views of the movements then proceeding. I replied, "McMahon's army will be prisoners of war in ten days." They were very indignant and stated that I was a republican and in sympathy with the Prussians. My reply was that I had only given them my solution of a military problem. The Prussians were on the shorter route to Paris or to Metz, so that if McMahon should attempt to move in either direction the Prussians, availing themselves of the shorter lines, would interpose and force McMahon to attack, but he had already been so beaten and demoralized, that he could not be expected to make a successful attack and would therefore be obliged to surrender. If he had gone directly to Paris before giving up his shorter route, it is possible that he could have organized a succoring army for the relief of Metz.

Had we interposed between Meade and Washington our army in almost as successful prestige as was that of the Prussians, Meade would have been obliged to attack us wherever we might be pleased to have him. He would have been badly beaten like the French, and the result would have been similar.

I do not mean to say that two governments would have been permanently established; for I thought before the war, and during its continuance, that the peoples would eventually get together again in stronger bonds of friendship than those of their first love.

James Longstreet.

THE FINDER OF THE ANTIETAM ORDER OF GENERAL LEE.

IN THE CENTURY for November appear two communications, one by myself, and one from the late General McClellan relating to a pension for the widow of John B. Mitchell, late of Company "F" Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, the finder of the famous Antietam order of General Lee.

Neither the soldier nor the widow has ever filed a claim for pension, and any seeming failure of recognition is not due to neglect on the part of the Pension Office.

S. Colgrove.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 15, 1886.

THE BAILING OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

SHORTLY after daybreak of a morning near the end of June, 1865, Horace Greeley came to the house of George Shea (then Corporation Attorney, and afterwards Chief-justice of the Marine Court), in New York. His errand was urgent. The preceding day he had received a letter, dated June 22, from Mrs. Varina Davis, whose husband, Jefferson Davis, was a prisoner at Fort Monroe. The "Bureau of Military Justice," headed by General Joseph Holt, had already charged him with guilty knowledge concerning the assassination of Lincoln. Mrs. Davis wrote from Savannah, and implored Greeley to obtain if possible a speedy public trial of Davis on this charge, and on any inferred charge of cruelty to prisoners of war. Greeley could not believe that Davis had anything to do with the assassination. He added that Davis had personally received from Francis P. Blair, in the preceding winter, sufficient assurance of Lincoln's kindly intentions toward the South. He then asked Mr. Shea to interest himself professionally on Davis's behalf, and said: "We can have with us those with whom you have been in confidential relations during the last two years." Shea said that unless the Government were willing to abandon the charge against Wirz for cruelty to prisoners, it could not overlook his superior, Davis, popularly supposed to be responsible. He should hesitate to act as counsel, if the case came before a military tribunal. Greeley said he did not know Mr. Davis, and Shea said: "Neither do I. But I know those who are intimate with him; and his reputation among them is universal for kindness of heart amounting, in a ruler, almost to weakness." Greeley feared that the head of the Confederacy could not be held blameless, and that Wirz's impending trial had a "malign aspect" for Davis.

"If the contrary cannot be made to appear," said Shea, "the case is hopeless."

At last it was agreed that Shea should consult with common friends, then in official power, and with representative citizens, in order to assist Davis, should the charge of

cruelty prove unfounded. It was also agreed to take into confidence only pronounced Republicans.

Such was the extraordinary conference, held in the first light of morning, between the chief journalist of the Republican party and his friend, an uncompromising Democrat, with the object of aiding Davis; a scheme which, had it been known, would have roused a storm of passionate protest in the North.

Shea had always been on intimate terms with Greeley, who had known him from childhood.* This brought him into friendly association with abolition leaders; and as he was himself a strong Democrat, he was naturally sought out as the person most likely to conduct successfully the difficult task in view. Charles O'Conor was subsequently engaged to defend Davis. Shea was the attorney of record.

I must now go back a little. In July, 1864, Greeley visited Shea at Brier Cliff, on the Hudson, respecting the proposed conference with Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, and James P. Holcombe, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, with a view to securing peace, based upon recognition of freedom for the slaves. Shea tried to dissuade him from taking part in it, since it was not likely that the gentlemen named had definite authority to negotiate. The meeting, as every one is aware, came to nothing. Shea was now to be associated with Greeley in more effectual efforts to realize fully the peace concluded by the war.

Late in March, 1865, Shea went to Hilton Head, and thence to Charleston. One of his objects, though not at first the chief one, was to meet certain Republican leaders whom he could not visit at the North without, perhaps, exciting observation and inquiry. They were going down to Charleston on the *Arago*, to celebrate the restoration of the United States flag above Fort Sumter. He preceded them, and was the guest of General Q. A. Gillmore, then commanding in that department. He had just come from Hilton Head on the flagship with General Gillmore, when the *Arago* arrived and anchored outside the bar at daybreak of Good Friday, April 14th. Just then came the news, through Sherman's headquarters, of Lee's surrender; and the flagship, steaming out, announced it to the party on board the *Arago*, among whom were Henry Ward Beecher, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Hon. Henry Wilson, and General Joseph Holt. A scene of great enthusiasm ensued. After the ceremony of raising the flag on Sumter, and Beecher's oration, Shea went with Henry Wilson to the mansion, corner of Meeting street and fronting the Battery at Charleston. The spirit of exultation had received a check in the news of that morning. Many thought that, the war being ended, the Sumter affair was not as fitting as it would have been while hostilities continued.

The sentiment of magnanimity sprang into life at once. Wilson and Shea thought this opportunity propitious, and began to consider whether it might not be fostered and turned to practical account. They were together Saturday and Sunday. Wilson expressed joy at the prospect that, since Congress was not in session, peace could be arranged by military armistice, and the country adjusted to new conditions without bitter political debate. They agreed that the most powerful men in bringing about such a result would be John A. Andrew, Gerrit Smith, and Greeley. Thaddeus Stevens, they thought, would prove intractable were Seward's original view of the situation, now precipitated, to be acted upon.†

The plan which Wilson and Shea were now revolving looked towards bringing together representative men of the North and South, with the idea of carrying out that view. On Sunday, Shea had a long talk with Garrison, while walking through the streets of the city, lined with shattered edifices. Garrison, Mr. Shea says, was moved by the sight, and alluded to the fact that this same city had once burnt him in effigy and that a price had been offered for his head in the South. He said he had none but good wishes for Charleston, and "mourned" to see that of its "great buildings not one stone was left upon another." Shea then urged upon him that he extend this feeling of charity to the entire South and assist in bringing into coöperation with Northern men the Southern leaders, so as to effect speedily a good understanding and the

* See Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life."

† January 22, 1861, Senator Fitch of Indiana moved that the President of the Senate should fill vacancies on the committees, caused by the withdrawal of Senators Jefferson Davis, Yulee, Fitzpatrick, Clay, and Mallory, whose States had seceded. In the debate that followed, Seward said: "I am utterly opposed, however, Mr. President, to this transaction. . . . I am for leaving those seats here for those Senators or for other Senators from the States which they represent, *to be resumed at their own time and at their good pleasure.*"

At that time there was much discussion in Congress as to whether the withdrawal of Southern members should be formally recognized, lest by such action the right of secession should be tacitly conceded. January 12, 1861, Seward had said in a speech on the state of the Union: "The Union can be dissolved *not by secession, with or without force*, but only by the voluntary consent of the people of the United States, in the manner prescribed by the Constitution of the United States." Taking these two utterances together, it is plain that Seward's view then was that under no circumstances could Southern States be regarded as out of the Union, and that they should always be free to resume their seats in Congress.— G. P. L.

resumption of peaceful works by the whole people. Garrison appeared anxious and inquiring. Shea expressed his belief that Wilson and Andrew would coöperate in such a plan.* Other conversations followed while the party (which left Charleston on Monday) was on its way to Hilton Head. But there it received the dire news of Lincoln's assassination. Everything was now thrown into doubt, though Wilson still had great hopes of Johnson's acting wisely. The steamer *Sueva Nada* was at once ordered to New York with those who wished to go. When she reached that port on April 26th, it was learned that she would stop first at Brooklyn, to land Mr. Beecher. Wilson, eager to get to Washington, left the vessel by a small boat and was rowed directly to Jersey City.

Within a few days he returned from the capital and, having first called on Greeley, came to Shea's house. There he told of his conversations with the new President. He appeared wholly disheartened. Johnson, he had found, wanted to adopt a plan for making all Southerners of former social position suppliants to him; and when every Southerner owning property of more than $40,000 value should be forced, as a condition of clemency, to give up the excess for the benefit of the poor in the South, the President thought their aristocracy would no longer "have a heel to crush people with." From that hour Wilson and Johnson diverged; and combinations were now formed to further a magnanimous policy, if need were, in opposition to the President. To that end Shea reopened negotiations with Governor Andrew, and went to Boston to see him.

This, then, was the situation when Greeley received Mrs. Davis's letter and talked with Shea in the gray dawn of that June morning. Two months afterwards Greeley had another letter from Mrs. Davis, evidently intended for publication. This caused him to write to Shea, August 28th, 1865, a letter which indicated a marked change in Greeley's disposition towards Davis, and that he was becoming convinced of Davis's moral responsibility for the crimes against prisoners. Dining with Greeley the next evening,† Shea undertook to get evidence that Davis was free from blame on this score.

He at once went to see Francis P. Blair, whom he found at his country-seat, Silver Springs, Maryland. Justice Shea has narrated to me the substance of the interview which took place there, and I give it from his dictation.

CHIEF-JUSTICE SHEA'S NARRATIVE.

On my arriving at the cottage which Mr. Blair then occupied, his mansion having been destroyed by Confederate troops, Mr. Blair said that we would walk out in the grounds, so that our conversation might be entirely free. He said, "I believe that Mr. Davis has not been allowed to appoint counsel." I said, "No; that a letter had been sent by Mr. O'Conor to Davis at Fortress Monroe; that we understood that an answer had been returned by Mr. Davis, but had been intercepted and stopped in the State Department."

Blair.—"You surely mean the War Department."

Shea.—"No, sir. The State Department seems to take an irregular and unusual interest concerning Mr. Davis personally."

Mr. Blair looked puzzled for some time; then smiled as if something occurred to him confirming my statement.

Shea.—"One of the objects, though quite incidental, of my visit to you, Mr. Blair, is that the counsel already selected by Mr. Davis's friends should at a proper time be allowed access to him. This is a right which the Constitution gives to every citizen accused, and unless the case of a prisoner of war is an exception, it should not be denied in a case so important and conspicuous as that of Mr. Davis. Your intimacy with President Johnson and the confidence which he has in your friendship, and respect for your judgment, point you out to Mr. Greeley, Mr. Wilson, Gerrit Smith, and Governor Andrew as the one person able, and likely willing, to aid their plan for a comprehensive magnanimity towards the South. They are sure you could not have approved of President Johnson's impolitic and unjust amnesty of last May."

Blair (after a few moments' silence).—"Mr. Shea, I am already made aware that you are in the confidence of those gentlemen, and represent them. Have you not seen the Chief-justice also?"—with a significant look.

Shea.—"I certainly have, and have come to confer with you upon what I consider necessary inferences from the conversation which I had with him at his house last month. It is clear that he considers the late armed strife between the States as an open and public war, and that no charge of treason attaches to any one engaged in it on the part of the Southern States."

Mr. Blair.—"I heard you had a talk together; but did he go that length with you?"

Shea.—"No; not in strict terms. But let me relate the fact to you. I called by appoint-

* Shea visited Garrison at Roxbury the following summer, but found him changed in mind, and urgent for the extreme punishment of Davis. Garrison said: "I am with the President, and desire to make treason infamous."—GEORGE SHEA.

† At the old Delmonico's, corner of Chambers street.

ment at his residence at half-past eight o'clock in the evening. He was dining out and had not yet returned. The porter said that the Chief-justice would be in soon, as he expected me to take tea with him; and in a few moments Mr. Chase returned, and said that he had been to a dinner party at Secretary Stanton's, and had some trouble in breaking away from it. While we sipped our tea, I found Mr. Chase growing very communicative, especially concerning the rehabilitation of the Democratic party, and the probability that if it would, unequivocally and decisively, accept the actual situation of public affairs,—especially the abolition of slavery and the citizenship of the black man,—the next Presidential election might see that party restored to power. 'I,' he said, 'have always been somewhat Democratic in my opinions; and, now that slavery is at an end, there is no reason why I should not be more so. You may yet see some old abolitionist the candidate of that party for the Presidency.'* After a few moments I continued the conversation by saying: 'Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, with whom I have recently talked, regards the accession of the blacks in the South to all the rights of citizenship as a political result of the war. He says it was an open and public war, and the Southern States are to be dealt with as conquered territory.' Mr. Chase here fell into a moment of thought, and then said: 'Congress itself has been of the same opinion. Have you considered the effect of Section 3 of Article 14 of the Amendment to the Constitution?' Leaving me, Mr. Chase went across the hall into the small library room on the left as you enter the street door, returned with a volume of the United States Laws, and having read to me the part of the Amendment he referred to, said: 'That is in harmony with Mr. Stevens's idea, and it seems to make doubtful the liability to further punishment for treason of persons engaged in the rebellion.' This meaning was certainly new to me; but, of course, whether the reading was intended as a suggestion or not, it has left a deep impression.† I said: 'Mr. Chief-justice, Mr. Stevens's opinion comes from the general principles of the law of nations, and not from any particular legislation. I called the attention of Mr. Stevens to Daniel Webster's declaration of the doctrine, and he esteems it as satisfactory and authoritative; so much so, that he told me he would use it in a speech which he is preparing in support of his bill for the confiscation of Southern lands.'

"I then read to the Chief-justice the passage to which I had called Mr. Stevens's attention, from Webster's Bunker Hill Monument speech of June 17th 1825: 'The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects, beyond its immediate result as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open public war. *There could no longer be a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason or rebellion.*'"

Having told Mr. Blair all this, I added: "You can judge for yourself whether there is reason to make the inference I have drawn as to the Chief-justice's opinion."

Blair.—"I expect that you have some definite plan for me to lay before the President."

Shea.—"Yes. Yet, before entering on that, let me earnestly call your attention to the continued denial of Mrs. Davis's application to visit or even correspond with her husband. I have seen Mr. Stanton, and he told me that the intention of the Government remained unchanged as to this. Why,—of course I could not ask him. I wish you and, if permissible, Mrs. Blair would see what can be done through the President and Mr. Stanton to grant Mrs. Davis even a limited correspondence with her husband. The definite plan which our friends would wish you to lay before the President, in a friendly spirit and not officially in the first instance, is this: To have Mr. Davis released from actual imprisonment by some means known to the law — such, for instance, as that which Chief-justice Marshall allowed in the case of Aaron Burr, between the time of his arrest and trial. This could not be done till after Davis was manumitted from the military and delivered into the civil jurisdiction. I know that the pendency of the Wirz case before the military commission may continue to be an impediment to that course; but it is a significant circumstance that the name of Jefferson Davis, notwithstanding all that has been threatened, has not been placed in the charges and specifications in that case, as one of those with whom it has been charged that Wirz conspired. Is it not, Mr. Blair, an admission on the part of the Government that it is possessed of no evidence implicating Mr. Davis in that charge? If it could be arranged, according to recognized procedures, that Mr. Davis be delivered into civil custody, then the matter may take its usual course before a civil tribunal; and time may then fairly be taken by the Government to consider whether public policy requires further prosecution. Mr. Davis at liberty would be as any other person in the South. In prison, he is a power, and there an obstruction to any plan for the concil-

* A prophecy. This came near being his own case in 1868, and was actually Greeley's in 1872.—G. P. L.

† It was this construction of that law which formed the very ground of the division of the court, and produced the final abandonment of the prosecution of Davis by the Government.—G. P. L.

iation of the whole country. Mr. Blair, should you find that the President thinks himself committed by what he has said about having this question of secession considered and determined by our highest legal tribunal, so as judicially to cast it out of our political system, in that case counsel for the defense of either Davis, Clay, or other prisoners of state might interpose a special plea in addition to the usual plea of not guilty; by which the whole controversy as to an act of secession constituting the crime of treason might be brought before the Supreme Court, without the complication of a trial by jury. This plan I have submitted to Mr. O'Conor, and it has his approval. He has authorized me to say so. However, Mr. Blair, in order to allow the case surely to reach the Supreme Court, it may be necessary that Congress give by statute the right of a writ of error in such cases, since at present there is no law allowing such an appeal. It must go there on a division of opinion in the court below.* Our friends are most anxious that all we attempt should have in view the political situation of the President, as well as the rights of Mr. Davis."

Mr. Blair said, "We will think further of this."

After dinner we resumed our walk and talk. Mr. Blair began by saying: "What you have proposed, I think well of. Even Sumner has said that a trial before a jury would be a farce. I shall see the President to-morrow afternoon, as on Sundays he has leisure; and he will act promptly in this matter. If you will hasten back to New York and put what you have said to me into writing, particularly regarding the Chief-justice, I shall lay it before the President privately, if I get any encouragement from him. I shall see what can be done for Mrs. Davis, and ask my wife to intercede with the President for her."

Mr. Blair, remaining silent for some time, finally said: "Much of this trouble need not have been. Mr. Davis himself had it in his power to have advanced the interests of our whole country. We all know that European nations are combined to establish on this continent interests inimical to our institutions and commerce. We should have held all of Mexico after the Mexican war. You remember how strongly Robert J. Walker, then a member of the Cabinet, advised it. This country should never permit the policy of the Monroe doctrine to become inert." Here he turned and looked at me and, with a degree of warmth unusual to him, said: "I presume you are not aware of the object of the visits which I made to Richmond last January?—though one of our friends could have told you of it."

I answered: "One of our particular friends did suggest something in the spirit of what you have already suggested, and it now begins to form an intelligibility for me which it had not before."

"It is well," resumed Mr. Blair, "that you should know all now; so that you can avoid in further conversations with others of our intimate friends at the North any curious inquiries. I got permission to visit Richmond, and went there early in January. That visit was made not without some, although an indefinite, understanding with friends in power† at Washington. So far as my interview with Mr. Davis was concerned, I was there individually, without authority, but as an old friend of his and a man of many Southern tender relations. My proposition was: *that the Confederate army should recognize that Richmond was no longer tenable, and should evacuate that place; that the army should move south-westward, and should be followed by the national troops, but pitched battles should be avoided; that this pursuit should be continued until the Confederate armies should have crossed the Mississippi and gathered upon the frontier of Mexico; and that then they should be driven into that country and followed, as a matter of course, by the Federal troops. There, once in association on a foreign soil, nothing could prevent a fraternizing of both the Northern and Southern soldiers. This would have been a consummation that would have reconciled all concerned, and would have obviated any elaborate political device for reorganizing or restoring any State of the Union.* No other foreign nation could have found fault with our following a belligerent army into the territory of a neighboring country,‡ which had habitually given

* This was said in order to demonstrate the futility of bringing the political question before the Circuit Court.—GEORGE SHEA.

† This, I am assured, was the exact expression used. —G. P. L.

‡ Compare, on this point, the remarkable order given by General Grant to General McDowell, in a letter dated at City Point, Va., Jauuary 8, 1865 (and published in the "Tribune" November 8, 1885), respecting the possible invasion of California by Dr. Gwin, the Duke of Sonora. "In an event like the one alluded to," says Grant in this letter, "I would not rest satisfied with simply driving the invaders on to Mexican soil, but would pursue them until overtaken, and would *retain possession of the territory* from which the invader started, until indemnity for the past and security for the future, satisfactory to the Government, was insured." Grant also says: "I write without having discussed this matter with any one. . . . This letter is written . . . . entirely without knowledge of what the President would advise in case of an invasion of our territory from that of Mexico, but with a conviction that it is right and just." The date is of the month when Blair visited Davis, and the letter seems to show that the idea of occupying Mexico was "in the air," and in more than one mind, even though not officially acknowledged.—G. P. L.

I authorize George Shea
to appear in behalf of me & in
my name to enter into a
cognizance in such sum as he
may think proper for the
personal appearance of Jefferson
Davis in any Court of the United
States at any time thereafter to ans-
wer to anything which may be
alleged against him by the
United States.

Witness my seal &
Seal Newport
November 2 1867.

Gerritt Smith

C. Vanderbilt

Horace Greeley
of New York

[The names of C. Vanderbilt and Horace Greeley, as in fac-simile above, were signed to duplicates of this letter, and Mr. Vanderbilt's seal was witnessed by Augustus Schell.—EDITOR.]

aid and comfort to the Southern Confederacy, and had set up an imperial government, with a European prince, as a menace to us and a home of refuge for those in open war with us. *I urged upon Mr. Davis that our people, once there, could not be made to leave ;* and Europe and Mexico would soon understand that we were there to stay.* European powers had combined, and were then actually proceeding to occupy that country permanently, against the will of the Mexican people, and the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine should impel us to prevent their success."

Shea returned shortly to New York, and there, a few days later, received from Mr. Blair the following letter:

"SILVER SPRINGS, September 9, 1865.
"GEORGE SHEA, ESQ.
"MY DEAR SIR,—I saw the President yesterday, and gave him the views you communicated to me. I told him frankly whence they came. He gave me no answer to communicate in return — although he conversed freely on the subject.
"In my opinion it would be well, if it is in your purpose to pursue the matter in the way you suggested, to put your views in writing and submit them to the President. I suppose in such form they might be made the subject of consideration in Cabinet, and in all likelihood the law officer might apprise you of the result.
Your obedient servant,
"F. P. BLAIR."

Mr. Shea soon afterwards visited Mr. Blair again, and said that it appeared to him embarrassing that he should have Mr. Blair hand to the President such a written statement, coming from one acting in behalf of a State prisoner, if it were to be submitted to the Cabinet.

Blair.—"If you do not trust the President, how can you expect him to trust you?"

Shea.—"I am willing to trust Mr. Johnson, but not to expose the project to the President's Cabinet. There are two members of the Cabinet whose passions on this subject would frustrate any plan, however commendable.†"

Mrs. Davis was soon accorded liberty to correspond with her husband and presently to visit him at Fort Monroe. This was the only immediate good that came from these conferences. The trial of Wirz proceeded. He was condemned because of his agency in the cruelty to prisoners, and executed November 10th, 1865. Now it seemed clear to many that the trial of Wirz was largely a proceeding of discovery for evidence implicating another higher than himself. The single point, also, on which light was desired by the band of friends — mainly Republicans — who had united to secure a large-minded policy towards ex-Confederates was this same question as to Mr. Davis's possible responsibility for ill-usage of our soldiers while in the hands of the enemy. Evidence on this point, I have already stated, Shea had undertaken to procure for Greeley, Henry Wilson, and — as Shea was given to understand — for Thaddeus Stevens. He went in the first week of January, 1866, to Canada, where he was to meet General John C. Breckinridge, stopping on his way, however, at Boston, to consult there with John A. Andrew and others. General Joseph R. Davis, of Mississippi, accompanied him.

At Montreal the two put up at St. Lawrence Hall. Breckinridge, who was at Toronto, telegraphed as follows:

"TORONTO, January 8, 1866.
"TO GENERAL J. R. DAVIS, St. L. Hall.
"I leave for Montreal on afternoon train.
"JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE."

There, in a private room of that hotel, were placed in the hands of Mr. Shea some of the archives of the Confederate States. They were bound volumes, in canvas covers, secured with wax, and sealed. General Joseph R. Davis cut the covers open with a knife, and Mr. Shea carefully read and considered the contents — especially those messages and other acts of the Executive, with the Senate in its secret sessions, concerning the care and exchange of prisoners. From these documents, not made to meet the public eye, it was manifest that the people of the South believed that reports of supposed inhuman and unwarlike treatment of their own captured soldiers by agents of our own Government were trustworthy, and those people individually, through their representatives at Richmond, had pressed upon Mr. Davis instant measures of active retaliation upon Northern prisoners. It was equally and decisively manifest from these archives that Mr. Davis unflinchingly set himself in opposition to such demands, and declined to adopt the violent measures proposed. His refusal impaired his personal popularity and brought censure upon him from many persons in the South. The evidence obtained in this way was brought home by Mr. Shea, and submitted to Mr. Greeley, Gerrit Smith, and, in part, to Henry Wilson. The result was, that these gentleman and others associated with them laid aside all former suspicions of Davis and showed a positive friendly disposition towards him.

The "Tribune" at once began a series of leading editorials demanding that the Government should proceed with the trial; and

* Blair's exact words, according to Justice Shea.— G. P. L.

† Mr. Stanton, Judge Shea says, was not one of the two.— G. P. L.

Senator Howard, of Michigan, offered, January 16th, 1866, a joint resolution, seconded by Charles Sumner, and passed, recommending the trial of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay before a military tribunal, on charges mentioned by the Secretary of War in his Report of March 4th, 1865. It was, however, privately known to the Bureau of Military Justice that, if a trial of that kind were held, Thaddeus Stevens would act as counsel for Mr. Clay.*

Charles O'Conor and Mr. Shea, being already engaged for the defense of Davis, it was essential that they should be allowed to confer with him personally. Mr. Shea was sent to Washington to bring this about, and to apply directly to the President. Late on Saturday evening, May 19th, 1866, accompanied by an eminent Major-General,† Shea called upon President Johnson. He told the President that the object of his visit was to learn whether, if a writ of *habeas corpus* were to be issued by the Chief-justice of the United States, or by the United States Circuit Judge of Northern Virginia, Jefferson Davis would be delivered by the military authorities into the civil jurisdiction. Instantly the President burst into violent anger, and in loud tones declared that he would "not talk on that subject." Mr. Shea said: "I have come here for this purpose, Mr. President, supported by Senators and others who are disposed to act in this matter with the Administration. I think it would be wise at least to listen to what I have to say"; and he was about to name the men whom he meant, when President Johnson interrupted him with increased — nay, furious — anger, and burst into such a tirade, that Mr. Shea, turning his back on the President, walked with his friend instantly from the room.

The next day was Sunday. In the morning an aide-de-camp, who dragged a clashing saber at his heels, brought to Mr. Shea the following communication, written within half an hour after the time when he had left the White House:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
"May 19, 1866 (10:30 P. M.).
"MR. GEORGE SHEA, Willard's Hotel.

"SIR: The President directs me to say that he will try and see you and the gentleman with you on Monday morning, if you find it convenient to call at that time.

With great respect,
"R. MORROW,
"Bt. Col. and A. A. G."

The suddenness of this summons, following upon the recent scene, and brought by a military officer, might have suggested to Mr. Shea at first, before reading the communication, the possibility that he was to be summarily put under arrest, for such things were possible in those days. He returned a written answer by the President's messenger. The next morning he called at the Executive Mansion alone, and was met in a few moments by an official, who came to him in the upper hallway and said that the President would see him at once. Mr. Shea relates to me, as follows, the interview which then took place:

"When I entered the President's retiring room, the President and Senator James H. Lane of Kansas were together. Mr. Johnson had his hand upon the Senator's shoulder, talking to him in a very collected, earnest manner. On seeing me, Senator Lane said to the President: 'You have important business with Mr. Shea'; from which I at once inferred that Lane, who was one of the Senators whom I had it in mind to name on Saturday night, had brought about the change in the President's mood and caused me to be sent for. (Lane himself, the next day, told me that this was the fact.) The President continued talking with Lane in a subdued voice, briefly, and when the Senator left the room seated himself at his desk near the window. We were alone. He then requested me to take a chair close by the desk, and asked, 'Whom did you intend to allude to, last Saturday, as your supporters?'

"I answered: 'Senator Lane, Senator Dixon,‡ Ex-Governor Andrew, Senator Wilson; and the opinion of Thaddeus Stevens, I know, would favor everything that might tend to treat Mr. Davis like any other prisoner of war. Mr. Greeley and Gerrit Smith favor my application; and I am authorized to say that, when the Government consents to have Davis tried according to the civil law, Cornelius Vanderbilt will be one of the bondsmen for bail.'

"The President looked at me steadfastly, and seemed to be amazed. I told him that we had determined to wait, before approaching him, until the Administration could depend upon proper support from those most active in upholding the Union. I said: 'The communication which I am told that old Mr. Blair forwarded to you from me has not been followed up by us.' I also said, 'that the letter which Mr. O'Conor had sent, about the same time, offering to give his bond for $100,000,

* I am informed, on very high authority, that among the papers of Thaddeus Stevens, in the hands of his literary executor, full evidence of this had been found. Mr. Burton N. Harrison also recalls that William B. Reed of Philadelphia was assured that Stevens was ready to act as counsel for Davis. Stevens's object was to prove at the trial that the Southern States had been in open war, out of the Union, and therefore subject to treatment as conquered territory. In this manner, from an opposite motive, he fell in with the reconciliationists.— G. P. L.

† Q. A. Gillmore.

‡ Of Connecticut.

and to become thereupon the special custodian of Jefferson Davis, was not known to us until afterwards, when O'Conor complained that he had received no reply. The gentlemen whom I represented,' said I, 'wished that the law should take its usual course, without further impediment from the Government.'

"The President said he thought this application was in the right spirit, and ought to be considered. 'It would be well for you,' he said, 'to see the Attorney General.'

"I answered, 'I have already done so, and I think he does not object to Mr. O'Conor and myself communicating with Mr. Davis as counsel. But he hinted no opinion as to delivering Mr. Davis on a writ of *habeas corpus*.'

"The interview lasted fully half an hour. The President spoke on other topics, and always in a low, sad voice. Had I not seen his wild, passionate behavior at our meeting two days before, I should not have believed that he was capable of such rage.

"Finally, he took a small sheet of paper, folded it once, and slowly wrote with a short wood lead-pencil — an end of which he had held in his mouth while considering the words — a few lines, put the sheet in an envelope, and sealed it with a common red wafer. I suppose no act so important was ever done with less formality. As he pressed the wafer down, I remember that his thumb slipped and made a smear of the wafer from the center to the corner of the envelope. Writing the address, also in pencil, to 'Hon. Jas. Speed,' he handed me the note and said: 'Will you take that to the Attorney General?'

"I took my leave. The President, rising, went with me towards the door, and there, offering his hand, said: 'Don't forget to call when you are in Washington again.' But it so chanced that I never saw Andrew Johnson after that time. A few minutes with Mr. Speed, who seemed equally surprised by the President's note and by what I told him about my allies, sufficed. The next day I received from him an assurance that the Government had sent orders to Fort Monroe that Mr. O'Conor and I should be admitted to see Mr. Davis. No answer was given as to the writ of *habeas corpus*. On the next Sunday morning, Mr. O'Conor and I landed at Fort Monroe, and saw Mr. Davis, then imprisoned in a casemate. His beard, which had grown, I presume, while he was in prison, had changed the expression of his face, and at first I did not recognize him. I had seen him but once before, and now met him for the first time. The danger of a military court to try Davis, like that which had condemned Wirz, was still imminent. I was aware that officers had been named for it, and that General David Hunter was to be President. But, later, the prospect of any sort of trial taking place became vague."

THE time seemed ripe, at last, for attempting to liberate Davis on a writ of *habeas corpus* and bail-bond. Commodore Vanderbilt, Gerrit Smith, and Horace Greeley now gave Mr. Shea their individual and unlimited powers of attorney to act in their behalf as bondsmen for Davis. This was in June, 1866. The attempt failed. On May 1st, 1867, another and like effort proved successful; and then Vanderbilt sent to Richmond his own son-in-law, the Hon. Horace F. Clark, to act for him; but Gerrit Smith and Greeley were there present in person.

The case of the United States *vs.* Jefferson Davis was not disposed of until near the end of 1868, and then on demurrer to the indictment. Chief-justice Chase and Mr. Justice Underwood presided. The Chief-justice announced on December 5th, 1868, that the court had failed to agree upon a decision, and then this certificate of division and of the question was filed: "Whether, by the operation and effect of the third clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the defendant is exempted from indictment or prosecution for treason in levying war and participating or engaging in the late rebellion. And upon that question the opinions of the judges were opposed. And thereupon the said point is upon the request of the said defendant, stated under the direction of the said Judges, and certified under the seal of the said Circuit Court to the Supreme Court of the United States at its next session."

Thus ended a prosecution which, as Charles Sumner foretold in the Senate, was to be a failure. But there was one person who, if present in that court-room, would not have shared the general surprise when the Chief-justice, as the court adjourned *sine die*, "instructed the reporter to record him as having been of the opinion, on the disagreement, that the indictment should be quashed, and all further proceedings barred *by the effect of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States*."

George Parsons Lathrop.

SOUVENIR DE JEUNESSE.

WHEN Sibyl kept her tryst with me, the harvest moon was rounded,
In evening hush through pathways lush with fern we reached the glade;
The rippling river soft and low with fairy plashes sounded,
The silver poplar rustled as we sat within its shade.

"And why," she whispered, "evermore should lovers meet to sunder?
Where stars arise in other skies let other lips than mine
Their sorrows lisp, and other hearts at love's delaying wonder.—
O stay!"— and soon her tearful eyes were each a pearly shrine.

I soothed her fears and stayed her tears, her hands in mine enfolding,
And then we cared no more for aught save this one hour we had;
Upwelled that dreamful selfish tide of young Love's rapture, holding
The fair round world itself in pledge to make us still more glad.

For us the night was musical, for us the meadows shining;
The summer air was odorous that we might breathe and love:
Sweet Nature throbbed for us alone — her mother-soul divining
No fonder pair that fleeting hour her zephyrs sighed above.

Amid the nodding rushes the heron drank his tipple,
The night-hawk's cry and whir anigh a deeper stillness made,
A thousand little starlights danced upon the river's ripple,
And the silver poplar rustled as we kissed within its shade.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

JAMES McCOSH, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

WO distinguished Scotchmen have served Princeton College in the office of President. But by a striking paradox they have both been more thoroughly American than if born to the manner. John Witherspoon, chosen in 1768 to the seemingly unimportant office, at first declined; but learning later from Richard Stockton of the potential influence of such a position, accepted. With the blood of John Knox in his veins, he discovered, on his arrival, with the prophetic vision of his ancestor the deep meaning of the contest between the colonies and their infatuated masters, the king and parliament. His record as an ardent American patriot, as the instructor of James Madison in the formative principles of the Constitution, as a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and as a leader in molding public opinion throughout the war of the Revolution, fills a splendid page of American history. His services to the college were scarcely less splendid than those to his adopted country. He reorganized its teaching body, increased its funds, and paid its debts. His great reputation as a statesman and a divine attracted to Princeton sons of many of the most distinguished families in the land. The list of graduates during the twenty-five years of his presidency is not less a matter of pride to the country than to the college. To the names of Ephraim Brevard, Philip Freneau, James Madison, Aaron Burr, Henry Brockholst Livingston, Gunning Bedford, and Jonathan Dayton might be added many others of scarcely inferior fame. Of the fifty-five members of the convention which framed the Constitution, Princeton furnished nine, and five of these had been personally taught by Witherspoon. Of his other pupils, sixteen sat in the Senate, forty in the House, four were cabinet-officers, four governors, nine presidents of colleges, and an equal number occupants of various professional chairs.

Perhaps it was the memory of such achievements, perhaps it was the same instinct with which good society recognizes its own, that led the trustees of the college, a hundred years later, to look over sea for another President. Be that as it may, it was exactly a century after Witherspoon's inauguration that James McCosh entered upon the duties of the same office.

We are having serious contentions about the environment of men, and its effect on character. One thing is certain, that many of the foremost Americans have emerged from very un-American surroundings and training. There is a certain type of intellect and mold of character which belongs here. It makes little difference whether it develops by Swiss lakes and mountains, as did that of Agassiz; whether it acquires consistency on the flat marshes of Prussia or amid the thunders of Waterloo, as did that of Francis Lieber; or whether it grows by merchandising on the banks of the Garonne and at the wharves of Bordeaux, as did that of Stephen Girard,—the American world finds place and scope for it in its varied interests and knows it as essentially its own.

This was true in a high degree of the Scotchman from Brechin and Belfast. And he knew it as well as those who called him. In the early days it was no reproach to be a foreigner in a community where the preceding generation had been one of immigrants. Four generations later it was quite different, and no little courage was and is required for one not born on our shores to accept a public position of the first importance. What is said to be a characteristic anecdote is told by some of Doctor McCosh's first American pupils. At the close of his first class-room lecture there was an outburst of somewhat undignified but honest applause. Veteran teacher as he was, he misunderstood it — very probably from the exaggerated accounts of student waywardness which college-bred men are so fond of repeating. But with the fearlessness of his conviction that such demeanor was but an excrescence on American manners, he checked it successfully with the quiet and stern remark, "I am not to come to you, gentlemen; it is you who will come to me." The instinct of his mind was true. The mutual interchange of relationships has brought the college to him in many high senses, and even more certainly has fastened his name and fame in the most enduring bond to those of the institution for which he has labored in season and out of season with abiding devotion for nearly a score of years.

The success of Doctor McCosh's administration as presiding officer of the College of New Jersey is already well known to the public. One is almost tempted to say too well known, for it has happened to him as to other successful organizers that his results have been prematurely judged as complete, and his final

aims marred by well-meant but cruel exaggerations. At least that is what we seem to read between the lines of his recent pamphlet on education. Like his great predecessor he has strengthened the traditional spirit of his college, rallied to its support its hereditary friends and gathered many new ones, amplified and reënforced the course of study, and brought its system into prominence as a leading candidate for the favor of the great public. It has been the repetition of the old experience that with the Time came the Man. The stream of liberality which was ready to break forth at the sufficient incentive found its release in the confidence of the public in his management and that of the corporation, and in the high purposes which were revealed by his untiring agitation of educational themes.

What is of primary importance is that in this great work the jealous American spirit has not been roused to any opposition or anxiety by the use of foreign methods or the display of any but the most American feelings and tendencies. While the press utters its warnings as to foreign mannerisms and foreign teachings in other prominent colleges, and spares nothing of its watchfulness and advice with regard to Princeton, at least it never has even hinted at foreign invasion, where, under a Scotch executive, it might most be expected. This is perhaps the more interesting because the personality of Doctor McCosh is thoroughly Scotch, and his address very impressive — not to say aggressive. With a massive but spare frame which, when his mind is roused, abandons its scholarly stoop and towers above expectation, is combined an unusual nervous force which often manifests itself in vigorous gestures. His head and brow are even more expressive of power; even to the usual observer the broad forehead and keen eyes bring into prominence his well-known capacity for an impetuous, unyielding, intellectual onset. But in repose the philosopher and the divine stand revealed in the bowed and meditative attitude which is customary, and in the wrapt, abstracted expression of the features, and in the contemplative poise of the head so familiar to all who have paused to observe him in his daily walks.

The streets of Princeton form lovely vistas of deep shade and glancing sunlight. Old and mossy mansions of colonial days still linger among the massive self-asserting structures of modern architecture, and old Nassau itself muses upon the changes of nearly two centuries. An academic air pervades the whole town, and during the hours elsewhere given to the stir of labor and business, the wide avenues and broad lawns wear the same studied repose which in life so often overlies activity and ambition and unrest. The hidden life only appears at midday and in the evening when the streets resound to the tramp of the students' constitutional and the distant shouts of the playing-fields. There is no need to fill in the outlines of the familiar picture. Its colors, like those of the old masters, mellow and soften with age. But it will be somber and dusky enough to some of us when we make our annual pilgrimage and miss the familiar form of the master from among his colleagues and his boys. We will forget his austerity in the faithfulness with which he reproved the *vitium regere non posse impetum*. Our awe will melt with affection, and our respect for his wisdom and knowledge will awaken memories both lasting and beneficent.

The public knows Doctor McCosh as the author of erudite and recondite philosophical treatises. It stands in no little awe of him as a defender of old-fashioned doctrines in the pulpit, in the press, and even in the hostile circles of the "liberal" clubs. It pictures him as an intrepid explorer for benevolence, who traverses the wilderness of worldliness and defies the sultry heats of indifference to reach the hidden fountains of good-will and make known their virtue to the world. Such a reputation is enviable enough, but it is not half of the whole, and an old pupil could not attempt a portrayal of the man without falling into something of the sentiment which his personal traits develop in all who come in contact with him. Even his polemic is imaginative, as will be admitted by all who are familiar with the style of his philosophical writings. When a candidate for the professorship of mental science in Queen's College, Belfast, some friends sent a copy of his first book, "The Method of the Divine Government," to Lord Clarendon. That eminently practical statesman has left on record that he spent the night in reading the book, and gave the appointment to its author on the following day. This was the occasion of those scornful lines of Master Molloy Molony which Thackeray preserved for us:

"As I think of the insult that's done to this nation
Red tears of rivinge from me faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome to the world's detestaytion
The sleeves that appointed Professor McCosh.

. . . . . .

. . . . Is it thus that you praych me?
I think all your Queen's Universities bosh;
And if you've no neetive professor to taych me
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon McCosh."

If we have long neglected our Scott, the conception of geniality as a necessary characteristic of the Scotch is not always clear. But James McCosh was born in Ayrshire, the land of Burns. His father was a wealthy farmer, and in the days before the Washing-

tonian movement had penetrated the valley of the Doon, no doubt those who had known the great poet often clinked glasses with the lad. It would have been strange if the Ness Glen, the Braes of Ballochmyle, and all the romantic scenery of the Doon and the Ayr which roused the plaintive muse of Burns should have left untouched the more restrained but youthful and susceptive mind of his countryman. As a matter of fact, the deepest impressions were left on the young man's temperament by the scenery of his early home. His theory of æsthetics is ever illustrated by references to nature, and the art in which he seeks his favorite relaxation is that of the landscape gardener. The experiences of his boyhood have left a clear stamp on his memory, and in the familiar talk which at times interrupts the dignity of a lecture or the solemnity of a sermon, frequently serve to point a moral. One of the most humorous is very characteristic. On a certain day about his ninth or tenth year, his mother was to make her regular visit to the nearest market town. Her younger son was to enjoy the dignity of escorting her as a reward for good behavior. The drive was delightful, and the sense of merit and importance grew stronger and stronger in the child's mind. Arrived in the main street, the horses and carriage were sent to the inn stables, and the shopping tour began. Before long the boy began to suffer somewhat, as do most of his sex under similar circumstances. He was stationed accordingly at the door of the shop with strict injunctions to keep his hands off the tempting wares exhibited at the door of the grocer. Before long a sweep with all his sooty armor spied in the doorway the small but important figure, somewhat conscious of his first-best clothes, and began a series of those insulting gestures with which street gamins express disdain and sportive contempt. For a time the young countryman forbore, but he had been "brought up on gude parritch," and could at last endure no more. He accordingly attacked and thoroughly thrashed the mocking sweep before his mother, attracted by the gathering crowd, could interfere. What was his dismay when, instead of the approbation which he felt he had earned, the crowd broke out into laughter at the sight of his sooty and smutty face and garments. The carriage was instantly recalled, the bedraggled victor hurried into it, and the eagerly expected day of pleasure turned into one of humiliation by the long and dreary homeward journey and the reproofs of his father.

He received a sound and thorough education at the two most famous Scotch universities, those of Glasgow and Edinburgh, residing five years at each. The teaching in both was solid rather than brilliant. Adam Smith and Thomas Reid were long since in their graves, but the teachings and traditions of such men live after them, and their impulse was not yet spent in Glasgow. No doubt the young student was deeply influenced and the natural inclination of his mind strengthened by the great past of his first university. And when afterwards he went, in 1830, to study theology at Edinburgh under Chalmers and Welsh, he found there the young Sir William Hamilton, who, although not yet in the chair of logic and metaphysics, was writing his philosophical essays for the "Edinburgh Review," and delivering stirring lectures on civil history and literature. It was doubtless Hamilton's appreciation of an essay written by McCosh on the Stoic philosophy which led the university to reward it by giving an honorary degree of Master of Arts to its author. But this success did not tempt him from his chosen profession. From 1834 to 1843 he was a pastor in the Established Church, first at Arbroath Abbey, and afterwards at Brechin.

It was in the latter place that he was first called to exhibit the qualities which endeared him to those of his own denomination in America and afterwards identified him with their thought and work. He had long been a prominent member of the Evangelical or Reforming party in the Scottish Church under the leadership of the distinguished Chalmers. That movement came to a climax in 1843. McCosh at once threw up his valuable living, joined the ranks which organized as the Free Church, and founded many societies of those who wished to be independent of royal interference in the exercise of their religious liberty. He was active throughout the counties of Angus and Mearns, and in Brechin itself established a large church, of which he was the successful pastor until 1852. His career as an author began somewhat earlier, first in contributions to the reviews, and in 1850 by the publication of his first book, which the University of Aberdeen rewarded by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

His life work as a teacher and writer began when in his forty-first year he accepted the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Queens College, Belfast. From that time forward his contributions to philosophical and religious literature have not ceased to grow in number and importance, and his seventy-fifth year finds his mind and pen in constant activity. The work which spread his fame most widely and put him among the leaders of the Intuitional School was written at Belfast. In the "Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated" the author is at his best both as a thinker and a writer. His reasoning is vigorous and his

logic unassailable, if his premises be once granted; while his style is direct, easy, and elegant, and, without being florid, adorned and enlivened by abundant metaphor and illustration. His public life in Ireland was quite as active and influential as his leadership had been in Scotland. He was an adroit and successful advocate for the national system of education, was called to assist in the organization of the English Civil Service, and, true to his instinct of civil and ecclesiastical freedom, agitated and prepared the disestablishment of the Irish Presbyterian Church. What better training for American life could he have received, or what greater aptitude for its duties and prerogatives could he have manifested?

One of the greatest events in the history of the Reformed churches for fifty years was the organization of the Presbyterian Alliance and Council. While the idea was not entirely new, the first productive discussion of the subject was that of Doctor McCosh before the representative body of American Presbyterians in 1870. Two years later was celebrated in Philadelphia the three hundredth anniversary of the Reformation in Scotland. On that occasion he presented a complete scheme of organization, and three years later was chairman of the conference in London which realized the project. Since that time his work has been devoted almost exclusively to the interests of his adopted country. He has made addresses before the great teachers' associations; written review articles that have attracted wide attention; written seven of the long series of his philosophical works, while simultaneously strengthening and directing the interests of the educational system of which he is the head.

Already in the United States we begin to say: There were giants in those days. Every new generation is driven to closer specialization by the increase of knowledge and by the crowds which jostle for a place in the professions and in business. So while we perhaps build higher, we have not so wide a pedestal for our shaft. The wonder concerning men eminent in one department and strong in many is how they do it; where they find time, humor, mood for such diversified work. Those who have ever been active in the stirring life of Princeton College could not explain it in the case of Doctor McCosh. He is seen about the college yard from early chapel till midnight or later. Except from three to five in the afternoon he is never denied to any caller, however unimportant his errand. The parent or casual visitor who would like a little attention always gets it. The students are always welcome whether they earnestly seek for advice and instruction, or in some captious mood lay down a plan to revolutionize college government, to change systems of instruction, or to have their own way in whatsoever direction. He is constant in his attendance at faculty and committee meetings, presides at the public lectures, makes long journeys to stimulate and guide the alumni, and is a close observer of all intellectual and educational progress. But he will turn from conversation to his writing-desk without an interval. The change from one intense occupation to another is his rest. The pseudo-psychologists of modern literature have flattered the yearning public into the belief that there is not and was not what is commonly called genius. Perhaps they are right. Let us take them at their word and substitute for genius, capacity for productive work. Both sides will be content.

Very little has been said of President McCosh's relations to his students as a teacher and a friend. That side of his character cannot yet be fairly depicted. Strong natures are apt to be aggressive, and no doubt there are many men of middle and older age who have felt the brunt of his attack. But in his dealings with the young there is little or none of that. Beyond the strength which is necessary to faithfulness, his unconscious method is persuasive. His study has seen the beginning of new purpose and strength in many a wayward lad. The man will not perhaps tell the story of pleading and fatherly reproof till old age makes him retrospective. But the work of McCosh's class-room will always have an important place in the history of philosophy in America. It is doubtful if any university — even in the old world — can show a more wide-spread interest in philosophy among its undergraduates. This is shown not so much by the philosophical chairs which are now held by his pupils, nor even by the great size of the classes which voluntarily attend his lectures, but rather by what are called his library-meetings. Here are read, about once a fortnight throughout the autumn and winter, papers in all departments of metaphysics, commonly written by the younger claimants for the ear of the public. The hearers, composed largely of the intellectual aristocracy of the Junior and Senior classes and the Divinity School community, number fifty and upward. The essay, however able, is often the most unimportant feature of the evening. But it presents the subject of discussion and controversy, which, stimulated and guided by the President and his professors, furnishes the opportunity for many a fledgeling to try his wings and often encourages him to further effort. Time alone will show how fruitful this peculiar feature of Doctor McCosh's teaching is to be,

but the thing itself is enough to put him in the first rank of great teachers. The system of philosophy which he expounds is partly that of the Scotch school, but also in great part his own. Its conscious influence in the history of American thought has already been great, its unconscious influence even greater. In the philosophic record of our somewhat unphilosophic times his name is sure to have a prominent position.

John van Cleve.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

National Strength and National Weakness.

MR. ATKINSON'S studies in the application of statistics to social science, the second of which is published in THE CENTURY for this month, are the culmination of a process which the author's readers must have noticed in his previous work. He is not peculiar among economic writers for the relentlessness with which he follows out comparisons of results so much as for his energy and persistence in seeking accuracy or definition in the preliminary statistics. The modern introduction of graphic methods into statistics has enabled him to reduce facts which are in themselves too large to handle into a shape in which they are easy to grasp; and to deduce therefrom conclusions which the business man can no more resist than he can deny the result of an accurate balance-sheet.

No stronger or sounder plea has been made for the application of common sense to national concerns, for the abandonment of the old notion that a nation lives for the gratification of national greed or "glory," and for the substitution of the prosperity and happiness of the people as the end of national existence. It is not easy to realize the strong hold which the residuum of ancient ideas retains in the countries in which, to adopt one of Mr. Atkinson's felicitous antitheses, dynastic principles still contest the field with democracy. Even where the people have obtained more or less control of the government, the mouth-pieces of public opinion remain bound by the spirit of the past. The knight-errant still tilts full-armed through the columns of the daily press, careers through the aisles of parliamentary bodies, and too often usurps the place of the proper occupant of the pulpit. Why is the pressure to look upon every trespass as an insult to some piece of bunting, deserving only of an instant declaration of war, so strong among the armed nations of Europe? It is not from love for the true interests of the people: peace is the one thing needful for them. It is because the nightmare of obsolete ideas still rides the expression of public opinion.

Individual life has been compared to a game of chess with an invisible antagonist, who knows every move on the board and takes remorseless advantage of a false move to crush the one who makes it. Nations must pay the same penalty. The growing commercial wealth of Europe has been made an instrument of gratifying national vanity, and of all the foibles of the modern representatives of the former privileged classes. And thus the race between European peoples has been brought to a deadlock; the contestants, with energies chilled and congested by debts, taxation, and the nameless weights arising from uncertainty of peace, are unable either to proceed or to get out of the way of others. Their natural development has been arrested; and their time is occupied in watching one another, and in holding every muscle in tense readiness to spring at some neighbor's throat at the first sign of hostility. Is this the true end of national life? And a new participant in the race has appeared from beyond the Atlantic; his energies are not weighted as are those of his competitors; and his increasing speed is carrying him swiftly past them. To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but the lesson of these articles is that, unless Bismarckism and Czarism and Chauvinism cease to control the peoples of Europe, they must lose even what they now have to the unencumbered American racer.

We may see, too, the absolute profit of the enormous expenditure of our Civil War. The reason for it was the blind but correct national instinct that the introduction of independent States, international relations, and dynastic ideas into the territory now occupied by the United States must be prevented at any cost, for the sake of the people to all future generations. The justification of the national instinct needs no more than Mr. Atkinson's methods. He puts the cost of the war at about $1,135,000,000 per annum for the seven years' period of actual warfare and the settlement of terms of peace. It is now a time of profound peace in Europe. Even the Servians are quiet for the time. And yet there are now in active service, in the armies and navies of Europe, over four million men, who do no work except to undergo drill and look warlike. Even Portugal, not quite as large as the State of Indiana, must have its standing army of thirty-four thousand men, about as many as the whole United States army, and thirty-nine vessels in its navy. All this, it must be remembered, is what they call peace in Europe; it is not a circumstance to the mustering of men that would follow the first shot of actual warfare when the 10,129,541 reserves are called out. The direct annual money expenditure upon all these armies and navies in time of peace is about $750,000,000; and if we include the indirect losses and the effects on the amount of the civil list, as in the estimates for the American war period, the amount would approach $1,000,000,000 per annum. The somewhat startling conclusion is that the seven years during which we waged a tremendous war and settled the terms of peace really cost us, after all, no more than eight years of the present profound peace costs in Europe under the modern system of international suspicion and armament. By approaching the European standard for seven years, we obtained a permanent insurance against the necessity of any future approach to it.

Mr. Atkinson has done the country a service by recalling its attention to the homely but essential fact of the bearing of taxation on the comfort and prosperity of the laboring class, which is so large a part, indeed, so nearly the whole, of American society. It behooves his audience to take his sermon to heart, and to apply the principles which it discloses to all our national conditions. What will be the influence upon our prosperity and comfort of any attack on society which compels society to strengthen itself, to increase taxation and expenditure, and thus to approach more nearly to the conditions under which labor groans elsewhere? Will that part of our labor which has fled from such conditions attempt to reintroduce them here? And in any event, will American labor submit to such an imposition?

Labor Parties.

THE organization of political parties in the interest of the working class and composed in the main of members of that class seems likely, for a time at least, to continue in America. Such organization is in no way surprising, in view of the discontent among the working classes and of the tendency, now so common, to invoke the aid of Government for every scheme of social reform or amelioration. The capitalists of this country have not been backward in asking for Government help for all sorts of enterprises, and it is natural that working-men, if they have objects of their own to promote, should pursue a similar course. But when we come to inquire what objects they are really seeking, we find ourselves somewhat at a loss for an answer. We find in the platforms adopted by the party caucuses strong denunciation of capitalists and corporations, and of Government officers for yielding to their influence; we find also the expression of a desire for higher wages for working men and women and for the removal of poverty, and various minor grievances are sometimes alluded to. But when we ask how the new party proposes to remove the evils it complains of, we get no adequate reply. The principal definite measures we have seen proposed are the confiscation of the rent of land and the purchase and operation of railways by the State. How much support the second of these measures may have among the working people we do not know, though we have seen no evidence of its popularity, but as for the land measure, we doubt if it has any great number of adherents outside of the large cities. In fact, we doubt if the workmen have any clear idea of what they would do in case they could get control of the Government in state or nation. Indeed, the want of a definite policy and the disagreement known to exist among working-men in regard to protective tariffs, the ownership of land, and other matters, make it tolerably certain that the attempt to organize a national working-men's party will for the present have no great success. Nevertheless, such a party may be organized on a small scale, and in any case the movement in question cannot fail to have an influence on the older parties and thereby on the politics of the country in general. It is important, therefore, to ascertain as near as possible what the bases of the new movement are, in order that it may be resisted so far as it is wrong, and guided in a better way.

The charge that has been preferred against the new party in some quarters that it is composed of anarchists and organized in the interest of social disorder may be very briefly dismissed. There is no evidence that any considerable number of working-men are in favor of any but peaceful means for the promotion of their interests; indeed, the organization of a working-men's party may be taken as proof of the contrary. Men do not organize political parties in order to abolish government, but in order to get control of the Government; and if the history of trades-unions counts for anything, the tendency of a working-men's government would be rather toward despotism than toward anarchy.

Again, it is apprehended by some that the Labor party is socialistic in character, and aims at the abolition of private property; but this also we believe to be a mistake. There is a tendency to socialism in certain portions of our population; but it is not confined to laboring men, and we suspect that it is not really so powerful as it sometimes appears to be. The vast majority of our people, both native and foreign-born, are either owners of property or desirous of becoming so. The Irish, for instance, are prominent in the ranks of labor parties; but there is no man more eager to possess property of his own than an Irishman, and when he has got it he holds on to it. It is in the cities chiefly that socialism finds adherents; yet even in the cities they are a small minority of the population, while in the country districts they are rarely to be met with. The farmers, especially, are sure to oppose socialism, and no movement among working-men has any chance of success without the support of the farmers.

The truth seems to be that the political labor movement is merely one manifestation of the general discontent of the working people, and of their desire to improve their condition. Working-men are dissatisfied with their present life and earnestly desirous of improving it; but how to improve it and make it nobler and happier, they very imperfectly understand. At present they are intent on gaining material comfort and power, as, indeed, most other men are in our time. Many of their number, especially in the large cities, are in extreme poverty; and so to most working-men the question of improving their life seems to be mainly a question of increasing their income. The wisest of their number seek to effect this object by the sure method of industry, skill and economy; but even the wisest of them, and still more the unwise, think they can effect something in this direction by political and social influence. Hence the policy of strikes and combinations, which, however, have done little toward attaining the end in view; and hence, also, the tendency now visible toward political action.

The political labor movement is not a transient phenomenon, destined to speedily disappear, but a movement of more permanent character, which will continue in some form until its objects, so far as possible, have been attained. For this reason it behooves our statesmen, and the educated and thinking classes generally, to consider what they ought to do in order to guide the movement aright. An exclusively working-men's party is an undesirable thing, even if its aims are right; and no such party can be maintained for any length of time if an honest attempt is made by the educated people to help the working-men improve their lot.

That much may be accomplished, if all classes will work together for this end, there can be no reasonable doubt. Moreover, the duty cannot be shirked. The question of improving the life of the toiling masses is the main political and social problem of the age, and will remain so until it is solved — if solution be possible; and it can only be solved by measures that are just to all other portions of society. While American working-men are desirous of attaining their ends by just means, they are liable to be misled by their passions or their supposed interest, or by designing men who pander to both. It is the duty of the best men among us to do all they can to help the working-men in their legitimate aspirations, and at the same time to show them their errors and rebuke them when they go wrong. With popular leadership of the right sort, parties made up of laborers mainly would soon cease to exist, and working-men would attain their ends by means of parties composed of all classes and aiming at the good of all.

The Harvard Celebration.

IN looking back upon the Harvard celebration, every one who was present will remember that there were a few notes constantly recurring in the progress of the festivity like the theme of a symphony. Every time these notes were touched by the speakers, the assembly showed its approbation by unmistakable signs of sympathetic response — not always by applause, but sometimes by the emphasis of silence. Doubtless the same impressions were conveyed — only less sharply — to those at a distance who read the reports. It is not easy to translate these dominant thoughts into formal propositions, yet it may be worth while to point them out — for their reception no less than their utterance was indicative of the present attitude of American scholars. We say "American scholars," because the Cambridge assembly was national and not provincial, and it included the leaders of educational, scientific, political, and religious thought.

"They builded better than they knew" was the testimony of all the speakers who had occasion to allude to the Puritans of the seventeenth century who laid the foundations of Harvard. Firm in their own narrow beliefs, they did not endeavor by charters or confessions to perpetuate their creeds. They expected growth.

Another note was the persistence of moral and religious forces in education. This idea was suggested in the oration before the law school, reiterated in the sermons, and enforced in the chief address. Those who have been alarmed lest the tendency of scholarship should be away from spirituality and from righteousness must have heard with satisfaction from the lawyer and from the man of letters words like these: "Nearly all the education which men can get from others is moral, not intellectual," said Judge Holmes. "Nor will our university ever be discouraged in the attempt to establish the foundations of that noble and high character which makes useful men able in their own persons to exhibit exalted lives," were the words with which Judge Devens began a paragraph upon the moral earnestness of Harvard graduates in modern times. "The motto *Christo et ecclesiæ*, when rightly interpreted," said Mr. Lowell, "is the same as *Veritas*, for it means that we are to devote ourselves to the highest conception we have of truth and to the preaching of it."

Not less pronounced were the utterances which referred to the purification of political life. No allusion to John Harvard, or to the Alma Mater, or to the illustrious sons of the university, called out such applause as followed every mention of purer politics. The President of the United States and his secretaries could not misinterpret the ringing words of successive speakers, and the still louder ring which surged from the audience at every mention of the honest administration of government.

Finally, there was constantly manifest an adherence to lofty ideals of scholarship and learning not devoted to selfish advantage, but consecrated to the public good. Although the occasion was historical, there were but scanty allusions to antiquarian lore; although the university is a leader in science, the voices which were heard at its festivity were those of literature and philosophy; although increased resources are required for the expansion of this great foundation, money was not mentioned. The most liberal culture, the most earnest search for truth, the study of the noblest literature, the perpetuation of thoughts that live and words that burn — these were the aspirations of that representative assembly.

It is by a beautiful process of development that the college, begun in poverty by exile and Separatist, in the wilderness, at the dawn of civilized life in America, has grown to be the great university of our land, liberal, hopeful, useful. May its youth and vigor be perpetual; religion, politics, literature, and science will be promoted by its growth!

The American School at Athens.

THE determined attack upon classical education, which looked for a time like a successful rebellion, has been in reality of signal service to the cause against which it was directed. Among other offensive measures adopted by the friends of the old learning was the establishment at Athens of a school where rising American Hellenists could enjoy the same advantages as were afforded to their co-workers from Germany, France, and England. The practical man would have flouted the scheme as chimerical. But, four years since, a few professors from leading colleges, full of an old-fashioned quality known as faith, met and devised a plan. Each was to appeal to his own constituency for an annual subscription toward the necessary expenses. The school was founded. At the present moment it has the active assistance of no less than sixteen colleges. It owns a fine site on Mt. Lycabettus, presented by the Greek government; has in process of erection a commodious and solid building to cost twenty thousand dollars; possesses a library of between fifteen hundred and two thousand volumes; is free from debt, and has an established reputation. Cholera closed the Levant to travelers for one of these years; but no less than eighteen students have been in regular attendance, and scores of travelers have enjoyed its advantages, received counsel in their sight-seeing, and disseminated its influences among their friends. The regular students are now instructors and investigators in their own land, and have brought back the enthusiasm for their work which is so strengthened by the seeing of the eye, the touch of the hand, and a general experience of classic lands. One of them, by the generosity

of Miss Wolfe, was enabled to extend his researches to Asia Minor, from which he brought away a collection of over nine hundred inscriptions which, in the opinion of the great European epigraphists, is second to no other in historical value, and will, when edited and published, add great luster to American scholarship in the person of Doctor Sterritt.

To secure it in its permanent usefulness the School must now be intrusted to the care of a larger public. It is proposed to raise a general fund of a hundred thousand dollars for the development and endowment of the School and in particular to employ a director of the highest fitness and ability. Our readers need no introduction to the archæologist Charles Waldstein, a native of New York, but now connected with the University of Cambridge, England, and with the Fitzwilliam Museum. The committee in charge of the School wishes to redeem the character of America, and to secure him and his work for the benefit of his own countrymen. A beginning has already been made. The kindness of the Philadelphia students and the untiring efforts of Professor Ware brought together for the rendering of the Acharnians in November last such an audience as the old Academy of Music never before sheltered under its roof. From that performance and subscriptions since received, a few thousands are already in the treasury of the permanent fund. The colleges appeal for final success to the wider circle of their friends in the same spirit of faith which, of itself, and in results already splendid, is a sufficient guarantee for the worth and permanence of the School at Athens.

OPEN LETTERS.

Indian Education in the South-west.

THE present demand of the friends of the Indians is for their immediate citizenship and settlement on lands owned in severalty, and the possession of all the legal rights of American citizens, including voting. It is also asked that the processes of education be used *after* this change of their condition, to make Indians equal with others in ability to maintain their possessions and improve their life. My recent experiences convince me that:

1. The value of the lands upon the South-west reservations has been misrepresented. My visits have carried me into the most distant and remarkable parts of the immense territory of New Mexico. They led me across the broad table-lands of Socorro and Lincoln counties, each as large as ordinary States, and over three lofty ranges of mountains in the South-east. One of these included the Cerro Blanco peak, which is said to be 14,269 feet above the sea. These plains and mountain-sides were waving with the richest kinds of grass a foot and a half high. Their surfaces were often crimsoned for miles with our cultivated flowers that require rich soil. Pine timber fifty feet high was growing upon the hillsides and in the natural parks, and clear streams were running from the mountains. In such a region Mescallero Apache reservation is placed. In the extreme north-west part of the territory and in Arizona, the mountain parks and great plains of the Navajo reservation were traversed as far as the famous Cañon de Chelly with twenty-six miles of marvelous sandstone walls, at the foot of which runs a broad stream, with scores of ancient cliff-dwellings clinging to their sides, and in the recesses of the cañon were plats of corn and beans and melons and flourishing peach orchards. These extensive mountain-tops had abundant timber and grass. The plains were sometimes very barren, but often cultivated with corn along the river-sides, and dotted with mud-covered huts made of poles and small branches of trees. On this reservation of 8,000,000 acres, one and a third times as large as the State of Maine, are feeding 1,200,000 sheep and goats and 75,000 horses, property of the patriarchal kind in which this tribe is rich.

2. The Apaches are probably the hardiest, shrewdest, most warlike, agile, and capable of all the American Indians. In New Mexico and Arizona there are about 35,000, who speak nearly the same language. Of these 20,000 are Navajos, who have doubled in number within twenty years. From the plateau pierced by the tremendous gorge of De Chelly, we looked down on two thousand mounted Navajos gathered at the mouth of the cañon to witness a great medicine dance. On their finest horses and in their brightest array of costly blankets, gay leggins, and silver trappings, they swept across the plain like a whirlwind, a vision of Tartars in their charge. I addressed them for an hour on the education of their children and the change of their mode of life, to conform with the American people, who would soon come in like a flood to cover their lands and possess their country. Their intelligent faces and shrewd questions as to the benefits of an education which would make them like the rapacious, greedy, and murderous white men were very convincing of their ability. I could but believe that they were quite equal to the clever frontiersmen who sometimes shoot them for sport, though they live in utter ignorance and indifference to our civilization. I am sure that their tall, lithe, sinewy bodies would be a profitable addition to the physique of our nation.

3. The reservation system will never graduate the Indian out of barbarism unless through disgust with it by the tribes wholly supported by the Government, or through an enforced education of the tribes who are supporting themselves on the reservation. When the Indian can hunt or occasionally go on the war-path he can be made content with the feeding system, if he has enough to eat; but he is even then constantly moving his tepee or deserting his hogan, to satisfy his desire for roaming. To shut the Apaches up like sheep or horses in a corral and feed them in idleness from year to year is to aid and quicken the processes of natural selection by which they turn into civilized men, demons, or brutes. The men will break away from the reservation and seek self-support; the demons will find the way to all the atrocities of the war-

path till exterminated, and the brutes will sink into the apathy of all moral and manly qualities which breeds vice, disease, and death. We saw at the Mescallero agency every Saturday seventeen fat steers slaughtered, and seven thousand two hundred and twelve pounds of beef and four thousand one hundred pounds of flour distributed to one thousand two hundred and two Apaches changed from warriors into a crowd of beggarly dependents on the nation which they had ceased to fight. Their tepees were scattered over thirty square miles of hillsides and pine-covered grazing-fields, and moved every two or three weeks to save house-cleaning. These stalwart Indians had nothing to do but to gamble or ride from camp to camp and pester the agent every day for something to eat or to wear, or to watch the growth of their girls, who at the age of ten or twelve years will be sold for horses, to increase the number of wives of some old Apache, or be the first slave of an ambitious young man who need not woo, if he can buy a wife. Forty boys and half a dozen girls are, by threats of arrest by police, gathered into the agency boarding-school and there, separated from their parents, are well taught and trained under the supervision of the intelligent and efficient agent, Major Cowart. But out of his own experience he said emphatically to me, "No pupil taken away from these reservations to school ought *ever* to be permitted to return to sink again into their barbarism."

Some, however, are capable of disgust with such a life. Within a few weeks a hundred Jiccarillas Apaches have cast the Government rations behind them, broken away from this reservation, and purchased cultivated lands north of Santa Fé, giving their horses in trade for them. They have put their girls at the Ramona School at Santa Fé to be educated for three years, and formed a colony which is erecting houses and making irrigating ditches to lands which shall furnish them with homes and food for self-support. This has been the effect, joined with other causes, of the leaven of education given to their boys and girls at Albuquerque and Santa Fé, and their own frequent observation of the progress of their children towards civilization. "I desire," said to me an old chief who had led in this movement, "to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow," expressively wiping his forehead, "and to live like a man."

But on a reservation like that of the Navajos and in a people so independent of Government aid, it is very difficult to stir any ambition for knowledge or for the civilized ways of American life. There the agency school gathers only about fifty out of seven thousand youths, and these are from the vicinity of the agency. To watch sheep and horses at eight years of age, to be sold or married at twelve, to shear flocks, to weave blankets, cultivate a little corn, build a hogan, and ride hundreds of miles to attend dances, is the life of the Navajo. How can they be made to feel any desire for anything higher? By offering the rewards authorized by the Indian office, their agent, Mr. Patterson, has persuaded twenty-two of this large tribe to begin the erection of houses and to locate lands. They do not, however, value farming implements or care for the improvements of their live stock, and generally refuse medical attendance. It is difficult to induce them by any rewards looking towards civilization. The invitations of the Government are disregarded and despised. Without compulsory measures such as are imposed on white people in our country, these Indians will never rise from the slough of the reservation. A few may struggle out, but, if returned to their people, they will sink back where the majority live and die, a disgrace to the nation which from generation to generation holds them as its wards, whose shame it is forced to exhibit every year in the Indian Appropriation bill of Congress.

4. The education of Indian girls of these tribes is one of the first obligations of Christian philanthropy, because of the singular position which women hold among them. They regard their girls, who are sold so early for marriage, according to their value in horses. Yet among the Navajos, the brother or the uncle receives the price. As soon as marriageable, the fact is proclaimed. The Navajos, being polygamists, have no limit to the number of their wives, except in the number of horses they can spare for their purchase. But these women own the flocks of sheep they have been tending, and the wool is theirs at the shearing. They weave blankets with great skill, manufacture all their woolen garments, and sell the remainder of the wool. In 1886 they sold one million pounds. They therefore became influential not only by their skill but by their property. They have the right of voting as well as of discussion with the men in their councils, and also of divorcing themselves from their husbands. They keep control of their girls, build the hogans, and plant the fields. If these women shall be educated under Christian influences, the homes and children of the next generation cannot be savage. But the girls must be taken very early from the evil impressions of the reservation if they are to be truly civilized women. Since women are the progressive element of the Apache tribes, this power over barbarism should be seized upon in the first movements towards civilization.

In the Ramona School at Sante Fé the effort is made to separate the young Apache girls from the gross tendencies of barbarism, to which they are inevitably exposed when educated with Indian boys just taken from the camps. In later years co-education may be advantageous, but it cannot often be in the first stages of their progress towards civilized life, unless their teachers are perfectly familiar with their native language. When these girls have been transformed in their tastes by education and long familiarity with our manner of living, it will be safe and profitable to encourage their marriage to husbands likewise civilized, with whom they can begin life on land given to them by such legislation as is proposed in Senator Dawes's Land in Severalty bill. But let them begin citizenship with some qualifications for it, which the savage in his present condition does not possess.

5. It is time that the Indians of our own country were evangelized. Sixty-six tribes, numbering sixty-eight thousand and thirty-six, are still without a Christian missionary. Thirty-five thousand of these are the Navajo and other Apache tribes of New Mexico and Arizona. These American Indians have the claim of being our neighbors, our prisoners, our dependents, or our creditors, and nominally our fellow-citizens to whom we have been under the obligations of Christianity for a full century, but whom, at enormous expense, we have tried to slay rather than to save.

SANTA FÉ, N. M. *H. O. Ladd.*

The Cosmic Day.

IN THE CENTURY for November, Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, writing on the proposed adoption of a universal or Cosmic Day, said it had been objected that "it would be impossible for us to associate noon with seven o'clock instead of twelve." Allow me to refer those interested to Skeat (Concise Etymological Dictionary, second edition, p. 305), where under the word *nine* will be found the following: "Noon, midday (Latin), originally the ninth hour or 3 P. M., but afterward the time of the church service called *nones* was shifted to midday. We find Anglo-Saxon *nôntîd* (literally noontide) the ninth hour, Mark xv. 33."

When the Cosmic Day is adopted — as it will be — the association of noon with twelve o'clock will fade from the public mind as its connection with nine o'clock has already been forgotten. The world does not stickle about correct nomenclature: who cares to remember that November, our eleventh month, really means the ninth month? I never heard of any confusion resulting from the rather unimaginative and at present incorrect naming of the months from September to December, not even in France, where a common contraction for the ninth month is 7^{bre} (Eng. seven= French Sept.).

74 FLEET STREET, LONDON. *William Graham.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Brer Cato: "Whar's dat lazy rapscaleon Jeemes dat he ain' come to cut me dat load o' wood he promise me for dat pyah o' shoes I half-soled him?"

Sister Hester: "Well, brer, you mus' 'scuse Jeemes dis mornin', he's daid."

Love's Valentine.

I CAUGHT Love at a valentine.
Beneath the wild grape's scented vine
He sat, his winged and rosy feet
Nestling 'mid beds of lilies sweet,
His fillet loose, his lips a-pout,
The roguish dimples quite frowned out.
For Cupid fain would be at writing,
And with a ring-dove's quill inditing
Some pretty nonsense light as air,
Some valentine to please his Fair.

But as I tiptoed near and nearer,
All on a nonce his brow grew clearer;
From lip to eye arch smiles ran races;
Back danced the dimples to their places,
And every soft, disheveled tress
Grew pert and round with wantonness
And tumbled over cheek and brow
To watch him write. "But stop! How now!
Stop, pilferer," I cried; "sad thief!
That song thou tracest on the leaf,
Myself did make." Laughed Love, "Quite right,
And I, I stole it yester-night.
For, entering on a red star's ray,
And hovering round you where you lay,
I robbed you of it while you slept.
A pretty song!" Then up he leapt,
Begged me to tie his fillet band,
To bathe the ink-spots from his hand,
To smooth afresh his ruffled wings,
To tighten up his quiver strings,
To say which smile became him best,
And if his curls were neatly dressed.
Each curl would be thrice over kissed,
He vowed, by Sweeting, at the tryst.

Then blowing dimpled kisses three,
Spread rosy wings, and left poor me
Alone beneath the scented vine;
Nor have I any Valentine
To send thee, Sweet, since Love stole mine.

Esther B. Tiffany.

To Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ON READING "A MORTAL ANTIPATHY."

O POET, there's no twilight in your life:
For you the morning ever brightly glows;
You are not half the age you please to claim;
You're only thirty, not a summer more.
Perennial spring-time lingers in your heart,
If one may judge you by your airy pen
Whose flowers of fancy bloom but never fade.
Most people claim they're younger than they are,
And ape the pleasant ways of lusty youth,
Even to the vainest of frivolities,
To give their mimicry a truthful guise;
But you affect great age and snowy hair
Which to you do not properly belong.
In you, it seems, there is a great big boy
All bent for sport upon his grandsire's staff,
And in his wig, as fleecy as a cloud,
Rollicking through a noonday masquerade.
But if you are as old as you pretend,
And those white hairs are yours, why then you are
Just like the rose-tree at my window-sill,
Which is all gnarled and bent with changing years;
But which bears roses still as beautiful,
As red and luscious and as sweetly perfect,
As those that clothed it in its earliest spring.

R. K. Munkittrick.

The Truth About Abra.

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came!

At first this delicate attention on Abra's part
Gave keenest pleasure to his glowing heart.
His love for Abra only stronger grew
Through several months — perhaps a year or two.

But then there came a time when more and more
Abra's intense attention was a bore.
Much as he loved her, he was forced to own
She ofttimes came when he would be alone.
Her trick of coming "ere he called her name"
Was pretty, certainly; but to his shame
The fact must be admitted that when thus
She came unbidden he was apt to fuss.

When, for example, he would fain in sleep
His troubled mind and weary body steep;
When solitude was what he most desired,
And the mere thought of talking made him tired:
At such a time as this he came to dread
Abra's unasked attendance at his bed,
And Abra's murmur: "Yes, I know, my dear,
You didn't call me — but, you see, I'm here."

Yet if her uncalled comings were a curse,
Her comings in the place of other folks were worse.
When of a morning, he would call his man
To bring his tub and fill his water can,
Imagine as you may his righteous wrath
At finding Abra — where he sought his bath!
At hearing Abra, simpering, make reply:
"You called for John, my love, but here am I."

This sort of thing, in time, became so bad,
That Abra's comings almost drove him mad.
Long as he might for but an hour alone,
No single moment could he call his own.
At any instant, as he full well knew,
Might Abra dart, unasked, upon his view.
'Twas useless, too, to call another's name —
For "though he called another, Abra came."

Living this life of constant, racking dread,
His vital forces soon entirely fled.
He had been tough and hearty, hale and strong —
His nervous system went completely wrong;
He grew dyspeptic; lost his taste for food,
And more and more society eschewed.

And when, at last, he prayed for death's release,
E'en Death could not afford him death in peace.
For when he called on Death — "another's name" —
Abra (he knew she'd do it!) — Abra came!

Thomas A. Janvier.

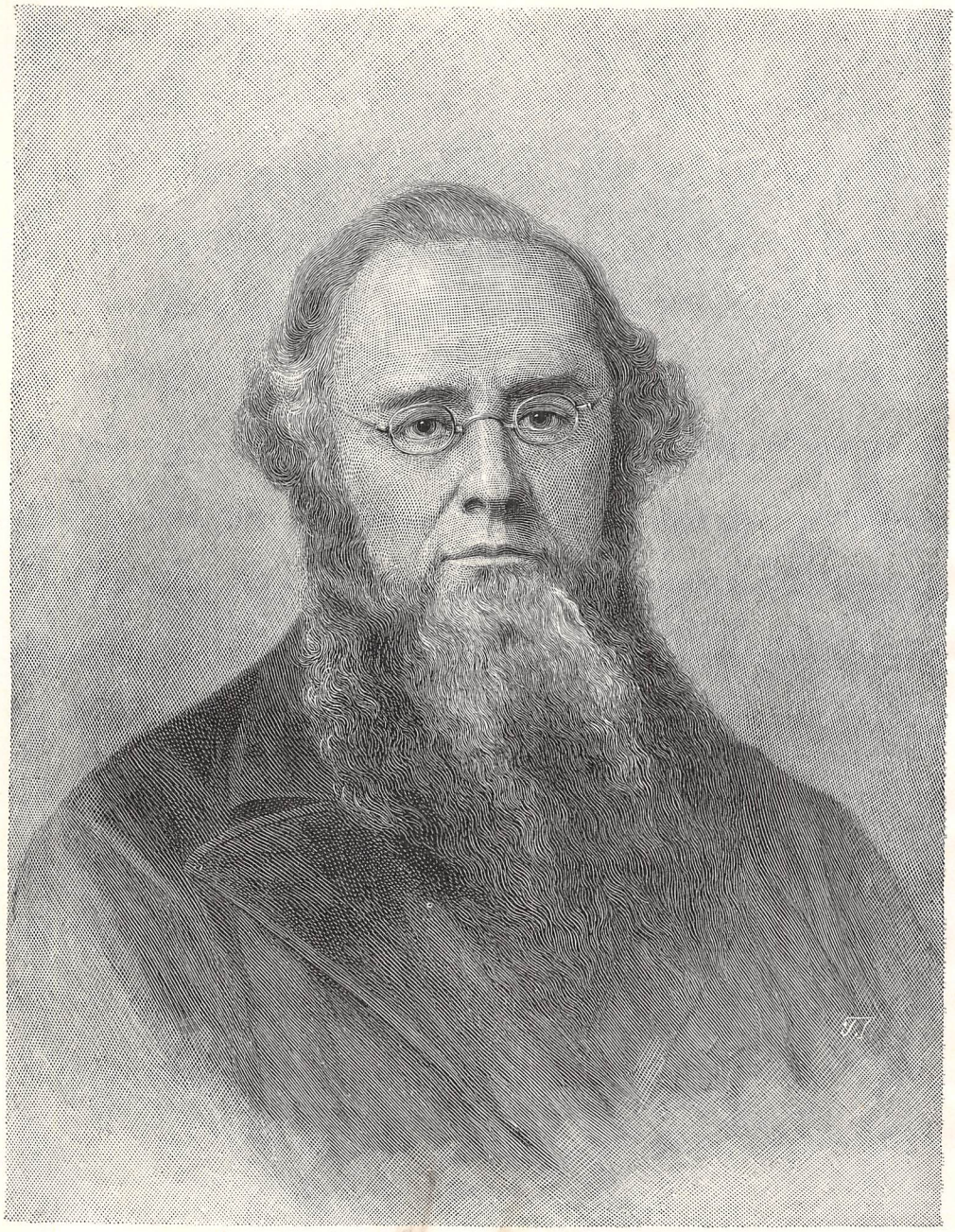
One Exception.

"I LIKE the ladies very much,"—
"And so I thought," she said,
But inly feared the name of *one*
Was running in his head.

She laughed out then this paradox,
As if in merest fun —
"I'd rather you would like them all,
Than like a single one!"

("*But me,*") she added in her thought —
To *say* it wouldn't do;
So leaping past her modest mouth
Out of her eyes it flew.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



Edwin M. Stanton

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GRANDE POINTE.

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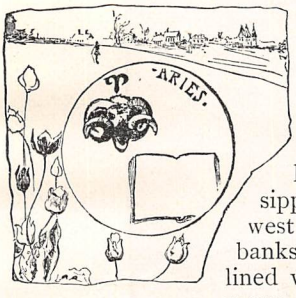
I.

A STRANGER.



FROM College Point to Bell's Point, sixty miles above New Orleans, the Mississippi runs nearly from west to east. Both banks, or "coasts," are lined with large and famous sugar plantations. Midway on the northern side lie the beautiful estates of "Belmont" and "Belle Alliance." Early one morning in the middle of October, 1878, a young man whose age you would have guessed fifteen years too much stood in scrupulously clean, ill-fitting, flimsy garments on the strong, high levee overlooking these two plantations. He was asking the way to a place called Grande Pointe. Grand Point, he called it, and so may we: many names in Louisiana that retain the French spelling are habitually given an English pronunciation.

A tattered negro mounted on a sunburnt, unshod, bare-backed mule down in the dusty gray road on the land side of the embankment was his only hearer. Fifteen years earlier these two men, with French accents, strangers to each other, would hardly have conversed in English; but the date made the difference. We need not inexorably render the dialect of the white man; pretty enough to hear, it would often be hideous to print. The letter *r*, for instance, that plague of all nations — before consonants it disappeared; before vowels the tongue failed of that upward curve that makes the good strong *r*'s of Italy and Great Britain.

The negro pointed over his mule's ears.

"You see Belle Alliance sugah-house yondeh? Well, behine dah you fine one road go stret thoo the plantation till de wood. Dass 'bout mile, you know. Den she keep stret on thoo de wood 'bout two mile' mo', an' dat fetch you at Gran' Point'. Hole on; I show you."

The two men started down the road, the negro on his mule, the stranger along the levee's crown. "Dat Gran' Point'," resumed the black, "'tain't no point on de riveh, you know, like dat Bell' Point, w'at you see yondeh 'twixt dem ah batture willows whah de sun all spread out on the wateh; no, seh. 'Tis jis lil place back in de *swamp*, raise' 'bout five, six feet 'bove de wateh. Yes, seh; 'bout t'ree mile' long, 'alf mile wide. Don't nobody but Cajun'* live back deh. Seem droll you goin' yondeh."

"'Tis the reason I go," said the other without looking up.

"Yes, seh."—A short silence.—"Dass nigh fifty year', now, dat place done been settle'. Ole 'Mian Roussel he was gret hunter. He know dat place. He see 'tis rich groun'. One day he come dare, cut some tree', buil' house, plant lil tobahcah. Nex' year come ole man Le Blanc; den Poché, den St. Pierre, den Martin,—all Cajun'. Oh! dass mo'n fifty year' 'go. Dey all comes from dis yeh riveh coast; 'caze de rich Creole', dey buy 'em out. Yes, seh, dat use' be de *Côte Acadien*', right yeh whar yo' feet stan'in' on. *C'est la côte Acadien*', *just ici, oui*." The trudging stranger waived away the right of translation. He had some reason for preferring English. But his manner was very gentle, and in a moment the negro began again.

"Gret place, dat Gran' Point'. Yes, seh; fo' tobahcah. Dey make de bes' Périque tobahcah in de worl'. Yes, seh, right yond' at Gran' Point'; an' de bes' Périque w'at come from Gran' Point', das de Périque of Octave Roussel, w'at dey use call 'im Chatoué;†

* Acadians. † Raccoon.

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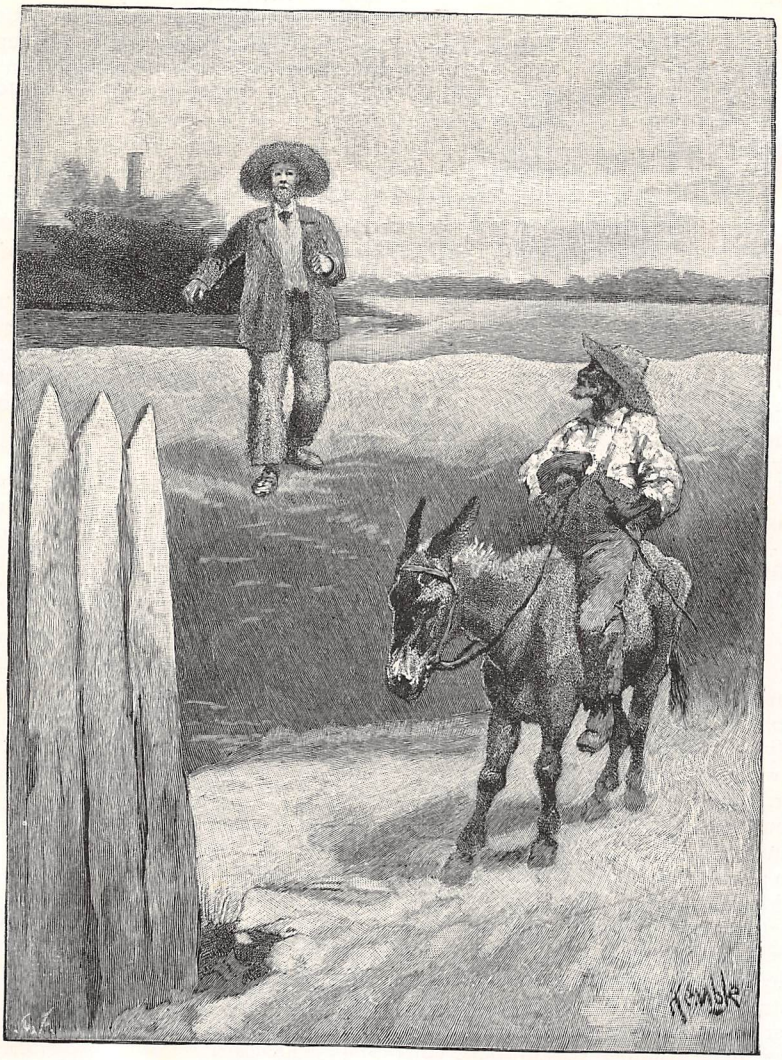
but he git tired dat name, and now he got lil boy 'bout twenny-five year' ole, an' dey call de ole man Catou, an' call his lil *boy* Chatoué. Dey fine dat wuck mo' betteh. Yes, seh. An' he got bruddeh name' 'Mian Roussel. But dat not de ole, ole 'Mian—like dey say de ole he one. 'Caze, you know, he done peg out. Oh, yes, he peg out in de du'in' o' de waugh.* But he lef' heap-sight chillen; you know, he got a year' staht o' all de res', you know. Yes, seh. Dey got 'bout hund'ed fifty peop' yond' by Gran' Point', and sim like dey mos' all name Roussel. *Sim* dat way to *me*. An' ev'y las' one got lil fahm so lil you can't plow her; got dig her up wid a spade. Yes, seh, same like you diggin' grave; yes, seh."

The gentle stranger interrupted, still without lifting his eyes from the path. "'Tis better narrowness of land than of virtue." The negro responded eagerly:

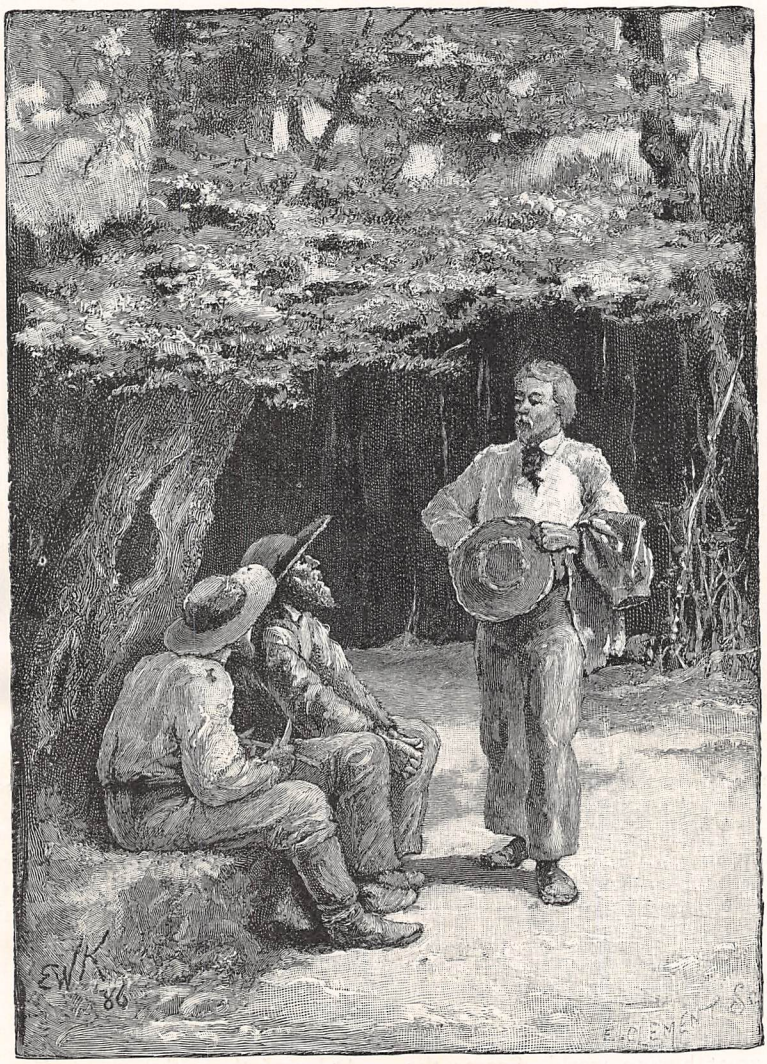
"Oh, dey good sawt o' peop', yes! Dey deals fair an' dey deals square. Dey keeps de peace. Dass 'caze dey mos'ly don't let whisky git on deir blin' side, you know. Dey *does* love to dance, and dey marries mawnstus young; but dey not like some niggehs: dey stays married. An' modess? Dey des so modess dey shy! Yes, seh, dey de shyes', easy-goin'es', modesses', most p'esumin' peop' in de whole worl'! I don't see fo' why folks talk 'gin dem Cajun'; on'y dey a lil' bit slow."

The traveler on the levee's top suddenly stood still, a soft glow on his cheek, a distention in his blue eyes. "My friend, what was it, the first American industry? Was it not the

*During the war.



HE WAS ASKING THE WAY TO A PLACE CALLED GRANDE POINTE.



"SIRS, HAVE I ALREADY REACH GRAN' POINT'?"

Newfoundland fisheries? Who inaugu'ate them if not the fishermen of Normandy and Bretagne? And since how long? Nearly fo' hundred years!"

"Dass so, boss," exclaimed the negro with the promptitude of an eye-witness; but the stranger continued:

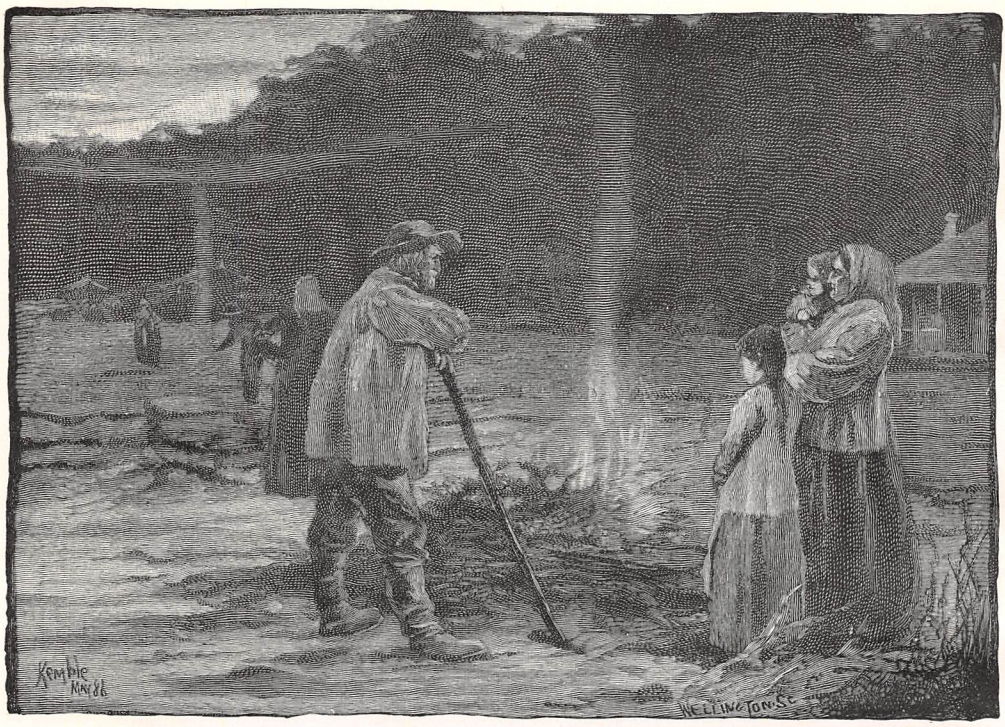
"The ancestors of the Acadian'—they are the fathers of the codfish!" He resumed his walk.

"Dass so, seh; dass true. Yes, seh, you' talkin' mighty true; dey a pow'ful ancestrified peop', dem Cajun'; dass w'at make dey so shy, you know. An' dey mighty good han' in de sugah-house. Dey des watchin', now, w'en dat sugah-cane git ready fo' biggin to grind; so soon dey see dat, dey des come a-lopin' in here to Mistoo Wallis' sugah-house here at Belle Alliance, an' likewise to Marse Louis Le Bourgeois yond' at Belmont. You see! de fust t'ing dey gwine ass you when you come at Gran' Point'—'Is Mistoo Wallis biggin to grind?' Well, seh, like I tell you, yeh de sugah-house, an' dah de road. Dat road fetch you at Gran' Point'."

II.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

An hour later the stranger, quite alone, had left behind him the broad smooth road, between rustling walls of sugar-cane, that had brought him through Belle Alliance plan-



EVENING AT GRANDE POINTE.

tation. The way before him was little more than a bridle-path along the earth thrown up beside a draining ditch in a dense swamp. The eye could run but a little way ere it was confused by the tangle of vegetation. The trees of the all-surrounding forest — sweet-gums, water-oaks, magnolias — cast their shade obliquely along and across his way, and wherever it fell the undried dew still sparkled on the long grass.

A pervading whisper seemed to say goodbye to the great human world. Scarce the note of an insect joined with his footsteps in the coarse herbage to break the stillness. He made no haste. Ferns were often about his feet, and vines were both there and everywhere. The soft blue tufts of the ageratum were on each side continually. Here and there in wet places clumps of Indian-shot spread their pale scroll leaves and sent up their green and scarlet spikes. Of stature greater than his own the golden-rod stood, crested with yellow plumes, unswayed by the still air. Often he had to push apart the brake-canes and press through with bowed head. Nothing met him in the path. Now and then there were faint signs underfoot as if wheels might have crushed the ragged turf long weeks before. Now and then the print of a hoof was seen in the black soil, but a spider had made it her home and spread across it her silken snares. If he halted and hearkened, he heard far away the hawk screaming to his mate, and maybe, looking up, caught a glimpse of him sailing in the upper air with the sunlight glowing in his pinions; or in some bush near by heard the soft rustle of the wren, or the ruffling whiff and nervous "chip" of the cardinal, or saw for an instant the flirt of his crimson robes as he rattled the stiff, jagged fans of the palmetto.

At length the path grew easier and lighter, the woods on the right gave place to a field half claimed for cotton and half given up to persimmon saplings, blackberry bushes, and rampant weeds. A furry pony with mane and tail so loaded with cockleburs that he could not shake them, lifted his head and stared. A moment afterward the view opened to right and left, and the path struck a grassy road at right angles and ended. Just there stood an aged sow.

"Unclean one," said the grave wayfarer, "where dwells your master? — Ignore you the English tongue? But I shall speak not in another; 'tis that same that I am arriving to bring you."

The brute, with her small bestial eye fixed on him distrustfully and askance, moved enough to the right to let him pass on the

other hand, and with his coat on his arm — so strong was the October sun — he turned into the road westward, followed one or two of its slight curves, and presently saw neat fields on either hand walled in on each farther side by the moss-hung swamp; and now a small, gray, unpainted house, then two or three more, the roofs of others peering out over the dense verdure, and down at the end of the vista a small white spire and cross. Then, at another angle, two men seated on the roadside. Their diffident gaze bore that look of wild innocence that belongs to those who see more of dumb nature than of men. Their dress was homespun. The older was about fifty years old, the other much younger.

"Sirs, have I already reach Gran' Point'?"

The older replied in an affirmative that could but just be heard, laid back a long lock of his straight brown hair after the manner of a short-haired girl, and rose to his feet.

"I hunt," said the traveler slowly, "Mr. Maximian Roussel."

A silent bow.

"'Tis you?"

The same motion again.

The traveler produced a slip of paper folded once and containing a line or two of writing hastily penciled that morning at Belle Alliance. Maximian received it timidly and held it helplessly before his downcast eyes with the lines turned perpendicularly, while the pause grew stifling, and until the traveler said:

"'Tis Mr. Wallis make that introduction."

At the name of the owner of the beautiful plantation the man who had not yet spoken rose, covered with whittlings. It was like a steer getting up out of the straw. He spoke.

"M'sieu' Walleece *a commencé à mouliner?* Is big-in to gryne?"

"He shall commence in the center of the next week."

Maximian's eyes rose slowly from the undeciphered paper. The traveler's met them. He pointed to the missive.

"The schoolmaster therein alluded — 'tis me."

"Oh!" cried the villager joyously,—"*maître d'école!*—schooltitcher!"

"But," said the stranger, "not worthy the title." He accepted gratefully the hand of one and then of the other.

"Walk een!" said Maximian, "all hand', walk een house." They went, Indian file, across the road, down a sinuous footpath, over a stile, and up to his little single-story unpainted house, and tramped in upon the railed galerie.

"*Et* M'sieu' Le Bourgeois," said the host, as the schoolmaster accepted a split-bottomed chair, "he's big-in to gryne?"

Within this ground-floor veranda — chief appointment of all Acadian homes — the traveler accepted a drink of water in a blue tumbler, brought by the meek wife. The galerie just now was scattered with the husband's appliances for making Périque tobacco into "carats" — the carat-press. Its small, iron-ratcheted, wooden windlass extended along the top rail of the balustrade across one of the galerie's ends. Lines of half-inch grass rope, for wrapping the carats into diminished bulk and solid shape, lay along under foot. Beside one of the doors, in deep hickory baskets, were the parcels of cured tobacco swaddled in cotton cloths and ready for the torture of ropes and windlass. From the joists overhead hung the pods of tobacco seed for next year's planting.

III.

THE HANDSHAKING.

THERE was news in Grande Pointe. The fair noon sky above, with its peaceful flocks of clouds; the solemn, wet forest round about; the harvested fields; the disheveled, fragrant fallows; the reclining, ruminating cattle; the little chapel of St. Vincent de Paul in the midst, open for mass once a fortnight, for a sermon in French four times a year,— these were not more tranquil in the face of the fact that a schoolmaster had come to Grande Pointe to *stay* than outwardly appeared the peaceful-minded villagers. Yet as the tidings floated among the people, touching and drifting on like thistle-down, they were stirred within, and came by ones, by twos, slow-stepping, diffidently smiling, to shake hands with the young great man. They wiped their own before offering them — the men on their strong thighs, the women on their aprons. Children came, whose courage would carry them no nearer than the galerie's end or front edge, where they lurked and hovered, or gazed through the balustrade, or leaned against a galerie post and rubbed one brown bare foot upon another and crowded each other's shoulders without assignable cause, or lopped down upon the grass and gazed from a distance.

Little conversation was offered. The curiosity was as unobtrusive as the diffidence was without fear; and when a villager's soft, low speech was heard, it was generally in answer to inquiries necessary for one to make who was about to assume the high office of educator. Moreover, the schoolmaster revealed, with all gentleness, his preference for the English tongue, and to this many could only give ear. Only two or three times did the conversation rise to a pitch that kindled even the ready ardor of the young man of letters. Once,

SIDONIE.

after a prolonged silence, the host, having gazed long upon his guest, said, without preface:

"Tough job you got," and waved a hand toward the hovering children.

"Sir," replied the young scholar, "is it not the better to do whilse it is the mo' tough? The mo' toughness, the mo' honor." He rose suddenly, brushed back the dry, brown locks of his fine hair, and extending both hands, with his limp, straw hat dangling in one, said: "Sir, I will ask you, is not the schoolmaster the true patriot? Shall his honor be less than of the soldier? Yet I ask not honor; for me, I am not fit; yet, after my poor capacities —" He resumed his seat.

An awesome quiet followed. Then some one spoke to him, too low to be heard. He bent forward to hear the words repeated, and 'Mian said for the timorous speaker:

"Aw, dass nut'n; he jis only say, 'Is M'sieu' Walleece big-in to gryne?'"

Few tarried long, though one man — he whom the schoolmaster had found sitting on the roadside with Maximian — staid all day; and even among the villagers themselves there was almost no loquacity. Maximian, it is true, as the afternoon wore along, and it seemed plain that the reception was a great and spontaneous success, spoke with growing frequency and heartiness; and, when the guest sat down alone at a table within, where *la vieille* — the wife — was placing half a dozen still sputtering fried eggs, a great wheaten loaf, a yellow gallon bowl of boiled milk, a pewter ladle, a bowie knife, the blue tumbler, and a towel, and out on the galerie the callers were still coming, his simple neighbors pardoned the elation that led him to take a chair himself a little way off, sit on it sidewise, cross his legs gayly, and with a smile and wave of his good brown hand say:

"*Servez-vous!* He'p you'se'f! Eat much you like till you well up!"

Even he asked no questions. Only near the end of the day, when the barefoot children by gradual ventures had at length gathered close about and were softly pushing for place on his knees and huddling under his arms, and he was talking French,— the only language most of them knew,— he answered the first personal inquiry put to him since arriving. "His name," he replied to the tiny, dark, big-eyed boy who spoke for his whispering fellows, "his name was Bonaventure — Bonaventure Deschamps."

As the great October sun began to dip his crimson wheel behind the low black line of swamp and the chapel cross stood out against a band of yellow light that spanned the west, he walked out to see the village, a little girl on either hand and little boys round about. The children talked apace. Only the girl whose hand he held in his right was mute. She was taller than the rest; yet it was she to whom the little big-eyed boy pointed when he said, vain of his ability to tell it in English:

"I don't got but eight year' old, me. I'm gran' for my age; but she, she not gran' for her age — Sidonie; no; she not gran' at all for *her* age."

They told the story of the chapel: how some years before, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at the parish seat a few miles away on the Mississippi, a nun had by the pope's leave cast off the veil; how she had come to Grande Pointe and taken charge of her widowed brother's children; and how he had died, and she had found means, the children knew not how, to build this chapel. And now she was buried under it, they said. It seemed, from what they left unsaid as well as what they said, that the simple influence of her presence had kindled a desire for education in Grande Pointe not known before.

"Dass my *tante* — my hant. She *was* my hant befo' she die'," said the little man of eight years, hopping along the turf in front of the rest. He dropped into a walk that looked rapid, facing round and moving backward. "She learn me English, my *tante*. And she try to learn Sidonie; but Sidonie, Sidonie fine that too strong to learn, that English, Sidonie." He hopped again, talking as he hopped and holding the lifted foot in his hand. He could do that and speak English at the same time, so talented was Toutou.

Thus the sun went down. And at Maximian's stile again Bonaventure Deschamps took the children's cheeks into his slender fingers and kissed them, one by one, beginning at the least and so up, slowly, toward Sidonie Le Blanc. With very earnest tenderness it was done, some grave word of inspiration going before each caress; but when at last he said, "To-morrow, dear chil'run, the school-bell shall ring in Gran' Point'!" and turned to finish with Sidonie — she was gone.

IV.

HOW THE CHILDREN RANG THE BELL.

WHERE the fields go wild and grow into brakes and the soil becomes fenny, on the north-eastern edge of Grande Pointe, a dark, slender thread of a bayou moves loiteringly north-eastward into a swamp of huge cypresses. In there it presently meets another like itself, the Bayou Tchackchou, slipping around from the little farm village's eastern end as silently as a little mother comes out of a bower where she has just put her babe

to sleep. A little further on they are joined as noiselessly by Blind River, and the united waters slip on northward through the dim, colonnaded, watery-floored, green-roofed, blue-vapored, moss-draped wilderness, till in the adjoining parish of Ascension they curve around to the east and issue into the sunny breadth of Lake Maurepas. Thus they make the Bayou des Acadiens. From Lake Maurepas one can go up Amite or Tickfaw River, or to Pass Manchac or Pontchatoula, anywhere in the world, in fact,— where a canoe can go.

On a bank of this bayou, no great way from Grande Pointe, but with the shadow of the swamp at its back and a small, bright prairie of rushes and giant reeds stretching away from the opposite shore, stood, more in the water than on the land, the palmetto-thatched fishing and hunting lodge and only home of a man who on the other side of the Atlantic you would have known for a peasant of Normandy, albeit he was born in that swamp,— the man who had tarried all day at the schoolmaster's handshaking.

What a day that had been! Once before he had witnessed a positive event. That was when, one day, he journeyed purposely to the levee of Belle Alliance, waited from morning till evening, and at last saw the steamer *Robert E. Lee* come by and, as fortune would have it, land! loaded with cotton from the water to the hurricane deck! He had gone home resolved from that moment to save his money and be something more than he was.

But that event had flashed before his eyes and in a quarter hour was gone, save in his memory. The coming of the schoolmaster, all unforeseen, had lasted a day, and he had seen it from beginning to end. All day long on 'Mian's galerie, standing now here, now there, he had got others to interpret for him, where he could not guess, the meanings of the wise and noble utterances that fell now and then from the lips of the young soldier of learning, and stored them away in his now greedy mind.

One saying in particular, whose originality he did not dream of questioning, took profound hold of his conviction and admiration; and two or three times as his canoe glided homeward in the twilight, its one long, smooth ripple gleaming on this side and that as it stretched away toward the bayou's dark banks, he rested for a moment on his tireless paddle and softly broke the silence of the wilderness with its three simple words, so trite to our ears, so strange to his:

"Knowledge is power."

In years he was but thirty-five, but he was a widower, and the one son who was his only child and companion would presently be fourteen.

"Claude," he said, as they rose that evening from their hard supper in the light and fumes of their small kerosene-lamp, "*I' faut z-ahler coucher.*" (We must go to bed.)

"*Quofoir?*" asked the sturdy lad. (*Pour quoi?* Why?)

"Because," replied the father in the same strange French in which he had begun, "at daybreak to-morrow, and every day thereafter, you must be in your dug-out on your way to Grande Pointe, to school. My son, you are going to learn how to read!"

So came it that, until their alphabetical rearrangement, the first of all the thirty-five names on the roll was Claude St. Pierre, and that every evening thenceforward when that small kerosene-lamp glimmered in the deep darkness of Bayou des Acadiens, the abecedarian Claude was a teacher.

But even before the first rough roll was made he was present, under the little chapel tower, when for the first time its bell rang for school. The young master was there, and all the children; so that really there was nothing to ring the bell for. They could, all together, have walked quietly across the village green to the forlorn tobacco-shed that 'Mian had given them for a school-house and begun the session. Ah! say not so! It was good to ring the bell. A few of the stronger lads would even have sent the glad clang abroad before the time, but Bonaventure restrained them. For one thing, there must be room for every one to bear a hand. So he tied above their best reach three strands of "carat" cord to the main rope. Even then he was not ready.

"No, dear chil'run; but grasp hold, every one, the ropes, the cawds,—the shawt chil'run reaching up shawtly, the long chil'run the more longly."

Few understood his words, but they quietly caught the idea and yielded themselves eagerly to his arranging hand. The highest grasp was Claude's. There was a little empty space under it, and then one only of Sidonie's hands, timid, smooth, and brown. And still the master held back the word.

"Not yet! not yet! The pear is not ripe!" He stood apart from them, near the chapel door, where the light was strong, his silver watch open in his left hand, his form erect, his right hand lifted to the brim of his hat, his eyes upon the dial.

"Not yet, dear chil'run. Not yet. Have the patience. Hold every one in his aw her place. Be ready! Have the patience." But at length when the little ones were frowning and softly sighing with the pain of upheld arms, their waiting eyes saw his dilate. "Be ready!" he

said, with low intensity: "Be ready!" He soared to his tiptoes, the hat flounced from his head and smote his thigh, his eyes turned upon them blazing, and he cried, "Ring, chil'run, ring!"

The elfin crew leaped up the ropes and came crouching down. The bell pealed; the master's hat swung round his head. His wide eyes were wet, and he cried again, "Ring! ring! for God, light, libbutty, education!" He sprang toward the leaping, sinking mass; but the right feeling kept his own hands off. And up and down the children went, the bell answering from above, peal upon peal; when just as they had caught the rhythm of Claude's sturdy pull and the bell could sound no louder, the small cords gave way from their fastenings, the little ones rolled upon their backs, the bell gave one ecstatic double clang and turned clear over, the swift rope straightened upward from its coil, and Claude and Sidonie, her hands clasped upon each other about the rope and his hands upon hers, shot up three times as high as their finest leap could have carried them. For an instant they hung; then with another peal the bell turned back and they came blushing to the floor. A swarm of hands darted to the rope, but Bonaventure's was on it first.

"'Tis sufficient!" he said, his face all triumph. The bell gave a lingering clang or two and ceased, and presently the happy company walked across the green. "Sufficient," the master had said; but it was more than sufficient. In that moment of suspension, with Sidonie's great brown frightened eyes in his, and their four hands clasped together, Claude had learned, for his first lesson, that knowledge is not the only or the greatest power.

V.

INVITED TO LEAVE.

AFTER that, every school-day morning Claude rang the bell. Always full early his pirogue came gliding out of the woods and up through the bushy fen to the head of canoe navigation and was hauled ashore. Bonaventure had fixed his home near the chapel and not far from Claude's hiding-place. Thus the lad could easily come to his door each morning at the right moment — reading it by hunter's signs in nature's book — to get the word to ring. There were none of the usual reasons that the schoolmaster should live close to the school-house. There was no demand for its key.

Not of that school-house! A hundred feet length by twenty-five breadth, of earth-floored, clapboard-roofed, tumbling shed rudely walled with cypress split boards,—*pieux*,—a hand-breadth space between every two, stood endwise in the earth, like palisades, sunlight and fresh air and the gleams of green fields coming in; the scores of little tobacco-presses that had stood in ranks on the hard earth floor, the great sapling levers, and the festoons of curing tobacco that had hung from the joists overhead, all removed, only the odor left; bold gaps here and there in the *pieux*, made by that mild influence which the restless call decay, and serving for windows and doors; the eastern end swept clean and occupied by a few benches and five or six desks, strong, home-made, sixty-four pounders.

Life had broadened with Claude in two directions. On one side opened, fair and noble, the acquaintanceship of Bonaventure Deschamps, a man who had seen the outside world, a man of books, of learning, a man who could have taught even geography, had there been any one to learn it; and on the other side, like a garden of roses and spices, the schoolmateship of Sidonie Le Blanc. To you and me she would have seemed the merest little brown bud of a thing, almost nothing but two big eyes — like a little owl. To Claude it seemed as though nothing older or larger could be exactly in the prime of beauty; the path to learning was the widest, floweriest, fragrantest path he had ever trod.

Sidonie did not often speak with him. At recess she usually staid at her desk, studying, quite alone but for Bonaventure silently busy at his, and Claude himself, sitting farther away, whenever the teacher did not see him and drive him to the playground. If he would only drive Sidonie out! But he never did.

One day, after quite a contest of learning, and as the hour of dismission was scattering the various groups across the green, Toutou, the little brother who was grand for his age, said to Claude, hanging timidly near Sidonie:

"*Alle est plus* smart' *que vous.*" (She is smarter than you.)

Whereupon Sidonie made haste to say in their Acadian French, "Ah! Master Toutou, you forget we went to school to our dear aunt. And besides, I am small and look young, but I am nearly a year older than Claude." She had wanted to be kind, but that was the first thorn. Older than he!

And not only that; nearly fifteen! Why, at fifteen — at fifteen girls get married! The odds were heavy. He wished he had thought of that at first. He was sadly confused. Sometimes when Bonaventure spoke words of enthusiasm and regard to him after urging him fiercely up some hill of difficulty among the bristling heights of English pronunciation, he yearned to seek him alone and tell him this

difficulty of the heart. There was no fear that Bonaventure would laugh; he seemed scarce to know how; and his smiles were all of tenderness and zeal. Claude did not believe the ten years between them would matter; had not Bonaventure said to him but yesterday that to him all loveliness was the lovelier for being very young? Yet when the confession seemed almost on Claude's lips it was driven back by an alien mood in the master's face. There were troubles in Bonaventure's heart that Claude wot not of.

One day who should drop in just as school was about to begin but the priest from College Point. Such order as he found! Bonaventure stood at his desk like a general on a high hill, his large hand-bell in his grasp, passed his eyes over the seventeen demure girls, with their large, brown-black, liquid eyes, their delicately penciled brows, their dark, waveless hair, and sounded one tap! The sport outside ceased, the gaps at the shed's farther end were darkened by small forms that came darting like rabbits into their burrows, eighteen small hats came off, and the eighteen boys came softly forward and took their seats. Such discipline!

"Sir," said Bonaventure, "think you 'tis arising f'om the strickness of the teacher? 'Tis f'om the goodness of the chil'run! How I long the State Sup'inten'ent Public Education to see them!"

The priest commended the sight and the wish with smiling affirmations that somehow seemed to lack sympathy. He asked the names of two or three pupils. That little fellow with soft, tanned, chubby cheeks and great black eyes, tiny mouth, smooth feet so shapely and small, still wet to their ankles with dew, and arms that he could but just get folded, was Toutou. That lad with the strong shoulders, good wide brows, steady eye, and general air of manliness,— that was Claude St. Pierre. And this girl over on the left here,— "You observe," said Bonaventure, "I situate the lambs on the left and the kids on the right,"— this little, slender crescent of human moonlight, with her hair in two heavy, black, down-falling plaits, meek, drooping eyes, long lashes, soft, childish cheeks and full throat, was Sidonie Le Blanc. Bonaventure murmured:

"Best scholah in the school, yet the *only* — that loves not her teacher. But I give always my interest, not according to the interestingness, but rather to the necessitude, of each."

The visit was not long. Standing, about to depart, the visitor seemed still, as at the first, a man of many reservations under his polite smiles. But just then dropping a phrase that the teacher recognized as an indirect quotation, Bonaventure cried, with greedy eyes:

"You have read Victor Hugo?"

"Yes."

"Oh, sir, that grea-a-at man! That father of libbutty! Other patriots are the sons, but he the father! Is it not thus?"

The priest shrugged and made a mouth. The young schoolmaster's face dropped.

"Sir, I must ask you — is he not the frien' of the poor and downtrod?"

The visitor's smile quite disappeared. He said:

"Oh!"— and waved a hand impatiently; "Victor Hugo"— another mouth — "Victor Hugo"— replying in French to the schoolmaster's English — "is not of my party." And then he laughed unpleasantly and said good-day.

The State Superintendent did not come, but every day — "It is perhaps he shall come to-mo'w, chil'run; have yo' lessons well!"

The whole tiny army of long, blue cottonade pantalettes and pantaloons tried to fulfill the injunction. Not one but had a warm place in the teacher's heart. But Toutou, Claude, Sidonie, anybody who glanced into that heart could see sitting there enthroned. And some did that kind of reconnoitering. Catou, 'Mian's older brother, was much concerned. He saw no harm in a little education, but took no satisfaction in the introduction of English speech; and speaking to 'Mian of that reminded him to say he believed the schoolmaster himself was aware of the three children's preëminence in his heart. But 'Mian only said:

"*Ah bien, c'est* all right, *alors!*" (Well, then, it's all right.) Whether all right or not, Bonaventure was aware of it, and tried to hide it under special kindnesses to others, and particularly to the dullard of the school, grandson of Catou and nicknamed *Crébiche.** The child loved him; and when Claude rang the chapel bell, and before its last tap had thrilled dreamily on the morning air, when the urchins playing about the school-house espied another group coming slowly across the common with Bonaventure in the midst of them, his coat on his arm and the children's hands in his, there among them came Crébiche, now on one side, now running round to the other, hoping so to get a little nearer to the master.

"None shall have such kindness to-day as thou," Bonaventure would silently resolve as he went in through a gap in the *pieux*. And the children could not see but he treated them all alike. They saw no unjust inequality even when, Crébiche having three times spelt earth with an *u*, the master paced to and fro on the bare ground among the unmatched desks and break-back benches, running his hands through his hair and crying:

"Well! well aht thou name' the crawfish;

* *Écrevisse*, crawfish.

EVERY SCHOOL-DAY MORNING CLAUDE RANG THE BELL.

with such rapiditive celeritude dost thou progress backwardly!"

It must have been to this utterance that he alluded when at the close of that day he walked, as he supposed, with only birds and grasshoppers for companions, and they grew still, and the turtle-doves began to moan, and he smote his breast and cried:

"Ah! rules, rules! how easy to make, likewise break! Oh! the shame, the shame! *If* Victor Hugo had seen that! And if George Washington! But thou,"— some one else, not mentioned,— "thou sawedst it!"

The last word was still on the speaker's lips, when — there beside the path, with heavy eye and drunken frown, stood the father of Crébiche, the son of Catou, the little boy of twenty-five known as Chatoué. He spoke:

"To who is dat you speak? Talk wid de dev'?"

Bonaventure murmured a salutation, touched his hat, and passed. Chatoué moved a little and delivered a broadside:

"Afteh dat, you betteh leave! Yes, you betteh leave Gran' Point'!"

"Sir," said Bonaventure, turning with flushed face, "I stay."

"Yes," said the other, "dass righ'; you betteh go way and stay. *Magicien*," he added as the schoolmaster moved on, "*sorcier!*— Voudou!— jackass!"

What did all this mean?

VI.

WAR OF DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

CATOU, it seems, had gone one day to College Point with a pair of wild ducks that he had shot,— first of the season,— and offered

them to the priest who preached for Grande Pointe once a quarter:

"Catou," said the recipient, in good French but with a cruel hardness of tone, "why does that man out there teach his school in English?" The questioner's intentions were not unkind. He felt a protector's care for his Acadian sheep, whose wants he fancied he, if not he only, understood. He believed a sudden overdose of enlightenment would be to them a real disaster, and he proposed to save them from it by the kind of management they had been accustomed to — they and their fathers — for a thousand years.

CATOU AND THE PRIEST.

Catou answered the question only by a timid smile and shrug. The questioner spoke again:

"Why do you Grande Pointe folk allow it? Do you want your children stuffed full of American ideas? What is in those books they are studying? You don't know? Neither do I. I would not look into one of them. But you ought to know that to learn English is to learn free-thinking. Do you know who print those books that your children are rubbing their noses in? Yankees! Oh, I doubt not they have been sharp enough to sprinkle a little of the stuff *they* call religion here and there in them; 'tis but the bait on the hook! But you silly 'Cadians think your children are getting education, and that makes up for everything else. Do you know what comes of it? Discontent. Vanity. Contempt of honest labor. Your children are going to be discontented with their lot. It will soon be good-bye to sunbonnets; good-bye to homespun; good-bye to Grande Pointe,—yes, and good-bye to the faith of your fathers. Catou, what do you know about that man, anyhow? You ask him no questions, you 'Cadians, and he — oh, he is too modest to tell you who or what he is. *Who pays him?*"

"He say pay is way behine. He say he don't get not'in' since he come yondeh," said Catou, the distress that had gathered on his face disappearing for a moment.

The questioner laughed contemptuously.

"CLAUDE, TELL THE YOUNG SCHOOLMASTER."

"Do you suppose he works that way for nothing? How do you know, at all, that his real errand is to teach school? A letter from Mr. Wallis! who simply told your simple-minded brother what the fellow told him! See here, Catou; you owe a tax as a raiser of tobaco, eh? And besides that, hasn't every one of you an absurd little sign stuck up on the side of his house, as required by the Government, to show that you owe another tax as a tobacco manufacturer? But still you have a little arrangement to neutralize that, eh? How do you know this man is not among you to look into that? Do you know that he *can* teach? No wonder he prefers to teach in English? I had a conversation with him the other day; I want no more; he preferred to talk to me in English. That is the good manners he is teaching; light-headed, hero-worshiping, free-thinker that he is."

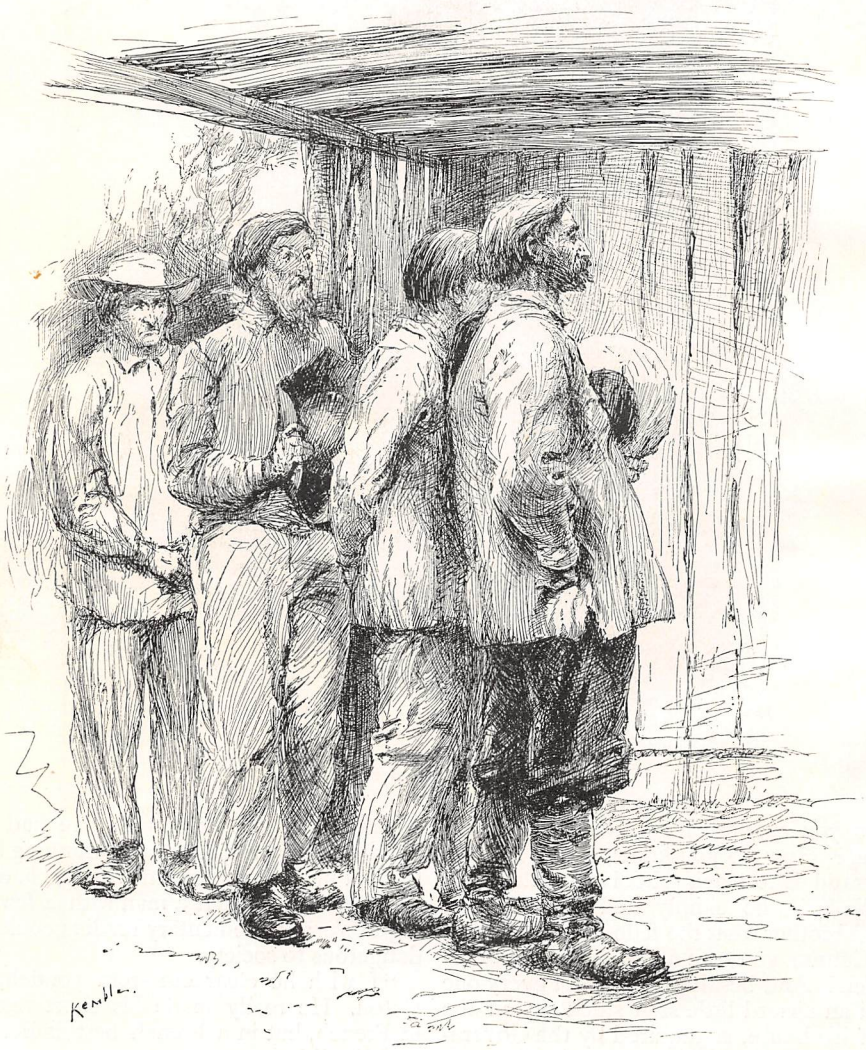
Catou was sore dismayed. He had never heard of hero-worship or free-thinking before, but did not doubt their atrocity. It had never occurred to him that a man with a few spelling-books and elementary readers could be so dangerous to society.

"I wish he clear out from yondeh," said Catou. He really made his short responses in French, but in a French best indicated in bad English.

"Not for my sake," replied the priest, coldly smiling. "I shall just preach somewhere else on the thirteenth Sunday of each quarter, and let Grande Pointe go to the devil; for there is where your new friend is sure to land you. Good-day, I am very busy this morning."

These harsh words — harsh barking of the shepherd dog — spread an unseen consternation in Grand Pointe. Maximian was not greatly concerned. When he heard of the

threat to cut off the spiritual table-crumbs with which the villagers had so scantily been fed, he only responded that in his opinion the dominie was no such a fool as that. But others could not so easily dismiss their fears. They began to say privately, leaning on fences and lingering at stiles, that they had felt from the very day of that first mad bell-ringing that the place like the waters of a rising tide. All Grande Pointe was lifting from the sands, and in danger of getting afloat and drifting toward the current of the great world's life. Personally, too, the schoolmaster seemed harmless enough. From the children and he loving each other, the hearts of the seniors had become entangled. The children had come home from the



"SIRS, WELCOME TO GRAN' POINT' SCHOOL."

the whole movement was too headlong; that this opening the sluices of English education would make trouble. Children shouldn't be taught what their parents do not understand. Not that there was special harm in a little spelling, adding, or subtracting, but — the notions they and the teacher produced! Here was the school's influence going through all atmosphere of that old tobacco-shed and persuaded the very grandmothers to understand vaguely — very vaguely and dimly — that the day of liberty which had come to the world at large a hundred years before had come at last to them; that in France their race had been peasants; in Acadia, forsaken colonists; in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Vir-

ginia, exiles alien to the land, the language, and the times; in St. Domingo, penniless, sick, unwelcome refugees; and for just one century in Louisiana the jest of the proud Creole, held down by the triple fetter of illiteracy, poverty, and the competition of unpaid, half-clad, swarming slaves. But that now the slave was free, the school was free, and a new, wide, golden future waited only on their education in the greatest language of the world.

All this was pleasant enough to accept even in a dim way, though too good to be more than remotely grasped. But just when, as music in a sleeper's ear, it is taking hold of their impulses somewhat, comes the word of their hereditary dictator that this man is among them only for their destruction. What could they reply? They were a people around whom the entire world's thought had swirled and tumbled for four hundred years without once touching them. Their ancestors had left France before Descartes or Newton had begun to teach the modern world to think. They knew no method of reasoning save by precedent, and had never caught the faintest reflection from the mind of that great, sweet thinker who said, "A stubborn retention of customs is a turbulent thing, no less than the introduction of new." To such strangers in the world of to-day now came the contemptuous challenge of authority, defying them to prove that one who proposed to launch them forth upon a sea of changes out of sight of all precedent and tradition was not the hireling of some enemy's gold secretly paid to sap the foundations of all their spiritual and temporal interests and plunge them into chaos.

They blamed Bonaventure; he had got himself hated and them rebuked; it was enough. They said little to each other and nothing to him; but they felt the sleepy sense of injury we all know so well against one who was disturbing their slumber; and some began to suspect and distrust him, others to think hard of him for being suspected and distrusted. Yet all this reached not his ears, and the first betrayal of it was from the lips of Chatoué, when, in his cups, he unexpectedly invited the schoolmaster to leave Grande Pointe.

After that, even the unconscious schoolmaster could feel the faint chill of estrangement. But he laid it not to his work, but to his personal unloveliness, and said to 'Mian he did not doubt if he were more engaging there would not be so many maidens kept at the wheel and loom in the priceless hours of school, or so many strapping youths sent, all unlettered, to the sugar-kettles of the coast plantations what time M'sieu' Walleece big-in to gryne.

"'Tain't dat," said 'Mian. He had intended to tell the true reason, but his heart failed him, and when Bonaventure asked what, then, it was, he replied:

"Aw, dey don't get no time. Time run so fas',— run like a scared dog. I dunno fo' w'at dey make dat time run so fas' dat way."

"O my friend," cried the young schoolmaster, leaping from his chair, "say not that! If God did not make time to p'oceed with rapidness, who would ever do his best?"

It was such lessons as this that made the children — Crébiche among them — still gather round the humble master and love to grasp his hand.

VII.

LOVE AND DUTY.

TIME ran fast. The seasons were as inexorable at Grande Pointe as elsewhere, but there was no fierceness in them. The very frosts were gentle. Slowly and kindly they stripped the green robes from many a tree, from many a thicket ejected like defaulting tenants the blue linnet, the orchard oriole, the nonpareil, took down all its leafy hangings and left it open to the winds and rain of December. The wet ponies and kine turned away from the north and stood in the slanting storm with bowed heads. The great wall of cypress swamp grew spectral. But its depths, the marshes far beyond sight behind them, and the little, hidden, rushy lakes, were alive with game. No snake crossed the path. Under the roof, on the galerie, the wheel hummed, the loom pounded; inside, the logs crackled and blazed on the hearth; on the board were venison, mallard, teal, rice-birds, *sirop de baterie*, and *quitte;* round the fireside were pipes, pecans, old stories, and the Saturday night contra-dance; and every now and then came sounding on the outer air the long, hoarse bellow of some Mississippi steamer, telling of the great world beyond the tree-tops, a little farther than the clouds and nearer than the stars.

Christmas passed, and New Year — time runs so fast! Presently yonder was 'Mian himself, spading a piece of ground to sow his tobacco seed in; then Catou and his little boy of twenty-five doing likewise; and then others all about the scattered village. Then there was a general spreading of dry brush over the spaded ground, then the sweet, clean smell of its burning, and, hanging everywhere throughout the clearing, its thin, blue smoke. The little frogs began to pipe to each other again in every wet place, the grass began to freshen, and almost in the calendar's mid-winter the smiles of spring were wreathing everywhere.

What of the schoolmaster and the children?

Much, much! The good work went on. Intense days for Bonaventure. The clouds of disfavor darkling in some places, but brightening in others and, on the whole, he hoped and believed, breaking. A few days of vacation, and then a bright reunion and resumption, the children all his faithful adherents save one — Sidonie. She, a close student, too, but growingly distant and reticent. The State Superintendent still believed to be —

"Impending, impending, chil'run! he is impending! Any day he may precipitate upon us!"

Intense days, too, for Claude. Sidonie openly, and oh, so sweetly, his friend. Loving him? He could neither say nor know; enough, for the present, to be allowed to love her. His love knew no spirit of conquest yet; it was star-worship; it was angel adoration; seraphically pure; something so celestially refined that had it been a tangible object you could have held it up and seen the stars right through it. The thought of acquisition would have seemed like coveting the gold of a temple. And yet already the faintest hint of loss was intolerable. Oh! this happy, happy school-going — this faring sumptuously on one smile a day! Ah, if it might but continue! But alas! how Sidonie was growing! Growing, growing, daily! up, up, up! While he — there was a tree in the swamp where he measured his stature every day; but in vain; in vain! It never budged! And then — all at once — like the rose-vine on her galerie, Sidonie burst into bloom.

Her smiles were kinder and more frequent now than ever before; but the boy's heart was wrung. What chance now? In four long years to come he would not yet be quite nineteen, and she was fifteen now. Four years! He was in no hurry himself — could wait forever and be happy every day of it; but she? Such prize as she somebody would certainly bear away before three years could run by, run they ever so fast.

Sitting and pondering one evening in the little bayou cabin, Claude caught the father's eye upon him, leaned his forehead upon the parent's knee, and silently wept. The rough father said a kind word, and the boy, without lifting his burning face, told his love. The father made no reply for a long time, and then he said in their quaint old French:

"Claude, tell the young schoolmaster. Of all men, he is the one to help you." And then in English, as you would quote Latin, "Knowledge is power!"

The next day he missed — failed miserably — in every lesson. At its close he sat at his desk, crushed. Bonaventure seemed scarce less tempest-tossed than he; and all about the school the distress spread as wintry gray overcasts a sky. Only Sidonie moved calmly her accustomed round like some fair, silent, wide-winged bird circling about a wreck.

At length the lad and his teacher were left alone. Claude sat very still, looking at his toil-worn hands lying crossed on the desk. Presently there sank an arm across his shoulders. It was the master's. Drop — drop — two big tears fell upon the rude desk's sleeve-polished wood. The small, hard, right hand slowly left its fellow and rubbed off the wet spots.

"Claude, you have something to disclose me?"

The drooping head nodded.

"And 'tis not something done wrongly?"

The lad shook his head.

"Then, my poor Claude," — the teacher's own voice faltered for a moment, — "then — 'tis — 'tis she!" He stroked the weeping head that sank into its hands. "Ah! yes, Claude, yes; 'tis she; 'tis she! And you want me to help you. Alas! in vain you want me! I cannot even try-y-y to help you; you have mentioned it too lately! 'Tis right you come to me, despiting discrepancy of years; but alas! the dif*fi*culty lies in the con*tra*ry; for alas! Claude, our two heart' are of the one, same age!"

They went out; and walking side by side toward the failing sun, with the humble flowers of the field and path newly opened and craving leave to live about their feet and knees, Bonaventure Deschamps revealed his own childlike heart to the simple boy whose hand clasped his.

"Yes, yes; I conceal not from you, Claude, that 'tis not alone 'thou lovest,' but 'I love'! If with cause to hope, Claude, I know not. And I must not search to know whilst yet the schoolmaster. And the same to you, Claude, whilst yet a scholah. We mus' let the dissimulation like a worm in the bud to h-eat our cheek. 'Tis the voice of honor cry — 'Silence.' And during the meanwhilst, you? Perchance at the last, the years passing and you enlarging in size daily and arriving to budding manhood, may be the successful; for suspect not I consider lightly the youngness of yo' passion. Attend what I shall reveal you. Claude, there once was a boy, yo' size, yo' age, but fierce, selfish, distemperate; still more selfish than yo' schoolmaster of to-day." And there that master went on to tell of an early, — like Claude's, an all too early, — rash, and boyish passion, whose ragged wound, that he had thought never could heal, was now only a tender scar.

"And you, too, Claude, though now it seem not possible — you shall recuperate from this. But why say I this? Think you I would inoculate the idea that you must despair?

Nay, perchance you shall achieve her." They stood near the lad's pirogue about to say adieu; the schoolmaster waved his hand backward toward the farther end of the village. "She is there; in a short time she will cease to continue scholah; then — try." And again, with still more courageous kindness, he repeated, "Try! 'Tis a lesson that thou shouldest heed — try, try again. If *at* the first thou doest *not* succeed, try, try again."

Claude gazed gratefully into the master's face. Boy that he was, he did not read aright the anguish gathering there. From his own face the clouds melted into a glad sunshine of courage, resolve, and anticipation. Bonaventure saw the spark of hope that he had dropped into the boy's heart blaze up into his face. And what did Claude see? The hot blood mounting to the master's brow an instant ere he wheeled and hurried away.

"'Sieur Bonaventure!" exclaimed Claude; "'Sieur Bonaventure!"

But deaf to all tones alike, Bonaventure moved straight away along the bushy path and was presently gone from sight. There is a repentance of good deeds. Bonaventure Deschamps felt it gnawing and tearing hard and harder within his bosom as he strode on through the wild vernal growth that closed in the view on every side. Soon he halted; then turned, and began to retrace his steps.

"Claude!" The tone was angry and imperative. No answer came. He quickened his gait. "Claude!" The voice was petulant and imperious. A turn of the path brought again to view the spot where the two had so lately parted. No one was there. He moaned and then cried aloud, "O thou fool, fool, fool! — Claude!" He ran; faster — faster — down the path, away from all paths, down the little bayou's margin, into the bushes, into the mud and water. "Claude! Claude! I told you wrongly! Stop! *Arretez-la!* I must add somewhat! — Claude!" The bushes snatched away his hat; tore his garments; bled him in hands and face; yet on he went into the edge of the forest. "Claude! Ah! Claude, thou hast ruin' me! Stop, you young rascal! — thief! — robber! — brigand!" A vine caught and held him fast. "Claude! Claude!" — The echoes multiplied the sound and scared from their dead-tree roost a flock of vultures. The dense wood was wrapping the little bayou in its premature twilight. The retreating sun, that for a while had shot its flaming arrows through the black boles and branches, had sunk now and was gone. Only a parting ruby glow shone through the tangle where far and wide the echoes were calling for Claude.

"Claude! I mistook the facts in the case. There is no hope for you! 'Tis futile you try — the poem is not for you! I take everything back! — all back! You shall not once try! You have grasp' the advantage! You got no business, you little rascal! *You* dare venture to attempt making love in my school! Claude St. Pierre, you are dismiss' the school! Mutiny! mutiny! Claude St. Pierre, for mutinizing, excluded the Gran' Point' school."

He tore himself from his fastenings and hastened back toward the village. The tempest within him was as fierce as ever, but already it, too, had turned and was coming out of the opposite quarter. The better Bonaventure — the Bonaventure purified by fires that Grande Pointe had no knowledge of — was coming back into his gentle self-mastery. And because that other, that old time, Bonaventure, bound in chains deep down within, felt already the triumph of a moment slipping from his grasp, he silently now to the outer air, but loudly within, railed and gnashed and tore himself the more.

He regained the path and hurried along it, hatless, disheveled, bespattered, and oblivious to everything save the war within. Presently there came upon him the knowledge, the certain knowledge, that Claude would come the next morning and ring the chapel bell, take his seat in school, stand in all his classes, know every lesson, and go home in the evening happy and all unchallenged of him. He groaned aloud.

"Ah! Claude! To dismiss or not to dismiss, it shall not be mine! But it shall be thine, Sidonie! And whether she is for thee, Claude — so juvenile! — or for me, so unfit, unfit, unfit! — Ah! Sidonie, choose not yet! — He stood rooted to the spot; while within easy earshot of his lightest word tripped brightly and swiftly across the path from the direction of the chapel a fawn, Claude's gift, and its mistress, Sidonie — as though she neither saw nor heard.

VIII.

AT CLAUDE'S MERCY.

TIME flagged not. The school shone on, within its walls making glad the teacher and the pupils with ever new achievements in knowledge and excellence, some of the vanguard — Claude, Sidonie, Etienne, Madelaine, Henri, Marcelline — actually going into the Third Reader. Such perfection in lessons as they told about at home — such mastery of English, such satisfactory results in pronunciation and emphasis! Reading just as they talked? Oh no, a thousand times no! The school's remoter light, its secondary influences, slowly spreading, but so slowly that only the

eyes of enmity could see its increase. There were murmurs and head-shakings; but the thirteenth Sunday of the year's first quarter came, and the sermon whose withholding had been threatened was preached. And on the thirteenth Monday there was Bonaventure, still moving quietly across the green toward the school-house with the children all about him. But a few days later the unexpected happened.

By this time Claude's father, whose teacher, you remember, was Claude, had learned to read. One day a surveyor, who had employed him as a guide, seeing the Acadian laboring over a fraction of rural newspaper, fell into conversation with him as they sat smoking by their camp-fire, and presently caught some hint of St. Pierre's aspirations for himself and his son.

"So there's a public school at Grande Pointe, is there?"

"Oh, yass; fine school'ouse, hondred feet long! and fine titcher; splendid titcher; titch English."

"Well, well!" laughed the surveyor. "Well, the next thing will be a railroad."

St. Pierre's eyes lighted up.

"You t'ink!"

"Why, yes; you can't keep railroads away from a place long, once you let in the public school and teach English."

"You t'ink dass good?"

"What, a railroad? Most certainly. It brings immigration."

"Whass dat — 'migrash'n?"

The surveyor explained.

The next time St. Pierre came to Grande Pointe — to sell some fish — he came armed with two great words for the final overthrow of all opponents of enlightenment: "Rellroad —'migrash'n."

They had a profound and immediate effect — exactly the opposite of what he had expected.

The school had just been dismissed; the children were still in sight, dispersing this way and that. Sidonie lingered a moment at the desk, putting it in order; Claude, taking all the time he could, was getting his canoe-paddle from a corner; Crébiche was waiting, by the master's command, to repair some default of the day; and Toutou, outside on his knees in the grass catching grasshoppers, was tarrying for his sister, when four or five of the village's best men came slowly and hesitatingly in. It required no power of divination for even the preoccupied schoolmaster to guess the nature of their errand. 'Mian was not among them. Catou was at their head. They silently bowed. The schoolmaster as silently responded. The visitors huddled together. They came a step nearer.

"Well," said Catou, "we come to see you."

"Sirs, welcome to Gran' Point' school — Sidonie, Crébiche, Claude, rest in yo' seats."

"Mo' betteh you tu'n 'em loose, I t'ink," said Catou amiably; "ain't it?"

"I rather they stay," replied Bonaventure. All sat down. There was a sustained silence, and then Catou said with quiet abruptness:

"We dawn't want no mo' school!"

"From what cause?"

"'Tain't no use."

"Sir — sirs, no use? 'Tis every use! The school-house? 'tis mo' worth than the gole mine. Ah! sirs, tell me: what is gole without education?"

They confronted the riddle for a moment.

"Ed'cation want to change everythin' — rellroad — 'migrash'n."

"Change everything? Yes! — making everything better! Sirs, where is that country that the people are sorry that the railroad and the school-house have come?" Again the riddle went unanswered; but Catou sat as if in meditation, looking to one side, and presently said:

"I t'ink dass all humbug, dat titchin' English. What want titch English faw?"

"Sir," cried Bonaventure, "in America you mus' be American! Three Acadians have been governors of Louisiana! What made them thus to become?" He leaned forward and smote his hands together. "What was it? 'Twas English education!"

The men were silent again. Catou pushed his feet out, and looked at his shoes, put on for the occasion. Presently —

"Yaas," he said, in an unconvinced tone; "yass, dass all right; but how we know you titch him right? Nobody can't tell you titchin' him right or no."

"And yet — I do! And the time approach when you shall know! Sirs, I make to you a p'oposition. Time is passing. It must be soon the State Sup'inten'ent Public Education visit this school. The school is any time ready. Since long time are we waiting. He shall come — he shall examine! The chil'run shall be ignorant this arrangement! Only these shall know — Claude, Sidonie, Crébiche; they will not disclosé! And the total chil'run shall exhibit all their previous learning! And welcome the day, when the ad*ver*saries of education shall see those dear chil'run stan' up befo' the assem'led Gran' Point' spelling co'ectly words of one to eight syllable' and *reading from their readers!* And if one miss — if *one — one!* miss, then let the school be shut and the schoolmaster banish-ed!"

It was so agreed. The debate did not cease at once, but it languished. Catou thought he had one strong point when he objected to

education as conducive to idle habits; but when the schoolmaster hurled back the fact that communities the world over are industrious just in proportion as they are educated, he was done. He did not know, but when he confronted the assertion it looked so true that he could not doubt it. He only said:

"Well, anyhow, I t'ink 'tain't no use Crébiche go school no mo'." But when Bonaventure pleaded for the lad's continuance, that too was agreed upon. The men departed.

"Crébiche," said the master, holding the boy's hand at parting, "ah! Crébiche, if thou become not a good scholar" — and read a promise in the boy's swimming eye.

"Claude, Claude, I am at yo' mercy now." But the honest gaze of Claude and the pressure of his small, strong hand were a pledge. The grateful master turned to Sidonie, and again, as of old, no Sidonie was there.

IX.

READY.

SUMMER came. The song-birds were all back again, waking at dawn, and making the hoary cypress wood merry with their carolings to the wives and younglings in the nests. Busy times. Foraging on the helpless enemy — earthworm, gnat, grub, grasshopper, weevil, sawyer, dragon-fly — from morning till night: watching for him; scratching for him; picking, pecking, boring for him; poising, swooping, darting for him; standing upside down and peering into chinks for him; and all for the luxury — not of knowledge, but of love and marriage. The mocking-bird had no rest whatever. Back and forth from dawn to dark, back and forth across and across Grande Pointe clearing, always one way empty and the other way with his beak full of marketing; and then sitting up on an average half the night — sometimes the whole of it — at his own concert. And with military duties too; patrolling the earth below, a large part of it, and all the upper air; driving off the weasel, the black snake, the hawk, the jay, the buzzard, the crow, and all that brigand crew — busy times! All nature in glad, gay earnest. Corn in blossom and rustling in the warm breeze; blackberries ripe; morning-glories underfoot; the trumpet-flower flaring from its dense green vine high above on the naked, girdled tree; the cotton-plant blooming white, yellow, and red in the field beneath; honey a-making in the hives and hollow trees; butterflies and bees lingering in the fields at sunset; the moth venturing forth at the first sign of dew; and Sidonie — a wild-rose-tree.

Mark you, this was in Grande Pointe. I have seen the wild flower taken from its cool haunt in the forest and planted in the glare of a city garden. Alas! the plight of it, poor outshone, wilting, odorless thing! And then I have seen it again in the forest; and pleasanter than to fill the lap with roses and tulips of the conservatory's blood-royal it was to find it there, once more the simple queen of that green solitude.

So Sidonie. Acadian maidens are shy as herons. They always see you first, silently rise, and are gone — from the galerie. They are more shy than violets. You would think they lived whole days with those dark, black-fringed eyes cast down; but — they see you first. The work about the house is well done where they are; there are apt to be flowers outside round about; while they themselves are as Paul desired to see the women in Bishop Timothy's church, "adorned in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety."

Flowers sprang plentifully where Sidonie dwelt. Her best homespun gown was her own weaving; the old dog lying on the galerie always thumped the floor with his tail and sank his obsequious head as that robe passed; the fawn — that Claude had brought — would come trotting and press his head against it; all the small living things of the dooryard would follow it about; and if she stood by the calf-pen the calves would push each other for the nearest place, lay their cheeks upon the fence's top, and roll their eyes — as many a youth of Grande Pointe would have done if he might. Chatoué,— I fear I have omitted to mention that the father of Crébiche, like the father of Claude, had lost his wife before he was of age,— Chatoué looked often over that fence.

When matters take that shape a girl *must* quit school. And yet Sidonie, when after a short vacation the school resumed its sessions, resumed with it. Toutou, who had to admit now that his sister was even more grand for her age than he, was always available for protection. There was no wonder that Sidonie wished to continue; Bonaventure explained why:

"So in*ter*esting is that McGuffey's Third Reader!"

Those at home hesitated, and presently it was the first of October. Now it was too late to withdraw; the examination was to take place. The school's opponents had expressed little impatience at the State Superintendent's weary delay, but at length Catou asked, "Why dat man don't nevva come?"

"The wherefore of his non-coming I ignore," said Bonaventure, with a look of old pain in his young face; "but I am ready, let him come or let him come not."

"'Tain't no use wait no longer," said Catou; "jis well have yo' lil show widout him."

"Sir, it shall be had! Revolution never go backwood!"

Much was the toil, many the anxieties of the preparation. For Bonaventure at once determined to make the affair more than an examination. He set its date on the anniversary of the day when he had come to Grande Pointe. From such a day Sidonie could not be spared. She was to say a piece, a poem, an apostrophe to a star. A child, beholding the little star in the heavens, and wondering what it can be, sparkling diamond-like so high up above the world, exhorts it not to stop twinkling on his account. But to its tender regret the school knew that no more thereafter was Sidonie to twinkle in its firmament.

"Learn yo' lessons hard, chil'run; if the State Sup'inten'ent, even at the last, you know"—Bonaventure could not believe that this important outpost had been forgotten.

X.

CONSPIRACY.

ABOUT this time a certain Mr. Tarbox—G. W. Tarbox—was traveling on horseback and touching from house to house of the great sugar estates of the river "coast," seeing the country and people and allowing the élite to subscribe to the "Album of Universal Information."

One Sunday, resting at College Point, he was led by curiosity to cultivate the acquaintance of three men who had come in from Grande Pointe. One of them was Chatoué. He could understand them, and make them understand him, well enough to play *vingt et un* with them the whole forenoon. He won all their money, drank with them, and took their five subscriptions, Chatoue taking three—one for himself, one for Catou, and one for Crébiche. There was no delivery of goods there and then; they could not write; but they made their marks, and it was agreed that when Mr. Tarbox should come along a few days later to deliver the volumes, they were not to be received or paid for until with his scholarly aid the impostor who pretended to teach English education at Grande Pointe had been put to confusion and to flight.

"All right," said Tarbox; "all *right*. I'm the kind of State Superintendent you want. I like an adventure; and if there's anything I just love, it's exposing a fraud! What day shall I come? Yes, I understand—middle of the day. I'll be on hand."

The fateful day came. In every house and on every galerie the morning tasks were early done. Then the best of every wardrobe was put on, the sun soared high, and by noon every chair in Grande Pointe was in the tobacco-shed where knowledge poured forth her beams, and was occupied by one or two persons. And then, at last, the chapel bell above Claude's head pealed out the final signal, and the schoolmaster moved across the green. Bonaventure Deschamps was weary. Had aught gone wrong? Far from it. But the work had been great and it was now done. Everything was at stake: the cause of enlightenment and the fortunes of his heart hung on the issue of the next few hours. Three pupils, one the oftenest rebuked of all the school, one his rival in love, one the queen of his heart, held his fate in their hands and knew it. With these thoughts mingled the pangs of an unconfessed passion and the loneliness of a benevolent nature famishing for a word of thanks. Yes, and to-day he must be his own judge.

His coat was on his arm, and the children round about him in their usual way as they came across the common; but his words, always so kind, were, on this day of all days, so dejected and so few that the little ones stole glances into his face and grew silent. Then, all at once, he saw,—yea, verily, he *saw*,—standing near the school entrance, a man from the great outer world!

He knew it by a hundred signs—the free attitude, the brilliant silk hat, the shaven face, and every inch of the attire. As plainly as one knows a green tree from a dead one, the Crusoe of Grande Pointe recognized one who came from the haunts of men; from some great nerve-center of human knowledge and power where the human mind, trained and equipped, had piled up the spoils of its innumerable conquests. His whole form lighted up with a new life. His voice trembled with pent feeling as he said in deep undertone:

"Be callm, chil'run; be callm. Refrain excitement. Who you behole befo' you, yondeh, I ignore. But who shall we expect to see if not the State Sup'inten'ent Public Education? And if yea, then welcome, thrice welcome, the surprise! We shall not inquire him; but as a stranger we shall show him with how small reso'ce how large result." He put on his coat.

Mr. Tarbox had just reached the schoolground. His horse was fastened by the bridle to a picket in a fence behind him. A few boys had been out before the school-house, and it was the sudden cessation of their clamor that had drawn Bonaventure's attention. Some of them were still visible, silently slipping through the gaps in the *pieux* and disappearing within. Bonaventure across the distance marked him beckon persuasively to one of them. The lad stopped, came forward, and gave his hand; and thereupon a second, a third, fourth, fifth, tenth, without waiting

for invitation, emerged again and advanced to the same grave and silent ceremony. Two or three men who stood near did the same. The handshaking was just ending when Bonaventure and the stranger raised their hats to each other.

"Trust I don't intrude?"

"Sir, we are honored, not intruded, as you shall witness. Will you give yourself the pain to enter the school-place? I say not school-house; 'tis, as its humble teacher, not fitly so nominated. But you shall therein find a school which, the more taken by surprise, not the less prepared."

"The State ought to build you a good school-house," said the stranger, with a slight frown that seemed official.

"Ah! sir," cried the young schoolmaster, beaming gratitude from his whole surface, "I— I,"—he smote his breast,—"I would reimburst her in good citizen' and mother' of good citizen'! And both reading, writing, and also ciphering,—arithmeticulating, in the English tongue, and grammatically! But enter and investigate."

A hush fell upon the school and the audience beyond it as the two men entered. Every scholar was in place—the little ones with bare, dangling feet, their shapely suntanned ankles just peeping from pantaloons and pantalettes; the older lads beyond them; and off at the left the larger girls, and Sidonie. The visitor, as his eye fell last upon her, silently and all to himself drew a long whistle. The master stood and eyed him with unspoken but confessed pride. A little maiden of six slipped from the bench to the earth floor, came forward, gave her hand, and noiselessly returned. One by one, with eyes dropped, the remaining sixteen girls followed. It seemed for a moment as if the contagion might break out in the audience, but the symptom passed.

There was just room on the teacher's little platform for Bonaventure to seat his visitor a little at one side and stand behind his desk. The fateful moment had come. The master stood nervously drawn up, bell in hand. With a quick, short motion he gave it one tap, and set it down.

"That, sir, is to designate attention!" He waved a triumphant hand toward the spectacle before them.

"Perfect!" murmured the stranger. A look of earnest ecstasy broke out upon the master's face. He turned at first upon the audience and then upon the school.

"Chil'run, *chil'run*, he pronounce you perfect!" He turned again upon the visitor, threw high his right hand, flirted it violently, and cried:

"At random! exclusively at random; state what class! at random!"

"I — I doubt if I under —"

"Name any class, exclusively at random, and you shall see with what promptness and quietude the chil'run shall take each one their exactly co'ect places!"

"Oh, I understand. You want me to designate—"

"Any class! at yo' caprice."

"Well, if you have third class in geography."

"Or spelling?" cried Bonaventure, a momentary look of dismay giving place to fresh enthusiasm.

"Yes — spell — I meant spelling."

"Third spelling!" The tongue of the bell fell with the emphasis, and as silently as sleep the tiniest seven in the school, four pairs of pantaloons, three of pantalettes, with seven of little bare feet at their borders and seven of hands pointed down stiffly at their sides, came out and stood a-row. The master turned to the visitor.

"Now, commencing wherever, even at the foot if desired! ask, sir, if you please, any English word of one syllable, of however difficult!"

"No matter how difficult?"

"Well, they are timid, as you see; advance by degrees."

"Very well, then," said the visitor with much kindness of tone; "I will ask the little boy at this end."

"At the foot — but — still, 'tis well. Only —Ah, Crébiche! everything depend! Be prepared, Crébiche!"

"Yes," said the stranger; "I will ask him to spell hoss."

The child drew himself up rigidly, pointed his stiffened fingers down his thighs, rounded his pretty, red mouth, and said slowly, in a low, melodious, distinct voice:

"'O-double eth, awth."

Bonaventure leapt from the platform and ran to the child.

"*Ah! mon p'tit garçon* — ah! my lil boy! 'O-double eth, listen, my chile. O, sir, he did not hear the word precisely. Listen, my chile, to yo' teacher! remember that his honor and the school's honor is in yo' spelling!" He drew back a step, poised himself, and gave the word. It came like an anchor-chain crashing through a hawse-hole.

"Or-r-r-r-rus-seh!" And the child, winking at vacancy in the intensity of his attention spelled:

"Haich-o-r-eth-e, 'Orthe."

The breathless audience, leaning forward, read the visitor's commendation in his face. Bonaventure, beaming upon him, extended one arm, the other turned toward the child, and cried, shaking both hands tremulously:

"Another! another word! another to the same!"

"Mouse," said the stranger, and Bonaventure turned and cried:

"Mah-ooseh! my nob'e lil boy! Mah-ooseh!" and Crébiche, a speaking statue, spelled:

"M-o-u-eth-e, mouthe."

"Co-ect, my chile! And yet, sir, and yet 'tis he that they call Crébiche, because like the crawfish advancing backwardly. But to the next! another word! another word!"

The spelling, its excitements, its moments of agonizing suspense, and its triumphs, went on. The second class is up. It spells in two, even in three, syllables. Toutou is in it. He gets tremendously wrought up; cannot keep two feet on the ground at once; spells fast when the word is his; smiles in response to the visitor's smile, the only one who dares; leans out and looks down the line with a knuckle in his mouth as the spelling passes down; wrings one hand as his turn approaches again; catches his word in mid-air and tosses it off, and marks with ecstasy the triumph and pride written on the face of his master.

"But, sir," cries Bonaventure, "why consume the spelling-book? Give, yourself, if you please, to Toutou, a word not therein comprise'." He glanced around condescendingly upon the people of Grande Pointe. Chatoué is in a front seat. Toutou gathers himself for the spring, and the stranger ponders a moment and then gives —"Florida!"

"F-l-o, flo, warr-de-warr-da,— Florida!"

A smile broke from the visitor's face unbidden, but —

"Right! my chile! co-ect, Toutou!" cried Bonaventure, running and patting the little hero on the back and head by turns. "Sir, let us"— He stopped short. The eyes of the house were on Chatoué. He had risen to his feet and made a gesture for the visitor's attention. As the stranger looked at him he asked:

"He spell dat las word r-i-i-ight?" But the visitor with quiet gravity said, "Yes, that was all right"; and a companion pulled the Raccoon down into his seat again. Bonaventure resumed.

"Sir, let us not exhoss the time with spelling! You shall now hear them read."

The bell taps, the class retires; again, and the reading class is up. They are the larger girls and boys. But before they begin the master has a word for their fathers and mothers.

"Friends and fellow-citizens of Gran' Point', think not at the suppi-zing goodness of yo' chil'run' reading. 'Tis to this branch has been given the largest attention and most as*sid*u'ty, so thus to comprise puffection in the English tongue, whether speaking aw otherwise." He turned to the stranger beside him. "I am not satisfied whilst the slightest accent of French is remaining. But you shall judge if they read not as if in their own vernaculary. And you shall choose the piece!"

The visitor waived the privilege, but Bonaventure gently insisted, and he selected Jane Taylor's little poem, "The Violet," glancing across at Sidonie as he himself read out the first two lines:

> "Down in a green and shady bed,
> A modest violet grew."

Bonaventure proclaimed the title and page and said:

"Claude, proceed!" And Claude read:

"'Dthee vy — ee-lit. Dah-oon-a hin hay grin and-a shad-y bade — A mo-dest-a vy-ee-lit grŏo — Hits-a stallk whoz baint hit hawngg-a hits hade — Has hif-a too hah-ed-a frawm ve-ŏo. Hand h-yet it whoz a lo-vly flow'r — Hits-a co-lors-a brah-eet and fair-a — Heet maheet-a hāve grass-ed a rozzy bow'r — Heenstade-a hof hah-ee-dingg there —"

"Stop!" cried Bonaventure; "stop! You pronounciate' a word faultily!" He turned to the visitor. "I call not that a miss; but we must inoculate the idea of puffection. So soon the sly-y-test misp'onounciating I pass to the next." He turned again: "Next!" And a black-haired girl began in a higher key, and very slowly:

"Yate there eet whoz cawntaint-a too bul-loom — Heen mo-dest-a teent z-arry-ed — And there-a heet sprade-a heets swit pre-fume-a — Whit-hin thee sy-y-lent-a shade —"

"Stop! Not that you mistook, but — 'tis enough. Sir, will you give yourself the pain to tell — not for my sake or reputation, but to the encouragement of the chil'run, and devoid flattery — what is yo' opinion of that specimen of reading? Not t'oubling you, but, in two or three word' only — if you will give yo'self the pain —"

"Why, certainly; I think it is — I can hardly find words — it's remarkable." Bonaventure started with joy.

"Chil'run, do you hear? Remawkable! But do you not detect no slight — no small faultiness of p'onounciating?"

"No, not the slightest — I smile, but I was thinking of something else." His eye, wandering a trifle, caught Chatoué giving him one black look that removed his disposition to smile, yet he insisted, "No, sir; I can truthfully say I never heard such a pronunciation." The audience drank his words.

"Sir," cried the glad preceptor, "'tis toil have p'oduce it! Toil of the teacher, in*dust*ry of the chil'run! But it has p'oduce' *beside!* Sir, look — that school! Since one year com-

mencing the A B C — and now spelling word' of eight syllabl'!"

"Not *this* school — ?"

"Sir, you shall see — or, more p'operly, hear. First spelling!"

"Yes," said the stranger, seeing Sidonie rise, "I'd like to hear that class"; and felt Chatoué looking at him again.

X.

LIGHT, LOVE, AND VICTORY.

THE bell tapped, and they came forth to battle. There was the line, there was the leader. The great juncture of the day was on him. Was not here the State's official eye? Did not victory hover overhead? His reserve, the darling regiment, the flower of his army, was dressing for the final charge. There was Claude. Next him, Sidonie! — and Etienne and Madelaine, Henri and Marcelline, — all waiting for the word — the words — of eight syllables! Supreme moment! Would any betray? Banish the thought! Would any fail?"

He waited an instant while two or three mothers bore out great armfuls of slumbering or fretting infancy and a number of young men sank down into the vacated chairs. Then he stepped down from the platform, drew back four or five yards from the class, opened the spelling-book, scanned the first word, closed the book with his finger at the place, lifted it high above his head, and cried:

"Claude! Claude, my brave scholar, always perfect, ah you ready?" He gave the little book a half whirl round and dashed forward toward the chosen scholar, crying as he came:

"In-e-rad-i-ca-bility!"

Claude's face suddenly set in a stony vacancy, and with his eyes staring straight before him he responded:

"I-n, in-, e, inerad-, r-a-d, rad-, inerad-, ineraddy-, ineradica-, c-a, ca, ineradica-, ineradicabili-, b-i-elly-billy, ineradicabili-, ineradicabili-, t-y, ty, ineradicability."

"Right! Claude, my boy! my always good scholar, right!" The master drew back to his starting-place as he spoke, reopened the book, shut it again, lifted it high in air, cried, "Madelaine, my dear chile, prepare!" whirled the book and rushed upon her with —

"In-de-fat-i-ga-bil-ly-ty!"

Madelaine turned to stone and began:

"I-n, een, d-e, de-, inde-, indefat-, indefat — fat — f-a-t, fat, indefat, indefatty, i, ty, indefati- indefatiga-, g-a, ga, indefatiga-, indefatigabilly, b-i-elly, billy, indefatigabili't-y, ty, indefatigability."

"O, Madelaine, my chile, you make yo' teacher proud! prah-ood, my chile!" Bonaventure's hand rested a moment tenderly on her head as he looked first toward the audience and then toward the stranger. Then he drew off for the third word. He looked at it twice before he called it. Then —

"Sidonie! ah! Sidonie, be ready! be prepared! fail not yo' humble school-teacher! In-com —" He looked at the word a third time, and then swept down upon her:

"In-com-pre-hen-si-ca-*bility!*"

Sidonie flinched not nor looked upon him, as he hung over her with the spelling-book at arm's-reach above them; yet the pause that followed seemed to speak dismay, and throughout the class there was a silent recoil from something undiscovered by the master. But an instant later Sidonie had chosen between the two horns of her agonizing dilemma, and began:

"I-n, een, c-o-m, cawm, eencawm, eencawmpre, p-r-e, pre, eencawmpre, eencawmprehen, prehen, haich-e-n, hen, hen, eencawmprehensi, s-i, si, eencawmprehensi-, b-i-l, bil —"

"Ah! Sidonie! Stop! *Arretez!* Si-do-nie-e-e-e! Oh! listen — *écoutez* — Sidonie, my dear!" The master threw his arms up and down in distraction, then suddenly faced his visitor, "Sir, it was my blame! I spoke the word without adequate distinction! Sidonie — *maintenant* — now!" But a voice in the audience interrupted with —

"*Assoiez-vous la*, Chatoué! Seet down, yondeh!" And at the potent voice of Maximian Roussel the offender was pushed silently into the seat he had risen from, and Bonaventure gave the word again.

"In-com-pre-hen-si-ca-bil-i-ty!" And Sidonie, blushing like fire, returned to the task:

"I-n, een —" She bit her lip and trembled.

"Right! *Right!* Tremble not, my Sidonie! fear naught! yo' loving schoolteacher is at thy side!" But she trembled like a red leaf as she spelled on — "Haich-e-n, hen, eencawnprehen, eencawmprehensi, s-i, si, eencawmprehensi-, eencawmprehensi-billy-t-y, ty, incomprehensibility!"

The master dropped his hands and lifted his eyes in speechless despair. As they fell again upon Sidonie, her own met them. She moaned, covered her face in her hands, burst into tears, ran to her desk and threw her hands and face upon it, shaking with noiseless sobs and burning red to the nape of her perfect neck. All Grande Pointe rose to its feet.

"Lost!" cried Bonaventure, in a heart-broken voice. "Everything lost! Farewell, chil'run!" He opened his arms toward them and with one dash all the lesser ones filled them. They wept. Tears welled from Bonaventure's eyes; and the mothers of Grande

Pointe dropped again into their seats and silently added theirs.

The next moment all eyes were on Maximian. His strong figure was mounted on a chair, and he was making a gentle, commanding gesture with one hand as he called:

"Seet down! Seet down, all han'!" And all sank down, Bonaventure in a mass of weeping and clinging children. 'Mian too resumed his seat, at the same time waving to the stranger to speak.

"My friends," said the visitor, rising with alacrity, "I say when a man makes a bargain, he ought to stick to it!" He paused for them —as many as could — to take in the meaning of his English speech, and, it may be, expecting some demonstration of approval; but dead silence reigned, all eyes on him save Bonaventure's and Sidonie's. He began again.

"A bargain's a bargain!" And Chatoué nodded approvingly and began to say, audibly, "Yass"; but 'Mian thundered out:

"*Taise toi*, Chatoué! Shot op!" And the silence was again complete, while the stranger resumed.

"There was a plain bargain made." He moved a step forward and laid the matter off on the palm of his hand. "There was to be an examination; the school was not to know; but if one scholar should make one mistake the school-house was to be closed and the schoolmaster sent away. Well, there's been a mistake made, and I say a bargain's a bargain." Dead silence still. The speaker looked at 'Mian. "Do you think they understand me?"

"Dey meck out," said 'Mian, and shut his firm jaws.

"My friends," said the stranger once more, "some people think education's a big thing, and some think it ain't. Well, sometimes it is and sometimes it ain't. Now, here's this man" —he pointed down to where Bonaventure's disheveled crown was drooping to his knees —"claims to have taught over thirty of your children to read. Well, what of it? A man can know how to read and be just as no account as he was before. He brags that he's taught them to talk English. Well, what does that prove? A man *might* speak English and starve to death. He claims, I am told, to have taught some of them to write. But I know a man in the penitentiary that can write; he wrote too much."

Bonaventure had lifted his head and was sitting with his eyes upon the speaker in close attention. At this last word he said:

"Ah! sir! too true, too true ah yo' words; nevertheless, their cooelty! 'Tis not what is print' *in* the books, but what you learn *through* the books!"

"Yes; and so you hadn't never ought to have made the bargain you made; but, my friends, a bargain's a bargain, and the teacher's—" He paused invitingly, and an answer came from the audience. It was Catou who rose and said:

"Naw, sah. Naw; he don't got to go!" But again 'Mian thundered:

"*Taise toi*, Catou. Shot op!"

"I say," continued the stranger, "the mistake's been made. *Three* mistakes have been made!"

"Yass!" roared Chatoué, leaping to his feet and turning upon the assemblage a face fierce with triumph. Suspense and suspicions were past now; he was to see his desire on his enemy. But instantly a dozen men were on their feet — St. Pierre, Catou, Bonaventure himself, with a countenance full of pleading deprecation, and even Claude, flushed with anger.

"Naw, sah! Naw, sah! Waun meesteck!"

"Seet down, all han'!" yelled 'Mian; "all han' seet dah-oon!" Only Chatoué took his seat, glancing upon the rest with the exultant look of one who can afford to yield ground.

"The first mistake," resumed the stranger, addressing himself especially to the risen men still standing, and pointedly to Catou, "the first mistake was in the kind of bargain you made." He ceased, and passed his eyes around from one to another until they rested an instant on the bewildered countenance of Chatoué. Then he turned again upon the people, who had sat down, and began to speak with the exultation of a man that feels his subject lifting him above himself.

"I came out here to show up that man as a fraud. But what do I find? A poor, unpaid, half-starved man that loves his thankless work better than his life, teaching what not one schoolmaster in a thousand can teach; teaching his whole school four better things than were ever printed in any school-book — how to study, how to think, how to value knowledge, and to love one another and mankind. What you'd ought to have done was to agree that such a school should keep open, and such a teacher should stay, if jest one, one lone child should answer one single book-question right! But as I said before, a bargain's a bargain — Hold on there! Sit down! You sha'n't interrupt me again!" Men were standing up on every side. There was confusion and a loud buzz of voices. "The second mistake," the stranger made haste to cry, "was thinking the teacher gave out that last word right. He gave it wrong! And the third mistake," he shouted against the rising commotion, "was thinking it was spelt wrong. *She spelt it right!* And a bargain's a bargain! The schoolmaster stays!"

He could say no more; the rumble of voices suddenly burst into a cheer. The women and children laughed and clapped their hands,—Toutou his feet also,—and Bonaventure, flirting the leaves of a spelling-book till he found the place, looked, cried—"In-compre-hen-*sibility!*" wheeled and dashed upon Sidonie, seized her hands in his as she turned to fly, and gazed speechlessly upon her, with the tears running down his face. Feeling a large hand upon his shoulder, he glanced around and saw 'Mian pointing him to his platform and desk. Thither he went. The stranger had partly restored order. Every one was in his place. But what a change! What a gay flutter throughout the old shed. Bonaventure seemed to have bathed in the fountain of youth. Sidonie, once more the school's queen flower, sat calm, with just a trace of tears adding a subtle something to her beauty.

"Chil'run, beloved chil'run," said Bonaventure, standing once more by his desk, "yo' schoolteacher has the blame of the sole mistake; and, sir, gladly, oh, gladly, sir, would he always have the blame rather than any of his beloved school-chil'run! Sir, I will boldly ask you—*ah* you not the State Sup'inten'ent Public Education?"

"No, I—"

"But surely, sir, than a greater?—Yes, I discover it, though you smile. Chil'run—friends—not the State Sup'inten'ent, but greater!—Pardon; have yo' chair, sir."

"Why, the examination's over, isn't it? Guess you'd better call it finished, hadn't you?" He made the suggestion softly, but Bonaventure answered aloud:

"Figu'atively speaking, 'tis conclude'; but—pardon—you mention' writing. Shall you paht f'om us not known—not leaving yo' name—in a copy-book, for examp'?"

"With pleasure. You do teach writing?"

"If I teach writing? To such desks, yes. 'Twould be to all but for the privation of desks. You perceive how we have here nothing less than a desk famine. Madelaine! Claude! Sidonie!—present, copy-book'! Sir, do you not think every chile should be provided a desk?—Ah! I knew 'twould be yo' verdic'. But how great trouble I have with that subjec'! Me, I think yes; but the parents,"—he looked tenderly over among them,—"they contend no. Now, sir, here are three copy-books. Inspect; criticise. No, commence rather, if you please, with the copy-book of Madelaine; then *p'oceed* to the copy-book of Claude, and finally conclude at the copy-book of Sidonie; thus rising by degrees: good, more good, most good."

"How about," asked the stranger, with a smile, as he turned the leaves, "about Toutou and Crébiche; don't they write?"

"Ah! sir," said Bonaventure, half to the stranger and half to the assemblage, "they write, yes; but—they ah yet in the pot-hook and chicken-track stage. And now, chil'run, in honor of our eminent friend's visitation, and of the excellence with which you have been examine', I p'onounce the *exhibition* finish'—dispensing with 'Twink', twink' lil stah.' And now, in the book of the best writing scholar in the school—you, sir, deciding that intricacy—shall now be written the name of the eminent frien' of learning hereinbefo' confronting.—Claude! a new pen!"

The stranger made his choice among the books.

"Chil'run, he has select' the book of Sidonie!" Bonaventure reached and swung a chair into place at his desk. The visitor sat down. Bonaventure stood over him, gazing down at the hand that poised the pen. The silence was profound.

"Chil'run—sh-sh-sh!" said the master, lifting his left arm but not his eyes. The stranger wrote a single initial.

"G! chil'run; G!—Sir, does it not signify George?"

"Yes," murmured the writer; "it stands for George." He wrote another.

"W! my chil'run; George W!—Sir, does it not sig—*My* chil'run! George Washington! George Washington, my chil'run! George Washington, the father of his country! My chil-'run and fellow-citizen' of Gran' Point', he is nominated for George Washington, the father of his country! Sir, ah you not a relation?"

"I really can't tell you," said the writer, with a calm smile. "I've always been too busy to look it up." He finished his signature as he talked. Bonaventure bent over it.

"Tar-box. Chil'run and friends and fellow-citizen', I have the p'oudness to int'oduce you the hono'able George Washington Tar-box! And now the exhibition is dismiss'; but stop! Sir, if some—aw all—desire gratefully to shake hand'?"

"I should feel honored."

"Attention, everybody! Make rank! Everybody by two by two, the school-chil'run coming last,—Claude and Sidonie resting till the end,—pass 'round—shake hand'—walk out—similah a fu-nial."

So came, shook hands, and passed out and to their simple homes, the manhood, motherhood, maidenhood, childhood of Grande Pointe, not knowing that before many days every household in the village was to be a subscriber to the "Album of Universal Information."

One of the last of the householders was

Chatoué. But when he grasped the honored hand, he also held it, fixing upon its owner a generous and somewhat bacchanalian smile.

"I'm a fool, but *I* know. You been put op a jawb on me. Dass four, five days now I been try to meck out what dat niggah at Belle Alliance holla to me when I gallop down de road." (Chatoué's English had been acquired from negroes in the sugar-house, and was like theirs.) "He been braggin' dat day befo'"— turning to Bonaventure — "how 'twas him show you de road to Gran' Point' las' year; and so I tell him, me," addressing the stranger again, "how we goin' git school shot op. Well, dat night I mit him comin' fum Gran' Point' and he hol' at me. I been try evva since meck out what he say. Yass. An' I *jis* meck it out! He say, 'Watch out, watch out, 'Mian Roussel and dat book-fellah dawn't put op jawb on *you*.' Well, I'm a fool, but I know. You put op jawb on me; I know. But dass all right — *I don't take no book*." He laughed with the rest, scratched his tipsy head, and backed out through the *pieux*.

Only a fairy number remained, grouped around the honorable Tarbox. They were St. Pierre, Bonaventure,— Maximian detaining a middle-aged pair, Sidonie's timorous guardians,— and two others, who held back, still waiting to shake hands.

"Claude," cried Bonaventure; "Sidonie."

They came. Claude shook hands and stepped aside. Sidonie, with eyes on the ground, put forth her hand. The honored guest held it lingeringly, and the ceremonies were at an end.

"Come," said 'Mian, beckoning away the great G. W.'s probable relative. They passed out together. "Come!" he repeated, looking back and beckoning again; "walk een! all han'! walk een house!"

The guardian pair followed, hand in hand.

"Claude," said Bonaventure tenderly; but—

"Claude," more firmly said St. Pierre.

The boy looked for one instant from the master's face to Sidonie's; then turned, grasped his father's hand, and followed the others.

A blaze of light filled Bonaventure's heart. He turned to Sidonie to give his hand — both her hands were clasped upon each other and they only tightened. But their eyes met — ah! those Acadian maidens, they do it all with their eyes! — and lover and maiden passed out and walked forth side by side. They are going that way still, only — with hands joined.

G. W. Cable.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

O THE Lark by Avon's side
When the leas were wet with dew,
Soaring heavenward, fain to hide
In the far celestial blue!
Light the wind of June went by;
Rose the mist in sunny mazes;
High o'er cloud and zephyr winging
To the angels soared he, singing
Golden sweet,— then silently
Dropped to rest amid the daisies.

How the building Thrushes sung
In gardens where the Limmat flows,
Just as morning's gate unswung
Flushing all the Alps with rose!
How the chorus jubilant
Floated over lake and river!
Life was joy and earth was young
While those building Thrushes sung;—
Ah! their melody will haunt
Zurich in my thought forever.

Lark and Thrush, I love you well;
But I heard a rarer song
As a wild March evening fell
Bleak New Hampshire's heights along.
Trees were bare and brooks were still;
On Kearsarge the snow was lying:
One red cloud athwart the gray
Faded, faded slow away,
And the north wind o'er the hill
Like the dirge of hope was sighing.

Hark! a Robin in the elm
Warbling notes so glad and free,
Straight he brought a summer realm
Over thousand leagues of sea!
High he sang: "A truce to fear!
Frost and storm are but the portal
We must pass ere June befall,
And the Lord is love through all!"
Lark and Thrush, your lays are dear,
But the Robin's is immortal!

Edna Dean Proctor.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE MOVEMENT FOR SLAVERY EXTENSION.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

WE shall see in the course of the present work how the life of Abraham Lincoln divides itself into three principal periods, with corresponding stages of his intellectual development: the first, of about forty years, ending with his term in Congress; the second, of about ten years, concluding with his final campaign of political speech-making in New York and New England, shortly before the presidential nominations of 1860; and the last, of about five years, terminating at his death. We have thus far traced his career through the first period of forty years. In the several stages of frontier experience through which he had passed, and which in the main but repeated the trials and vicissitudes of thousands of other boys and youths in the West, only so much individuality had been developed in him as brought him into the leading class of his contemporaries. He had risen from laborer to student, from clerk to lawyer, from politician to legislator. That he had lifted himself by healthy ambition and unaided industry out of the station of a farm-hand, whose routine life begins and ends in a backwoods log-cabin, to that representative character and authority which seated him in the national Capitol to aid in framing laws for his country, was already an achievement that may well be held honorably to crown a career of forty years.

Such achievement and such distinction, however, were not so uncommon as to appear phenomenal. Hundreds of other boys born in log-cabins had won similar elevation in the manly, practical school of western public life. Even in ordinary times there still remained within the reach of average intellects several higher grades of public service. It is quite probable that the superior talents of Lincoln would have made him Governor of Illinois or given him a term in the United States Senate. But the story of his life would not have commanded, as it now does, the unflagging attention of posterity had there not fallen upon his generation the unusual conditions and opportunities brought about by a series of remarkable convulsions in national politics. If we would correctly understand how Lincoln became, first a conspicuous actor, and then a chosen leader, in a great strife of national parties for supremacy and power, we must briefly study the origin and development of the great slavery controversy in American legislation which found its highest activity and decisive culmination in the single decade from 1850 to 1860. We should greatly err, however, if we attributed the new events in Lincoln's career to the caprice of fortune. The conditions and opportunities of which we speak were broadly national, and open to all without restriction of rank or locality. Many of his contemporaries had seemingly overshadowing advantages, by prominence and training, to seize and appropriate them to their own advancement. It is precisely this careful study of the times which shows us by what inevitable process of selection honors and labors of which he did not dream fell upon him; how, indeed, it was not the individual who gained the prize, but the paramount duty which claimed the man.

It is now universally understood, if not conceded, that the Rebellion of 1861 was instigated, begun, and carried on for the sole purpose of defending and preserving to the seceding States the institution of African slavery and making them the nucleus of a great slave empire, which in their ambitious dreams they hoped would include Mexico, Central America, and the West India Islands, and perhaps even the tropical States of South America. Both a real and pretended fear that slavery was in danger lay at the bottom of this design. The real fear arose from the palpable fact, impossible to conceal, that the slave system was a reactionary obstacle in the pathway of modern civilization and its political, material, philosophical, and religious development. The pretended danger was the permanent loss of political power by the slave States of the Union, as shown in the election of Lincoln to the presidency, which they averred would necessarily throw all the forces of the national life against the "peculiar institution," and crush it under forms of law. It was by magnifying this danger from a remote into an immediate consequence that they excited the population

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of the cotton States to resistance and rebellion. Seizing this opportunity, it was their present purpose to establish a slave Confederacy, consisting of the cotton States, which should in due time draw to itself, by an irresistible gravitation of sympathy and interest, first, the border slave States, and, in the further progress of events, the tropical countries towards the equator.

The popular agitation, or war of words between the North and the South on the subject of slavery, which led to the armed insurrection was threefold: First, the economic effort to prevent the destruction of the monetary value of four millions of human beings held in bondage, who were bought and sold as chattels, and whose aggregate valuation, under circumstances existing at the outbreak of the civil war, was computed at $400,000,000; second, a moral debate as to the abstract righteousness or iniquity of the system; and, third, a political struggle for the balance of power in government and public policy, by which the security and perpetuity of the institution might be guaranteed.

This sectional controversy over the institution of slavery in its threefold aspect had begun with the very birth of the nation, had continued with its growth, and become intensified with its strength. The very same year which saw the *Mayflower* land the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock also saw a Dutch ship land a cargo of African slaves at Jamestown, in Virginia. During the long colonial period the English Government fostered and forced the importation of slaves to America equally with English goods. In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson invoked the reprobation of mankind upon the British King for his share in this inhuman traffic. On reflection, however, this was discovered to be but another case of Satan rebuking sin. The blood money which reddened the hands of English royalty stained equally those of many an American rebel. The public opinion of the colonies was already too much debauched to sit in unanimous moral judgment on this crime against humanity. The objections of South Carolina and Georgia sufficed to cause the erasure and suppression of the obnoxious paragraph. Nor were the Northern States guiltless: Newport was yet a great slave-mart, and the commerce of New England drew more advantage from the traffic than did the agriculture of the South. All the elements of the later controversy already existed. Slave codes and fugitive-slave laws,* abolition societies and emancipation bills, are older than our Constitution; and negro troops fought in the Revolutionary War for American independence.† Liberal men could be found in South Carolina who hated slavery, and narrow men in Massachusetts who defended it. But these individual instances of prejudice or liberality were submerged and lost in the current of popular opinion springing from prevailing interests in the respective localities, and institutions molded principles, until in turn principles should become strong enough to reform institutions. In short, slavery was one of the many "relics of barbarism" —like the divine right of kings, religious persecution, torture of the accused, imprisonment and enslavement for debt, witch-burning, and kindred "institutions"— which were transmitted to that generation from former ages as so many burdens of humanity, for help in the removal of which the new nation was in the providence of God perhaps called into existence. The whole matter in its broader aspects is part of that persistent struggle of the centuries between despotism and individual freedom; between arbitrary wrong, consecrated by tradition and law, and the unfolding recognition of private rights; between the thralldom of public opinion and the liberty of conscience; between the greed of gain and the Golden Rule of Christ. Whoever, therefore, chooses to trace the remote origin of the American Rebellion will find the germ of the Union armies of 1861–5 in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and the inception of the Secession forces between the decks of that Dutch slaver which planted the fruit of her avarice and piracy in the James River colonies in 1620.

So elaborate and searching a study, however, is not necessary to the purposes of this work. A very brief mention of the principal landmarks of the long contest will serve to show the historical relation, and explain the phraseology, of its final issues.

The first of these great landmarks was the ordinance of 1787. All the States tolerated slavery and permitted the slave-trade during the Revolution. But in most of them the morality of the system was strongly drawn in question, especially by the abolition societies, which embraced many of the most prominent patriots. A public opinion, not indeed unanimous, but largely in the majority, demanded that the "necessary evil" should cease. When the Continental Congress came to the practical work of providing a government for the "Western lands," which the financial pressure and the absolute need of union compelled New York and Virginia to cede to the General Government, Thomas Jefferson, of pronounced anti-slavery views, proposed, among other features

* Hurd, "Law of Freedom and Bondage," Vol. I., pp. 228 to 311.

† Williams, "Hist. Negro Race in America," Vol. I., pp. 333 to 369.

in his plan and draft of 1784, to add a clause prohibiting slavery in all the North-west territory after the year 1800. A North Carolina member, however, moved to strike out this clause. The form of the question put by the chairman was, "Shall the clause stand?" Sixteen members voted aye, and seven members voted no; but under the clumsy legislative machinery of the confederation these seven noes carried the question, since a majority of States had failed to vote in the affirmative.

Three years later, July 13, 1787, this first ordinance was repealed by a second, establishing our more modern form of territorial government. It is justly famed for many of its provisions; but its chief value is conceded to have been its sixth article, ordaining the immediate and perpetual prohibition of slavery. Upon this all the States present in Congress — three Northern and five Southern — voted in the affirmative; five States were absent, four Northern and one Southern. This piece of legislation is remarkable in that it was an entirely new bill, substituted for a former and altogether different scheme containing no prohibition whatever, and that it was passed through all the forms and stages of enactment in the short space of four days.* History sheds little light on the official transaction, but contemporary evidence points to the influence of a powerful lobby. Several plausible reasons are assigned why the three slave States of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina voted for this prohibition. First, the West was competing with the territory of Maine for settlers; second, the whole scheme was in the interest of the "Ohio Company," a newly formed Massachusetts emigrant aid society which immediately made a large purchase of lands; third, the unsettled regions south of the Ohio River had not yet been ceded to the General Government, and were therefore open to slavery from the contiguous Southern States; fourth, little was known of the extent or character of the great West; and, therefore, fifth, the Ohio River was doubtless thought to be a fair and equitable dividing line. The ordinance itself provided for the formation of not less than three nor more than five States, and under its shielding provisions Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin were added to the Union with free constitutions.

It does not appear that sectional motives operated for or against the foregoing enactment; they were probably held in abeyance by other considerations. But it must not be inferred therefrom that the slavery question was absent or dormant in the country. There was already a North and a South. At that very time the constitutional convention was in session in Philadelphia. George Washington and his illustrious fellow-delegates were grappling with the novel problems of government which the happy issue of the Revolution and the lamentable failure of the Confederation forced upon the country. One of these problems was the presence of over half a million of slaves, nearly all in five Southern States. Should they be taxed? Should they be represented? Should the power to regulate commerce be allowed to control or terminate their importation? Vital questions these, which went not merely to the incidents but the fundamental powers of government. The slavery question seemed for months an irreconcilable element of discord in the convention. The slave-trade not only, but the domestic institution itself, was characterized in language which Southern politicians of later times would have denounced as "fanatical" and "incendiary." Pinckney wished the slaves to be represented equally with the whites, since they were the Southern peasantry. Gouverneur Morris declared that as they were only property they ought not to be represented at all. Both the present and the future balance of power in national legislation, as resulting from slaves already in, and hereafter to be imported into, old and new States, were debated under various possibilities and probabilities. Out of these divergent views grew the compromises of the Constitution. 1. The slaves were to be included in the enumeration for representation, *five* blacks to be counted as *three* whites. 2. Congress should have the right to prohibit the slave-trade, but not till the lapse of twenty years. 3. Fugitive slaves should be returned to their owners. Each State, large or small, was allowed two senators; and the apportionment of representatives gave to the North thirty-five members and fourteen senators, to the South thirty members and twelve senators. But since the North was not yet free from slavery, but only in process of becoming so, and as Virginia was the leading State of the Union, the real balance of power remained in the hands of the South.

The newly formed Constitution went into successful operation. Under legal provisions already made and the strong current of abolition sentiment then existing, all the Eastern and Middle States down to Delaware became free. This gain, however, was perhaps more than numerically counterbalanced by the active importation of captured Africans, especially into South Carolina and Georgia, up to the time the traffic ceased by law in 1808. Jefferson had meanwhile purchased of France the immense country west of the Mississippi known as the Louisiana

* Journals of Congress, 1787, p. 63.

Territory. The free navigation of that great river was assured, and the importance of the West immeasurably increased. The old French colonies at New Orleans and Kaskaskia were already strong outposts of civilization and the nuclei of spreading settlements. Attracted by the superior fertility of soil, by the limitless opportunities for speculation, by the enticing spirit of adventure, and pushed by the restless energy inherent in the Anglo-Saxon character, the older States now began to pour a rising stream of emigration into the West and the South-west.

In this race the free States, by reason of their greater population, wealth, and commercial enterprise, would have outstripped the South, but for the introduction of a new and powerful influence which operated exclusively in favor of the latter. This was the discovery of the peculiar adaptation of the soil and climate of portions of the Southern States, combined with cheap slave-labor, to the cultivation of cotton. Half a century of experiment and invention in England had brought about the concurrent improvement of machinery for spinning and weaving, and of the high-pressure engine to furnish motive power. The Revolutionary War was scarcely ended when there came from the mother-country a demand for the raw fiber, which promised to be almost without limit. A few trials sufficed to show Southern planters that with their soil and their slaves they could supply this demand, not only with a quality of cotton which would defy competition, but at a profit to themselves far exceeding that of any other product of agriculture. An insurmountable obstacle, however, seemed now to interpose itself between them and their golden harvest. The tedious work of cleaning the fiber from the seed apparently made its cheap preparation for export in large quantities impossible. A negro woman working the whole day could only clean a single pound.

It so happened that at this juncture, November, 1792, an ingenious Yankee student from Massachusetts was boarding in the house of friends in Savannah, Georgia, occupying his leisure in reading law. A party of Georgia gentlemen from the interior, making a visit to this family, fell into conversation on the prospects and difficulties of cotton-culture and the imperative need of a rapidly working cleaning-machine. Their hostess, an intelligent and quick-witted woman, at once suggested an expedient. "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, "apply to my young friend, Mr. Eli Whitney; he can make anything."* The Yankee student was sought, introduced, and had the mechanical problem laid before him. He modestly disclaimed his hostess's extravagant praises, and told his interviewers that he had never seen either cotton or cotton-seed in his life. Nevertheless, he went to work with such earnestness and success, that in a few months Mrs. Greene had the satisfaction of being able to invite a gathering of gentlemen from different parts of the State to behold with their own eyes the working of the newly invented cotton-gin, with which a negro man turning a crank could clean fifty pounds of cotton per day. This solution of the last problem in cheap cotton-culture made it at once the leading crop of the South. That favored region quickly drove all competitors out of the market; and the rise of English imports of raw cotton, from thirty million pounds in 1790 to over one thousand million pounds in 1860, shows the development and increase of that special industry, with all its related interests.† It was not till sixteen years after the invention of the cotton-gin that the African slave-trade ceased by limitation of law. Within that period many thousands of negro captives had been added to the population of the South by direct importation, and nearly thirty thousand slave inhabitants added by the acquisition of Louisiana,‡ and the formation of new slave States south of the Ohio River hastened in due proportion.§

It is a curious historical fact that, under

* Memoir of Eli Whitney, American Journal Science, 1832.

† The Virginia price of a male "field hand" in 1790 was two hundred and fifty dollars; in 1860 his value in the domestic market had risen to sixteen hundred dollars.— SHERRARD CLEMENS, in H. R. App. Globe, 1860–61, 104–5.

‡ Compendium, 8th census, p. 13.

§ No word of the authors could add to the force and eloquence of the following from a recent letter of the son of the inventor of the cotton-gin (to the Art Superintendent of THE CENTURY), stating the claims of his father's memory to the gratitude of the South, hitherto apparently unfelt, and certainly unrecognized:

"NEW HAVEN, CONN., Dec. 4, 1886.

". . . I send you a photograph taken from a portrait of my father, painted about the year 1821, by King, of Washington, when my father, the inventor of the cotton-gin, was fifty-five years old. He died January 25th, 1825. The cotton-gin was invented in 1793; and though it has been in use for nearly one hundred years, it is virtually unimproved. . . . Hence the great merit of the original invention. It has made the South, financially and commercially. It has made England rich, and changed the commerce of the world. Lord Macaulay said of Eli Whitney: 'What Peter the Great did to make Russia dominant, Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton-gin has more than equaled in its relation to the power and progress of the United States.' He has been the greatest benefactor of the South, but it never has, to my knowledge, acknowledged his benefaction in a public manner to the extent it deserves — no monument has been erected to his memory, no town or city named after him, though the force of his genius has caused many towns and cities to rise and flourish in the South. . . .

"Yours very truly, E. W. WHITNEY."

the very remarkable material growth of the United States which now took place, the political influence remained so very evenly balanced between the North and the South for more than a generation. Other grave issues indeed absorbed the public attention, but the abeyance of the slavery question is due rather to the fact that no considerable advantage as yet fell to either side. Eight new States were organized, four north and four south of the Ohio, and admitted in nearly alternate order: Vermont in 1791, *free;* Kentucky in 1792, *slave;* Tennessee in 1796, *slave;* Ohio in 1802, *free;* Louisiana in 1812, *slave;* Indiana in 1816, *free;* Mississippi in 1817, *slave;* Illinois in 1818, *free.* Alabama was already authorized to be admitted with slavery, and this would make the number of free and slave States equal, giving eleven States to the North and eleven to the South.

The territory of Missouri, containing the old French colonies at and near St. Louis, had attained a population of 60,000, and was eager to be admitted as a State. She had made application in 1817, and now in 1819 it was proposed to authorize her to form a constitution. Arkansas was also being nursed as an applicant, and the prospective loss by the North and gain by the South of the balance of power caused the slavery question suddenly to flare up as a national issue. There were hot debates in Congress, emphatic resolutions by State legislatures, deep agitation among the whole people, and open threats by the South to dissolve the Union. Extreme Northern men insisted upon a restriction of slavery to be applied to both Missouri and Arkansas; radical Southern members contended that Congress had no power to impose any conditions on new States. The North had control of the House, the South of the Senate. A middle party thereupon sprang up, proposing to divide the Louisiana purchase between freedom and slavery by the line of 36° 30′, and authorizing the admission of Missouri with slavery out of the northern half. Fastening this proposition upon the bill to admit Maine as a free State, the measure was, after a struggle, carried through Congress (in a separate act approved March 6, 1820), and became the famous Missouri Compromise. Maine and Missouri were both admitted. Each section thereby not only gained two votes in the Senate, but also asserted its right to spread its peculiar polity without question or hindrance within the prescribed limits; and the motto, "No extension of slavery," was postponed forty years, to the Republican campaign of 1860.

From this time forward, the maintenance of this balance of power,—the numerical equality of the slave States with the free,—though not announced in platforms as a party doctrine, was nevertheless steadily followed as a policy by the representatives of the South. In pursuance of this system, Michigan and Arkansas, the former a *free* and the latter a *slave* State, were, on the same day, June 15, 1836, authorized to be admitted. These tactics were again repeated in the year 1845, when, on the 3d of March, Iowa, a *free* State, and Florida, a *slave* State, were authorized to be admitted by one act of Congress, its approval being the last official act of President Tyler. This tacit compromise, however, was accompanied by another very important victory of the same policy. The Southern politicians saw clearly enough that with the admission of Florida the slave territory was exhausted, while an immense untouched portion of the Louisiana purchase still stretched away northwestwardly toward the Pacific above the Missouri Compromise line, which consecrated it to freedom. The North, therefore, still had an imperial area from which to organize future free States, while the South had not a foot more of territory from which to create slave States.

Sagaciously anticipating this contingency, the Southern States had been largely instrumental in setting up the independent State of Texas, and were now urgent in their demand for her annexation to the Union. Two days before the signing of the Iowa and Florida bill, Congress passed, and President Tyler signed, a joint resolution, authorizing the acquisition, annexation, and admission of Texas. But even this was not all. The joint resolution contained a guarantee that "new States, of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to the said State of Texas," and to be formed out of her territory, should hereafter be entitled to admission—the Missouri Compromise line to govern the slavery question in them. The State of Texas was, by a later resolution, formally admitted to the Union, December 29, 1845. At this date, therefore, the slave States gained an actual majority of one, there being fourteen free States and fifteen slave States, with at least equal territorial prospects for the future.

If the North was alarmed at being thus placed in a minority, there was ample reason for still further disquietude. The annexation of Texas had provoked the Mexican war, and President Polk, in anticipation of further important acquisition of territory to the South and West, asked of Congress an appropriation of two millions to be used in negotiations to that end. An attempt to impose a condition to these negotiations that slavery should never exist in any territory to be thus acquired was the famous Wilmot Proviso. This particular measure failed, but the war ended, and New Mexico

and California were added to the Union as unorganized territories. Meanwhile the admission of Wisconsin in 1848 had once more restored the equilibrium between the free and the slave States, there being now fifteen of each.

It must not be supposed that the important political measures and results thus far summarized were accomplished by quiet and harmonious legislation. Rising steadily since 1820, the controversy over slavery became deep and bitter, both in Congress and the country. Involving not merely a policy of government, but a question of abstract morals, statesmen, philanthropists, divines, the press, societies, churches, and legislative bodies joined in the discussion. Slavery was assailed and defended in behalf of the welfare of the State, and in the name of religion. In Congress especially it had now been a subject of angry contention for a whole generation. It obtruded itself into all manner of questions, and clung obstinately to numberless resolutions and bills. Time and again it had brought members into excited discussion, and to the very verge of personal conflict in the legislative halls. It had occasioned numerous threats to dissolve the Union, and in one or more instances caused members actually to retire from the House of Representatives. It had given rise to resolutions of censure, to resignations, and had been the occasion of some of the greatest legislative debates of the nation. It had virtually created and annexed the largest State in the Union. In several States it had instigated abuse, intolerance, persecutions, trials, mobs, murders, destruction of property, imprisonment of freemen, retaliatory legislation, and one well-defined and formidable attempt at revolution. It originated party factions, political schools, and constitutional doctrines, and made and marred the fame of great statesmen.

New Mexico, when acquired, contained one of the oldest towns on the continent, and a considerable population of Spanish origin. California, almost simultaneously with her acquisition, was peopled in the course of a few months by the world-renowned gold discoveries. Very unexpectedly, therefore, to politicians of all grades and opinions, the slavery question was once more before the nation in the year 1850, over the proposition to admit both to the Union as States. As the result of the long conflict of opinion hitherto maintained, the beliefs and desires of the contending sections had by this time become formulated in distinct political doctrines. The North contended that Congress might and should prohibit slavery in all the territories of the Union, as had been done in the Northern half by the ordinance of 1787 and by the Missouri Compromise. The South declared that any such exclusion would not only be unjust and impolitic, but absolutely unconstitutional, because property in slaves might go and must be protected in the territories in common with all other property. To the theoretical dispute was added a practical contest. By the existing Mexican laws slavery was already prohibited in New Mexico, and California promptly formed a free State constitution. Under these circumstances the North now sought to organize the former as a territory, and admit the latter as a State, while the South resisted and endeavored to extend the Missouri Compromise line, which would place New Mexico and the southern half of California under the tutelage and influence of slavery.

These were the principal points of difference which caused the great slavery agitation of 1850. The whole country was convulsed in discussion; and again more open threats and more ominous movements towards disunion came from the South. The most popular statesman of that day, Henry Clay of Kentucky, a slaveholder opposed to the extension of slavery, now, however, assumed the leadership of a party of compromise, and the quarrel was adjusted and quieted by a combined series of Congressional acts. 1. California was admitted as a free State. 2. The territories of New Mexico and Utah were organized, leaving the Mexican prohibition of slavery in force. 3. The domestic slave-trade in the District of Columbia was abolished. 4. A more stringent fugitive-slave law was passed. 5. For the adjustment of her State boundaries Texas received ten millions of dollars. These were the famous compromise measures of 1850. It has been gravely asserted that this indemnity of ten millions, suddenly trebling the value of the Texas debt, and thereby affording an unprecedented opportunity for speculation in the bonds of that State, was "the propelling force whereby these acts were pushed through Congress in defiance of the original convictions of a majority of its members."* But it must also be admitted that the popular desire for tranquillity, concord, and union in all sections never exerted as much influence upon Congress as then. This compromise was not at first heartily accepted by the people; Southern opinion being offended by the abandonment of the "property" doctrine, and Northern sentiment irritated by certain harsh features of the fugitive-slave law. But the rising Union feeling quickly swept away all ebullitions of discontent, and during two or three years people and politicians fondly dreamed they had, in current phraseology, reached a "finality" on this vexed quarrel. Grave doubts, however, found occa-

* Greeley, "Am. Conflict," Vol. I., p. 208.

sional expression and none perhaps more forcibly than in the following newspaper epigram describing "Finality":

> "To kill twice dead a rattlesnake,
> And off his scaly skin to take,
> And through his head to drive a stake,
> And every bone within him break,
> And of his flesh mincemeat to make,
> To burn, to sear, to boil, and bake,
> Then in a heap the whole to rake,
> And over it the besom shake,
> And sink it fathoms in the lake —
> Whence after all, quite wide awake,
> Comes back that very same old snake!"

Little did the country think how soon the absurd prediction would find its fulfillment.

THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

THE long contest in Congress over the compromise measures of 1850, and the reluctance of a minority, alike in the North and the South, to accept them, had in reality seriously demoralized both the great political parties of the country. The Democrats especially, defeated by the fresh military laurels of General Taylor in 1848, were much exercised to discover their most available candidate as the presidential election of 1852 approached. The leading names, Cass, Buchanan, and Marcy, having been long before the public, were becoming a little stale. In this contingency, a considerable following grouped itself about an entirely new man, Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois. Emigrating from Vermont to the West, Douglas had run a career remarkable for political success. Only in his thirty-ninth year, he had served as member of the legislature, as Attorney-General, as Secretary of State, and as judge of the Supreme Court in Illinois, and had since been three times elected to Congress and once to the Senate of the United States. Nor did he owe his political fortunes entirely to accident. Among his many qualities of leadership were strong physical endurance, untiring industry, a persistent boldness, a ready facility in public speaking, unfailing political shrewdness, an unusual power in running debate, with liberal instincts and progressive purposes. It was therefore not surprising that he should attract the admiration and support of the young, the ardent, and especially the restless and ambitious members of his party. His career in Congress was sufficiently conspicuous. As chairman of the Committee on Territories in the Senate, he had borne a prominent part in the enactment of the compromise measures of 1850, and had just met and overcome a threatened party schism in his own State, which that legislation had there produced.

In their zeal to push his claims to the presidency, the partisans of Douglas now committed a great error. Rightly appreciating the growing power of the press, they obtained control of the "Democratic Review," a monthly magazine then enjoying prominent repute as a party organ, and published in it a series of articles attacking the rival Democratic candidates in very flashy rhetoric. These were stigmatized as "old fogies," who must give ground to a nominee of "Young America." They were reminded that the party expects a "new man." "Age is to be honored, but senility is pitiable"; "statesmen of a previous generation must get out of the way"; the Democratic party was owned by a set of "old clothes-horses"; "they couldn't pay their political promises in four Democratic administrations"; and the names of Cass and Marcy, Buchanan and Butler, were freely mixed in with such epithets as "pretenders," "hucksters," "intruders," and "vile charlatans."

Such characterization of such men soon created a flagrant scandal in the Democratic party, which was duly aired both in the newspapers and in Congress. It definitely fixed the phrases "old fogy," and "Young America" in our slang literature. The personal friends of Douglas hastened to explain and assert his innocence of any complicity with this political raid, but they were not more than half believed; and the war of factions, begun in January, raged with increasing bitterness till the Democratic National Convention met at Baltimore in June, and undoubtedly exerted a decisive influence over the deliberations of that body.

The only serious competitors for the nomination were the "old fogies" Cass, Marcy, and Buchanan on the one hand, and Douglas, the pet of "Young America," on the other. It soon became evident that opinion was so divided among these four that a nomination could only be reached through long and tedious ballotings. Beginning with some twenty votes, Douglas steadily gained adherents till on the thirtieth ballot he received ninety-two. From this point, however, his strength fell away. Unable to succeed himself, he was nevertheless sufficiently powerful to defeat his adversaries. The exasperation had been too great to permit a concentration or compromise on any of the "seniors." Cass reached only one hundred and thirty-one votes; Marcy, ninety-eight; Buchanan, one hundred and four; and finally, on the forty-ninth ballot, occurred the memorable nearly unanimous selection of Franklin Pierce — not because of any merit of his own, but to break the insurmountable dead-lock of factional hatred. Young America gained a nominal triumph, old fogydom a real revenge, and the South a serviceable Northern ally.

The country was the only sufferer, for in due time Pierce was overwhelmingly elected, and the nation burdened with that costly luxury, an administration without either personal or party responsibility. Douglas and his friends were discomfited but not dismayed. Their management had been exceedingly maladroit, as a more modest championship would without doubt have secured him the coveted nomination. Yet sagacious politicians foresaw that on the whole he was strengthened by his defeat. From that time forward he was a recognized presidential aspirant and competitor, young enough patiently to bide his time, and of sufficient prestige to make his flag the rallying-point of all the free-lances in the Democratic party.

It is to this presidential aspiration of Mr. Douglas that we must look as the key or explanation of his agency in bringing about the repeal of the Missouri Compromise — perhaps the most momentous legislative act in American history. As already said, after some factious opposition the measures of 1850 had been accepted by the people as a finality of the slavery questions. Around this alleged settlement, distasteful as it was to many, public opinion gradually crystallized. Both the National Conventions of 1852 solemnly resolved that they would discountenance and resist, in Congress or out of it, whenever, wherever, or however, or under whatever color or shape, any further renewal of the slavery agitation. This determination was echoed and reëchoed, affirmed and reaffirmed, by the recognized organs of the public voice — from the village newspaper to the presidential message, from the country debating school to the measured utterances of Senatorial discussion. In support of this alleged "finality" no one had taken a more decided stand than Senator Douglas himself. Said he, "In taking leave of this subject I wish to state that I have determined never to make another speech upon the slavery question; and I will now add the hope that the necessity for it will never exist. . . . So long as our opponents do not agitate for repeal or modification, why should we agitate for any purpose? We claim that the compromise [of 1850] is a final settlement. Is a final settlement open to discussion and agitation and controversy by its friends? What manner of settlement is that which does not settle the difficulty and quiet the dispute? Are not the friends of the compromise becoming the agitators, and will not the country hold us responsible for that which we condemn and denounce in the abolitionists and Free-soilers? These are matters worthy of our consideration. Those who preach peace should not be the first to commence and reopen an old quarrel." * In his Senate speeches, during the compromise debates of 1850, while generally advocating his theory of "non-intervention," he had sounded the whole gamut of the slavery discussion, defending the various measures of adjustment against the attacks of the Southern extremists, and specifically defending the Missouri Compromise. Nay, more; he had declared in distinct words that the principle of territorial prohibition was no violation of Southern rights; and denounced the proposition of Calhoun to put a "balance of power" clause into the Constitution as "a retrograde movement in an age of progress that would astonish the world." † These repeated affirmations, taken in connection with his famous description of the Missouri Compromise in 1849, in which he declared it to have had "an origin akin to the Constitution," and to have become "canonized in the hearts of the American people as a sacred thing which no ruthless hand would ever be reckless enough to disturb," ‡ all seemed, in the public mind, to put it beyond the reach of possibility that their author would so soon become the subject of his own anathemas.

The personal details of this most remarkable of all our political intrigues are forever lost to history. We have only a faint and shadowy outline of isolated movements of a few chief actors, a few vague suggestions and fragmentary steps in the formation and unfolding of the ill-omened plot.

As the avowed representative of the restless and ambitious elements of the country, as the champion of "Young America," Douglas had so far as possible in his Congressional career made himself the apostle of modern "progress." He was a believer in "manifest destiny" and a zealous advocate of the Monroe doctrine. He desired — so the newspapers averred — that the Carribbean Sea should be declared an American lake, and nothing so delighted him as to pull the beard of the British lion. These topics, while they furnished themes for campaign speeches, for the present led to no practical legislation. In his position as chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, however, he had control of kindred measures of present and vital interest to the people of the West; namely, the opening of new routes of travel and emigration, and of new territories for settlement. An era of wonder had just dawned, connecting itself directly with these subjects. The acquisition of California and the discovery of gold had turned the eyes of the whole civilized world to the Pacific coast. Plains and

* App. Globe of 1851–2, p. 68.

† Douglas, Senate speech, March 13, 1850. App. Globe, Vol. XXII., pt. I., pp. 369 to 372.

‡ Douglas, Springfield speech, October 23, 1849. Illinois "Register."

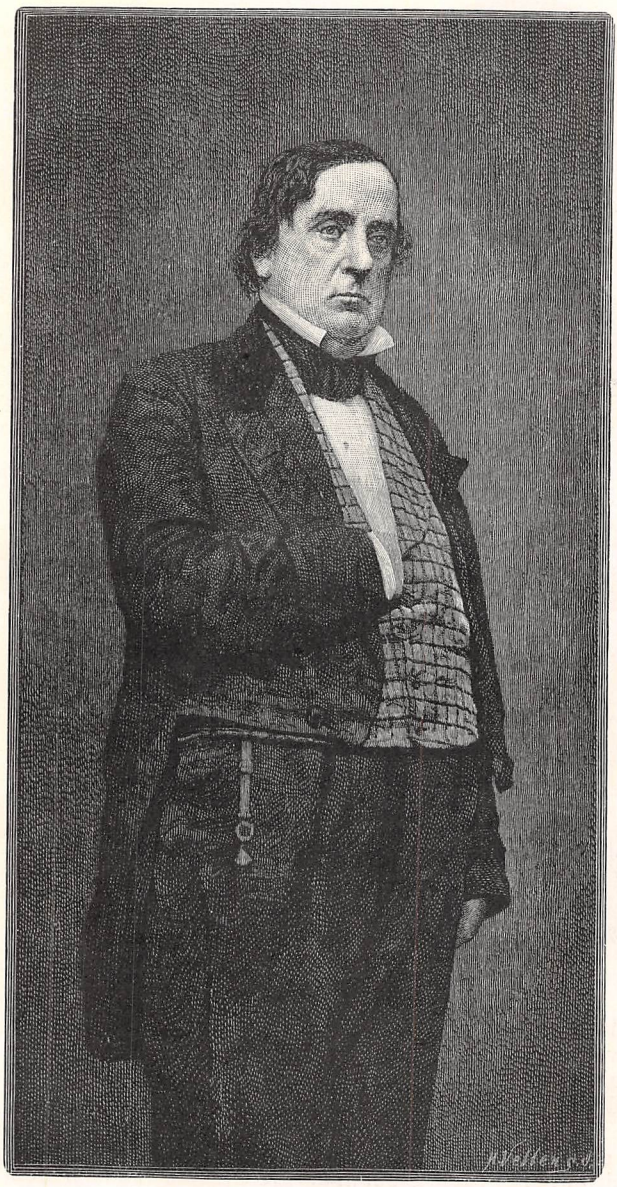
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, AFTER A PORTRAIT BY KING.

ELI WHITNEY (1821), AGED FIFTY-FIVE.

mountains were swarming with adventurers and emigrants. Oregon, Utah, New Mexico, and Minnesota had just been organized, and were in a feeble way contesting the sudden fame of the Golden State. The Western border was astir, and wild visions of lands and cities and mines and wealth and power were disturbing the peaceful dreams of the pioneer in his frontier cabin, and hurrying him off on the long, romantic quest across the continent.

Hitherto, stringent Federal laws had kept settlers and unlicensed traders out of the Indian territory, which lay beyond the western boundaries of Arkansas, Missouri, and Iowa, and which the policy of our early Presidents fixed upon as the final asylum of the red men retreating before the irresistible advance of white settlers. But now the uncontrollable stream of emigration had broken into and through this reservation, creating in a few years well-defined routes of travel to New Mexico, Utah, California, and Oregon. Though from the long march there came constant cries of danger and distress, of starvation and Indian massacre, there was neither halting nor delay. The courageous pioneers pressed forward all the more earnestly, and to such purpose that in less than twenty-five years the Pacific Railroad followed Frémont's first exploration through the South Pass.

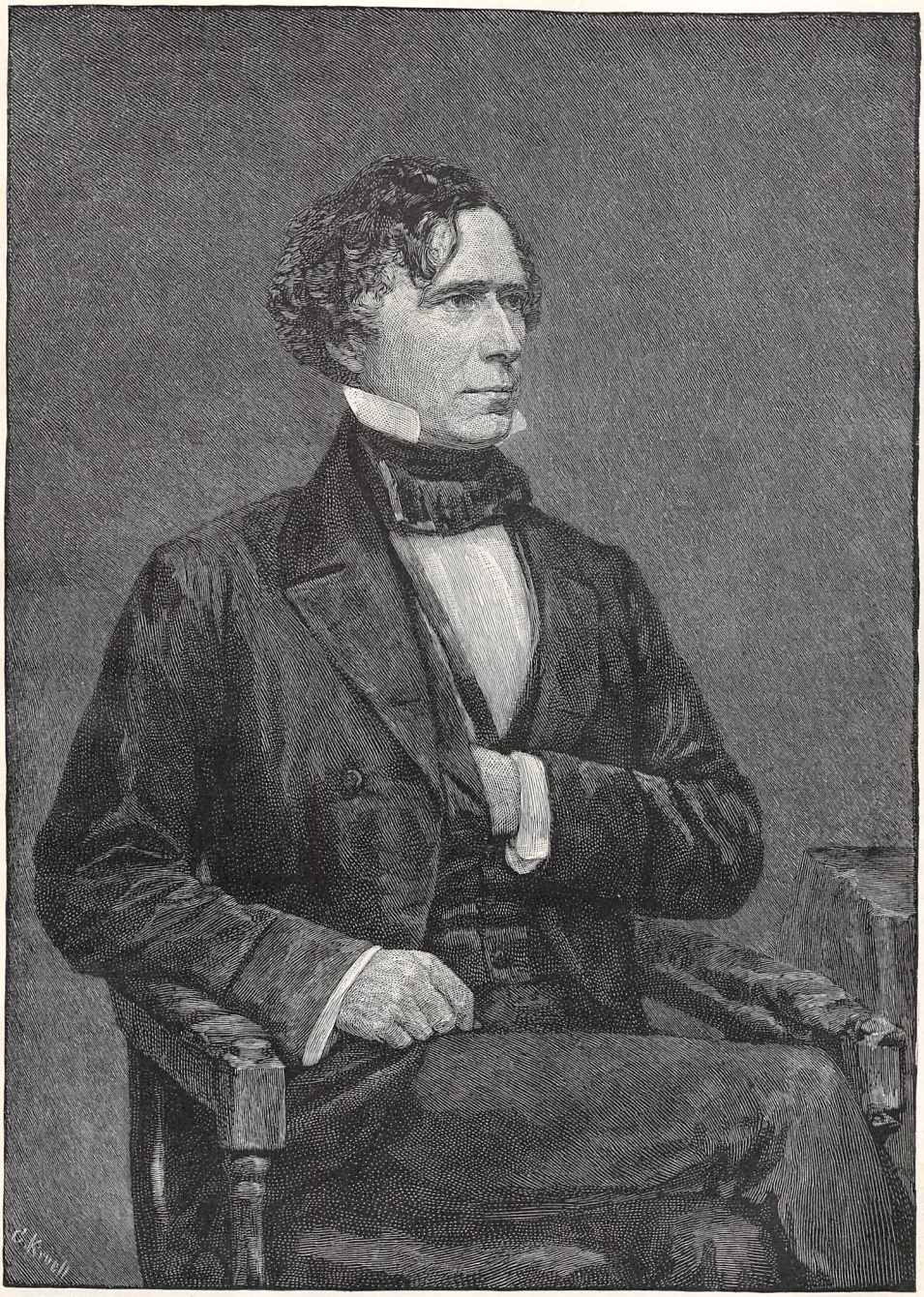
Douglas, himself a migratory child of fortune, was in thorough sympathy with this somewhat premature Western longing of the people; and as chairman of the Committee on Territories was the recipient of all the letters, petitions, and personal solicitations from the various interests which were seeking their advantage in this exodus toward the setting sun. He was the natural center for all the embryo mail contractors, office-holders, Indian traders, land-sharks, and railroad visionaries whose coveted opportunities lay in the Western territories. It is but just to his fame, however, to say that he comprehended equally well the true philosophical and political necessities which now demanded the opening of Kansas and Nebraska as a secure highway and protecting bridge to the Rocky Mountains and our new-found El Dorado, no less than as a bond of union between the older States and the improvised "Young America" on the Pacific coast. The subject was not yet ripe for action during the stormy politics of 1850–51, and had again to be postponed for the presidential campaign of 1852. But now Pierce was triumphantly elected, with a Democratic Congress to sustain him, and the legislative calm which both parties had adjured in their platforms seemed propitious for pushing measures of local interest. The control of the territories was for the moment completely in the hands of Douglas. He was himself chairman of the Committee of the Senate; and his special personal friend and political lieutenant in his own State, Richardson of Illinois, was chairman of the Territorial Committee of the House. He could therefore choose his own time and mode of introducing measures of this character in either house of Congress, under the majority control of his party — a fact to be constantly borne in mind when we consider the origin and progress of "the three Nebraska bills."



LEWIS CASS. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

The journal discloses that Richardson of Illinois, chairman of the Committee on Territories of the House of Representatives, on February 2, 1853, introduced into the House "A bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska."* After due reference, and some desultory debate on the 8th,† it was taken up and passed by the House on the 10th.‡ From the discussion we learn that the boundaries were the Missouri River on the east, the Rocky Mountains on the west, the line of 36° 30′ or southern line of Missouri on the south, and the line of 43°, or near the northern line of Iowa, on the north. Several members opposed it, because the Indian title to the lands was not yet extinguished, and because it embraced reservations pledged to Indian occupancy in perpetuity; also on

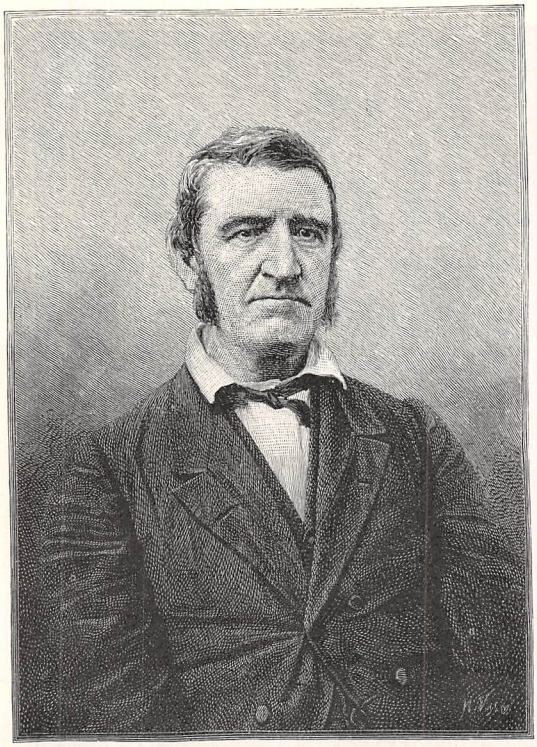
* Globe, p. 474. † Ib., pp. 542–4. ‡ Ib., p. 565.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

FRANKLIN PIERCE, PRESIDENT, 1853-57.

the general ground that it contained but few white inhabitants, and its organization was therefore a useless expense. Howard of Texas made the most strenuous opposition, urging that since it contained but about six hundred souls, its southern boundary should be fixed at 39° 30′, not to trench upon the Indian reservations. Hall of Missouri replied in support of the bill: "We want the organization of the Territory of Nebraska not merely for the protection of the few people who reside there, but also for the protection of Oregon and California in time

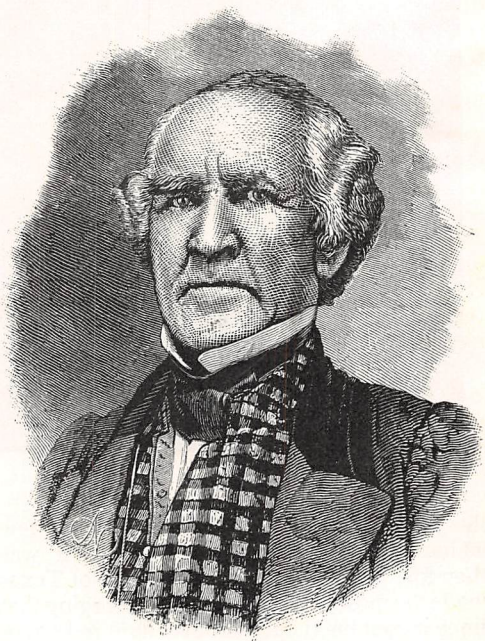


WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

of war, and the protection of our commerce and the fifty or sixty thousand emigrants who annually cross the plains."* He added that its limits were purposely made large to embrace the great lines of travel to Oregon, New Mexico, and California; since the South Pass is in 42° 30′, the territory has to extend to 43° north.

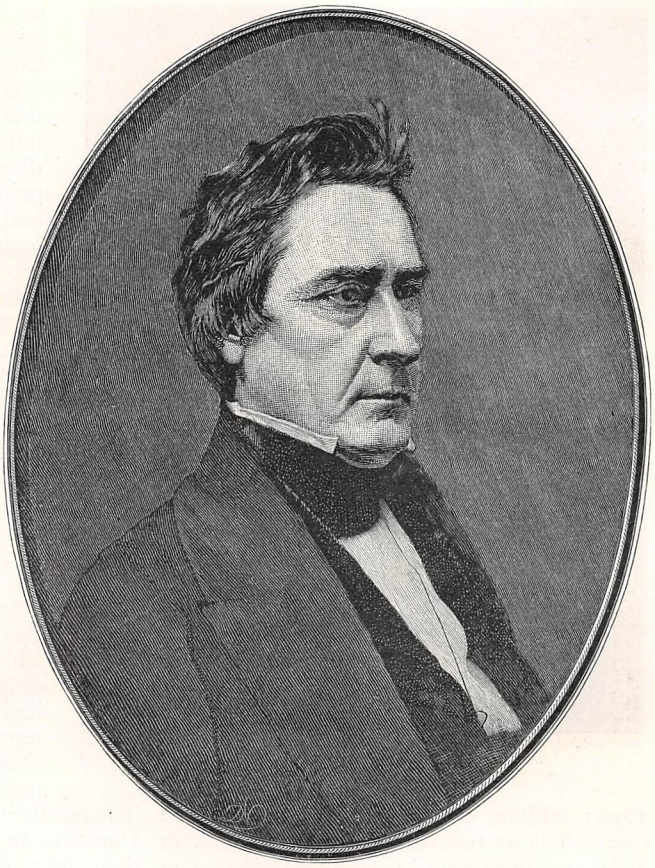
The incident, however, of special historical significance had occurred in the debate of the 8th, when a member rose and said: "I wish to inquire of the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Giddings], who, I believe, is a member of the Committee on Territories, why the ordinance of 1787 is not incorporated in this bill? I should like to know whether he or the committee were intimidated on account of the platforms of 1852?"† To which Mr. Giddings replied that the south line of the territory was 36° 30′, and was already covered by the Missouri Compromise prohibition. "This law stands perpetually, and I do not think that this act would receive any increased validity by a reënactment. There I leave the matter. It is very clear that the territory included in this treaty [ceding Louisiana] must be forever free unless the law be repealed." With this explicit understanding from a member of the committee, apparently accepted as conclusive by the whole House, and certainly not objected to by the chairman, Mr. Richardson, who was carefully watching the current of debate, the bill passed on the 10th,‡ ninety-eight yeas to forty-three nays. Led by a few members from that region, in the main the West voted for it and the South against it; while the greater number, absorbed in other schemes, were wholly indifferent, and probably cast their votes upon personal solicitation.

On the following day the bill was hurried over to the Senate, referred to Mr. Douglas's committee, and by him reported back without amendment, on February 17th; but the session was almost ended before he was able to gain the attention of the Senate for its discussion. Finally, on the night before the inauguration of President Pierce, in the midst of a fierce and protracted struggle over the appropriation bills, while the Senate was without a quorum and impatiently awaiting the reports of a number of conference committees, Douglas seized the opportunity of the lull to call up his Nebraska bill. Here again, as in the House, Texas stubbornly opposed it. Houston undertook to talk it to death in a long speech; Bell protested against robbing the Indians of their guaranteed rights. The bill seemed to have no friend but its author when, perhaps to his surprise, Senator D. R. Atchison of Missouri threw himself into the breach.



SAM HOUSTON.

* Globe, p. 559. † Ib., p. 543. ‡ Ib., p. 565.



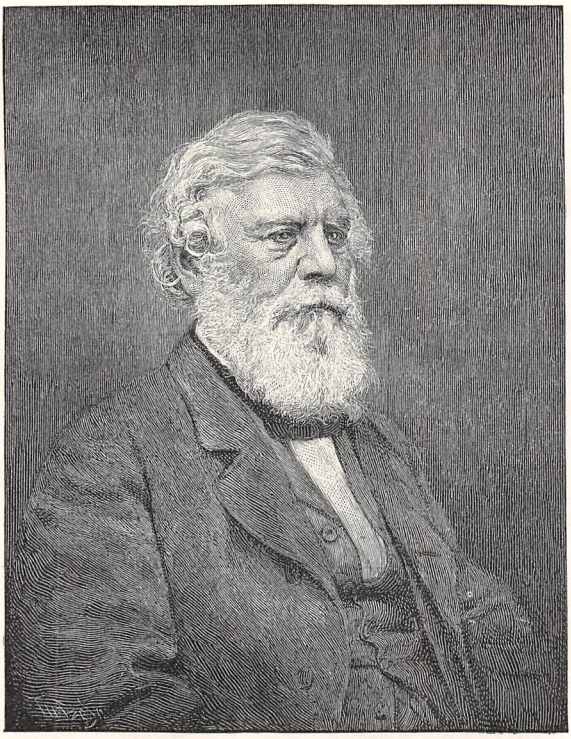
DAVID R. ATCHISON. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

Prefacing his remarks with the statement that he had formerly been opposed to the measure, he continued: "I had two objections to it. One was that the Indian title in that territory had not been extinguished, or at least a very small portion of it had been. Another was the Missouri Compromise, or, as it is commonly called, the Slavery Restriction. It was my opinion at that time — and I am not now very clear on that subject — that the law of Congress, when the State of Missouri was admitted into the Union, excluding slavery from the territory of Louisiana north of 36° 30′, would be enforced in that territory unless it was specially rescinded; and whether that law was in accordance with the Constitution of the United States or not, it would do its work, and that work would be to preclude slaveholders from going into that territory. But when I came to look into that question, I found that there was no prospect, no hope, of a repeal of the Missouri Compromise excluding slavery from that territory. . . . I have always been of opinion that the first great error committed in the political history of this country was the ordinance of 1787, rendering the North-west territory free territory. The next great error was the Missouri Compromise. But they are both irremediable. There is no remedy for them. We must submit to them. I am prepared to do it. It is evident that the Missouri Compromise cannot be repealed. So far as that question is concerned, we might as well agree to the admission of this territory now as next year, or five or ten years hence." *

Mr. Douglas closed the debate, advocating the passage of the bill for general reasons, and by his silence accepting Atchison's conclusions; but as the morning of the 4th of March was breaking, an unwilling Senate laid the bill on the table by a vote of twenty-three to seventeen, here, as in the House, the West being for and the South against the measure. It is not probable, however, that in this course the South acted with any mental reservation or sinister motive. The great breach of faith was not yet even meditated. Only a few hours afterward, in a dignified and stately national ceremonial, in the midst of foreign ministers, judges, senators, and representatives, the new President of the United States delivered to the people his inaugural address. High and low were alike intent to discern the opening political currents of the new administration, but none touched or approached this particular subject. The aspirations of "Young America" were not toward a conquest of the North, but the enlargement of the South. A freshening breeze filled the sails of "annexation" and "manifest destiny." In bold words the President said: "The policy of my administration will not be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from expansion. Indeed, it is not to be disguised that our attitude as a nation and our position on the globe render the acquisition of certain possessions not within our jurisdiction eminently important for our protection, if not in the future essential for the preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world." † Reaching the slavery question, he expressed unbounded devotion to the Union, and declared slavery recognized by the Constitution, and his purpose to enforce the compromise measures of

* Globe, p. 1113.

† Pierce, Inaugural Address, March 4, 1853.



WILLIAM AIKEN. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

1850; adding, "I fervently trust that the question is at rest, and that no sectional or ambitious or fanatical excitement may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity."

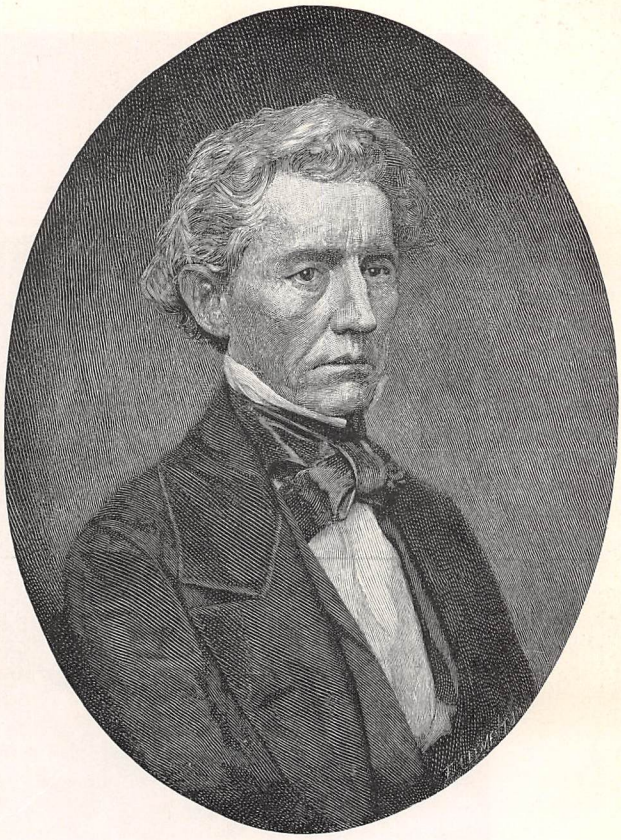
When Congress met again in the following December (1853), the annual message of President Pierce was, upon this subject, but an echo of his inaugural, as his inaugural had been but an echo of the two party platforms of 1852. Affirming that the compromise measures of 1850 had given repose to the country, he declared, "That this repose is to suffer no shock during my official term, if I have the power to avert it, those who placed me here may be assured." In this spirit, undoubtedly, the Democratic party and the South began the session of 1853–4; but unfortunately it was very soon abandoned. The people of the Missouri and Iowa border were becoming every day more impatient to enter upon an authorized occupancy of the new lands which lay a day's journey to the west. Handfuls of squatters here and there had elected two territorial delegates, who hastened to Washington with embryo credentials. The subject of organizing the West was again broached; an Iowa Senator introduced a territorial bill. Under the ordinary routine it was referred to the Committee on Territories, and on the 4th day of January Douglas reported back his second Nebraska bill, still without any repeal of the Missouri Compromise. His elaborate report, accompanying this second bill, shows that the subject had been most carefully examined in committee. The discussion was evidently exhaustive, going over the whole history, policy, and constitutionality of prohibitory legislation. Two or three sentences are quite sufficient to present the substance of the long and wordy report. First, that there were differences and doubts; second, that these had been finally settled by the compromise measures of 1850; and, therefore, third, the committee had adhered not only to the spirit but to the very phraseology of that adjustment, and refused either to affirm or repeal the Missouri Compromise.

This was the public and legislative agreement announced to the country. Subsequent revelations show the secret and factional bargain which that agreement covered. Not only was this territorial bill searchingly considered in committee, but repeated caucuses were held by the Democratic leaders to discuss the party results likely to grow out of it. The Southern Democrats maintained that the Constitution of the United States recognized their right and guaranteed them protection to their slave property, if they chose to carry it into Federal territories. Douglas and other Northern Democrats contended that slavery was subject to local law, and that the people of a territory, like those of a State, could establish or prohibit it. This radical difference, if carried into party action, would lose them the political ascendency they had so long maintained, and were then enjoying. To avert a public rupture of the party, it was agreed "that the territories should be organized with a delegation by Congress of all the power of Congress in the territories, and that the extent of the power of Congress should be determined by the courts."* If the courts should decide against the South, the Southern Democrats would accept the Northern theory: if the courts should decide in favor of the South, the Northern Democrats would defend the Southern view. Thus harmony would be preserved, and party power prolonged. Here we have the shadow of the coming Dred Scott decision already projected into political history, though the speaker protests that "none of us knew of the existence of a controversy

* Senator Benjamin, Senate debate, May 8, 1860. Globe, p. 1966.

then pending in the Federal courts that would lead almost immediately to the decision of that question."* This was probably true; for a "peculiar provision" † was expressly inserted in the committee's bill, allowing appeals to the Supreme Court of the United States in all questions involving title to slaves, without reference to the usual limitations in respect to the value of the property, thereby paving the way to an early adjudication by the Supreme Court.

Thus the matter rested till the 16th of January, when Senator Dixon of Kentucky, apparently acting for himself alone, offered an amendment in effect repealing the Missouri Compromise. Upon this provocation, Senator Sumner of Massachusetts the next day offered another amendment affirming that it was not repealed by the bill. Commenting on these propositions two days later, the administration organ, the "Washington Union," declared they were both "false lights," to be avoided by all good Democrats. By this time, however, this subject of "repeal" had become bruited about the Capitol corridors, the hotels, and the caucus rooms of Washington, and newspaper correspondents were on the *qui vive* to obtain the latest developments concerning the intrigue. The secrets of the Territorial Committee leaked out, and consultations multiplied. Could a repeal be carried? Who would offer it and lead it? What divisions or schisms would it carry into the ranks of the Democratic party, especially in the pending contest between the "Hards" and "Softs" in New York? What effect would it have upon the presidential election of 1856? Already the "Union" suggested that it was whispered that Cass was willing to propose and favor such a "repeal."‡ It was given out in the "Baltimore Sun" that Cass intended to "separate the sheep from the goats." Both statements were untrue; but they perhaps had their intended effect, to arouse the jealousy and eagerness of Douglas. The political air of Washington was heavy with clouds and mutterings, and clans were gathering for and against the ominous proposition.



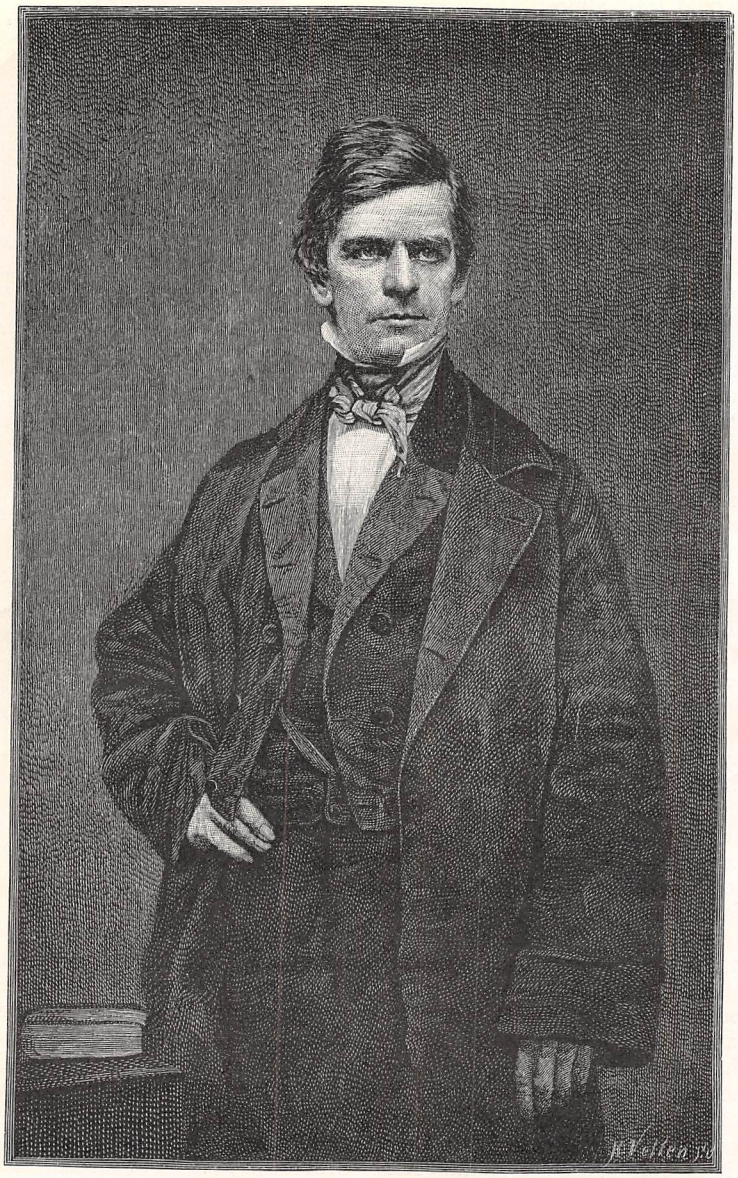
ARCHIBALD DIXON. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

So far as history has been allowed a glimpse into these secret communings, three principal personages were at this time planning a movement of vast portent. These were Stephen A. Douglas, chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories; Archibald Dixon, Whig Senator from Kentucky; and David R. Atchison of Missouri, then president *pro tempore* of the Senate, and acting Vice-President of the United States. "For myself," said the latter in explaining the transaction, "I am entirely devoted to the interests of the South, and I would sacrifice everything but my hope of heaven to advance her welfare." He thought the Missouri Compromise ought to be repealed; he had pledged himself in his public addresses to vote for no territorial organization that would not virtually annul it; and with this feeling in his heart, he desired to be the chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories when a bill was introduced. With this object in view, he had a private interview with Mr. Douglas, and informed him of what he desired — the introduction of a bill for

* Benjamin, Globe, May 8, 1860, p. 1966.

† Douglas, pamphlet in reply to Judge Black, October, 1859, p. 6.

‡ "Washington Union," January 19, 1854.



NATHANIEL P. BANKS. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

Nebraska like what [*sic*] he had promised to vote for, and that he would like to be the chairman of the Committee on Territories in order to introduce such a measure; and if he could get that position, he would immediately resign as president of the Senate. Judge Douglas requested twenty-four hours to consider the matter, and if at the expiration of that time he could not introduce such a bill as he (Mr. Atchison) proposed, he would resign as chairman of the Territorial Committee in Democratic caucus, and exert his influence to get him (Atchison) appointed. At the expiration of the given time, Senator Douglas signified his intention to introduce such a bill as had been spoken of."*

Senator Dixon is no less explicit in his description of these political negotiations. "My amendment seemed to take the Senate by surprise, and no one appeared more startled than Judge Douglas himself. He immediately came to my seat and courteously remonstrated

* Speech at Atchison City, September, 1854, reported in the "Parkville Luminary."

against my amendment, suggesting that the bill which he had introduced was almost in the words of the territorial acts for the organization of Utah and New Mexico; that they being a part of the compromise measures of 1850, he had hoped that I, a known and zealous friend of the wise and patriotic adjustment which had then taken place, would not be inclined to do anything to call that adjustment in question or weaken it before the country.

"I replied that it was precisely because I had been and was a firm and zealous friend of the compromise of 1850, that I felt bound to persist in the movement which I had originated; that I was well satisfied that the Missouri Restriction, if not expressly repealed, would continue to operate in the territory to which it had been applied, thus negativing the great and salutary principle of *non-intervention*, which constituted the most prominent and essential feature of the plan of settlement of 1850. We talked for some time amicably, and separated. Some days afterwards Judge Douglas came to my lodgings, whilst I was confined by physical indisposition, and urged me to get up and take a ride with him in his carriage. I accepted his invitation, and rode out with him. During our short excursion we talked on the subject of my proposed amendment, and Judge Douglas, to my high gratification, proposed to me that I should allow him to take charge of the amendment and ingraft it on his territorial bill. I acceded to the proposition at once, whereupon a most interesting interchange occurred between us.

"On this occasion Judge Douglas spoke to me in substance thus: 'I have become perfectly satisfied that it is my duty, as a fair-minded national statesman, to coöperate with you as proposed in securing the repeal of the Missouri Compromise restriction. It is due to the South; it is due to the Constitution, heretofore palpably infracted; it is due to that character for consistency which I have heretofore labored to maintain. The repeal, if we can effect it, will produce much stir and commotion in the free States of the Union for a season. I shall be assailed by demagogues and fanatics there without stint or moderation. Every opprobrious epithet will be applied to me. I shall be probably hung in effigy in many places. It is more than probable that I may become permanently odious among those whose friendship and esteem I have heretofore possessed. This proceeding may end my political career. But, acting under the sense of the duty which animates me, I am prepared to make the sacrifice. I will do it.'

"He spoke in the most earnest and touching manner, and I confess that I was deeply affected. I said to him in reply: 'Sir, I once recognized you as a demagogue, a mere party manager, selfish and intriguing. I now find you a warm-hearted and sterling patriot. Go forward in the pathway of duty as you propose, and though all the world desert you, I never will.'" *

Such is the circumstantial record of this most remarkable political intrigue left by two prominent and principal instigators, and never denied nor repudiated by the third. Gradually, as the plot was developed, the agreement embraced the leading elements of the Democratic party in Congress, reënforced by a majority of the Whig leaders from the slave States. A day or two before the final introduction of the repeal, Douglas and others held an interview with President Pierce,† and obtained from him in writing an agreement to adopt the movement as an administration measure. Fortified with this important adhesion, he took the fatal plunge, and on January 23d introduced his third Nebraska bill, organizing two territories instead of one, and declaring the Missouri Compromise "inoperative." But the amendment — monstrous Caliban of legislation as it was — needed to be still further licked into shape to satisfy the grasping rapacity of the South and appease the alarmed conscience of the North. Two weeks later, after the first outburst of debate, the following phraseology was substituted: "Which being inconsistent with the principle of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the States and territories, as recognized

* Archibald Dixon to H. S. Foote, October 1, 1858. "Louisville Democrat" of October 3, 1858.

† Jefferson Davis, who was a member of President Pierce's Cabinet (Secretary of War), thus relates the incident: "On Sunday morning, the 22d of January, 1854, gentlemen of each committee [House and Senate Committees on Territories] called at my house, and Mr. Douglas, chairman of the Senate Committee, fully explained the proposed bill, and stated their purpose to be, through my aid, to obtain an interview on that day with the President, to ascertain whether the bill would meet his approbation. The President was known to be rigidly opposed to the reception of visits on Sunday for the discussion of any political subject; but in this case it was urged as necessary, in order to enable the committee to make their report the next day. I went with them to the executive mansion, and, leaving them in the reception-room, sought the President in his private apartments, and explained to him the occasion of the visit. He thereupon met the gentlemen, patiently listened to the reading of the bill and their explanations of it, decided that it rested upon sound constitutional principles, and recognized in it only a return to that rule which had been infringed by the compromise of 1820, and the restoration of which had been foreshadowed by the legislation of 1850. This bill was not, therefore, as has been improperly asserted, a measure inspired by Mr. Pierce or any of his Cabinet."— Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. I., p. 28.

by the legislation of 1850 (commonly called the Compromise measures), is hereby declared inoperative and void; it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution"—a change which Benton truthfully characterized as "a stump speech injected into the belly of the Nebraska bill."

The storm of agitation which this measure aroused dwarfed all former ones in depth and intensity. The South was nearly united in its behalf, the North sadly divided in opposition. Against protest and appeal, under legislative whip and spur, with the tempting smiles and patronage of the administration, after nearly a four-months' struggle, the plighted faith of a generation was violated, and the repealing act passed—mainly by the great influence and example of Douglas, who had only five years previously so fittingly described the Missouri Compromise as being "akin to the Constitution," and "canonized in the hearts of the American people as a sacred thing which no ruthless hand would ever be reckless enough to disturb."

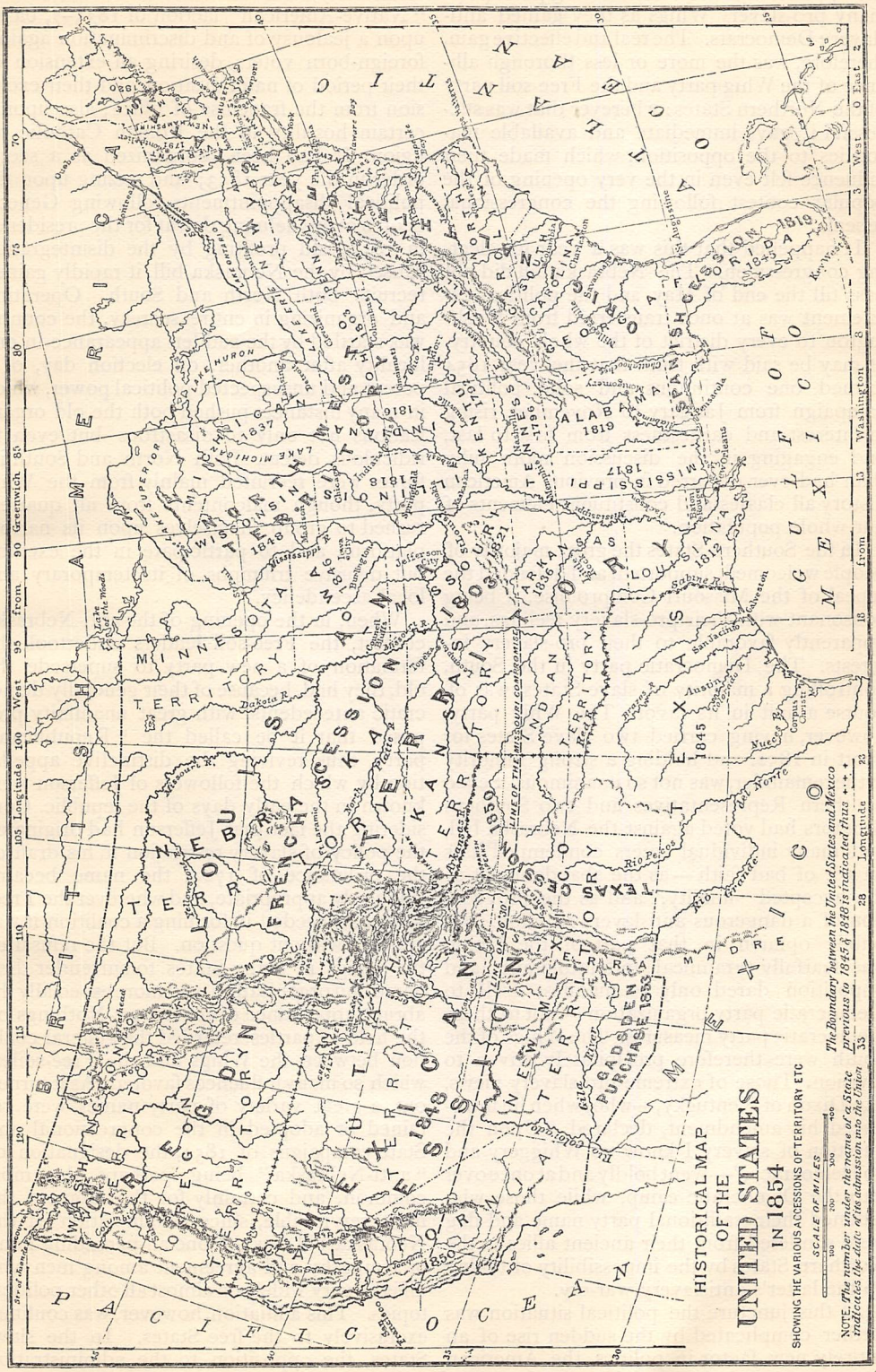
THE DRIFT OF POLITICS.

THE repeal of the Missouri Compromise made the slavery question paramount in every State of the Union. The boasted finality was a broken reed; the life-boat of compromise a hopeless wreck. If the agreement of a generation could be thus annulled in a breath, was there any safety even in the Constitution itself? This feeling communicated itself to the Northern States at the very first note of warning, and every man's party fealty was at once decided by his toleration of or opposition to slavery. While the fate of the Nebraska bill hung in a doubtful balance in the House, the feeling found expression in letters, speeches, meetings, petitions, and remonstrances. Men were for or against the bill—every other political subject was left in abeyance. The measure once passed, and the Compromise repealed, the first natural impulse was to combine, organize, and agitate for its restoration. This was the ready-made, common ground of coöperation.

It is probable that this merely defensive energy would have been overcome and dissipated, had it not just at this juncture been inspirited and led by the faction known as the Free-soil party of the country, composed mainly of men of independent antislavery views, who had now during four presidential campaigns been organized as a distinct political body, with no near hope of success, but animated mainly by the desire to give expression to their deep personal convictions. If there were demagogues here and there among them, seeking merely to create a balance of power for bargain and sale, they were unimportant in number, and only of local influence, and soon became deserters. There was no mistaking the earnestness of the body of this faction. A few fanatical men, who had made it the vehicle of violent expressions, had kept it under the ban of popular prejudice. It had long been held up to public odium as a revolutionary band of "abolitionists." All the abolitionists were doubtless in this party, but the party was not all composed of abolitionists. Despite all objurgation and contempt, however, it had become since 1840 a constant factor and a growing influence in politics. It had operated as a negative balance of power in the last two presidential elections, causing, by its diversion of votes, and more especially by its relaxing influence upon parties, the success of the Whig candidate, General Taylor, in 1848, and the Democratic nominee, Franklin Pierce, in 1852.

This small army of antislavery veterans, over one hundred and fifty-eight thousand voters in the aggregate, and distributed in detachments of from three thousand to thirty thousand in twelve of the free States, now came to the front with spirit and alacrity, and with its newspapers and speakers trained in the discussion of the subject, and its committees and affiliations already in action and correspondence, bore the brunt of the fight against the repeal. Hitherto its aims had appeared Utopian, and its resolves had been denunciatory and exasperating. Now, however, combining wisdom with opportunity, it became conciliatory, and, abating something of its abstractions, made itself the exponent of a demand for a present and practical reform — a simple return to the ancient faith and landmarks. It labored specially to bring about the dissolution of the old party organizations and the formation of a new one, based upon the general policy of resisting the extension of slavery. Since, however, the repeal had shaken but not obliterated old party lines, this effort succeeded only in favorable localities.

For the present, party disintegration was slow; men were reluctant to abandon their old-time principles and associations. The united efforts of Douglas and the administration held the body of the Northern Democrats to his fatal policy, though protests and defections became alarmingly frequent. On the other hand, the great mass of Northern Whigs promptly opposed the repeal, and now formed the bulk of


HISTORICAL MAP
OF THE
UNITED STATES
IN 1854
SHOWING THE VARIOUS ACCESSIONS OF TERRITORY ETC
SCALE OF MILES
NOTE. The number under the name of a State indicates the date of its admission into the Union
The Boundary between the United States and Mexico previous to 1848 & 1853 is indicated thus + + +
BRITISH AMERICA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
MEXICO
NORTH WESTERN TERRITORY
MINNESOTA TERRITORY
NEBRASKA TERRITORY
KANSAS TERRITORY
INDIAN TERRITORY
NEW MEXICO TERRITORY
UTAH TERRITORY
OREGON TERRITORY
CALIFORNIA
TEXAS
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
SOUTH CAROLINA
NORTH CAROLINA
TENNESSEE
KENTUCKY
OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
MICHIGAN
WISCONSIN
IOWA
NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
VIRGINIA
MAINE
VERMONT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
MASSACHUSETTS
RHODE ISLAND
CONNECTICUT
NEW JERSEY
DELAWARE
MARYLAND
LOUISIANA PURCHASE 1803
TEXAS CESSION 1850
GADSDEN PURCHASE 1853
LINE OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE
Longitude from Washington
Longitude from Greenwich

the opposition, nevertheless losing perhaps as many pro-slavery Whigs as they gained anti-slavery Democrats. The real and effective gain, therefore, was the more or less thorough alliance of the Whig party and the Free-soil party of the Northern States: wherever that was successful it gave immediate and available majorities to the opposition, which made their influence felt even in the very opening of the popular contest following the congressional repeal.

It happened that this was a year for electing congressmen. The Nebraska bill did not pass till the end of May, and the political excitement was at once transferred from Washington to every district of the whole country. It may be said with truth that the year 1854 formed one continuous and solid political campaign from January to November, rising in interest and earnestness from first to last, and engaging in the discussion more fully than had ever occurred in previous American history all classes and constituent elements of our whole population.

In the Southern States the great majority of people welcomed, supported, and defended the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, it being consonant with their pro-slavery feelings, and apparently favorable to their pro-slavery interests. The Democratic party in the South, controlling a majority of slave States, was of course a unit in its favor. The Whig party, however, having carried two slave States for Scott in 1852, and holding a strong minority in the remainder, was not so unanimous. Seven Southern Representatives and two Southern Senators had voted against the Nebraska bill, and many individual voters condemned it as an act of bad faith — as the abandonment of the accepted "finality," and as the provocation of a dangerous antislavery reaction. But public opinion in that part of the Union was fearfully tyrannical and intolerant; and opposition dared only to manifest itself to Democratic party organization — not to these Democratic party measures. The Whigs of the South were therefore precipitately driven to division. Those of extreme pro-slavery views, like Dixon of Kentucky,—who, when he introduced his amendment, declared, "Upon the question of slavery I know no Whiggery and no Democracy,"— went boldly and at once over into the Democratic camp, while those who retained their traditional party name and flag were sundered from their ancient allies in the Northern States by the impossibility of taking up the latter's antislavery war-cry.

At this juncture the political situation was further complicated by the sudden rise of an entirely new factor in politics, the American party, popularly called the "Know-Nothings." Essentially, it was a revival of the extinct "Native-American" faction of 1835–7, based upon a jealousy of and discrimination against foreign-born voters, desiring an extension of their period of naturalization, and their exclusion from the franchise of office; also upon a certain hostility to the Roman Catholic religion. It had been reorganized as a secret order in the year 1853; and seizing upon the political disappointments following General Scott's overwhelming defeat for the presidency in 1852, and profiting by the disintegration caused by the Nebraska bill, it rapidly gained recruits both North and South. Operating and organizing in entire secrecy, the country was startled by the sudden appearance in one locality after another, on election day, of a potent and unsuspected political power, which in many instances pushed both the old organizations not only to disastrous but even to ridiculous defeat. Both North and South its forces were recruited mainly from the Whig party, though malcontents from all quarters rushed to group themselves upon its narrow platform, and to participate in the exciting but delusive triumphs of its temporary and local ascendency.

When, in the opening of the anti-Nebraska contest, the Free-soil leaders undertook the formation of a new party to supersede the old, they had, because of their generally democratic antecedents, with great unanimity proposed that it be called the "Republican" party, thus reviving the distinctive appellation by which the followers of Jefferson were known in the early days of the republic. Considering the fact that Jefferson had originated the policy of slavery restriction in his draft of the ordinance of 1784, the name became singularly appropriate, and wherever the Free-soilers succeeded in forming a coalition it was adopted without question. But the refusal of the Whigs in many States to surrender their name and organization, and more especially the abrupt appearance of the Know-Nothings on the field of parties, retarded the general coalition between the Whigs and the Free-soilers which so many influences favored. As it turned out, a great variety of party names were retained or adopted in the congressional and State campaigns of 1854, the designation of "anti-Nebraska" being perhaps the most common, and certainly for the moment the most serviceable, since denunciation of the Nebraska bill was the one all-pervading bond of sympathy and agreement among men who differed very widely on almost all other political topics. This affiliation, however, was confined exclusively to the free States. In the slave States, the opposition to the administration dared not raise the anti-Nebraska banner, nor

could it have found followers; and it was not only inclined but forced to make its battle either under the old name of Whigs, or, as became more popular, under the new appellation of "Americans," which grew into a more dignified synonym for Know-Nothings.

Thus confronted, the Nebraska and anti-Nebraska factions, or, more philosophically speaking, the pro-slavery and antislavery sentiment of the several American States, battled for political supremacy with a zeal and determination only manifested on occasions of deep and vital concern to the welfare of the republic. However languidly certain elements of American society may perform what they deem the drudgery of politics, they no longer shrink from it when they hear warning of real danger. The alarm of the nation by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was serious and startling. All ranks and occupations therefore joined with a new energy in the contest it provoked. Particularly was the religious sentiment of the North profoundly moved by the moral question involved. Perhaps for the first time in our modern politics, the pulpit vied with the press, and the Church with the campaign club, in the work of debate and propagandism.

The very inception of the struggle had provoked bitter words. Before the third Nebraska bill had yet been introduced into the Senate, the then little band of "Independent Democrats" in Congress — Chase, Sumner, Giddings, and three others — had issued a newspaper address calling the repeal "a gross violation of a sacred pledge"; "a criminal betrayal of precious rights"; "an atrocious plot," "designed to cover up from public reprehension meditated bad faith," etc. Douglas, seizing only too gladly the pretext to use denunciation instead of argument, replied in his opening speech, in turn stigmatizing them as "abolition confederates" "assembled in secret conclave" "on the holy sabbath while other Senators were engaged in divine worship" —"plotting," "in the name of holy religion"; "perverting," and "calumniating the committee"; "appealing with a smiling face to his courtesy to get time to circulate their document before its infamy could be exposed,"etc.* The key-notes of the discussion thus given were well sustained on both sides, and crimination and recrimination increased with the heat and intensity of the campaign. The gradual disruption of parties, and the new and radical attitudes assumed by men of independent thought, gave ample occasion to indulge in such epithets as "apostates," "renegades," and "traitors." Unusual acrimony grew out of the zeal of the Church and its ministers. The clergymen of the Northern States not only spoke against the repeal from their pulpits, but forwarded energetic petitions against it to Congress, three thousand and fifty clergymen of New England of different denominations joining their signatures in one protest. "We protest against it," they said, "as a great moral wrong, as a breach of faith eminently unjust to the moral principles of the community, and subversive of all confidence in national engagements; as a measure full of danger to the peace and even the existence of our beloved Union, and exposing us to the righteous judgment of the Almighty." † In return, Douglas made a most virulent onslaught on their political action. "Here we find," he retorted, "that a large body of preachers, perhaps three thousand, following the lead of a circular which was issued by the abolition confederates in this body, calculated to deceive and mislead the public, have here come forward with an atrocious falsehood, and an atrocious calumny against this Senate, desecrated the pulpit, and prostituted the sacred desk to the miserable and corrupting influence of party politics." All his newspapers and partisans throughout the country caught the style and spirit of his warfare, and boldly denied the moral right of the clergy to take part in politics otherwise than by a silent vote. But they, on the other hand, persisted all the more earnestly in justifying their interference in moral questions wherever they appeared, and were clearly sustained by the public opinion of the North.

Though the repeal was forced through Congress under party pressure, and by the sheer weight of a large Democratic majority in both branches, it met from the very first a decided and unmistakable popular condemnation in the free States. While the measure was yet under discussion in the House in March, New Hampshire led off by an election completely obliterating the eighty-nine Democratic majority in her Legislature. Connecticut followed in her footsteps early in April. Long before November it was evident that the political revolution among the people of the North was thorough, and that election day was anxiously awaited merely to record the popular verdict long since decided.

The influence of this result upon parties, old and new, is perhaps best illustrated in the organization of the Thirty-fourth Congress, chosen at these elections during the year 1854, which witnessed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Each Congress, in ordinary course, meets for the first time about one year after its members are elected by the people, and the influence of politics during the interim needs always to be taken into account.

* Sheahan's "Life of Douglas," p. 194.

† Globe, March 14, 1854, p. 617.

In this particular instance this effect had, if anything, been slightly reactionary, and the great contest for the Speakership during the winter of 1855–6 may therefore be taken as a fair manifestation of the spirit of politics in 1854.

The strength of the preceding House of Representatives, which met in December, 1853, had been: Whigs, 71; Free-soilers, 4; Democrats, 159—a clear Democratic majority of 84.* In the new Congress there were in the House, as nearly as the classification could be made, about 108 anti-Nebraska members, nearly 40 Know-Nothings, and about 75 Democrats; the remaining members were undecided.† The proud Democratic majority of the Pierce election was therefore annihilated.

But as yet the new party was merely inchoate, its elements distrustful, jealous, and discordant; the feuds and battles of a quarter of a century were not easily forgotten or buried. The Democratic members, boldly nominating Mr. Richardson, the House leader on the Nebraska bill, as their candidate for Speaker, made a long and determined push for success. But his highest range of votes was about 74 to 76; while through 121 ballotings, having continued from December 3d to January 23d, the opposition remained divided, Mr. Banks, the anti-Nebraska favorite, running at one time up to 106 — within seven votes of an election. At this point, Richardson, finding it a hopeless struggle, withdrew his name as a candidate, and the Democratic strength was transferred to another, but with no better prospects. Finally, seeing no chance of otherwise terminating the contest, the House yielded to the inevitable domination of the slavery question, and resolved, on February 2d, by a vote of 113 to 104, to elect under the plurality rule after the next three ballotings. Under this rule, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to rescind it, Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts was chosen Speaker by 103 votes, against 100 votes for William Aiken of South Carolina, with 30 scattering. The "ruthless" repeal of the Missouri Compromise had effectually broken the legislative power of the Democratic party.

* Whig Almanac, 1854, p. 4.
† "Tribune" Almanac, 1857, p. 29.

[We wish to note our obligation to Mr. J. Smith Speed (since deceased) and to Mr. Thomas Speed and Mr. R. J. Menefee for valuable assistance in illustrating early chapters of the Life of Lincoln.— EDITOR.]

IN THE LANE.

AND art thou then, my heart, too old
Ever to leap with love again,
To feel the strong blood-torrent rolled
Through heaving breast and teeming brain?
Is it no more, my heart, for thee
Life's one unquestioned ecstasy?

Are faded quite those dim, far days
When music mothered every sound,
When up and down youth's happy ways
Fared glories on eternal round?
Has chill of years killed every joy
That blossomed for the wandering boy?

These are the trees once known so well
We felt to them all but beknown;
Their very shadow we could tell
From others by the forest thrown.
The same glad songs from bush and bough—
As once we heard, we hear them now.

And these sweet flowers beneath my feet,
Their young eyes greet us as of yore.
The hope, there! Still they think to meet
Her glance that shall not answer more:
To us alone it cannot be
They're looking up so tenderly.

This is the same gray path we took
Behind the slowly going day;
As they do now, the light leaves shook
When evening breezes blew this way;
And there's the glow upon the dome,
And here the cows are coming home.

Ah, no, good heart, thou still canst stir,
Still lives the love first bid thee leap:
Still are we at the side of her
They laid away 'neath yonder steep.
Though clods be on her and a stone,
In the dear old lane we're not alone.

John Vance Cheney.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XII.

N the day of Mr. Stratford's arrival in the city, and very soon after he had parted from Enoch Bullripple, the latter received a letter from his nephew, John People. It was a long letter, and full of indignation and reproach. In the strongest terms which John's sense of duty would allow him to use towards a respected relative, he protested against the injustice and injury which had been done him by the unwarrantable trick played upon him by his uncle. Mr. Bullripple's letter had assured him that it was all intended for his good, but this declaration made no impression on John. He had been ruthlessly forced to break his faith with his employer, and to desert and neglect the interests which had been intrusted to him. Nothing on earth could have tempted him voluntarily to do what he had been tricked into doing. Instead of this enforced absence being a benefit to him, he felt sure it would work him an injury. He had written to his employer explaining the whole affair, but he had no reason to believe that his explanations would clear him from condemnation by that person; and disaster, both to his fortune and to the business, must certainly result from his uncle's deplorable action.

John further stated that, instead of writing, he would have hastened home himself, but that he had no money by which to come by rail, and that the steamer on which he had a return ticket would not start North for several days. He had written for money to be telegraphed to him, and would be in the city at the earliest possible moment.

When Mr. Bullripple had read this letter his countenance was not that of a man whose conscience had been touched by the reproaches of one he had wronged. On the contrary, he allowed himself a smile of much content as he folded the letter and slipped it into an inner pocket of his coat.

"Written to the boss, has he?" he said to himself. "That's all right; and now we'll wait and see what happens next. If the boss can stand that punch without comin' out of his hole and showin' himself, he's got more grit than anybody I've met yit on this planet."

The fact that John had not been able immediately to set out on his return to the city was a comfort and relief to the soul of Mr. Bullripple, for he had found that the task of ferreting out the concealed proprietor of Vatoldi's was more difficult than he had expected it to be, and for the past day or two he had feared that his nephew might make his appearance and prevent the successful working out of his plans. But now there was some time yet in which, with his perceptive faculties keener than ever, he could keep a bright lookout for the other man to whom John had written.

When Mr. Stull received his letter it was a happy thing for him that he was alone, for he fairly roared with fury. He had thought that his detestation of Enoch Bullripple could not be greater than it had become during the time that the old man had had sole charge of Vatoldi's; but now Mr. Stull found that he had been mistaken. Nothing that Bullripple had done could compare with this act of demoniacal villainy. If ever a man had been revenged on another, he would be revenged on this old farmer. It was not necessary for him to show himself, nor to do anything at the present moment. It would not be long before John People would return, and then he could act, as before, unseen and unknown. The first thing he would do would be to order his manager immediately to send his uncle and his mother to their home in the country; and then Mr. Stull determined to devote all the energy of his intellect to schemes by which that reprobate of a Bullripple should be made to suffer for his sins, without knowing who caused him his pangs and his agony. There were weak places in Mr. Bullripple's affairs which Stull knew, and it was at these spots he intended to strike until he had reached the very heart of his victim.

During the rest of that day, and a great part of the night, the mind of Mr. Stull was almost entirely given over to schemes for the ruin of the man who in such scoundrelly fashion had thrust himself into his path.

The next day he lunched at Vatoldi's, as was his custom. No matter what happened,

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he said to himself, he would make no change in his ordinary habits, and give no one reason to suppose that what was occurring there was of the slightest concern to him.

But the difficulty of restraining himself to his prescribed line of action was now greater than he ever imagined it could be. To look at Enoch Bullripple without hurling knives, forks, and imprecations at him induced a strain which few minds except that of J. Weatherby Stull could have withstood. He ate with assumed appetite the meal which he had ordered, and no knives, forks, or imprecations flew through the air. But his soul writhed, groaned, and gritted its teeth within him, and he longed for the coming of John People, and the beginning of his vengeance. Not only the uncle, but the nephew, should suffer. He had to be very careful in his treatment of the only person who held his secret, but he would not allow himself to forget that John had been weak and foolish enough to be led away by a most flimsy trick from his post of duty at a time when it was so necessary that he should be there. Mr. Stull had not yet determined how John should be punished, but that this punishment should take place he most solemnly promised himself.

Mr. Stull was a man who, if he had anything to do, liked to go to work and do it as soon as possible; and the very next morning he set on foot some particular inquiries in regard to the tenure by which Enoch held his farm. He thought that said tenure probably resembled that by which he held his own farm; and, if this should prove to be the case, he had conceived a plan by which the meddling old man could be brought to a just punishment, and that, too, without knowing who had brought it upon him.

He ate his luncheon at Vatoldi's that day with a good appetite, for the prospect of making himself even with old Enoch, and the knowledge that John would very soon return, had restored his mental and physical systems to something of their ordinary condition. His indignation against Enoch received, however, fresh fuel to-day. New placards had been hung upon the wall, one announcing that certain puddings would be furnished with "Boycotter Sauce"; and the general vulgarity and low tone of the place seemed to be on the increase. Before the receipt of John People's letter Mr. Stull had believed old Bullripple to be a stupid blunderer, who, knowing nothing of the business he had undertaken, had done everything in the way it should not be done; but now he believed him to be a designing rascal, who, hating anything better than that to which he was accustomed, was taking a vicious delight in pulling Vatoldi's down to his own level, for nothing but the depraved love of power, and the desire to make the restaurant what his groveling soul thought it ought to be, could have induced the old man to take so much trouble to get his nephew out of the way.

Shortly before three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Stull was astounded, almost paralyzed, in fact, by beholding the entrance, unheralded by announcement or knock, of Enoch Bullripple into his private room at the bank. His astonishment was instantly succeeded by an influx of savage fury at this intrusion, and rising to his feet, he was about to launch his indignation against the old man, but Enoch spoke first. Holding out a large wallet stuffed with bank notes, the exuberance of which was restrained by a piece of twine, he said:

"I want to know, Mr. Stull, what I'm to do with this money? There hain't been none deposited in the bank since John went away, and there's a good deal more of it now than ought to be kep' in that little safe under the desk. Now I don't know whether I'm to deposit it in John's name, or in your name. You know I haven't got no account at this bank."

Mr. Stull sat down. His face was gray, his eyes were wide open. Mr. Bullripple took a chair on the opposite side of the table, on which he laid his wallet.

"Sick?" said he, looking over at the other.

Stull's face now began to work. "What do you — what do you mean," he stammered, "by bringing that to *me?*" And he made a faint motion as if he would push the wallet from the table.

Enoch leaned back in his chair, half closed his eyes, and grinned. "It appears to me," he said, "that the man that owns a lot of money is the best person to ask what's got to be done with it. Game's up, Jonathan Stull," he added. "'Tain't no more use keepin' in your hole; you might jus' as well walk right out and show yourself."

Dumb, gray, and open-eyed, Mr. Stull still stared at the old man. One thought only filled his mind: that arch-fiend on the other side of the table possessed his secret. When John People was his only confidant Mr. Stull had felt safe and satisfied. The incalculable importance of secrecy had been made known to John. The young man was honest and faithful, and he would as soon have thought of stealing his employer's money as of betraying his sacred confidence.

But now the secret was known to a black-hearted wretch. Mr. Stull said nothing, because no words would come to him; but it was unnecessary to say anything. No questioning was needed to make him see plainer than he saw now that Enoch Bullripple knew that he was the owner of Vatoldi's.

The old man had no intention of forcing

his victim to express himself, nor of prolonging the interview merely to enjoy his triumph, and he proceeded at once to business. "Now, Jonathan Stull," he said, leaning forward on the table, "you and me has got somethin' to talk about, and the sooner we git at it the better. You're a good deal took back, I can see, and don't appear to be ready to be very glib with your words. But that ain't needed. All you've got to do jus' now is to listen; and when I'm through, and you've come a little to your senses, you can tell me what you've made up your mind to do."

It may be here remarked that not for one moment did Mr. Stull suspect that John had betrayed him to Bullripple. The tone of the young man's letter to him, and the fact that his uncle found it necessary to get rid of him, made it plain to Mr. Stull that John's integrity had not been shaken. He knew, as well as if he had been told, that in some way he had betrayed himself to that sharp-eyed old wolf who was now glaring at him. A tidal wave of rage came rolling back upon him. It was necessary to restrain himself, but he could look upon Enoch only as a venomous creature from whom it was difficult to withhold a blow.

"Be quick," he said savagely. "What do you want? Is it that?" And he pointed to the wallet.

Enoch struck the table with his fist. He, too, was roused, but he felt under no restraint. "Get out with you!" he said. "What do you suppose I want with your pancake and molasses money? But I'll let you know what I do want — and in short order too. It's not been very long since I've found out that the person who was working my nephew John by day and by night, and givin' him mighty little for it and no show for himself, was a mean sneak, who, for some reason or other, was afraid to show his face, even when his own business was goin' to rack and ruin; and ever sence this was made clear and plain to me, I've jus' given myself up to the business of rooting out that feller, and have left my farm to be took charge of by a hired man; and how much I've lost I don't know, nor I don't keer, for I've got him out. He's settin' right here in front of me. By George!" the old man exclaimed, while an enormous grin elevated his wrinkled cheeks, "you must 'a' been tored up wuss than a sassafras field that's bein' grubbed and plowed when you seed me turnin' your eatin' house upside down, and a-doin' everythin' I knowed was agin the creed and catechism of whoever it was who owned the place. It took a good deal longer to fetch that rat out than I thought it would, fur he had more grit than I give him credit fur. But I did it. By George! I did it. When I got John's letter, and he said he'd wrote to the owner, I says to myself, 'That feller's bound to show up now, if ever he does.' And, sure enough, he did. I'd had my eye on you for a good while, though there was times when I thought you couldn't be fool enough to let me rip and stave jus' as I pleased, without ever liftin' your finger or sayin' a word. But from what I'd had to do with you afore, I knowed you was the man to do anythin' mean and sneakin' if it was called fur; and your comin' there so constant made me suspicion you. It wasn't like you to be eatin' every day in a place like that if there wasn't a better reason for it than what you said about your allus bein' in the habit of comin'. And yesterday, when you got John's letter, you came in a-glarin' like a two-eyed locomotive, and I could 'a' swore before an alderman you was the man. But I wasn't quite ready to come out on you, fur I hadn't got my accounts all squared up. But I was glad I waited, for the way you looked at me this day while you was eatin' made the thing as sure as if *you'd* gone before an alderman and swore it. And here I am; and there's the money on hand, up to two o'clock to-day; and inside the wallet is a statement of all I've took in and all I've spent. And now I'll come to the p'int. If you've got any reason fur keepin' yourself hid and out of sight, that's your affair, and not mine. But if you want me to keep mum about it, you've got to come to my terms, and them's these: John must be took into the business, and have a decent share of the profits; and he's not to be kep' slavin' at it neither, but he's to have help enough so's he can git off now and then, like other people. I've made up my mind that he's to have a clean two weeks to begin with, to come down into the country to see his mother and me. That trip down South ain't to be counted in at all. He didn't git no pleasure out of it, and it jus' went in in the way of business. What in the name of common sense made him stick to you as he has stuck is more than I can tell. It's out and out beyond me. But he's got to be paid for it now. As soon as he comes home I'm goin' to set the whole thing fair and square before him, and I'll see to it that you and him makes out the right kind of a contract. Now, then, Jonathan Stull, you see what's before you. And if you back out, and say you are not the owner of Vatoldi's — well, then, by George! John and me will keep the place and run it ourselves until the real owner turns up. Now, then, there's the money; and what have you got to say?"

Into the gloomy ferocity of Mr. Stull's soul there entered a gleam of satisfaction. The scheme of the old man was not one of simple malicious vengeance. He wanted something.

He desired to make a bargain. This showed a way out of the difficulty. The bargain could be entered into, and everything go on as before; and Mr. Stull had confidence enough in his own ability to feel sure that he could carry out the plan of vengeance he had devised. He did not strongly object to giving John a moderate share in the business. On some accounts it might be a very wise thing to do. But, whatever arrangement might be made, and whatever good might come of it, he would never forgive the wretched old scoundrel who had ferreted out his secret and forced himself into his affairs.

He stood up suddenly, almost overturning his chair as he did so. Seizing the bulging wallet with one hand, he waved the other toward the door. "Now you can go!" he snarled to Enoch.

Mr. Bullripple did not immediately move. "I'll go when I'm ready," he said. "And, as I've nothin' more to say, I'll go now. And you see to it, Jonathan Stull, when I come to you about that contract, that you're ready to make it."

Thereupon he slowly rose and went out. He knew his man would be ready.

The next evening Mr. Bullripple called upon Mr. Stratford at his city apartments to inform that gentleman that he and Mrs. People would return next morning to the farm-house, where they would be glad to welcome their friend and lodger as soon as he chose to return, and to make him as comfortable as he had been accustomed to be in their house.

"We've been away a good deal longer than we expected," said Enoch, "and I hope you didn't feel yourself druv to come to town."

"Not at all," said Mr. Stratford. "I should have come to the city in any case. But how have you succeeded in the complicated scheme of which you told me the other day? And are you ready to show me my hundredth man?"

"Oh, I've got him! I've got him!" cried Enoch, his eyes sparkling. "But the mischief of it is, I can't show him to you. It would jus' tickle me to death if I could p'int him out, but things is fixed so it can't be done."

"I suppose, from what you told me the other day," said Stratford, "that you have discovered the owner of Vatoldi's."

"That's the feller!" cried Enoch. "And, by George! he squealed when I made him come out of his hole. But out he came, and I fixed it all right with him. And I tell you, Mr. Stratford, if I could take you where that man is, and p'int him out, and let you know what he's done and what he didn't do, you'd say, 'Enoch Bullripple, that's my hundredth man, and I needn't look no further.'"

Mr. Stratford laughed. "And yet you can't show him?" said he.

"No, sir," said Enoch. "I've agreed to let him go back in his hole, and have promised not to rout him out no more so long as he sticks to what he says he'll do. But I've made a pretty good thing of it for John. He's to have a share in the business, and has got to be treated more like a man and less like a plow-horse."

"Did John agree to your stepping in in this way," inquired Stratford, "and arranging his affairs for him in this extraordinary fashion?"

"He couldn't do nothin' else but agree to it," said Enoch. "I got my thumb on both of 'em, and if either of 'em had skipped from under, all I had to do was to wash my hands of the whole business, and to tell you and everybody else what I'd found out; and that would 'a' knocked the eatin' house proprietor higher'n a kite. And John knowed it. He was as mad as hops when he got back last night, but that didn't hurt nobody; and this afternoon he and the other feller jus' walked up to the scratch, and the contract between 'em was signed and sealed. And that's why me and Mrs. People is goin' home, havin' no more to do here, and lots to do there. And I hope it won't be long before you'll be comin' too."

"You'll see me in a day or two," said Stratford; "and it strikes me that you needn't trouble yourself about not being able to show me the hundredth man. I am not sure about it, but I expect I can put my finger upon him before very long."

"Now look here, Mr. Stratford," said Enoch, a little anxiously; "if you do find him, I hope it won't be on account of anythin' I've said. I've promised to keep him shady, and I'm not a man to go back on my word."

"Be perfectly easy on that point," said Mr. Stratford. "I am not thinking of the owner of Vatoldi's, and I have no desire to seek him out."

"You wouldn't be likely to find him, if you tried," said Enoch, rising to depart; "and I can't help you. And as it's my opinion there ain't no other one like him, I advise you to give up the search for your hundredth man."

XIII.

SHORTLY after Mr. Stratford's arrival in the city he was called upon by his friend Arthur Thorne, who had a grievance.

"Do you know," said Thorne, "that you got me into a pretty scrape up there at Cherry Bridge?"

"How so?" asked Stratford.

"By not telling me that Miss Armatt was engaged. When you told me that you were not her lover, I made up my mind that as I am her lover, I would win her if I could. I never supposed that any one else was in the way. I wrote

to Mrs. Justin asking permission to go there and push my suit, and I've had a letter from her telling me that for more than a year the young lady has been engaged to be married. Now, what a position is this for me to place myself in? Why didn't you tell me that she was engaged?"

"Because I do not approve of the engagement," said Stratford, "and think it well to say as little of it as possible."

Mr. Thorne gazed at his friend in amazement. "What in the name of common sense," he asked, "have you to do with it? And what matters it whether you approve of it or not? She is not related to you?"

"Not in any way," said Stratford. "But I wished to be a good friend to her, and, at least, intend to try to be. And now let me tell you how things stand." Thereupon Stratford proceeded to speak of Gay Armatt. He told his friend what sort of girl she was, what her career had been, what her aspirations were, and what her future ought to be. He told how she had been engaged, while yet a student, and a very girl in all social matters, to a man whose marriage with her would degrade her, put an end to her mental development, and make only a hard-worked housekeeper of one who now had everything to hope for that was open to a woman. He proceeded to say that he believed that the girl should be saved from such a fate; and that, as there was no one else to do it, he intended to save her himself, if possible. And then he detailed his plans regarding Miss Armatt.

"By which you mean," cried Arthur, when he had finished, "that you intend to break off this engagement, and then marry her yourself."

Stratford shook his head. "I shall do nothing of the kind. If the engagement comes to an end, as I hope it may, I shall greatly desire that Miss Armatt shall marry some man worthy of her; and all that I shall do will be to endeavor to carry her over the gap between the present engagement and one which shall be suitable."

"Monstrous!" cried Arthur. "You might as well try to break up a marriage because you think the man and his wife are not suited to each other; and I am surprised to hear you speak as you have done about a wife's position as mistress of her house. There is no nobler place for a woman. I have no doubt Miss Armatt looks forward with most joyous anticipations to those household duties and pleasures which you have decided that she ought not to have."

"You do not grasp the situation," said Stratford. "I know exactly what Miss Armatt looks forward to. She expects to be mistress of a household, and to be happy in that position. Her hopes in this direction are vague and ill-defined, while her views in regard to her future intellectual life are as clear and definite as those of any brain-worker who ever lived. But she does not know, as I do, that her marriage with Crisman will totally wreck this intellectual life, and make her a disappointed and unhappy woman."

Thorne arose suddenly, and began to walk up and down the room. "It angers me," he said, "to hear you talk in this way. How on earth do you know what her life will be? Is she not a rational being, able to plan out such things for herself?"

"She is not as able to do it as I am," said Stratford; "for she does not know Crisman as I know him."

For answer Mr. Thorne snapped his fingers, and then laughed derisively. "I speak mildly," he said, "when I call this a most unusual way of getting a wife. It is courtship after the eagle and fish-hawk fashion."

"I tell you," said Stratford, turning sharply upon him, "that I have no intention of making love to or of marrying Miss Armatt."

"Do you mean to say," asked Thorne, stopping in his restless walk, "that if you succeed in convincing this girl that there are much better men in the world than the man she is engaged to, and a much better kind of love than the love which exists between him and her, and that there is for her a happiness which is far greater than anything she could expect if she married Crisman, and in this way break off the match — do you mean to say, I ask, that you would then be willing for another man to step in, myself, for instance, and try to win her?"

"Entirely willing," said Stratford. "Nothing would please me better than to see her married to you."

Thorne burst out into a loud, contemptuous laugh, and taking up his hat, he walked away without a word. Never since he had been a man had he been guilty of such a breach of good manners.

Stratford was left with his temper somewhat aroused, but it soon cooled down. He was discovering that he could not expect sympathy in the task he had undertaken.

Arthur Thorne did not so soon cool down. It was not very easy to warm him up; but when he became heated, the reduction of his mental temperature was generally a slow process. He was angry with Stratford. He had persuaded himself, since the receipt of the letter from Mrs. Justin, that, as an honorable man, he had given up, absolutely and utterly, all amatory ideas in regard to Miss Armatt. She belonged to another person, and he had no right even to think of her in that sort of way. It was very hard for him to do this, for the girl had made an impression on him such as he had never received before. He believed that it was his duty to marry, and he wanted to marry;

and when he was living in the house with Miss Armatt, and his friend Stratford had told him that he had no matrimonial intentions toward her, it had come to him much more forcibly than things usually came to him, that here was the woman out of all the world whom he would like to make his wife. But he believed he had been torn from every thought of this kind, and had gone to Stratford merely with the intention of mildly upbraiding him for having allowed him to put himself in a false position.

But now, as has been said, he was very angry with his friend, and the more he thought of it, the more he thought he perceived a very strong element of jealousy in this anger. But why should he have feelings of jealousy in regard to Miss Armatt? He had no right to such feelings, and could have none. It was a vile and wretched state of affairs, and Stratford had led him into it. Therefore was he angry.

It was on a Tuesday morning, and several days after Mr. Stratford had concluded the business which brought him to town, that Miss Gay Armatt sat on the porch of the Cherry Bridge house writing a letter. The paper lay upon a portfolio on her lap, and on the floor by her side stood her little traveling inkstand with its two tops open at angles which invited upset on the slightest provocation. She was writing very slowly, stopping often to think what she should say. She wished to be very careful to make this letter exactly what it ought to be, for it was to go to Mr. Stratford, and it was the first one she had ever written to him. Her work, although slow, did not seem to be irksome to her; on the contrary, she appeared very much interested in it. Whenever she held her pen motionless, raised a little above the paper, and gazed up into the trees or the vines about her, there came into her eyes a brightness, and on her cheeks a faint deepening of their warmer tones, which made those eyes and cheeks more charming than in ordinary times, while her lips moved as though she might smile or speak or even hum a tune before she began to write again. On the tulip poplar near by, there sat a little bird which looked very like the bird to which, not long ago, she had told the secret of her birthday. If it had been truly the same bird, it would have been easy to imagine that his little breast was filled with wonder that that young creature sitting down there, in the shade, and in the fragrance of the honeysuckle vines, writing a letter on her knee, could be really twenty-one years old, and a very woman.

If the little bird could have looked into her brain, he would have seen that it was stored with the result of years of study and conscientious intellectual work; and if he could have looked into her heart, he would have seen that it was filled with impulses and emotions which were truly womanly. But could he have known her cheerful, half-blown notions about men, women, and the world, and could he have understood that joyousness of disposition which sprang from lovers' words, or woodbine scents, or clusters of wild strawberries, he might have said to himself that many a wiser bird than he would think that this young creature, writing a letter in the shade of the vines, was mistaken in supposing that she was no longer a girl.

Gay had heard only the evening before that Mr. Stratford had returned to the Cherry Bridge neighborhood; and as she had something to say to him, she thought it her duty to write without loss of time: and that it was a duty she did not in the least shrink from might easily have been perceived by any human being or bird capable of making deductions of this kind. Mr. Crisman had been with her on the previous Sunday; and she had noticed, or had thought she noticed, that he was a little, a very little, wearied by what he called the monotony of the country. Now she was very desirous that he should not become wearied by Cherry Bridge. This was a region which could never be monotonous to her, but she could easily see that it might be so to Charley. He spent no whole day there except Sunday, and there was so little a person of his tastes could do in this part of the country on Sunday. He was fond of fishing, but he arrived too late on Saturday afternoons for any diversion of that sort; and, besides, he had told her that he did not like to go wandering about by himself with a fishing rod. If there were pleasant fellows along, that was another thing, but solitary fishing was too lonesome a business for him. He might sometime stay over Monday for a day's fishing; but as there was no one to go with him, there was no use talking about it. Gay offered to go with him herself; but he laughed at her in a very good-humored and superior way, and told her that if he ever found a stream where the fish were too plentiful and needed to be frightened and made gamy, he would take her along. She assured him that Mr. Stratford told her that she could, in time, learn to fish very well; but at this Crisman laughed again, and said that Stratford probably did not know women as well as he did. When it came to a real day's fishing, he thought that Mistress Gay would be much better pleased in a hammock on the lawn, with a novel and a box of caramels.

Gay did not dispute this point, for she knew that Charley was not fond of having his propositions controverted, and she herself took no pleasure in arguments; but she said she did not doubt that Mr. Stratford would go fishing with him, and he could have no better companion, for that gentleman knew the country

so well he could take him where the best fishing was to be found. This proposal suited Mr. Crisman very well. If Stratford would go with him, he would make his arrangements to stay up some Monday, and have a long day's tramp among the trout streams. Gay said she would ask Mr. Stratford about it as soon as he came back; and when she heard of his return, she did not wait until he should call on them, but set herself to work to write him a letter.

The letter, when finished, was a very good one, and explained the situation in a satisfactory manner. Gay gave it to Mrs. Justin to read, who was surprised when told it had been written, but who, on reading it, could find nothing in it to which reasonable objection could be made. On general principles she objected to Gay's writing to Mr. Stratford on any subject, or in any manner whatever. But as this was really Mr. Crisman's affair, and as he had desired that Gay should write the letter, Mrs. Justin of course had no right to interfere. She read the neatly written pages a second time, but she could discover nothing in them which would lead the recipient to suppose that the writer thought of aught else but that her lover should have a pleasant day's fishing, with an agreeable companion and competent guide.

Gay was anxious that her epistle should be dispatched as soon as possible, because, if Mr. Stratford would go fishing on the following Monday, she wanted to write immediately and let Mr. Crisman know. Mrs. Justin said she was going to send a man to the village, and that he could ride on and take the letter to Mr. Stratford. Gay went back to the porch to put it into an envelope and address it, and when she was pressing it down on her portfolio while sealing it, a thought came into her head. Taking up her pen, she wrote on the back of the envelope: "Are you *ever* coming to see us again?" When the man came she gave him the note, and he rode away.

At luncheon time the returning messenger brought back an answer. Mr. Stratford wrote that he would be much pleased to accompany Mr. Crisman on a fishing excursion on the day proposed, and he felt under obligations to Miss Armatt for giving him this opportunity of serving her friend. It was a very pleasant note, and a very polite one; but when Gay had read it through, there was a shade of disappointment on her face.

"He doesn't say a word," she exclaimed, "about coming to see us!"

Mrs. Justin was a little surprised that Gay should expect any such word, and she remarked that probably Mr. Stratford did not think it necessary to announce any intention of that kind.

The fishing expedition came off the following Monday; and in order to stay out of town for that day, Mr. Crisman came to Cherry Bridge on Sunday, instead of Saturday, as was his custom. This made his visit to Gay a comparatively short one; but as she was easily brought to see that putting on time to one end of his visit made it necessary to take off some from the other, she did not complain.

Mr. Stratford's motives in agreeing to the proposal for a day's fishing were of varied kinds. He had no particular desire to gratify the piscatorial propensities of Mr. Crisman, but he was more than willing to do anything which should be asked of him by Miss Armatt. But his principal object in consenting to be Mr. Crisman's companion for a whole day was to give that young man an opportunity of changing the opinion which he had formed of him. "It may be," Stratford had said to himself, "that I am mistaken in my estimate of the man. There may be qualities in him which will counterbalance those to which I so greatly object. At present he is very decidedly commonplace and vulgar; but his nature may be weaker than I take it to be, and he may be susceptible to the impressions which Gay would make upon almost any one, and thereby be drawn under her influence. If there is a possibility of anything of that kind, the marriage may be well enough. There is no reason to suppose that she could elevate him very much, but she might raise him high enough to enter with some sort of sympathy into her pursuits and purposes. He must always be a drag upon her, but he might not be able to pull her down. And, again, he may have points which are so good in themselves as to overbalance some of the bad ones I have noticed in him. If that be the case, I will let Mrs. Justin and Thorne have their way. If there is anything good in the man, it is bound to come out in the course of a day's tramp."

Stratford was perfectly honest in his intentions towards his companion. He did not like Crisman, and would have been sorry, under any circumstances, to see him married to Gay, whose nature was of an entirely different order from that of her lover. But if there was any reason to believe that the marriage would not prove the wreck and ruin of which he thought so much and spoke so frequently, then he would consider it his duty not to interfere with the course events were taking. He did not intend during this day with Crisman to be a spy upon him; in fact, he made up his mind to avoid saying or doing anything which would be calculated to bring into view the bad points of the young man: he had seen enough of them, and desired to know no more concerning them. What he would make it his business to discover was the good that might be in Crisman.

The day was an admirable one for trout fish-

ing. The sky was slightly overspread by clouds; there was breeze enough, and none too much; and if Crisman had been a fellow inclined to grumble, which he was not, he would have found no reason for discontent this day. He had not known before what an agreeable and talkative companion Stratford could be, and what a generous fellow too, as was shown by his constantly surrendering favorable fishing opportunities to the younger man. There was another thing which Crisman very much liked in Stratford: he obtruded no advice. Crisman had not had very much practice with the rod and fly, and his only mental objection, when Gay proposed this expedition, was founded on the fear that Stratford, whom he knew to be a skillful angler, would be continually telling him what he ought to do. Stratford had too much good feeling, as well as tact, for this. He knew that the young man had come out for a day's fishing, and not a day's teaching; and he felt quite sure, too, that Crisman was not the man to submit to the presumption that teaching was necessary. So they got on capitally together, each fishing in his own way, and Crisman catching a good many trout, and rejoicing a great deal in his fortune.

About the middle of the day they sat down in the shade of a great pine-tree to rest and eat the luncheon they had brought with them. When Crisman had satisfied his appetite, which was a very fine one, he lighted a cigar and stretched himself upon the ground, covered thickly with sweet-scented pine needles, to have a smoke and enjoy the situation. Stratford sat near by, looking upon the young man with an expression in which there was an odd mixture of kindly feeling and antipathy. He had found in Crisman much of that buoyant good nature which was so noticeable in Gay, and it seemed difficult to believe that under any circumstances he would be aught but a cheery and heartening companion; and this disposition should count against a great many shortcomings in a matrimonial partner. But at the same time there was an air of self-assertion about Crisman which was unpleasant to the other. There was no occasion for his asserting himself against anything, or in favor of anything; and this assertion seemed to be a habit consequent upon a belief in a man's right to demand from others the recognition of his merits. His theories, his creeds, and his prejudices were placed, so to speak, in his shop window, and he stood at his door calling upon the passers-by to look upon them.

"There's something very jolly and independent in all this," said Crisman as he unlaced and kicked off one of his heavy boots. "There are no bonds of slavery here; no goods to sell, no books to keep, no customers, no firm, no women."

"Do you number women among your bonds of slavery?" asked Stratford.

"That depends," answered Crisman. "There are moments when a woman is a good deal of a clog. For instance, if we had brought the ladies with us, I could not have made myself comfortable by kicking off that boot."

"Very true," said Stratford.

"I don't want you to think," continued Crisman, after a puff of tobacco smoke had leisurely curled itself up from his mouth, as he lay stretched upon his back, his head resting on his coat, which he had rolled up for a pillow, "that I've got anything to say against women. I am the last man in the world to do that. I suppose you know I am going to marry, and one of the finest human beings to be found on this planet will be my wife. If you knew Miss Gay Armatt as I know her, you'd agree to that."

"I agree perfectly," said Stratford.

"I truly believe," continued Crisman, "that there isn't a girl like her. I'm not fool enough to say she is absolutely perfect,— an angel all but the wings,— but I will say this: that with the exception of the way she has been over-educated,— and that, in my opinion, was the fault of other people more than her own,— she can't be improved upon."

"Over-educated?" remarked Stratford.

"Yes, sir," said Crisman; "that's exactly the word. She spent four solid years in learning things which will be of no more use to her than another pair of legs would be to that bird which you see flying along up there. When she entered that college she was seventeen years old, and as well educated as any girl on earth need want to be; and yet she has wasted four years of her life in slaving at mathematics, Latin, and Greek, and I don't know what else besides which are of no use whatever to a woman who expects to be a wife and a mother and the head of a family. I don't say this to Gay, because it is done now and can't be helped, and there's no use raking up trouble about it. And I don't say it to Mrs. Justin, because she had a very large finger in the pie, having pushed Gay on in this college business more than anybody else. But I say it to you, because you are a man, and can understand how I feel about it. I speak warmly on this matter, because I know lots of other girls who are going on in the same way Gay has gone, and I think it's a shame that they are allowed to waste a good part of their lives in stuffing their minds with what to them is no more than dead leaves and ashes. Now, look at Gay Armatt. You wouldn't believe it, but she's twenty-one years old, and she might as well have been married three years ago. In that case she wouldn't have married me, because I didn't know her then; but that doesn't alter the princi-

ple of the thing. Now, allow one year for courting, just look at the four years of absolute happiness that have been taken out of her life by this absurdity of sending her to college. If it had been really necessary for her to earn her living as a teacher, that would have been another thing; but her friends ought to have known that for a girl like her there would be no necessity for anything of that kind. And that's the case with nine-tenths of the girls who go to college. They don't intend to be teachers; and as soon as they get themselves graduated they begin to be interested in the things which really concern them, and forget all they have been taught at college in a confounded sight less time than it took them to learn it. The education that sticks to them is what they got before they went to college. Now I want you to understand I'm not saying anything against Gay Armatt. She has lost a lot of time, but that can't be helped; and what she has learned isn't going to hurt her. She talks a great deal about keeping up her studies after we are married, and making herself mistress of this and that thing which I don't understand, and which, to tell the truth, I never tried to. I don't say a word against all this, but just leave it to her own good sense to find out that when she has got her hands full of what makes up a woman's real work in this world, she will have to give these other things the go-by."

"But suppose she doesn't see that for herself?" asked Stratford.

"My dear sir," said Crisman, sitting up and throwing away his cigar, "I am one of the most indulgent men in the world, and an easier-going temper than mine you won't meet with often; but if I had a wife who didn't see that her true duty in life had nothing to do with the higher mathematics and Greek verbs, I'd make it my business that she did see it. There won't be anything of this kind necessary with Gay, because she's not the sort of girl to want to make my life miserable by poking among rubbish of that sort. When she knows I don't like it, she'll stop it."

At that moment a drinking cup of glass which Stratford had been holding in his hand came heavily to the ground.

"Anything broken?" asked Crisman, with a quick turn of his head.

"Yes," said Stratford, rising; "I think there is."

Crisman looked at the fragments of the cup, and laughingly remarking that that was a case past mending, put on his coat, and took up his rod and basket.

XIV.

When Mr. Crisman, toward the end of the afternoon, returned from his fishing excursion, he was seen from afar by Miss Gay, who ran to meet him. As she came up to him she first inquired why Mr. Stratford had not come back with him, and then asked if he had had a good day's sport. She might have asked the second question first had it not been, in fact, only a matter of form; for she saw in her lover's face and demeanor that he had been enjoying himself.

"Success!" he exclaimed. "I should say so!" And he lifted the lid of his basket. "Look at that! I should have caught a lot more, for they were rising just as well as ever, but Stratford said we had all that the two families could possibly eat, and he didn't see the use of catching any more. That is not my way, for when I go fishing, I go to catch all I can get and make a big count; but, of course, as I was using his tackle and things, I didn't press the matter, and we stopped an hour or two sooner than there was any need to. I did suggest that he should come back with me, but he didn't seem to take to the idea."

Gay thought that when people had caught all the fish for which they had any use, it was a very sensible and humane thing to stop fishing. And she thought, moreover, that Mr. Stratford appeared to have good ideas on a great many different subjects; but she did not speak her thoughts. She had no doubt that, as Charley grew older, he would discover for himself a great many of the things which Mr. Stratford had discovered for himself.

At dinner that evening the apparent disinclination of Mr. Stratford to visit at Cherry Bridge was mentioned both by Gay and Crisman; and although Mrs. Justin passed the matter over without comment, her mind was a good deal disturbed. It was an abnormal and exceedingly unpleasant state of affairs when her old friend Stratford lived at the Bullripple farm and did not come to Cherry Bridge. Not only did Mrs. Justin regret it because it deprived her of the company of her friend, but she feared very much that Stratford's absence might be noticed, and that the people in the neighborhood might connect it in some way with Gay's presence at Cherry Bridge. Gossip of this sort would be painful and even abhorrent to Mrs. Justin, and she determined to put an end to what she considered a very unnatural condition of things.

After Mr. Crisman's departure the next morning, she drove herself over to the Bullripple farm, where she was fortunate enough to find Mr. Stratford mending some fishing-tackle under the shade of a great oak in the front yard.

"I have come to have a very plain talk with you," she said.

"I am glad of it," said Stratford; "and here is the easiest outdoor chair the place affords."

"It may not be a very long conversation," she said, "for I hope you will readily agree with me that it is absolutely wrong, from whatever point it may be looked at, for an old friend, such as you are, to live so near my house without visiting it. Of course I know the reason; but I don't think there ought to be any such reason. I trust you have come to the conclusion that you are altogether mistaken in your ideas about the engagement of Mr. Crisman and Gay, and that you no longer think it your duty to interfere in the matter. That being the case, I am most anxious to tell you how earnestly I desire that you should visit my house as you used to, and be the same good friend to all of us that you once were."

Mrs. Justin leaned forward as she spoke, and there was a touch of moisture in her beautiful eyes.

Stratford looked at her steadily for a moment before he spoke. "Mrs. Justin," he said, "you cannot imagine what pain it gives me to hear you speak in that way, and to answer you as I must."

"It often seems to me," said Mrs. Justin, drawing herself a little back, "that when persons do things that not only give themselves pain but greatly grieve their friends, it should be self-evident that the way to make everybody happy is to stop doing those things."

Stratford smiled. "That quick way out of trouble won't answer in this case. I have the greatest possible desire to visit your house, but I must also state that since our last conversation your views and mine concerning Miss Armatt's engagement have become more widely different than they were before. I now believe that it would be an actual crime to allow that man to marry her."

"And you still persist," said Mrs. Justin, "in your intention of endeavoring to win her away from him."

"If the end can be accomplished in no other way, I most certainly do," said Stratford.

"Then, of course," said Mrs. Justin, her face paling a little as she spoke, "it will not do for you to visit Cherry Bridge while Gay is there."

She made a motion as if she were about to rise, but Stratford quickly said: "Do not go. There is much more I wish to say to you."

She kept her seat, and, leaning back in her chair, she sighed. "Oh," she said, "if you would only tell me that you had determined to let these two be happy in their own way, how thankful I should be!"

"I have been thinking over this matter a very great deal," said Stratford, "and if you will be willing to join with me in what I wish to do, I will make an entire change in my plan."

"Join you!" exclaimed Mrs. Justin.

"That is exactly what I mean," he continued. "I want you to help me save this girl—your friend, whose promise and worth you know so thoroughly—from an absolutely unfit marriage."

"Mr. Stratford," said she, "you know very well that I would sooner cut off my hand than to try to make a girl and a young man break the solemn promises that they have made to each other, especially when I know that they love each other with all their hearts."

"I have believed," said Stratford, "and still believe, that the very best way of making Gay Armatt understand the wrong position she has taken in engaging herself to Crisman is to give her an opportunity of becoming acquainted with other men; and I do not think I have flattered myself very much when I drew her attention to myself as a better man than Crisman. I do not hesitate to say to you that I believe that, had I the opportunity, I could make her understand what a companionship for life ought to be, and that she could never expect such a companionship in Crisman."

"It is perfectly horrible to hear you talk that way," said Mrs. Justin.

"But I do not intend to insist," said Stratford, "that this plan of mine is the only one by which Gay Armatt can be saved from the fate which threatens her; and if you will undertake to make her perceive that it is a duty she owes to herself not to marry Crisman, I will give up my scheme which is so objectionable to you, and will retire absolutely from the affair."

"Why do you talk to me in that way?" said Mrs. Justin. "You know perfectly well that I would never consent to do anything of the kind."

"I thought it right to give you the opportunity," said Stratford. "I knew you could exert a powerful influence on your young friend; but, in spite of that, I should have very great fears for your success. The arguments of parents and friends against the suitability of lovers are generally but words wasted. In such cases it is better to divert the stream than to try to dam it. But, as I said before, notwithstanding my preference for my own plan, I am perfectly willing if you will undertake this work—"

"Which I won't," interrupted Mrs. Justin.

—"to put it into your hands. But, as you decline to take it, I feel it my duty to go on with it, if I shall have the opportunity."

"Mr. Stratford," said his companion, leaning forward towards him again, "do you know anything terrible about Mr. Crisman, which makes you so relentless towards him? Has he committed a crime, or what is the matter with him, that you stand up so obstinately and declare that he shall not marry the woman

of his choice? It cannot only be that he is of a lower intellectual grade than she. There must be something more than that which makes you wish to interfere between persons with whom you have no connection whatever."

"If you will look upon the matter with unbiased judgment," said Stratford, "I think you must see that Crisman, for his own benefit and advantage, purposes to commit a crime." And then, more minutely and forcibly than he had ever spoken of it before, he told Mrs. Justin what he had found Crisman to be, and deduced from that the disastrous result to Gay of her marriage with him.

Mrs. People sat at one of the open windows of the farm-house, shelling peas and looking across the yard at the two who were talking under the great oak-tree. It was very easy to see that their business was important, and she hoped, from the bottom of her heart, that Mr. Stratford was making up his mind to buy a certain outlying portion of Mrs. Justin's estate. Often and often had Mrs. People urged that purchase upon him, and she did trust that now her words were beginning to come to something. To be sure, she would be very sorry not to have him live with them every summer, but all that might stop at any time; and he would make a most excellent summer neighbor, both to herself and brother, and to Mrs. Justin. And, more than that, the fact that a city man came to Cherry Bridge and bought property and built, would help the sale of land in the neighborhood, and might put money into Enoch's pocket and, ultimately, into that of her son John. Therefore she did most truly trust that Mr. Stratford was telling Mrs. Justin just exactly what he was willing to give, and that she would agree to it.

Stratford talked earnestly and steadily and a long time; and when he had finished, Mrs. Justin arose from her chair.

"You have convinced me but of one thing," she said, "and that is, you truly believe your motive is a good one. What you say of Mr. Crisman may be true now, but he is still young, and I cannot believe that it will always be true; and, in any case, there is the fact before us that the two have promised to marry each other."

She moved towards her pony carriage, he walking by her side. "I see that I can make no impression on you," she said; "but still I do not intend to give up my object of restoring the old condition of friendly intercourse between us. I cannot say now what I shall do, but the thing must be done. If necessary, Gay's visit to me shall be brought to a close."

"I beg of you," said Stratford earnestly, "not to think of anything of that sort. I will go away myself."

"How will that help to restore our friendship, and give me an opportunity of discussing with you all those points I have set down in my memorandum-book? No, you must stay here; and in a day or two I'll let you know what I've determined upon. I will do nothing without first advising you of it."

And she stepped into her phaeton, and took the reins which Stratford handed to her.

When Mr. Stratford returned from a long drive at the close of the next day, he was handed a note from Mrs. Justin which had arrived for him in the morning. It read as follows:

"DEAR MR. STRATFORD: From the moment you read this I wish you to understand that you are to come to see us just as often and stay as long as your important engagements with trout and mountain views will permit. Do not imagine from this that I have exiled my dear Gay. Her presence here need not have the slightest effect on your coming, and your coming will not have the slightest effect upon her. This may appear a little cruel, but I must admit that I take a certain wicked pleasure in writing it. As I do not wish to mystify you any longer, I will immediately state that I have had a long conversation with Gay, and I find that you and I might have saved ourselves the trouble of discussing the subject of her engagement. She is perfectly devoted to Mr. C——, and I am positive that there is no person living who could divert her affections from him. I always knew she loved him most sincerely, but I never imagined the strength and depth of her affection until I had that talk with her last evening. And, more than that, if you could hear, which you shall not, the plans which this dear girl, now opening her soul for the first time in fullest confidence to a friend, has made for work with him and for him, you would long for the power to deny to yourself that you had ever thought of interfering with their happiness. One of the strongest points in favor of her complete success in carrying out her plans is that she knows his shortcomings, and, in my opinion, has most admirable ideas with regard to the way in which they ought to be treated. She will be a guardian angel to him, and I firmly believe that, in one year after their marriage, Mr. Crisman will be an entirely different person from the young man whom we now know. So you see, my dear philanthropist, that your schemes for this young lady's benefit can come to nothing; that is, they cannot produce the result which you desire. Their only effect will be that her studies will be assisted, her knowledge of the world will be increased, and her mind will receive that polish from contact with the mind of a thoroughly well-educated and cultured man which I desired when I planned for the frequent companionship of yourself and Gay. Yours, in a most delighted state of mind,

"LILIAN JUSTIN.

"P. S. Of course, in my conversation with Gay, I never alluded to you in any way.

"In reading over this letter, I cannot help feeling a little sorry for you. I know I ought not to have such a feeling, but I have it — just a little."

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

E. BARRIAS. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

BERNARD PALISSY.

FRENCH SCULPTORS.

BARRIAS, DELAPLANCHE, LE FEUVRE, FRÉMIET.

BARRIAS, M. Delaplanche, and M. Le Feuvre have each of them quite as much spontaneity as M. Falguière, though the work of neither is as important in mass and variety. M. Delaplanche is always satisfactory, and beyond this there is something large about what he does that confers dignity even in the absence of quick interest. His proportions are simple, his outline flowing, and the agreeable ease of his compositions makes up to a degree for any lack of sympathetic sentiment or impressive significance: witness his excellent "Maternal Instruction" of the little park in front of Sainte Clothilde. M. Le Feuvre's qualities are very nearly the reverse of these: he has a fondness for integrity quite hostile in his case to simplicity. In his very frank appeal to one's susceptibility he is a little careless of sculptural considerations, which he is prone to sacrifice to pictorial ends. The result is a mannerism that in the end ceases to impress and even becomes disagreeable. As nearly as may be in a French sculptor it borders on sentimentality, and finally the swaying attitudes of his figures become limp, and the startled-fawn eyes of his maidens and youths appear less touching than lackadaisical. But his being himself too conscious of it should not obscure the fact that he has a way of his own. M. Barrias is an artist of considerably greater powers than either M. Le Feuvre or M. Delaplanche; but one has a vague perception that they are limited, and that to desire in his case what one so sincerely wishes in the case of M. Dubois, namely, that he would "let himself go," would be unwise. Happily, when he is at his best there is no temptation to form such a wish. The "Premières Funérailles" is a superb work — "the chef-d'œuvre of our modern sculpture," a French critic enthusiastically terms it. It is hardly that; it has hardly enough spiritual distinction — not quite enough of either elegance or elevation — to merit such sweeping praise. But it may be justly termed, I think, the most completely representative of the masterpieces of that sculpture. Its triumph over the prodigious difficulties of elaborate composition "in the round,"— difficulties to which M. Barrias succumbed in the "Spartacus" of the Tuileries Gardens,— and its success in subordinating the details of a group to the end of enforcing a single motive, preserving the while their individual interest, are complete. Nothing superior in this respect has been done since John of Bologna's "Rape of the Sabines."

M. Emmanuel Frémiet occupies a place by himself. There have been but two modern sculptors who have shown a more pronounced genius for representing animals — namely, Barye and his clever but not great pupil Cain. Barye is well enough known to every one. The tigress in Central Park, perhaps the best bronze there (the competition is not exacting), and the best also of the many variations of the theme of which, at one time, the sculptor apparently could not tire, familiarizes Americans with the talent of Cain. In this association Rouillard, whose horse in the Trocadéro Gardens is an animated and elegant work, ought to be mentioned, but it is hardly as good as the neighboring elephant of Frémiet as mere animal representation (the *genre* exists and has excellences and defects of its own), while in more purely artistic worth it is quite eclipsed by its rival. Indeed, it is perhaps an injustice to M. Frémiet to find his superior in Cain, judging the two strictly within the limits of the Cain *genre;* some of Cain's works are incontestably inferior to anything of the sort which Frémiet has signed. But if *fauna* is interesting in and of itself, which no one who knows Barye's work would controvert, it is still more interesting when, to put it brutally, something is done with it. In his ambitious and colossal work at the Trocadéro, M. Frémiet does in fact use his *fauna* freely as artistic material, though at first sight it is its zoölogical interest which appears paramount. The same is true of the elephant near by, in which it seems as if he had designedly attacked the difficult problem of rendering embodied awkwardness decorative. Still more conspicuous of course is the artistic interest, the fancy, the humor, the sportive grace of his Luxembourg group of a young satyr feeding honey to a brace of bear's cubs, because he here concerns himself more directly with his idea and gives his genius freer play. But it is when he leaves this kind of thing entirely, and, wholly forgetful of his studies at the Jardin des Plantes, devotes himself to purely monumental work, that he is at his best. And in saying

A. LE FEUVRE. ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

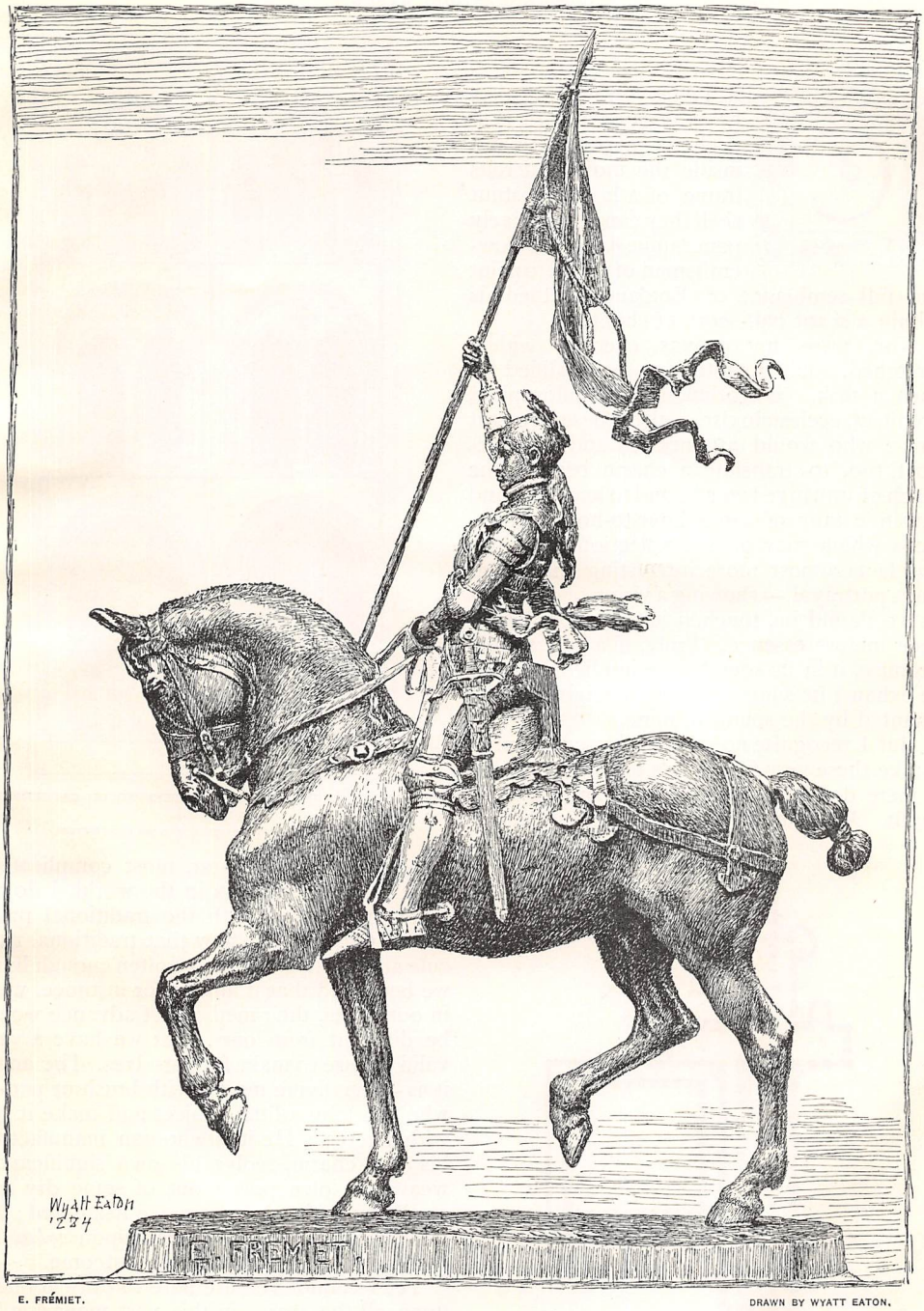
REST.

DELAPLANCHE. INSTRUCTION. ENGRAVED BY JOHN P. DAVIS.

this I do not at all mean to insist on the superiority of monumental sculpture to the sculpture of *fauna;* it is superior, and Barye himself cannot make one content with the exclusive consecration of admirable talent to picturesque anatomy illustrating distinctly unintellectual passions. M. Frémiet in ecstasy over his picturesque anatomy at the Jardin des Plantes would scout this; but it is nevertheless true that in such works as his "Louis d'Orleans," in the quadrangle of the restored Château de Pierrefonds; his "Jeanne d'Arc," in the Place des Pyramides; and his "Torch-bearer" of the Middle Ages, destined for the new Hotel de Ville of Paris, not only is his subject a subject of loftier and more enduring interest than his elephants and deer and bears, but his own genius finds a more congenial medium of expression. In other words, any one who has seen his "Torch-bearer" or his "Louis d'Orleans" must conclude that M. Frémiet is losing his time at the Jardin des Plantes. In monumental works of the sort he displays a commanding dignity that borders closely upon the grand style itself. The "Jeanne d'Arc" is indeed criticised for lack of style. The horse is fine, as always with M. Frémiet; the action of both horse and rider is noble; and the homogeneity of the two, so to speak, is admirably achieved. But the character of the Maid is not perfectly satisfactory to *a priori* critics, to critics who have more or less hard and fast notions about the immiscibility of the heroic and the familiar. The "Jeanne d'Arc" is of course a heroic statue, illustrating one of the most puissant of profane legends; and it is unquestionably familiar and, if one chooses, defiantly unpretentious. Perhaps the Maid as M. Frémiet represents her could never have accomplished legend-producing deeds. Certainly she is the Maid neither of M. Chapu, nor of M. Bastien Lepage, nor of the current convention. She is rather pretty, childishly sympathetic, *mignonne;* but M. Frémiet's conception is an original and a gracious one, and even the critic addicted to formulæ has only to forget its title to become thoroughly in love with it; beside this merit *a priori* shortcomings count very little. But the other two works just mentioned are open to no objection of this kind or of any other, and in the category to which they belong they are splendid works. Since Donatello and Verrocchio there has been nothing done which surpasses them; and it is only M. Frémiet's fancy for animals, and his fondness for exercising his lighter fancy in comparatively trivial *objets de vertu*, that obscure in any degree his fine talent for illustrating the grand style with natural ease and large simplicity.

I have already mentioned the most representative among those who have "arrived" of the school of French sculpture as it exists today. There is no looseness in characterizing this as a "school"; it has its own qualities and its corresponding defects. It stands by itself — apart from the Greek sculpture and its inspiration, from the Renaissance, and from the more recent traditions of Houdon, or of Rude and Carpeaux. It is a thoroughly legitimate and unaffected expression of national thought and feeling at the present time, at once splendid and simple. The moment of triumph in any intellectual movement is, however, always a dangerous one. A slack-water period of intellectual slothfulness nearly always ensues. Ideas which have previously been struggling to get a hearing have become accepted ideas that have almost the force of axioms; no one thinks of their justification, of their basis in real truth and fact; they take their place in the great category of conventions. The mind feels no longer the exhilaration of discovery, the stimulus of fresh perception; the sense becomes jaded, enthusiasm impossible. Dealing with the same material and guided by the same principles, its production becomes inevitably hackneyed, artificial, lifeless; the *Zeit-Geist* is really a kind of Sisyphus, and the essence of life is movement. This law of perpetual renewal, of the periodical quickening of the human spirit, explains the barrenness of the inheritance of the greatest men; shows why originality is a necessary element of perfection; why Phidias, Praxiteles, Donatello, Michael Angelo (not to go outside of our subject), had no successors. Once a thing is done it is done for all time, and the study of perfection itself avails only as a stimulus to perfection in other combinations. In fact, the more nearly perfect the model the greater the necessity for an absolute break with it in order to secure anything like an equivalent in living force; in *its* direction at least everything vital has been done. So its lack of original force, its over-carefulness for style, its inevitable sensitiveness to the criticism which is based on convention, make the weak side of the French sculpture of the present day, fine and triumphant as it is. That the national thought and feeling are not a little conventional, and have the academic rather than a spontaneous inspiration, is, however, just now beginning to be distinctly felt as a misfortune and a limitation by a few sculptors whose work may be called the beginnings of a new movement out of which, whatever may be its own limitations, nothing but good can come to French sculpture, but of which any adequate account merits a paper by itself.

W. C. Brownell.



E. FRÉMIET. DRAWN BY WYATT EATON.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND.

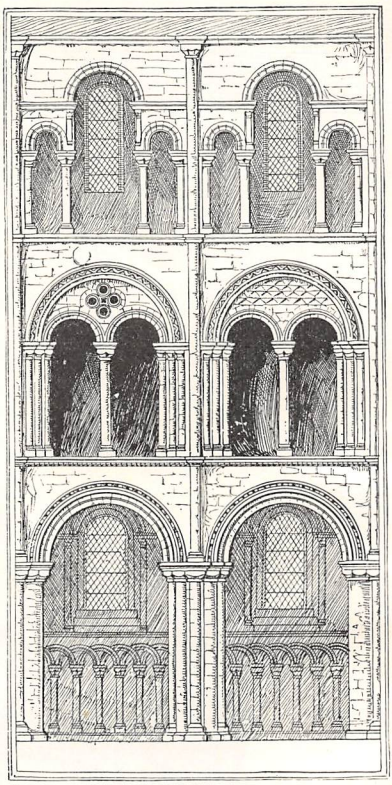
(INTRODUCTORY PAPER.)

I.

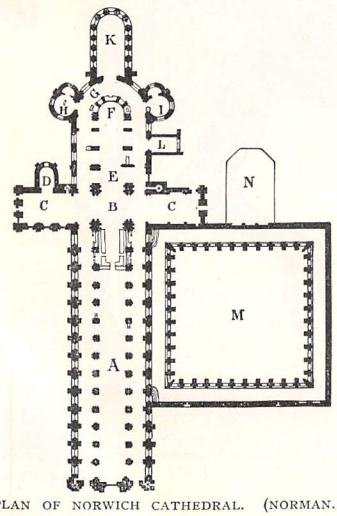
CERTAIN Oriental artists have attained a rare skill in cherry-pit sculpture, and inside the more generous frame of a horse-chestnut shell they can be positively panoramic. I am no fellow-craftsman of theirs to paint the full semblance of England's cathedrals within a scant half-score of chapters.

Nor, were my canvas ever so widely stretched, could I pretend to be qualified for such a task. Historian, social philosopher, architect, ecclesiologist,— all of these he ought to be who would attempt it; and a prose-poet, too, to translate a charm beyond the reach of unwinged words, and to keep true and sensitive tally of those hour-to-hour impressions which may give a reflection of things and facts almost more interesting than their mere portrayal,— showing a vision of ourselves as we should be, touched in our inner fiber by their inmost essence. Truly, if a title were a promise, if in its sound were implied a pledge to exhaust its suggestiveness, I might well be daunted by the sound of mine.

But I recognize no such pledge or promise. I take these very first words to confess myself a mere desultory sketcher with an amateur's outfit. And if, nevertheless, I sit myself down



TWO BAYS OF CHOIR, INTERIOR, PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL. (NORMAN.)
FROM SHARPE'S "SEVEN PERIODS OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE."

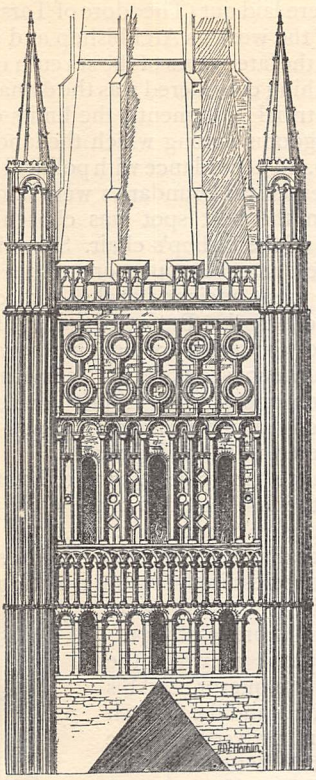


PLAN OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL. (NORMAN.)
REDRAWN FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

A. Nave. B. Crossing under central tower. C, C. Transepts. E. Constructive choir. F. Apse. G. Eastern aisle. K. Site of Lady chapel (destroyed). D, H, I, and L. Chapels. M. Cloisters. N. Site of chapter-house (destroyed).

before one of the finest, most complicated, most exacting subjects in the world, I do no more than fall in with the traditional practice of my kind. I know that traditional ridicule attends this practice — often enough have we been told that if angels, for instance, were in our shoes, their methods of advance would be different from ours. Yet we have a very valid excuse to make for ourselves. The angel it is — the divine master with brush or pen — who can take a little subject and make it big with interest. He it is who can manufacture his own charm, evolve his own significance, weave his own poetry out of some dry and small suggestion his outer eye has noted; his weaker brother must depend upon *what* he paints for all the value of the outcome.

Yet I cannot venture here to draw for help upon all the stores in this vast magazine of ready-made beauty and interest. Some ten or a dozen cathedral churches must suffice me, selected from the whole list (which numbers nearly as many as did those delightful pilgrims



TOWER OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL. (NORMAN.)

who once ambled forth from the Tabard Inn to seek the most famous of all), partly because of their greatness as buildings, and partly because of their length and richness of life as cathedrals.

II.

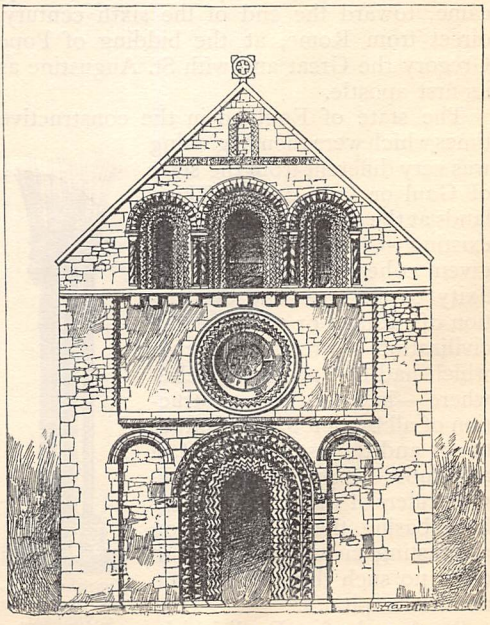
FREQUENT, I imagine, is the misconception which confuses the two claims — which sees in "cathedral" but a synonym for a church-building of the first architectural rank. Architecture has really nothing to do with the cathedral name, nor (and least of all in England) has the greatness of the city in which the building stands. A "cathedral church" is simply a church which is the ecclesiastical center of a diocese, which holds a bishop's official chair, his *cathedra*. With the setting-up of this chair comes the cathedral title; with its removal the title goes: there is no other cause or definition of it. Yet, though size and splendor do not make a church a cathedral church, it is but natural that they should always have seemed inseparable from its being. It is but natural that her churches of highest ecclesiastical rank should be among England's greatest and most splendid.

Among her greatest, I say. Not they alone absorbed the architect's noblest efforts; not in them alone lie petrified the most lavish gifts of hands made generous by piety, or ostentation, or remorseful terror. The mere abbey or collegiate church often equaled the cathedral church in all but dignity of service. Sometimes even this was added unto it at a day long subsequent to its day of birth. Often, on the other hand, it was shattered into splendid fragments under that hammer, curiously called "Reform," with which the sixteenth century warred against monasticism. Yet still at this late moment some of the mightiest fanes in England stand intact. Some of these, however, are beyond the limits of our title. If I name Westminster Abbey only I shall give sufficient illustration.

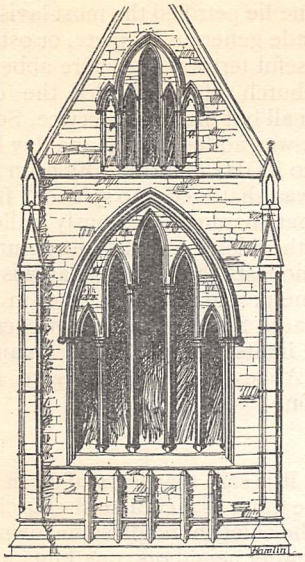
III.

WHEN it is said that least of all in England should we think of a cathedral church as necessarily the chief church in some town chief itself among its neighbors, one hints at facts in which lies fossilized a record of the very first beginnings of English dominion in the land.

The earliest island Church, we know, had not a drop of English blood in its veins, but was British and Roman in a union whose elements we cannot now distinctly balance. When the Romans went and the English came (those Jutes and Saxons and Angles we are used to calling the Anglo-Saxons), their heathen triumph swept Briton and Church away together — not wholly out of the island-world, yet out of most of those districts which are now England proper. However the sparks of



WEST FRONT OF IFFLEY CHURCH. (NORMAN.)

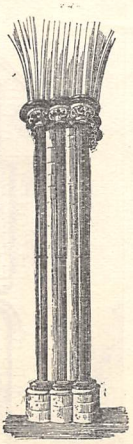


LANCET WINDOWS, CHESTER CATHEDRAL

Christianity may have lingered here, dimmed, confused, and scarce perceived amid British serfs and bondwomen, a Christian *Church* lived on only in Ireland and in those portions of the larger isle which lay beyond the conquered north or bordered on the western sea.

Later on, this elder Church threw out fresh shoots and played a distinct part in the re-evangelizing of the land. But the main influence toward this result, the stock which budded first when the land was a land of Englishmen, and afterward absorbed and assimilated all the potency of the ancient sap, came, toward the end of the sixth century, direct from Rome, at the bidding of Pope Gregory the Great and with St. Augustine as its first apostle.

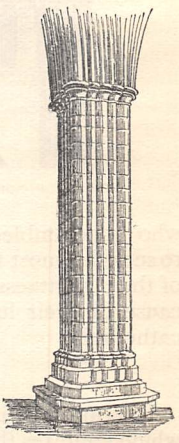
The state of England in the constructive times which were then beginning was very different from the state of Gaul or Italy or the Rhine lands at the time when their still-existing Churches had been given coherence of form and fixity of feature. The destruction of Roman or semi-Roman civilization — wreck and ruin which had had no parallel elsewhere — had meant the destruction of all but a few of the larger towns and the establishment of a number of petty rulers who were rulers of *tribes;* who, so far from basing their authority on preëxisting civic authority, had often no such thing as an even nominal capital.



CLUSTERED COLUMN, WORCESTER CATHEDRAL. (EARLY ENGLISH.)

So when the first English bishoprics were laid out (Theodore of Tarsus doing much of the work as Archbishop and agent of Rome in the later years of the seventh century), the first thing considered was the demarcations of these tribal settlements, the limits of those little kingdoms among which the land was divided up. In accordance with political boundaries ecclesiastical boundaries were laid down; and then the best spot was chosen for the planting of the bishop's chair. Sometimes the choice fell naturally upon one of the few remaining great ancient burghs — as on London, as on York. But sometimes it fell on a town like Canterbury which had never been very conspicuous before, and sometimes perforce upon one of those isolated ecclesiastical foundations which missionary hands had set and watered in the wilderness.

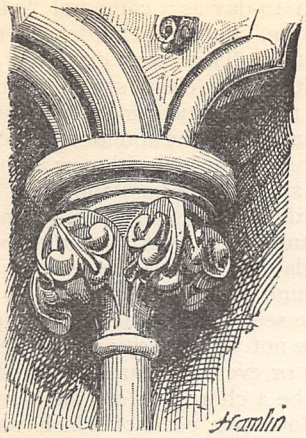
Of course the voice of time did not always indorse the first selection of the early planner. With changing conditions came many changes of cathedral station, as when certain southern sees, defenseless in their rural isolation against the Danish devastator, were shifted to more easily protected spots; as when the Norman conqueror used his strong hand, and the Church of England proved as plastic as the State beneath it. But many of the cathedrals still stand where they stood at first, and the aspect of all, looked at collectively, is characteristic in the extreme.



CLUSTERED COLUMN, EXETER CATHEDRAL. (EARLY ENGLISH.)

Total is its unlikeness to the general aspect of the cathedral churches of those continental lands where a multitude of cities had held dominion over their encircling districts for centuries before Christianity was preached. There naturally it was first preached to these cities, first accepted by their indwellers; and naturally they absorbed the new ecclesiastical in addition to the old temporal supremacy. French dioceses still follow the lines of Roman districts, and their present cathedral towns are the ancient Roman centers. Even in the etymology of *pagan* we can read the history of continental Christianizing.

But north of the Channel there were no such great municipal entities, neither in the earliest English times nor at any time thereafter. Long-divided as was the realm, it was never split up between rival towns; torn asunder as it often has been since, no part has ever been the prize of civic duels. And these facts and their still persisting influence upon English life and sentiment speak very



FOLIAGE, WELLS CATHEDRAL. (EARLY ENGLISH.)

clearly through the voice of the cathedral churches, despite the Conqueror's efforts to bring about a state of things more like the one he knew at home, and despite that general modern impulse toward centralization from which even England has not been wholly free. If, for example, it is true that one of the new bishops of our day has had his chair set for him in the great town of Manchester, he has been given a still younger brother at Southwell and another at St. Albans — two spots where not the town at all but the great old church-building only can seem to continental eyes to deserve the cathedral name.

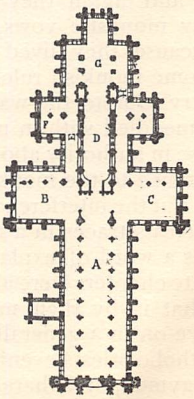
And thus the cathedrals of England show not merely a general unlikeness to their foreign rivals but also a marvelously delightful diversity among themselves. Now we find St. Paul's of London and the great minsters of Lincoln and of York standing in towns which were great at the dawn of history and show relics of an art much older than their own. Again, as around the towers of Durham or the spire of Salisbury, we see a town that now has considerable size and independent dignity, but which owed its first beginnings, and still visibly confesses the indebtedness, to the setting-up of its *cathedra*. And yet again there are cathedral cities* — Ely and Wells are the extreme examples — that are but little parasitical growths around the base of the church; whose life lives only, even in our day, in the life of the great fane itself.

Not holding some strong military position, not rising close above the steep steps of the roofs of a city, not pressed close about by the homes of laymen and the crowds of street and market-place, stand those English cathedrals which are most purely and typically English in expression; but set about with great masses of foliage and swept about by wide peaceful lawns, the very norm and model of England's greenery — telling, however, by the fragmentary walls and crumbling gateways which keep distant guard about them, that after all they were not built in such piping times of peace as ours. Even when the church does not stand in the most typically English manner, still it is charming to see how its expression will not wholly give the lie to national characteristics. Even St. Paul's has some shreds of dusty foliage to show, and though the huge façade of Lincoln looks out on a small paved square, and though our first glimpse of York shows us the long south side through the narrow perspective of a street in the oldest and densest portion of the town, even so as we turn the mighty shoulder we find the broad, grassy spaces which prove we are in England still. Therefore, there is one thing quite indisputable: we may do as we like across the Channel, but an English pilgrimage must be made with the tree in leaf and the sward in flower.

* Accurately speaking, a "city" in England is any cathedral town however small, and no other town however great. Such an interpretation sounds oddly in our ears; but interestingly if we may explain it — I have no idea whether we really may or not — as reflecting, in a faint verbal mirror, that continental state of things to which reference already has been made.

IV.

WHEN in the earlier ages a cathedral was established, it became (in a far truer sense than it remains in our own day) the hearth and focus of the religious life of its district. It needed a large staff of clergy specially devoted not only to the services within its walls but to the general work of the diocese; specially charged and enabled to be the bishop's helpers as those could not be who were parish priests with definite local duties of their own. In a large town this staff of clergy,



PLAN OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL. (EARLY ENGLISH.)
REDRAWN FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

A. Nave. B, C. Great transepts. D. Choir. F, J. Smaller transepts. G. Lady chapel. (Cloisters not shown.)

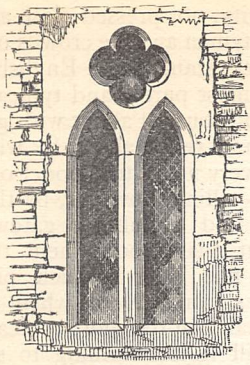


PLATE TRACERY, LILLINGTON CHURCH.
FROM THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY.

this cathedral "chapter," scarcely needed definite creation. But in England the peculiar circumstances I have tried to explain naturally brought about an intimate union between the cathedral establishment and some great collegiate or monastic body. Sometimes a body of this sort was formed to meet the cathedral's need; but often its prior existence was the fact which dictated the position of the local bishop's chair.

The union once accomplished, both parties waxed great by mutual aid. The "house" was ennobled by the episcopal rank of its head; the bishop's arm was strengthened by the wealth and influence of the house; and the great edifice was the work and the home and the glory of both alike.

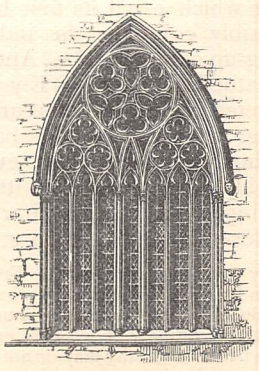
In some cases, I say, the cathedral chapter was collegiate and in some cases was monastic. That is, its members were sometimes mere "secular" priests, bound by no vows save those which all priests assumed, living as members of a collegiate foundation but not living in common, each one having his own individual life and home — which often meant in earlier times his own lawful wife and children; and again they were monks, were bound by monastic vows, were called "regulars" because they lived in common according to some monkish rule.

I need not try to note the way that many chapters were meddled with in many ages according as those in authority above them gave personal preference to the monkish or to the "secular" life. But the interference of the Reformation has left its traces in a nomenclature which demands a word of explanation. The merely collegiate chapters were allowed by the Reformers — that is, by their mighty master Henry — to live on in a generally unchanged condition. Catholic priests eventually became Protestant clergymen, and thereby their functions and their lives were largely altered; but the chapter as such was not annihilated, and so a cathedral which has a chapter of this sort is known to-day as a cathedral "of the Old Foundation." But it went harder with the monkish chapters. These were dissolved and done away with in the clean sweep which Henry made of all monastic things. With one or two exceptions, due to the abolition of the see itself, they were reorganized with new blood in quite another shape; and here and there fresh sees were established with their Protestant bishops, deans, and canons. A cathedral whose history reads thus is to-day, by contrast, "of the New Foundation."

So, we see, a cathedral of the New Foundation is not of necessity new as regards the building or even as regards the cathedral title. It may be a church as old as Peterborough or as Gloucester, each of which was but an abbey church until the sixteenth century. Or it may be a cathedral which has held its rank since such rank was first given in its district — may be Rochester or Worcester, may be Canterbury even, the hoary mother-church of all. "Old" and "New" are used of the constitution of the chapter only.

I am sorry to dwell so long in dusty definitions. But they will be picturesquely illustrated by and by through things whose interest we should wholly miss but for some such little reading of ecclesiastical history. As we pass from one cathedral to another we shall see how great, how radical, how delightful to the eye are the architectural differences that have resulted from the former existence here of secular canons, a collegiate chapter, and there of regular canons, a monastic chapter. And the general fact that such chapters existed in so dignified an estate, in so intimate a union with the episcopal seat, is another great cause of the general difference in aspect between the English cathedrals and their sisters over-sea.

I have told of the wide, lordly spaces in which they most often stand — showing that they were first and the cities only second and subordinate in importance. But within these



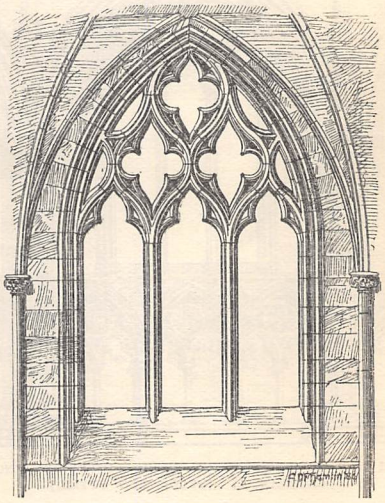
GEOMETRICAL TRACERY, RIPON CATHEDRAL.
FROM THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY.

spaces they did not stand in self-centered isolation, in grave hierarchic solitude, but side by side with the homes of those who served their altars and labored for their interests and dispensed their bounty and swung their spiritual, and sometimes, too, their temporal, sword; side by side with chapter-houses and dormitories and cloisters and refectories and libraries, with schools and infirmaries and bishops' palaces and canons' dwellings; yes, and with warriors' castles too. There is scarcely a variety of mediæval architecture whose traces we may not study while keeping a narrow path from one of England's cathedral gateways to another, scarcely one from the most gorgeously ecclesiastical to the most simply domestic, most purely utilitarian, most frankly military. And the fact is characteristically English; no cathedral series elsewhere is so all-embracing, so infinitely diversified. There is nothing on the continent which parallels the wide, green, shaded acres in which Salisbury, for example, first appears to us, and there is nothing which matches the palace beyond, set in its fairy-land of garden. There is nothing abroad, with a great cathedral church as its central feature, which reveals the cloister-life of the middle ages as do the ruins of the monastic establishment at Canterbury—ruined because it *was* monastic; or which reveals the collegiate life of the same period as does the marvelous group of still-existing homes at Wells—still existing because they were *not* monastic.

V.

Not so wholly as in continental lands does the history of ecclesiastical architecture in England mean the history of large and sumptuous or city churches. England has in her myriad rural parish churches a treasure nowhere equaled. Yet it is of course to her greater structures we must look if we would see the high-water mark of her artistic current. The lowlier the task, the lowlier the talent that may achieve success. If she had never built aught else than her parish churches, uniquely lovely though she made them, she would have confessed herself out of the race with the great building-nations of the mediæval world. It is to her cathedrals and abbey churches we must look (just here, as I have said, to her cathedrals only), if we would see how age by age she kept pace with these.

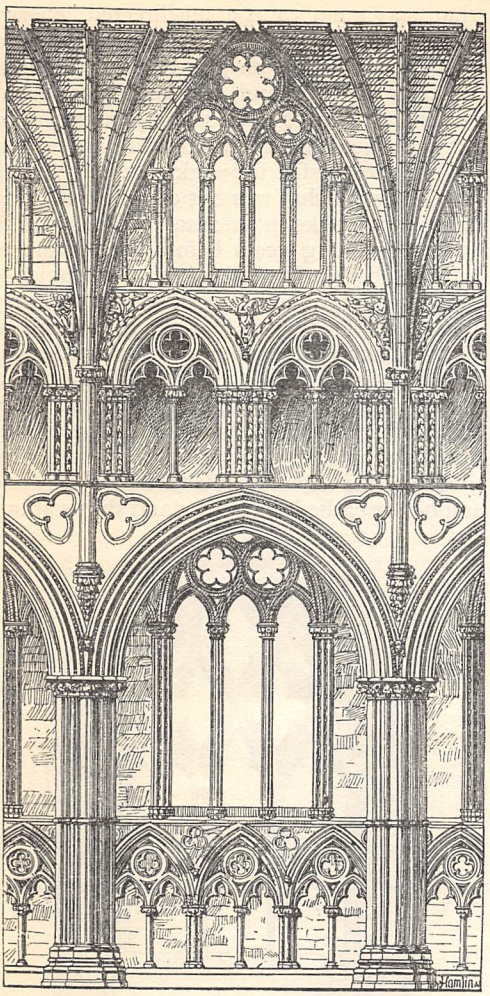
Almost every step of her development may be read in them. The only blank that occurs is at the very beginning; the only lack is of ante-Norman relics. And even this blank is due, not to any want of early effort with the higher problems of the art, but in part to Danish torches and in part to a later (and what may seem to us a misdirected) energy of reconstruction. When architecture was a vital art, growing from year to year, developing from hand to hand, altering logically and inevitably to meet each new requirement, to suit each generation's novel taste, there was small reverence felt for work that was out of date, for work that was out of touch with the current time alike in practical and in æsthetic ways. For long years before the Conquest there had been cathedral churches in England, large and stately, we may believe, and insularly individual. But they melted like snow beneath the hand of that Norman in whose virile soul zeal for religion and love for building were as potently developed as rage for battle, dominion, and earthly pelf. Standing though they sometimes do on sites that have been cathedral sites from the dawning of Christianity, not one among the cathedrals of England shows above



FLOWING TRACERY, WELLS CATHEDRAL. (DECORATED STYLE.)

the level of the soil a stone of its pre-Norman predecessor. The architectural history of England, as her cathedrals show it, begins with the coming of the Norman. But thence it may be traced through every age of arched construction down to that of the classic revival. And this age, too, fortunately found its best expression—left what is not so much a type as the one only splendid flower of English Renaissance effort—in the cathedral of St. Paul in London. With it our series will come to a full stop, and for our purpose there will be in the subject no break, no gap, which might profitably be filled. English architecture, truly to be so called, comes itself to a full stop with this last of its cathedral churches.

The style the Normans brought with them from the continent (it began to come a little earlier than the Conquest, with the Norman



ONE BAY OF THE "ANGEL CHOIR," INTERIOR, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL. (DECORATED STYLE.)

influx to the Confessor's court) was a development, proper to themselves, of that round-arched, "Romanesque" manner which was the common inheritance from Rome of all western Christendom. The so-called "Saxon" style which it displaced, as we know from still-existing small examples, was a more primitive branch of the same common stock; more primitive, not only because it was wrought with a ruder hand, but because it showed less divergence from the early Christian pattern of the south.

It was displaced, I say, by its Norman sister, but not suddenly and for a time not entirely. Even long after the Conquest the old English manner seems to have guided in lowly structures and remote localities; and its influence somewhat modified even the largest and most nobly placed. Insular Norman work is very like continental Norman, but it is not quite the same.

That cruciform ground-plan which had been unknown in any land in the very earliest ages of the Church, was already well established when William crossed the sea. Our cut on page 724 of the plan of Norwich (which has suffered less alteration than any other Anglo-Norman cathedral) will show its principal features,—the long nave with its aisles to right and left, the transepts forming the arms of the cross, and the choir forming its upper, and always its eastern, extremity. This was the plan of a large church in the eleventh century; and it survived through all later ages, essentially the same, though with modifications that were nowhere so boldly made as on English soil.

In our second illustration we see the interior design of a great Norman church,—the pier-arches supported by massive piers or pillars marking off nave from aisle; then the triforium-gallery above; and then the upper range of windows standing free above the aisle roofs and called by the expressive name of clerestory.

With the roof the first insular peculiarity reveals itself. In the eleventh century the Norman church at home was roofed throughout with vaults of stone; but the Anglo-Norman had its wide central spaces covered by a flat wooden ceiling. Vaults were used only above its narrower aisles.

Should we lay this divergence to timidity, to the mechanical incompetence of those native workmen who must have labored for the foreign artist? Perhaps; but perhaps more truly to a strange incorporation of tastes native to the soil. For a love of wooden ceilings was ever after singularly characteristic of the island architect. Though he could not but yield largely to the nobler titles of the vault, yet he often simulated the stone forms of this with wood; and in the very latest and, mechanically speaking, cleverest days of Gothic art he frequently built instead a highly decorated open timber roof—not, it is true, in his greatest churches, but in his smaller ones and in his vast and splendid civic halls.

The exterior of a Norman cathedral was very long and comparatively low, its outline diversified by the semicircular eastern apse, by a great square tower above the crossing of nave and transepts, and usually by two smaller towers flanking the western or entrance front. Norwich is the only cathedral which keeps its Norman central tower unaltered; and no crowning spire of so remote a date survives.

The great tower was open to the eye as a "lantern" far above the level of the other ceilings, and the four huge angle-piers and tremendous arches which sustained it both relieved and emphasized the long perspective. Ornament was more profuse in the later than

in the earlier periods of the style, but was always more profuse in smaller structures than in the very greatest. Though the fact seems curious at first, is it not in truth quite sensible? Are not vast proportions, structural features on a magnificent scale, so effective in themselves that they have comparatively little need of superficial decoration? The doorways were the most highly ornamented features. Here rude but picturesquely "telling" figure-sculpture and thickly woven leaf-like designs mingle often in rich luxuriance. And though within the building the strong capitals and vast arches are sometimes severely plain or are emphasized with sculptured patterns that are simple, primitive, almost barbarically bold and few,—great zigzags and billet-moldings cut, in the earlier examples, with a mere clever hatchet and not a chisel even,—we must not forget that the whole interior, now scraped to stony whiteness, was originally plastered and covered with designs in color.

VI.

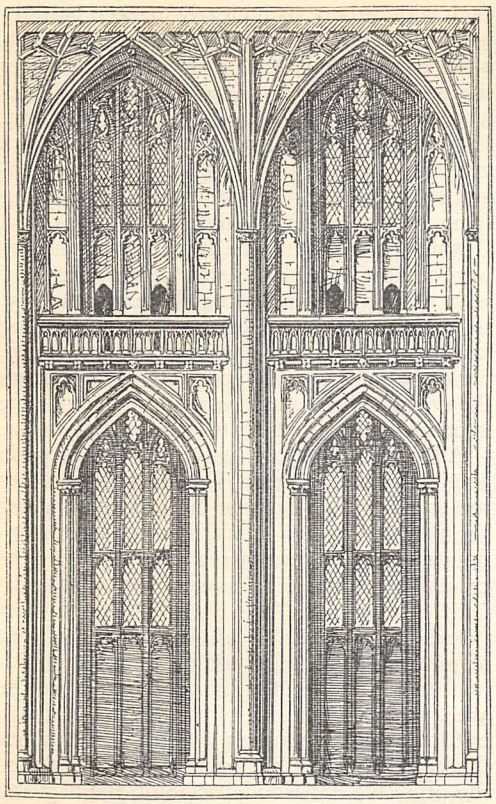
BUT if even Norman work had its insular peculiarities, these were far more strongly marked when, with the dawn of the thirteenth century, the round arch gave place to the pointed, and what the world with obstinate incorrectness call "Gothic" architecture started on its splendid course. The why and the how of the advent and adoption of the pointed arch could hardly be discussed just here. Nor can we pause over the vexed question whether in England or in France was seen the first "complete" development of the style it ruled. The word "complete" admits of too many interpretations dependent for their understanding upon a knowledge of too many details. It is sufficient to say that though in France * without a doubt the pointed arch was first coherently and consistently used to the exclusion of its rival, and though the idea of its use came without a doubt from France to England, yet England's first expression of the new idea, first development of the new system, was singularly logical and complete and singularly individual too. So different indeed was her early treatment of the pointed arch from its early treatment elsewhere, and from her own later method (which was far less individual), that she may fairly claim to have one style more to show than any other land. Her "Lancet-pointed" or "Early English" style stands, lovely and perfect, midway between that Norman and that full-blown Gothic which, on the mainland, passed into each without any such clearly marked halting-place between. England, that is to say, developed a perfect pointed style before she ever essayed to use the *window tracery* which elsewhere was attempted almost from the very first. In the beginning she built her pointed windows very tall and slender, and grouped them together in diverse ways without actually uniting them as the traceried lights of the typical Gothic opening. It is true that Lancet windows were used in other lands, but nowhere as they were used in England — nowhere so variously, so magnificently, so exclusively as the ruling features of a style which was perfectly balanced, perfectly homogeneous, perfectly distinct from the next to follow. Lancet windows there were in other lands — but no true Lancet style.

All proportions, all features, now grew in height and slenderness. The massive round or rectangular pier became lighter and was set about with smaller shafts, in more or less intimate union, to form a reed-like group. The capital abandoned its square top or abacus for a circular one. The chisel showed a marvelous new skill and a wholly different choice of motive in the infinitude of deep-cut moldings which defined the graceful outline of the arch, and in the crown of quaint, non-natural, but lovely curling leaves which was set about the capital. And the pointed vault replaced the primitive flat wooden ceiling, the aspiring lines of the supports finding their completion in its ribs.

Conspicuous too with the advent of the thirteenth century is the alteration of the ground-plan. In the first place the eastern arm of the cross becomes much longer. This change — a characteristically English one — is the architectural expression of the growth of saint and relic worship. No great "house" was so poor in history but that it could supply some local sainted founder, patron, bishop, martyr, when the popular love of pilgrimages was at its height; and none was so blind to the chance of spiritual profit and temporal wealth and glory but that it could perceive the obligation to give him noble sepulcher. The crypt beneath the choir had sufficed in earlier days; but now behind the high altar in the choir itself his bones were laid in greater state, his relics shown in a more splendid pageant, and his miracles performed in presence of far vaster throngs of worshipers. And thus the eastern arm was obliged to stretch itself out to a length which has of course become wholly useless under the changed conditions of our unemotional time.

When speaking architecturally we can hardly help always calling this eastern arm "the choir." But in Norman days it did not hold the true choir, the "ritual choir," the place set apart for

* When I say France of course I do not mean Normandy. It was the Ile-de-France, the *domaine royal*, which led the world's advance in pointed architecture.



TWO BAYS OF NAVE, INTERIOR, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. (PERPENDICULAR STYLE.)
FROM SHARPE'S "SEVEN PERIODS OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE."

those who performed the complicated choral service. This true choir was a fenced-in space beneath the lantern, extending sometimes far into the nave, and closed to the westward — closed off from the lay congregation — by a massive screen. Beyond this ritual choir, in the short east limb, the "constructive choir," was the presbytery for the higher clergy, the sanctuary and high altar. Such arrangements occasionally persisted even down to the most recent day. But usually, at one Gothic period or another, the screen was moved back till it stood between the angle-piers beyond the transepts; the singers' inclosure, with its rows of stalls, stretched further eastward from pillar to pillar, leaving the aisles free on either hand; and the ritual choir became a part of the constructive.

An English impulse it was which then sometimes threw out a second, smaller pair of transepts eastward of the larger — perhaps to give fresh architectural voice to the ritual distinction between choir and presbytery. The long east limb and these doubled transepts show in our plan of Salisbury (p. 727); and there we see still another English innovation and a most important one. The circular termination — the apse — with which the Norman finished the eastern limb, and often the transept ends as well, was retained, only altered into polygonal shapes, all through the middle ages in all continental countries. But already in the early thirteenth century it was abandoned in England in favor of a flat east end with great groups of lofty windows; and this device (the windows varying of course) was ever after as persistent, as characteristic in England as was the apse elsewhere.

Whither are we to look for the explanation of so marked a difference in times when no nation built in self-contained privacy, but each helped the other with ideas and inventions and often with exported artists too? Doubtless, once more, to the singular persistence of ante-Norman tastes; to the singular strength of preferences native to the soil, inherent in the air, suppressed so long as the dominating Norman was still an alien in the land but ready to reappear so soon as his acclimatizing had been brought about. And if we may believe the logical-seeming deductions of certain careful students, this ante-Norman influence was ante-English even; the true first-birth of the flat east end must be looked for in those little Irish chapels which are the only relics in the whole island realm of the days when the whole island Church was *British*.

A love of longitudinal rather than of lateral extension was very marked in the English builder. It showed itself not only in the unusual length of the choir, but also in the fact that beyond this choir he almost invariably built out further chapels of no inconsiderable size. "Lady chapels" they were most often — dedicated to that Holy Mother whose cult, like that of all lesser saints, received so potent an impulse in the twelfth century. Sometimes they are of the full height of the choir itself, forming part and parcel of its fabric proper. But more often they are lower buildings, into which we look through the main arches of the flat choir end, but above the roof of which this end rises far aloft with its vast windows and its gable finishing the true body of the church. But, as we see again from the plan of Salisbury, all the minor terminations are flat as well as the main one. The apse has disappeared altogether, only to be resuscitated now and then in works where foreign influences guided.

VII.

GRADUALLY — nay, rapidly, in less than a century — the Lancet-pointed gave place to the full-blown Gothic, commonly, but not very sensibly, named in England the "Decorated" style. Window tracery was now developed,

passing through its successive stages as "plate" and "geometrical" and "flowing"; and the sculptor went more directly to nature for the more varied patterns of his leafage. Now, as I have hinted, the scheme of the island architect was very nearly that of his foreign brother. But his peculiar ground-plan preserved its difference, and in certain matter of proportion and of exterior feature (as we shall see hereafter) in this as in every epoch he was markedly himself.

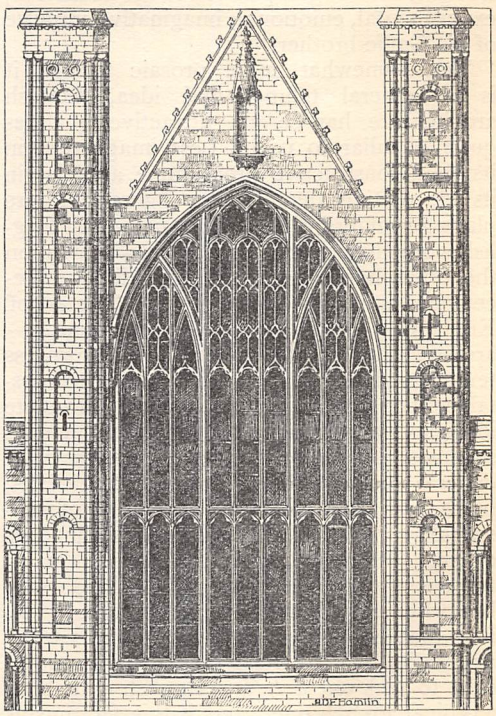
And when the purest time of flowering was over, when each great building nation entered upon a period which, though still vigorous, though still admirable, and indeed more luxuriant than any other, was nevertheless a period of incipient decline and in a certain sense of exaggeration and a pushing to extremes, then the English architect became again more wholly individual in mood; then, in truth, insular peculiarities were more strongly marked than ever in the past.

Late French Gothic became incomparably exuberant and unfettered — twisted and wove its window traceries, for instance, into such flame-like, wavy, stone-denying forms (see cut, page 734) that its name, *Flamboyant*, is picturesquely lucid. But late English Gothic stiffened into a fashion which is just as excellently termed *Perpendicular*.* The mullions of its windows almost abandoned their curves and were cut across by strong horizontal transoms; and the panel-like forms thus produced were carried over as superficial decorations upon the wall spaces between. And while in both countries the arch was taking on a wide variety of complex shapes, its most characteristic shape in France was the reversed or "ogee" curve and in England the low "four-centred" — the former somewhat over-free, the latter some what over-rigid in expression.

VIII.

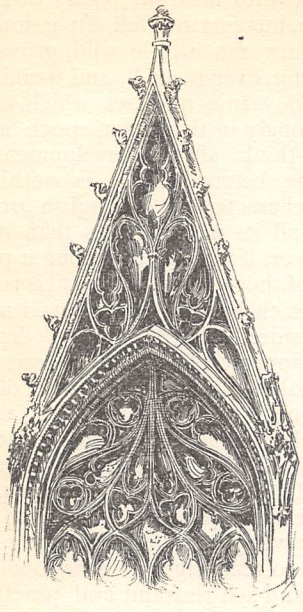
In the contrast of these two styles — produced at that late day when art was least reserved, least temperate, most individual and willful and therefore most perfectly expressive of national prepossessions, of local aspirations, gifts, and failings — we seem to see in English work what may be called architectural prose and in French work architectural poetry. The prose is very sensible and very clever and often extraordinarily majestic; supremely scientific in construction and in its details very gorgeous. But it is without that indefinable accent of purely æsthetic feeling which breathes from the poetry of France — seductive, imaginative, full of passion and fire, though now run a little wild, grown a little over-daring, over-fanciful, and freakish.

And the same qualities which come out most strongly in this latest epoch somewhat mark, I think, all the developments which had gone before. There is nothing more entirely characteristic of English architecture through all its many phases than its *love of lowness;* or, if this be too strong a phrase, its neglect of those magnificent effects of interior height which French Gothic loved more than aught besides. That love of wooden ceilings which reappeared from time to time may perhaps be taken as a sign and symbol of that love for *low* ceilings which persisted always, no matter what the forms and material used, and was paralleled by a love for low-pitched roofs above. In this national instinct against extreme elevation (extreme elevation meaning, of course, very daring constructive processes), we seem to read signs of a national spirit of caution and self-restraint and practical common sense — a trifle prosaic, I say, in quality — as incarnate in the English architect; a spirit



"PERPENDICULAR" WINDOW, WEST FRONT, NORWICH CATHEDRAL. (INSERTED IN NORMAN WALL.)

* Here we find the converse of the facts I noted with regard to Lancet features. Flamboyant windows may be seen in England's Decorated work, but she never used a homogeneous Flamboyant style. On the other hand, there is nothing away from her shores which at all resembles her Perpendicular. I need hardly call attention to a point which is clearly shown in our illustration,— the way in which the old, lofty, open triforium-gallery has now shrunk and changed its character.



FRENCH FLAMBOYANT TRACERY, ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

which is in strong opposition to the audacious, experimental, emotional, imaginative impulse of his Gallic brother.

Yet, somewhat more prosaic though it is in general temper and idea, English architecture has certain attractive qualities quite peculiar to itself. Less imaginative in its main constructive programme and also in its decorative details — for figure-sculpture plays an infinitely less important part in English work than it does in French — it was, on the other hand, less strictly molded by precept and precedent and authority. The art of England in every age and in every branch — architectural, pictorial, poetic — has shown less tendency than has the art of France to crystallize into homogeneous schools, to formulate ideas and aims and tastes into well marked schemes, and to follow those schemes with general accord. Hence many of its defects; but hence also a persistent revelation of individuality which is certainly not without its charm. We may prefer the French architecture of any given epoch to its island rival; but when examining their several results we find that the latter gives us more variety within its own especial limits. It is not so easy to pick out a *typical* English church as a typical French one; and if this fact means something less in the way of perfection, it means something more of "the element of the unexpected." And few of us have so tender an artistic conscience — at least when shod with our pilgrim shoon — that we cannot delight ourselves in novelty solely for its own sake.

Again,—and this time I note a more indisputable excellence,—while the general proportions beloved of English architects give us less of beauty from one point of view, they give us distinctly more from another; they give us less beauty inside the church, but much more without. The Frenchman loved height and breadth, but before all height — a hundred and forty feet from the floor he sometimes closed the vaults of his greatest naves. But the Englishman loved length most and cared least of all for height — built Salisbury, for example, with a length of four hundred and thirty feet, and gave it a ceiling that rises only eighty-one. Westminster Abbey (which, by the way, is really a French building in a foreign land) is, with its one hundred and one feet, the loftiest church in England; and frequently the other large churches measure even less than Salisbury or than York with its ninety-two feet. Ninety or eighty or even seventy feet may sound tremendous to transatlantic ears; may even look tremendous to transatlantic eyes which are taking their first lessons in the majesty of ancient art. But imagine what such a height must mean if *doubled;* or go to the Ile-de France, or to the Gothic churches of Normandy, or to Cologne (which, again, is a French church, though not on Gallic soil), and see what it means. See the extraordinary beauty, the extraordinary sublimity of such proportions; feel their mystery, their poetry, their overwhelming impressiveness — spiritual, emotional, and not coldly intellectual in quality. Height, in truth, in an interior, is the great enchanter, the great soul-subduer, the great poetizer and awe-inspirer. Length is seen and understood and valued at its worth. Height is *felt;* and the longer we submit ourselves to its influence, the more mysterious, the more bewildering, the more supernal it remains.

If you have seen such things and felt such things before you go to England, there is disappointment in store for you; there you will not find their like. But if you make acquaintance with England first, why, then there is disappointment of another kind awaiting you across the Straits. It is not only that the English cathedrals are very beautifully placed. They have also an incomparable external beauty of their own; and this, I say, by virtue of their very lowness.

More than a hundred feet of height means, outside a church, that the noblest towers seem dwarfed and the loftiest spires seem stunted and the greatest length seems all too short; and means, moreover, a very conspicuous use of flying-buttresses. Used in moderation, no architectural features could be finer; but used to excess, used everywhere in close succession and carried up story after

story, arch within arch, flight over flight, as in so many continental churches, they are more wonderful to the scientific eye than delightful to the artistic. Seen near at hand, it is true, their intricacy, their boldness, their beauty of form and detail, or the mysterious effects of light and shadow their intricacy works, cannot but enchant. But from a little distance, when we view the structure as a whole, they seem not so much to help the walls as to do all the work that walls should do, not so much to give the church stability as to confess its lack thereof; seem less like an intrinsic part of the fabric than like extrinsic props and stays, like stupendous after-thoughts or vast temporary scaffoldings. In many of the tall French churches the huge body is majestic through size alone and not through beauty; seems shapeless by reason of ungraceful proportioning and also by reason of the many buttresses which confuse its outline and conceal its features.

But perhaps the best thing about the long, low sky-line was the way in which it permitted the English architect to give his towers extraordinary dignity, and, moreover, to keep the central one supreme. The tower above the crossing where nave and choir and transepts meet was always supreme in Norman days; but as the Gothic body grew tall in France, this tower inevitably dwindled in the same proportion, dwindled into a mere lantern or spirelet while its whilom subordinates, flanking the western front, usurped its vanished glory. But in England it kept more than its early size and all its comparative importance; and though, as we shall see, the west front suffered by the fact, yet the composition as a whole profited vastly both in beauty and expression.

I should note, however, that it was not only the lowness of the English church which helped the central tower to its full development; its narrowness, which also seems a fault inside, was a fortunate circumstance without, for it permitted, nay, compelled, the transept arms to spread far beyond the line of nave and choir; and their projection meant for the tower that firm lateral support the eye demands. Thus through the spreading of his transepts and the soaring of his central tower the island architect gave his exterior at once more symmetry, more unity, and more variety; gave it a pyramidal shape in which all parts and forms led up to a dominant common center, and gave it equal beauty from every point of view. And, I repeat, the gain is expressional as well as artistic; for the greatest emphasis is laid not on the west front, the mere place of entrance, but on that vital spot which is the very heart of the great architectural body.

IX.

Of course I have been marking extremes. Of course there are many French churches very beautiful without, and certain English churches much too long and low for true perfection. But all the same, English excess is less painful to the eye than French, English perfection still more perfect, and the English average beyond a doubt more charming. As a general thing, I should say, the English exterior is almost, though not quite, as superior to the French as is the French interior to the English; or I will be a little bolder and say *quite*, if I may reckon up not only its intrinsic merits but also those extrinsic lovelinesses of environment wherein no other land can dare set up a counter-claim to England's.

Yet, after all, we need not greatly concern ourselves with the nice weighing of counter-claims. To enjoy them all we must recognize all diversities as such, but without trying to hold a critical balance true between them — simply being glad that they exist. Why, indeed, should we, pilgrims from afar, whose grandsires bought us better blessings at the sacrifice of our artistic heritage, feel bound to criticise the fact of its very richness when we turn back a moment to study what it was? Why should we ask which is better — complete interior, complete exterior beauty? Surely the best thing possible is that we should find one here and the other there. Why should we quarrel over the greater virtue of apse or no apse? Surely it is well that we have now the shadowy mystery of circling aisles and chapels and again the great square east wall — at Ely with its Lancet groups, at Wells with its arched vista into lower further spaces, at Gloucester with its vast translucent tapestry of glass. The more variety, since variety means different virtues, different charms, and not different degrees of one success, the better, I say, for us who are mere lovers of loveliness; whatever may be the case with the pedant or the Puritan in taste, or with the responsible professor bent on theoretic preachments, or with the practical student forced to choose a text for his own new effort amid the rivaling suggestions of so many varied rhapsodies in stone.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

CAMPING OUT IN CALIFORNIA.

AMPING OUT is a common family amusement in California; but when our party took to the woods the experiment was regarded by friends with curiosity and some mistrust. We had chosen a very difficult country, and yet we meant to live in unusual comfort. We were going into the mountains of southern California, far from roads or settlements, and our scheme was to carry into this wilderness all the equipments of a modest summer home, and to live there for a few months with a degree of luxury which the guides had never seen in such a region. Our attempt was entirely successful. The camp was maintained in excellent style for ten weeks, and was then abandoned only because there was no more forage for the horses. In these pages I purpose telling how we lived without hardship on a remote mountain, hunting, fishing, exploring wild places, and idling in the shade of the pines.

We were five comrades, including one lady, and we were served by a guide and a Chinese cook. Our point of departure and base of supplies was the little hamlet of Nordhoff, which lies in a mountain valley full of live-oaks and flowers, fifteen miles from the coast and forty miles from the town of Santa Barbara; and our objective point was a long ridge called Pine Mountain, which rises boldly to a height of six or seven thousand feet among branches of the Coast Range, twenty-five or thirty miles from Nordhoff.

The mountain can only be reached by a rude and arduous bridle-trail, so little traversed that in many places it is nearly lost in the woods and chaparral; and the serious work of our expedition was to pack our abundant luggage on horseback over this path, and to get fresh supplies at frequent intervals by the same route. I say frequent fresh supplies, for we determined at the outset not to depend upon the coarse bacon and canned provisions which form so large a part of the ordinary campers' fare. Our load when we started was not less than one thousand five hundred pounds, including tents, bedding, cooking utensils, tableware, clothing, and about ten days' rations; and as a good burden for a horse on a hard mountain trail is two hundred pounds, we had enough to pack at least seven animals, besides the seven for our own riding. But a train of fourteen horses was more than we could easily subsist on the road, nor did we wish for the care of such an extensive stable. We moved, therefore, by short marches in two divisions. The guide went first, with four baggage horses and two riders, and as soon as camp was pitched for the night he returned for the rest of the party, driving all the horses in a string before him. The next day the rear division closed up with the advance. In this way seven horses were made to serve for the whole work. It is true that the guide and the animals had to go over the entire route twice, and that we made slow progress; but we were in no hurry; and some of the pleasantest days of our summer were those we spent on leisurely marches or consecrated to rest for the tired beasts.

Happily we were able to make our first start with becoming parade and in one imposing body; for there was a wide wagon-track leading from Nordhoff a few miles into the mountains, and we made use of this to have our baggage transported on wheels as far as we could, while we rode after it in a picturesque procession. It was a little after sunrise on a bright morning in early June, when Soper, the stalwart and good-natured guide, drove into the yard at Nordhoff, with a stout farm-wagon, and began to pack into it our bales and bags, while the gentlemen, coatless, in flannel shirts, rough trousers, and leggins, and the lady, in a dress of striped canvas, suitable for riding astride, busied themselves with their horses, and prepared the bundles which were to be strapped to the saddles. We were all ready, when we missed the cook. "Hing! I say, Ah Hing!" shouted everybody; and presently the placid Chinaman came up from the cellar, carefully holding in both hands a wide-mouthed, uncovered jar containing some sloppy substance which spilled a little at every step. "Come, Hing! it's time to go. Where is your baggage?"

"Where my baggage? This my baggage."

"No, no; I mean your clothes."

"My clothes, I give him my brother. Got no baggage only this."

"Why, you can't take that up the mountain. What is it?"

"This yeast; oh, I make yeast. Bakin' powder no good; no make good blead. I make yeast, make blead. No blead, all same, no eat. Oh, I make heap good blead." And then he added, addressing himself to the lady

with a childlike smile, a bow, and an impressive wave of the hand, "Damn good blead."

It almost broke his heart to give up the jar; but he saved a bottleful of the precious leaven, and mounted with it to the top of the luggage, where I believe that not more than half was spilled on the mattresses during the journey to the first camp. And so our merry party, with much cheering, and with handkerchiefs waving from windows and doorways, rode out of the village.

But I have forgotten the cow! When we first spoke of taking a cow into a mountain camp, people thought we were joking. Then they came to the conclusion that we were rather "too fresh" for California. But we saw no reason why a cow could not go where a horse could go; and Soper, being consulted, gave the plan his entire approval. The handsome and amiable little Jersey which we thereupon chartered for the expedition proved one of the most valuable members of the company, and gave us no serious trouble. Two or three times, indeed, she slipped away, and started for home with uncommon energy, like a cow that knew her own mind; but the very clearness of her purpose made it easy to find her, for she kept in the trail, and, though she traveled fast, we always caught her after a moderate chase. If she had reached Nordhoff, I do not know whether we should have cared about reclaiming her at the cost of facing the hilarious villagers.

We cantered across the upland, through fields of grain which brushed the horses' shoulders; we threaded a live-oak wood, where all the ground under the trees was dotted with brilliant flowers; and when we reached the wall of mountain which bounds the valley on the north, we found ourselves at the mouth of a rough and burning ravine called the Matilija Cañon, strewn with bowlders, faced by bare rocks or thinly clad hills, and populous with horned toads, rattlesnakes, and other interesting reptiles. This was the forbidding gateway to the picturesque region we had chosen for our camp. A rapid brook runs down the cañon, shrinking into the deserted bed of what must once have been a broad river, and here and there the gravel spreads far over the desolate bottom. But soon after entering the ravine, the eye is relieved by patches of wood and verdure which at short intervals break in upon the sand. The rocks, taking imposing and fantastic forms, nearly close upon the trail, which crosses the stream repeatedly, as it is crowded from each steep bank in turn. Even the rudest stretches of the Matilija are famous for their flowers. The glory of the meadows and barley-fields, of which all travelers in this gorgeous State have said so much, was fading when we began our journey, but in the Matilija the blossoms linger later and attain a richer color and an ampler size than in the open country.

The brush was all in full flower as we rode past; a wilderness of sage burdened the air with perfume; many of the slopes were vast masses of blue and yellow bloom; and myriads of bees so filled the valley with noise and excitement that I could only think of the Matilija as a great honey-factory. The wagon-track, in fact, was made for the convenience of a few bee-ranches set up here in the midst of the chaparral (one of them belongs to our guide), and at the bars of the last of these rude inclosures the mark of wheels comes to an abrupt end.

We made our first halt near the head of the Matilija, where a flat basin among the hills, with a grassy bottom fringed by sycamores and willows, a thicket of alder on the banks of the stream, and a profusion of flowers at every turn, made a tempting spot for the pitching of our camp. We turned the horses loose, and while the lady and the cook prepared our first meal, the rest of us unloaded the wagon and opened bales and boxes. We established the Chinaman in a commodious kitchen, consisting of a willow-tree, a sheet-iron stove, and an open fire for the kettle; and presently we were seated on the ground disposing of a miscellaneous picnic lunch, to which exercise and exhilaration contributed great appetites. We had a merry and busy afternoon, setting up our tents on the edge of the wood; building a dinner-table (for which we brought the top in short sections of light half-inch redwood), and spreading an awning over it; cutting branches for our beds; making rustic shelves around the trunks of trees; and arranging our stores. A late dinner of steak and potatoes closed the day, and we went to bed tired and happy.

We spent two weeks in this pleasant camp; and how short and delightful were the days! There was no worry about weather, for between May and November no rain ever falls in this region; and although the sea fogs sometimes reached us at night, the days were always bright, the heat was moderate, and we were high enough above the ocean-level — one thousand eight hundred feet — to catch fresh breezes that were not felt in the valleys below us. A cold spring tumbled into the brook a few rods from our tents. In mid-stream was a shady island of smooth gravel, where the gentlemen spread their rugs in the afternoon, smoked, and read novels; and there was a clean, deep pool in which they bathed. Fishing was the principal sport, for the Matilija abounds with trout. Every morning before light two or three of our party crawled from their couches, took a

slice of bread and a draught of milk at the willow-tree which we called the pantry, and were ready at the first glimmer of dawn to whip the stream. Every evening after dinner they took their rods again and fished as long as they could see. Sometimes they made all-night excursions to the upper waters of the Matilija in the mountains, and followed them down to the camp. There was a flavor of adventure in these expeditions into the dark and lonely woods, with the suppers of bacon and freshly caught trout, and the late lingering over the camp-fire coffee; but the fishing was quite as good near home. The Dolly Varden trout, which is caught in these California brooks, is named from the brilliant and varied colors of its sides and belly. Certainly it is gayly and coquettishly adorned; but it does not excel the exquisite speckled trout of our own waters either in beauty or in flavor, nor will it rank very high as a game fish. No special art is needed to take it; worms, flies, grasshoppers, bits of bread or of meat,—it swallows them all with undiscriminating appetite. If it has any preference in the matter of diet, it is for the eyes of its own companions. When other bait ceased to allure, we used to put a trout's eye on the hook, and the sport revived. I think that with a few accidental exceptions we had trout at every meal as long as we remained in this camp. Farther up we afterward found still finer fishing. There was a spot on the left fork of the Matilija where the doctor and the Chinaman, resting a day on the march to the mountain, hooked trout almost as fast as they could throw their lines. Here Ah Hing performed his great exploit of catching forty-eight fish with one worm, which has always seemed to me the most remarkable illustration of Chinese thrift in my experience. There is no doubt about the fact; no worms are found in the arid valley, and as our supply, brought from Soper's ranch, was small, the doctor put Ah Hing on an allowance of three, two of which he afterward returned.

Venison was scarce at our first camp, and although the guide and two or three of the most earnest of the party made long marches and spent watchful nights on the mountains, they saw only one deer, and him they did not kill. The deer-hunting was to come later. There was other game, however, in plenty. Wild pigeons abounded; and the beautiful crested valley quail—a much handsomer bird than our eastern bob-white, but not such good eating—could be got with very little trouble. We had no dogs, but we seldom lost a bird, and our larder, a convenient branch overhanging the pantry-shelves, rarely lacked the materials for a pie. Nobody seemed to make a business of gunning. It was the recreation of odd moments—I was going to say of idle moments, but we were always idle in those happy halcyon days. When a man was tired of his pipe and his novel, he strolled into the grove or up the cañon, and came back presently with a good bag. Even the cook took his share in this easy sport; but to him, unlike the others, the enterprise was one of wild excitement. He crept after birds with the stealthy tread of a cat. He never risked a long shot, and never was quick enough to fire both barrels, but his luck upon the whole was very fair, and when he returned the hills echoed with his exultant cry, "Ho, I catchum pigeon—t'ree, four pigeon!" He brought in rabbits also, for the stewing of which he had a great knack; and we recognized the shout, "Ho, I catchum labbit!" as the prelude to a savory dinner.

Guides and ranchmen and hunters told us stories about bears in the neighboring hills—not very near us, for bears are like chills and fever: they never have them just here, but only on the other side of the valley; yet there was an element of the grotesque as well as the marvelous about these tales which disposed us to skepticism, and even the lady slept secure. There was a hunting party on one of the forks of the Matilija, in whose camp one of our fishermen had been hospitably entertained at breakfast, and on the march to the mountain we met these men going home. They had the skins of a black bear and two cubs: they shot a cub by accident, and this led to a difficulty with the rest of the family. But our guide, who hardly felt that anything less than a grizzly ought to be called a bear, treated the adventure with contempt. He rode on in silence for some time, and then he gave a short, scornful laugh. "I don't call that any kind of bear-shooting. *Black* bears!" Further back in the mountains we talked with a French lad who was tending sheep. He had built his bed eight feet above the ground, with the foot of it resting against a tree, which served him for stairs, and he told us that he did this on account of "the bears."

"Bears? What kind of bears?"

"I don't know how you call them in English; they are about so long"—indicating three inches. We never found out what he meant.

When the forage began to fail we broke camp and entered upon the difficult part of our march. We had come to the end of the road, and the mountain trail which lay before us was so rough, so steep, so crooked, and so much overgrown that the pack-horses had to be loaded with extreme care, lest a too prominent pot or projecting broom-handle, catch-

ing in the brush or striking a rock, should throw them from the insecure path. When the last of us, after an early breakfast, rode out of the dismantled camp, we looked back with a sentimental regret upon the shady thicket, the acres of flowers, and the rustic chairs and tables left as relics of the occupation. We should have been melancholy indeed if we had known that the spot would never look beautiful to us again. When we returned at the end of summer, the hills above it had been swept by fire, the axe had been laid to the trees, and an adventurous ranchman was clearing the land for pasture.

A little way above the camp the Matilija Cañon splits into three narrow ravines, each traversed by a fork of the stream, and each shut in by high mountains. Our route lay up the pass on our right hand, and after we had twice forded the water we turned sharply at the foot of a projecting height, and began to ascend. We twisted and doubled so often around spurs of the range that we soon lost the points of the compass. The trail kept close to the brook (when it was not actually in the brook), and indeed there was no room for it elsewhere. We threaded defiles, we crept through dense copses, we bent low over the horses' necks to penetrate stretches of wood, we forced our way through the bush by main strength and left rags fluttering on the thorns; now and then we crossed a broad, flower-spangled basin, or trod a treacherous path on the sandy flanks of a mountain amphitheater. Grandeur of outline, splendor of color, and variety of character are the distinctive charms of the California hill-country, and in this entrancing journey we had a rapid succession of pictures not less remarkable for their contrasts than for their beauty. The ascent was steady and rapid, and whenever we came to a clear height we looked back in surprise at the cañon below. Sometimes a magnificent vista of blue mountains and broad valleys suddenly opened before us, fading in a hazy and mysterious distance; and when we reached the crest of the divide which separates the head-streams of the Sespe and Ventura rivers, we turned and saw beyond the mountains the Pacific Ocean like a pale mist. The journey was principally a scramble, and the lady had ample reason to applaud the sagacious guide who advised her to use a man's saddle; a side-saddle would certainly have brought her to grief. The last stage of the ascent of the divide — an unnamed portion of the Santa Ynez range — was a terrible climb of about two thousand feet through stunted shrubs. We had hardly breathing-time on the narrow top before we plunged into a dark pine wood, and began an equally deep but more gradual descent. The gloom of the forest was intensified by the blackened remains of burnt trees. Nearly half the timber had been scarred by fire, and much of it killed. Mighty trunks, six feet in diameter, lay stretched along the ground. Here and there the fires were still smoldering. Looking forward we sometimes saw sunlight on the foliage in the distance far below, but our somber path through the black valley was like one of those weird scenes beloved by Doré, in which dense shadow lies under towering, gigantic branches. At the foot of the ravine we issued into a broad, hot, sandy valley, overgrown with tall grasses; and in front of us, parallel with the range we had just crossed, stretched the long ridge of Pine Mountain, upon which we were to pitch our final camp. After we had crossed the valley we had a hard climb of three or four hours, first through a narrow gorge, and then along the crests of the outlying ridges; and at last, in the heat of the afternoon, we reached the grateful shade of the pine-covered summit, and rode in a beautiful open wood, free from undergrowth, where the eye lost itself in innumerable charming vistas beneath the lofty boughs.

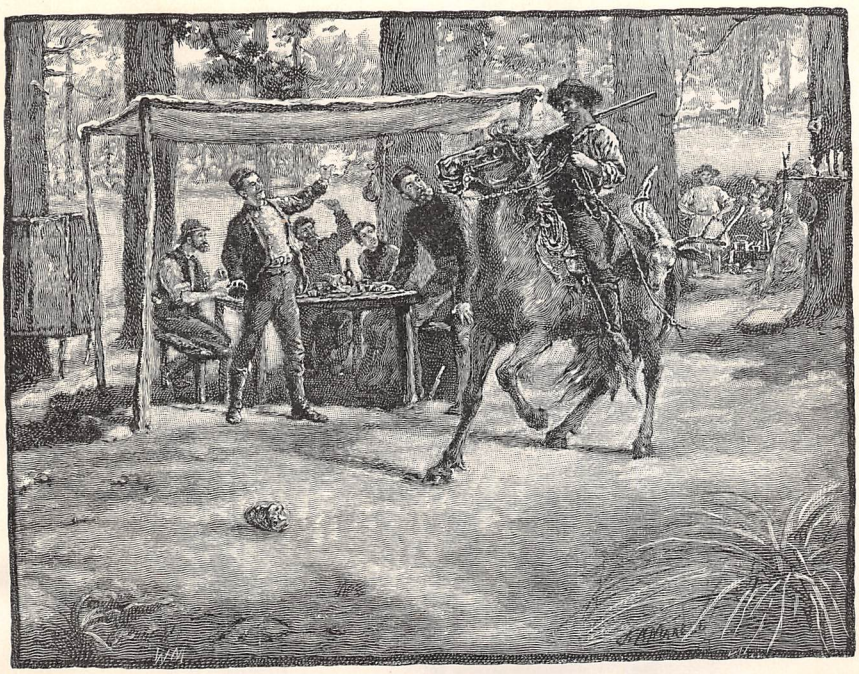
We spent a week on the road from our first camp to the mountain. Once we set up our tabernacle in a group of bay-trees, and made our beds of the fragrant branches. Again we halted in a copse by the Sespe River, where we caught trout of prodigious fatness, and refreshed our horses in a succulent pasture, while Soper went back to Nordhoff for supplies. We did not pitch our tents during these wayside stops; we spread our blankets under the trees, and reduced the art of living to its simplest elements, so that the packs should not be disturbed more than was necessary. Even after we reached the mountain, it was ten days before we resumed the luxurious habits of our camp in the Matilija. We went first to a deep and narrow glen on the south face of the mountain, where a beautiful spring of water issued from a cave; but this spot had no recommendation as a camping-place except the water, and we presently settled ourselves on the summit. Here we had incessant breezes, abundant shade, space, variety, verdure, forage, and a superb outlook over valleys and mountain ranges, with the sea and its islands in the distance. But, alas, we had no water; that had to be brought from the glen, about a mile distant, the trail comprising a breakneck ascent of five hundred feet which was much worse than anything we had passed on the journey. If we had realized the full extent of the water difficulty before starting, we should have directed our expedition elsewhere; and indeed I must confess that in

many respects Pine Mountain, as a camping-place, is open to objections. I will not rehearse them all, for I am more concerned to show how one can live comfortably in camp than where one can so live. Having determined to pack water from the spring to the summit, we obtained four square tin honey-cans, each holding five gallons; they were furnished with screw-tops, and were set in two oblong wooden boxes, to which cords were attached for lashing them to a pack-saddle. A horse-load was thus twenty gallons, weighing, with the boxes, nearly two hundred pounds, and we used, with great economy, three loads in two days. Getting water over that nearly impossible trail was hard work for both man and horse, and it made a dreadful inroad upon the day, especially when it happened, as it often did, that the horses could not be found when they were wanted. The horses ran loose all over the mountain-top, and though they often wandered far, they never went down into the valley, or let more than a day pass without paying us a friendly visit.

Soper got the water-vessels for us the first time he went down for supplies, and as soon as they arrived we moved our camp. The spot we chose was a gentle slope looking toward the south, well-shaded by an open growth of huge white pines, quite clear of brush, and reaching in front to the edge of the mountain, while in the rear "big bunches of rock," as our guide called them, divided it from a beautiful little depression in the very crest of the ridge, and from the denser growth of timber which extended thence down the northern slopes to the foot of the range. The parallel ridges in this part of the country, running east and west, are thickly wooded on their north face, and treeless on the south. From our mountain-top we could look both ways. I never got used to the startling change in the effect of the landscape produced by merely turning around. But in one respect it was all alike: neither on the side of the dark-green forest nor in the melancholy quarter of bare red hills and sandy wastes was there a sign of human life—not a house, nor a fence, nor a road, nor a tilled field.

In the midst of our grove we set up a capacious table, which not only served us for meals but marked a place for social gatherings. We leveled a broad platform, raised a stout awning-frame, made benches of split logs, and built on the north, or windward side, a thick screen of wattled hemlock branches, which we hung with sundry housekeeping articles, and decorated, after a while, with deer-skins and other trophies of the chase. At one side was suspended a vessel of drinking-water; at the other was a little covered fire-place, with a flue running so far back into the hillside that the smoke would not annoy us. Here we made the coffee and kept the dishes hot, while Ah Hing held undisturbed possession of the kitchen. That department was about two rods distant, in a clump of fine trees, and was nearly surrounded by a wind-screen of hemlock boughs and odd pieces of canvas. With poles, and lengths of split pine, and a few empty boxes, the cook made a dresser and a set of shelves. We had an excellent stove of sheet-iron, highly effective and easily transported. It was about three feet long, eighteen inches high, and eighteen inches wide; it had no bottom, no legs, nothing that would break; the pipe telescoped and went inside; the weight of the whole was eight pounds, and the shape was convenient for packing. On the march we turned the stove upside down and filled it with saucepans and the camp library, this collection of books comprising a large supply of portable literature in the Franklin Square series and similar publications. As an appendix to the stove, we had a deep sheet-iron roasting-pan, with a tight cover; a Dutch-oven served for baking bread and pies, and there was a huge open fire-place, backed with stone, before which we hung haunches of venison too big for the roaster. We built a substantial meat-safe, with sides and top of mosquito-netting. Shelves around the trunks of trees held our other stores, and a close cupboard, fastened to the trunk of a tall pine, answered for a dairy. As it never rained, and insects were not troublesome, our groceries needed no protection except from the sun and the dust.

In our sleeping arrangements there was a great deal of diversity. The different members of the party placed their beds far enough from one another and from the common center to secure a reasonable degree of privacy, and sought, moreover, the protection of masses of rock or groups of trees. We all lay in the open air—all except the Chinaman, who would have his A tent, even on the march, being persuaded that it was a necessary and sovereign safeguard against bears and snakes. Some spread pine boughs on the ground and put a blanket over them; others built rustic bedsteads. The lady and her husband had light wool mattresses, not more than two inches thick, and so flexible that they were easily rolled up for transportation on horse-back. These, placed upon branches of white pine and close top layers of hemlock twigs, carefully set with the cut ends down, made soft, springy, and luxurious beds. Several of us brought sacking to make cots, but the experiment, which we tried only in the first camp, was not successful—the cot-frames broke down,



THE FIRST DEER.

or the canvas sagged too much; the pine branches were both simpler and more comfortable. Whether it is better to sleep on the ground or on a bedstead is a disputed point. Experienced friends gave me contradictory advice. Assuming that you lie out-of-doors (for that is by far the pleasanter plan in a dry climate), you will need, if you build a raised bedstead, at least one thick blanket under you, and perhaps two. Even a light mattress will not be a sufficient protection unless you are in a spot much better sheltered from the wind than the top of Pine Mountain. But, while the ground is undoubtedly warmer than a bedstead, it is, on the other hand, very dirty. On such a couch the bedding soon becomes filled with dust and dead leaves and miscellaneous refuse, and you will be fortunate if the vagrant breezes do not deposit much of their burden in your face while you sleep.

A tent is unnecessary in a climate like that of the California summer, but it is a great convenience. There were two wall-tents in our camp, each about ten by twelve feet. F—— used his only for a wind-screen after we reached the mountains. The other was occupied by the lady and her husband as a dressing-room, their beds being placed just outside the open door. They had a floor-covering of striped canvas, pulled tight and tied to the tent-pegs, and under this they spread a thick layer of pine-needles. This gave them the first of all luxuries in camp life — a clean place for the toilet. The greatest affliction of this savage existence is dirt, and the greatest comfort is a basin of water. Of course when there is a lady in the party, shelter of some sort is indispensable, however fine the weather. Huts can be built of boughs, but to build them properly takes a great while, and for some days after first going into camp everybody is busy with work which needs instant attention. Bough huts, moreover, are but a poor protection from the wind and the dust, and in a mountain country both these visitations are apt to be troublesome. With a tent you can at least be sure of a tolerably tidy retreat, and it is surprising how easily it is carried. Tent-poles we cut in the woods as we wanted them.

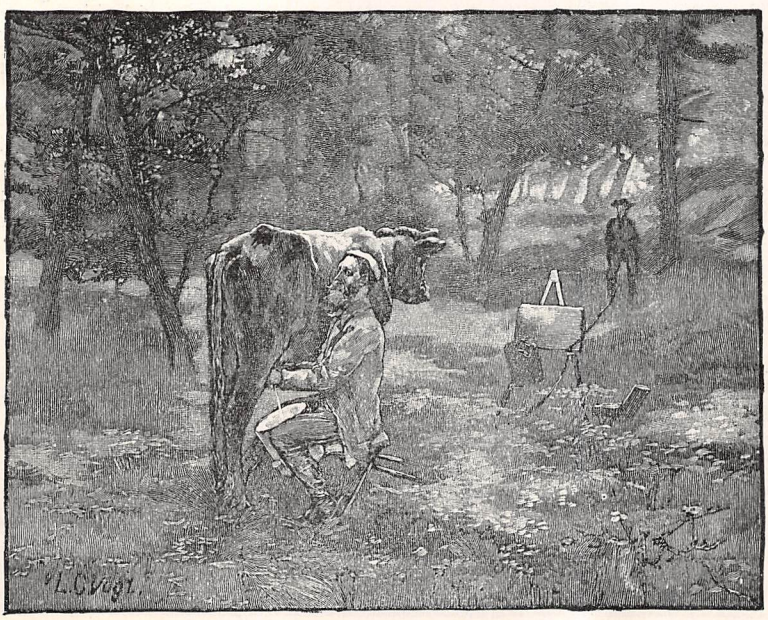
Our party hunted in moderation. Two of them took to the woods for the benefit of their health, and those who were better able to carry a gun did not depend upon shooting for their daily amusement. They read, they sketched, they strolled about the mountain in search of the picturesque, they made excursions on horseback to various parts of the long ridge and to the valley below, they lounged and chatted in the shade. The ordinary work of the camp and the construction of chairs, tables, washstands, and innumerable little conveniences gave everybody some occupation. We had a few carpenter's tools, and they were never out of use. We breakfasted at seven, lunched at

HARVEY.

twelve, and dined at six; and when we left the dinner-table we gathered around a large fire in the midst of the camp, and listened to the guide's stories until drowsiness overtook us. Soper, having business of his own on hand, left us as soon as we reached the mountain-top, but he sent an excellent man in his place. The new guide was a very quiet and soft-voiced person, who said "sir" when he spoke to us, while Soper always addressed us as "you fellows." We never decided which was the better guide or the pleasanter companion. Soper was from New Hampshire. He had been a cavalryman in the United States army, and after practicing a variety of handicrafts had now turned bee-keeper. Harvey was an English sailor. He had served for many years as carpenter in the royal navy; what wave of fortune threw him on the California coast I never learned; but having found his footing there he took to the mountains with an enthusiastic love, and became an expert hunter and woodman. He was an indefatigable walker, a good shot, a model of industry, an excellent cook, and, as might be expected of a ship's carpenter, a handy man at almost everything. At the evening fire he sat on the ground, a little back from the circle, smoking a pipe and interminglings sporting reminiscences with stories of his life at sea, as if in some odd way "The Pilot" and "The Pathfinder" had got mixed up like the babies in "Pinafore." I liked best his tales of the forecastle. They were not at all exciting; they were novels of character and manners rather than of incident, abounding in "says I" and "says he," and running on indefinitely with a placid and soothing movement which disposed us to peace and content. At the end

Harvey always laughed gently, and we followed him; but I do not think that he expected this tribute. I dare say that the art of telling stories like these is only acquired on long voyages. Sometimes an element of drollery in the tales, which we missed while we stared at the fire in the sleepy evening, came to us the next day with a new relish. I remember in particular a long and minutely detailed story about a meat-pie, which we heard with serene composure in the course of a protracted sitting. Thirty-six hours afterwards I began to think it funny. With some hesitation I asked my companions if they also found it funny. The idea was new to them, but upon reflection they agreed with me. It has seemed funny ever since; but only a sailor could tell it with effect.

When we first went to the mountain we meant to send Harvey to Nordhoff every week or so for supplies and the mail. But this journey would have taken three days, and we found that he could not be spared. A young man who worked for Soper at the bee-ranch was therefore engaged to come up every Saturday, riding one of Soper's horses and leading another loaded. The arrival of Brown, late in the evening, was the chief excitement of our life. The lantern was brought out, flaring candles appeared on the table, and we surrounded the old white pack-horse, Blanco, to examine the sacks and bundles heaped upon his weary back. The raw-hide bags which hung from the pack-tree were filled with parcels of tea, coffee, sugar, small groceries, powder, shot, nails, flour, and meal, a can of honey, a ham, a pail of fresh butter, two or three pecks of potatoes, onions, and whatever young vegetables could be got, and on the load were a few live fowls in a sack, a box of eggs, a box of apricots, pears, and apples, and a plethoric mail-bag. The carrier spent Sunday in camp, and early Monday morning he started on his return with our letters, and orders on the Nordhoff shop-keeper for the next week, and sometimes presents of venison for our friends. We had a few canned meats for emergencies, but we made little use of any of them, except corned beef, which, with the addition of potatoes and onions, furnished a palatable hash. Nor had we need to try our digestions with the coarse bacon which is sold in this part of the country, though we larded our venison with it, and fried it with deer's liver, and now and then for a change served it with eggs. We lived almost entirely upon fresh provisions, carefully and even daintily cooked. Venison was so abundant on the mountain that we were never without it. Our hunters, after the first day or two, which they spent in learning the haunts of the game, never went after deer without killing at least one. At the foot of the mountain were shepherds who sold us lamb and mutton. About once a week some of our party saddled their horses to go marketing; they returned after five or six hours with a whole sheep, the price of which, skinned and dressed, was three dollars, without regard to age or weight. In the dry air of the mountain mutton would keep five or six days and venison longer. We tried

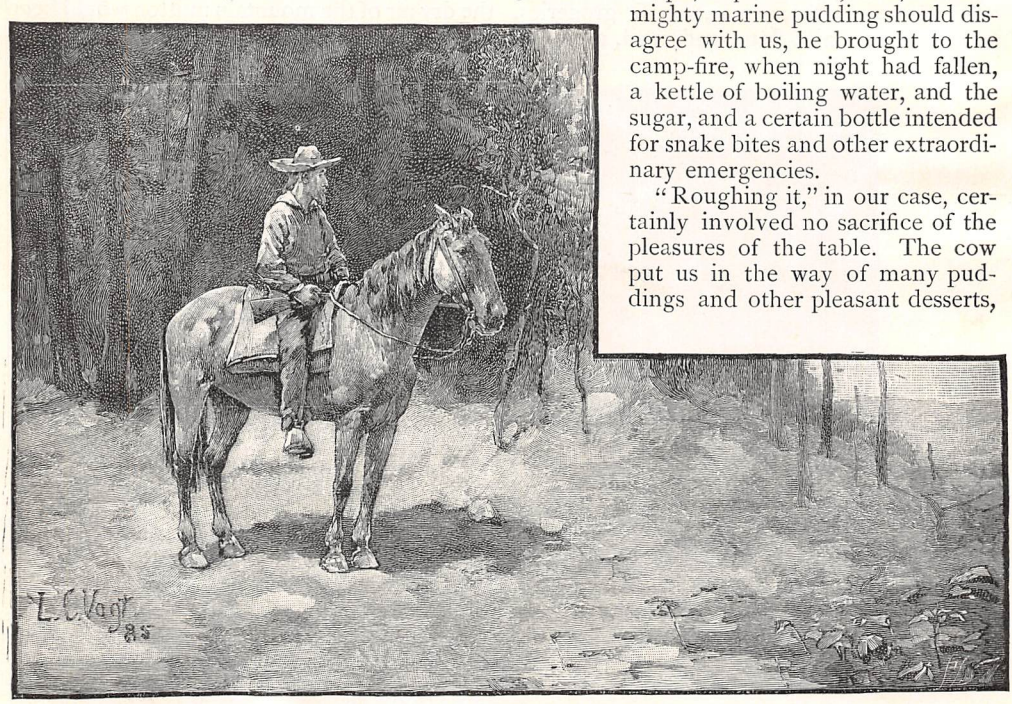


THE MILKMAID.

getting beef from Nordhoff, but this experiment was a failure. After all, we had variety enough without it. We learned to serve venison in so many ways that we never got tired of it, and though it is but a dry meat by nature, there is an art of giving it juices. It was set before us in the form of steaks from the leg, chops from the loin, breaded cutlets from the shoulder, stews with potatoes and ham, haunches roasted before an open fire, haunches stuffed with minced vegetables (not forgetting onions), smoking and well-seasoned pies, and, best shape of all, brown and tender saddles. I am sure that nobody can roast a haunch better than Harvey. It was a day of grand ceremony when, some majestic buck being ready for the fire, our woodland sailor took command of the kitchen. He made sure that the flesh was in prime condition; he collected dry oak fuel, which would give live coals without smoke; he larded the haunch well; he hung it by a twisted string; he basted it judiciously as it revolved; he made a good gravy for it; and he served it hot, with currant jelly. Then he crowned the feast with his greatest triumph, a plum-duff; and, lest that mighty marine pudding should disagree with us, he brought to the camp-fire, when night had fallen, a kettle of boiling water, and the sugar, and a certain bottle intended for snake bites and other extraordinary emergencies.

THE ROAST.

"Roughing it," in our case, certainly involved no sacrifice of the pleasures of the table. The cow put us in the way of many puddings and other pleasant desserts,



"WHERE THE RED DEER FEED."

and of various cakes and biscuits. Ah Hing was not unduly confident when he boasted of his "heap good blead," and the artist was an adept in the mysteries of flap-jacks. Here is a bill of fare for a day in July, which may pass as a sample of our table:

Breakfast: Oatmeal porridge and cream; deer's liver and bacon; broiled kidneys; hot biscuit; coffee and tea.

Luncheon: Lamb chops; canned salmon; honey and cream.

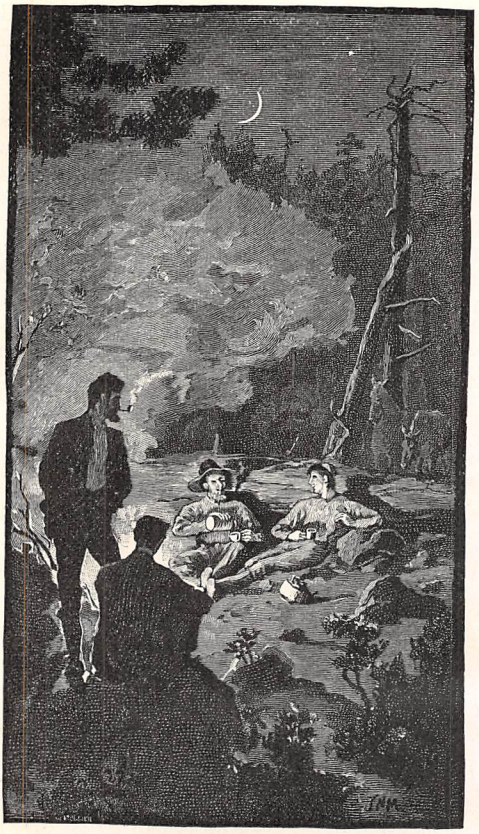
Dinner: Soup; haunch of venison; mashed potatoes; pudding.

Crockery and glass being out of the question in a mountain camp, our table service was composed of "agate ware," a very serviceable kind of enameled iron, which is far preferable to tin for such expeditions, being pleasanter to use, easier to keep clean, and proof against rough handling which would knock tin out of shape. It is not very cheap, plates costing us twenty-five cents apiece and cups thirty cents, but when the summer was over, every article was as good as new, and was readily sold. Tin answered well enough for meat-dishes, and we got a decent quality of tin spoons and forks for a few cents each. Upon the whole our table was neat, comfortable, and attractive.

Hunting on the mountain was not without the exciting uncertainty which is essential to good sport, but the difficulty was less in shooting the game than in recovering it after it had been shot. We had no dogs, and the deer always run after being hit, sometimes getting over a surprising extent of difficult ground with a bullet in a vital part. One of Harvey's earliest experiences with us was the loss of a fine buck under circumstances which always puzzled him. He started a buck and a doe on the north flank of the mountain, and hit them both. The doe was easily secured, but the buck, though badly wounded, sprang down the slope and was soon out of sight. Harvey traced it for some distance. The trail was marked not only by a profusion of blood but by fragments of bone. Suddenly the blood, the foot-prints, and every other sign disappeared as completely as if the animal had been snatched up into the air. A long search, resumed later in the day with the help of a companion, led to no result. The mystery never was solved. Below the spot where the trail ceased there was a precipitous descent, too far, one would think, to have been reached by a wounded deer in a single leap; and yet the only conceivable explanation of the disappearance is that the animal did go over it in one bound. A man could not climb down the rocks, and as any détour to reach the bottom must have been very long and arduous, the quest was abandoned.

TWO OF THE SHEPHERDS.

An adventure which befell the artist was still more annoying. It had long been his ambition to secure a pair of large branching antlers, and one day he started just the sort of buck he had been looking for. The spot was a difficult slope on the south face of the mountain, and the hunter, having dismounted and tied his horse to a tree, was proceeding

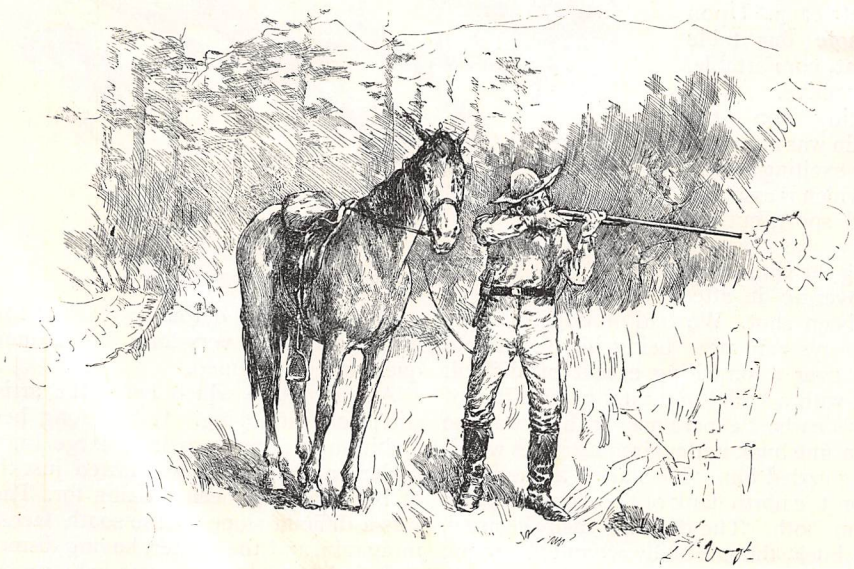


YARNS.

on foot. (I should explain that our sportsmen always rode as far as they could, not only to save the fatigue of a long tramp, but because they needed horses to bring home the booty.) The buck fell at the first shot, and lay as if dead some distance down the rocks. Thinking that it would be all that he could do to shoulder the venison, M—— turned back to leave his rifle near the horse before he went after the game. He had gone about half-way down the hill, when to his consternation the buck sprang up and plunged into a thicket. Then he had to climb back for the rifle before he could pursue; and although he tracked the deer through brush and ravines for two or three hours, he never got another shot at it. On the way home he secured a doe, but this did not console him for the loss of the largest buck any of us had seen on the mountain.

"I tell you," said Harvey, "don't you ever go near a dead deer without your rifle. I've been caught that way. I shot a big fellow once, and he tumbled right over with his legs out stiff, and never stirred till I whipped out my knife and went to cut him open. Then he just gave a big jump, and was off before I hardly knew what had happened. But I got him, though, afterwards."

We saw little game on the mountain except venison. A few gray squirrels were shot, and there was a legend of a jack-rabbit which at rare intervals flashed upon the sight of men who happened to be out without a gun. In the course of time this elusive creature acquired a reputation like that of the sea-serpent. Reports of its size grew more and more startling. Once in a while somebody who had been roaming at sunrise would come to breakfast with the remark, "I saw the jack-rabbit this morning," in the tone of a visitor in a



AT LONG RANGE.

haunted house reporting, "I saw the ghost last night." Expeditions often went out for the express purpose of shooting that one rabbit. Ah Hing hunted for him with especial zeal. But nobody with a gun ever saw him. Some called him a phantom; others thought him a myth. At last, at the end of summer, when we had broken camp and were going home, there appeared to all of us, in a patch of brush close to the trail, a mighty pair of ears, and presently the jack-rabbit ran slowly across our path. He stopped to look, as our train wound down the hill, and when he was sure that we were really going he turned contemptuously, kicked a little sand at us, and went up the mountain.

GETTING IN THE BEDDING.

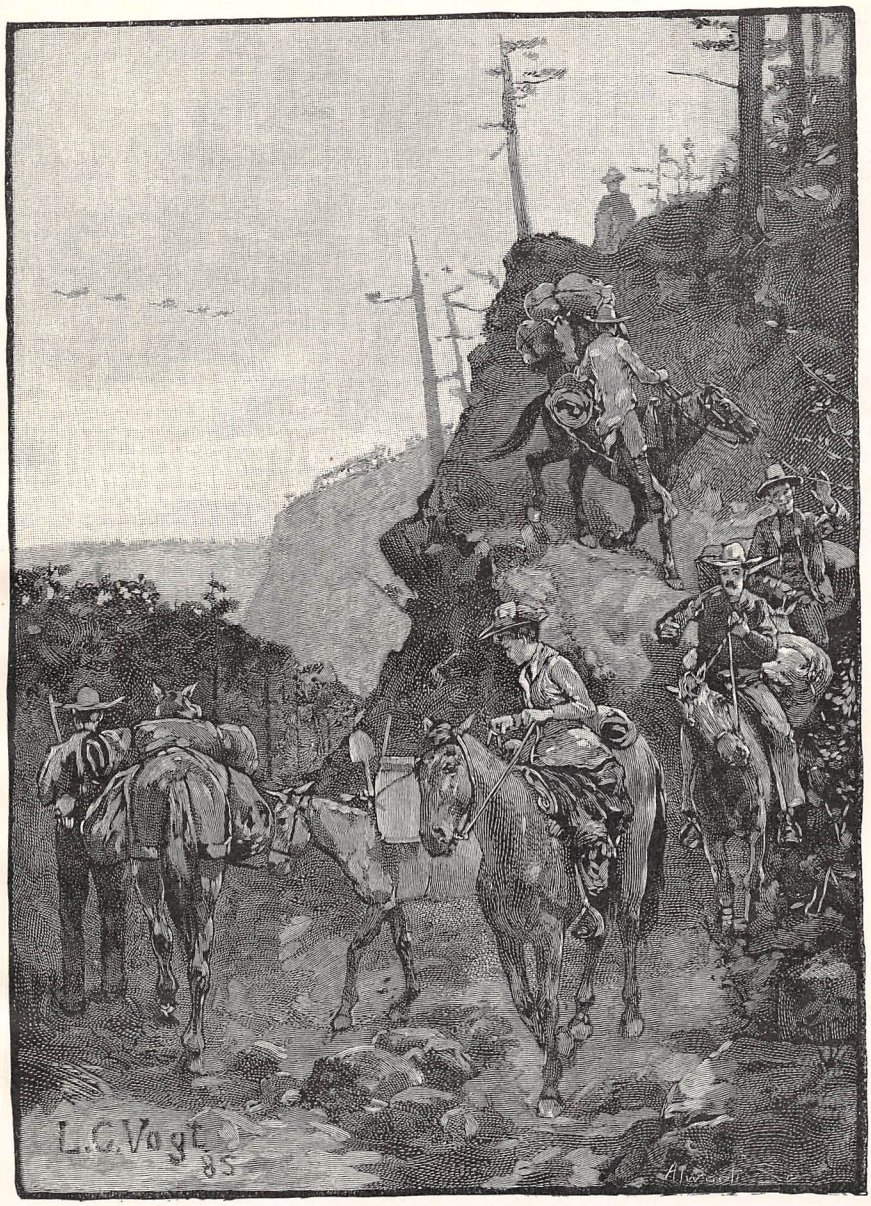
Pigeons were very scarce at the summit. Quail sometimes appeared there, but all those that we saw had young broods, and we would not molest them. There is a bird called the mountain grouse which can be found on Pine Mountain by those who will look for it; but owing to its color, which is nearly that of the bark of the pine, and to its habit of perching on high branches close to the trunk, it is not easily seen except by an expert. On the very last day of our camp we found a haunt of these birds, a bare sandy place among bushes, where their foot-prints were as thick as the tracks in a poultry-yard. The wild-cats had found it too, for their trails were distinct in the neighborhood. One day the artist, coming in from a deer hunt, discovered a mountain grouse in a tree, and brought it down with his rifle. It reached the ground in half a dozen pieces, and he had to bind up the fragments before he could carry it home. It was a hoary and solemn bird, and it seemed a sort of sacrilege to kill a venerable recluse which had probably looked down from its solitude upon a long succession of camping parties. When we proceeded to eat it, we all agreed that it was a pity it had been shot.

There were fires in the valleys and cañons below us all summer, and the mountain itself in former years had been so often in flames that there was hardly a tree on it unscorched. The authors of this annual crime, which must seriously affect the scanty water-supply of arid southern California, are herders who drive thousands of sheep over the government wild lands, and, when they have stripped a region, put the torch to the brush, to improve the pasturage for the next season. From the brush the fire spreads to the woods. There is nothing to stop it, and nobody but the disgusted tourist cares. There had been a fire burning at the north foot of the mountain for some days, which we watched with uneasiness, for the prevailing winds were from that quarter. The pine forest on that side covered the whole slope. As soon as the

flames got among the trees, destruction seemed to be sweeping upon us. It was a terrible but fascinating spectacle, standing on the edge of the ridge, and sheltering ourselves as well as we could behind masses of rock from the heat and the dense resinous smoke, to look down by night into the burning wood, and watch the fall of blazing pines and the steady advance of the conflagration, a line of fire two or three miles long roaring and crashing straight toward our camp. It was impossible to check it on the slope. We watched for two days. Then the flames reached the top, hardly a quarter of a mile behind our tents. The timber there, however, was open enough to give us a chance to fight the flames by digging a trench and kindling a contrary fire; the wind providentially shifted a little, and after a laborious and anxious night the danger passed on one side. We had brought in our horses and made every preparation for flight. Our lives were in no great peril, for the trail remained free, but we came near losing all our goods, and we narrowly escaped being cut off from our only spring of water. The mountain burned all the rest of the summer, and a fresh fire was started by the shepherds on the south side the day we left.

A SHAVING AND HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.

And now perhaps my readers will be curious to know what comforts and what necessary outfit we carried on horseback through woods and thickets and ravines to this solitary mountain height, and how much the expedition cost. When we formed The Pine Mountain Camping Company, we agreed that each member should please himself as to his personal outfit, — tent, bedding, horse, etc., — and that everything for common use should be paid for by the treasurer out of a common fund. Three of the party had their own horses; two horses were hired at $12.50 a month each; and the use of two more was included in our contract with Soper. There was the greatest variety in the views of the company as to personal baggage. One or two were satisfied with a pair of blankets, a quilted comforter costing about $3, and a canvas bag for a few clothes and toilet articles. The price of such an outfit probably did not exceed $12. At the other extreme was the establishment of the lady and her husband. They carried a tent which cost $15 and was sold at the end of the season for $10; three pairs of blankets, worth $8 a pair; two mattresses, costing $8.75 each; two small pillows; two camp-chairs; a tin basin; a paper pail; and canvas bags containing a change of clothing. The blankets, mattresses, and some other articles were sold afterwards at half price.



FAREWELL TO PINE MOUNTAIN.

The total first cost of this equipment, including a few miscellaneous things which I have not enumerated, was $72, and the amount realized from the sale of portions of it was $32, leaving a net cost of $40 for two persons. This, of course, did not include clothing: for the most part we wore what old things we had, using flannel altogether for under-garments, and carrying only one change, as washing could always be done in camp.

The general outfit comprised kitchen and table utensils, tools, etc. The principal articles were the following:

	Cost.		*Cost.*
Stove	$3.00	Twelve spoons	$ .55
Roaster	2.00	Nine agate plates	2.25
Dutch-oven (borrowed)		Six agate cups	1.80
Kettle	1.50	Agate pitcher	1.00
Three saucepans	1.35	Towel and napkins	3.70
Broiler	.50	Water-vessels	2.50
Frying-pan	.50	Tools, nails, rope, etc.	8.16
Pans and pails	2.75	Miscellaneous	13.34
Other kitchen utensils	4.60		
Six knives and forks	2.63		$52.13

From the sale of this property we obtained $20, leaving a net cost of $32.13, to be divided among five people.

Our current supplies included, as the reader will have inferred from the preceding pages, nearly all the ordinary family groceries and a great many table luxuries also. Besides substantial provisions, such as flour, meal, sugar, coffee, tea, ham, bacon, etc., we had plentiful supplies of olives, jellies, sauces, raisins, sago, tapioca, corn-starch, cheese, dried fruits, excellent fresh butter, honey, fresh eggs, fresh fruit, and vegetables. Our meat bill covered little except sheep, of which we ate five in the course of the season. For the hire of the cow we paid $10 a month. At first she found ample pasturage, but after we went up the mountain we gave her about a dollar's worth of barley a week. We calculated the cost of the milk at six cents a quart, which was cheap, considering the comfort we got from it. The horses fared well, foraging for themselves, until a week or two before we broke camp; then we got a little barley for them, not more than three or four dollars' worth altogether.

We paid the cook $1 a day. We paid the guide $3 a day for his own services and the use of his two horses. Reckoning supplies, wages, and the rent of the cow, the living expenses of the whole party of seven, with the eight animals, amounted for sixty-eight days to $562.31, which, divided among five, gives a cost of $112.46 a head. Taking for the cost of the personal outfit the highest of the figures I gave above, we have the following as the expense to each person of a camping expedition of sixty-eight days:

Personal outfit	$20.00
Share of general outfit	6.43
Current expenses	112.46
Total	$138.89

Or $2 a day. As we lived like *gourmets*, and made no great effort to economize, this, we thought, was doing pretty well.

John R. G. Hassard.

IN A DARK HOUR.

THOSE tender mothers! When such little things,
Such helpless, fragile little things we are,—
How they pray God for us! how they make war
For us with death! and spread their mother-wings
About us full of anxious quiverings,
And spying each least peril from afar,
With their own arms, thereto made mighty, bar
The way from harms and smile at adder-stings,
And brave the tigers merciless and wild,
In their deep love for us; and by and by,
When we are men, to strive and stand alone,
We clasp our desperate, aching heads and moan:
Would God my mother had left me to die!
Would I had died a sinless little child!

Gertrude Hall.

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHY.

WE are all interested in typical representations. The novelist or poet holds and gratifies us as we feel that the character which is portrayed with skillful words is the type of a class. The artist draws an ideal head, his expression of a type for which no single model will serve, and we look with satisfaction and pleasure at the product of his fancy. Both artist and author seek to sketch a face or character that has grown in their minds by the blending of impressions gained from the observation of many individuals. The result at which they aim is a generic portrait which shall retain the typical characteristics of the class for which it stands, while the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of the individuals are left out.

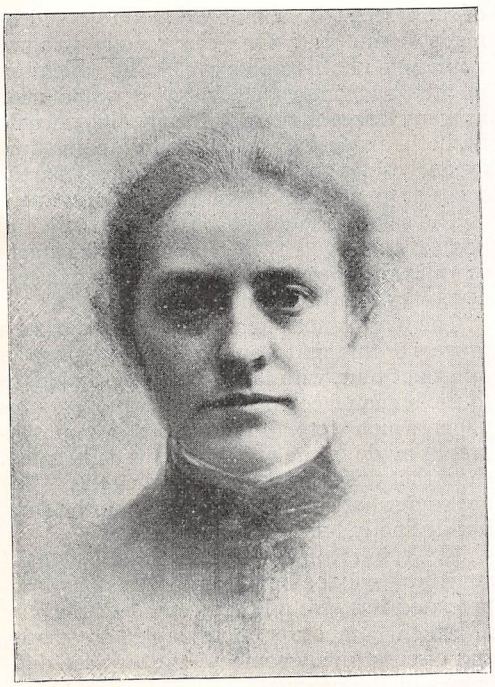
The generalized image, which the creative mind is able to seize upon and express, rises with more or less vividness in the mind of every one as the representative of the class or group of objects which is present in his thought. This image is often a vague and unsatisfactory one, and the mind, in its efforts to gain clearness, runs rapidly over the more distinct im-

ages of members of the class, and not infrequently ends in selecting some one of these to stand as the type of all. This is more apt to be the case when the group is a familiar one. When unfamiliar, the individual characteristics are for the most part unnoted on first observation, and the only distinct mental image formed as one thinks of the group is the blended one.

The individuals of a strange race at first look all alike to us; the members of a family which we see for the first time often have for us an unmistakable family resemblance, which is quite unperceived by themselves and those familiar with them. The unconscious analytical process which proceeds with longer observation soon leads us readily to distinguish the individuals of the race from each other, and to lose the vividness of impression which the family resemblance had made; so that now the generic image is called up with difficulty or not at all. In the observation of objects, it is the exceptional which most strongly impresses us, and this aids in making the mental generalization untrustworthy.

It is evident, also, in the representations of the artist, however admirable as products of artistic imagination and skill, that the personal equation cannot be wholly eliminated. Recall, in illustration of this, the dissimilarity which marks the portraits of the same person by different artists. Each painter strives to put upon his canvas the face he sees; it is the same face, and yet each sees it through the glass of his own individuality, and paints it with the characteristics with which this medium has tinged it. When, instead of the likeness of an individual, the aim is to produce the type of a race or family, the model for which exists only in the blended mental images of the artist, one readily sees that the difficulties in the way of truthful representation are greatly enhanced.

THIRTEEN OF THE CLASS OF '83 OF SMITH COLLEGE. (FROM NEGATIVES MADE IN JUNE, 1886.)



COMPOSITE OF SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '84 OF SMITH COLLEGE. (FROM NEGATIVES TAKEN IN JUNE, 1886.)

The typical portraits which are necessary for the study of race or family characteristics are such as will give, in form and feature, the average of the group. But the usual statistical method for obtaining averages from direct measurements cannot be here employed, for the differences in human features are too numerous and too minute. If, on the other hand, we endeavor to select a representative face from the group and reproduce it by photography, we are likely to fail as completely as the artist, and for much the same reason — our judgment in such a selection is not to be trusted.

To escape the difficulties which beset attempts to get truthful representations of a typical face, Mr. Francis Galton made the clever suggestion of blending the portraits of the individuals of a group by means of photography.

In his presidential address to the Anthropological Subsection of the British Association, in 1877, he said:

FORTY-NINE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '86 OF SMITH COLLEGE.* (FROM NEGATIVES MADE IN DECEMBER, 1885.)

"Having obtained drawings or photographs of several persons alike in most respects, but differing in minor details, what sure method is there of extracting the typical characteristic from them? I may mention a plan which had occurred both to Mr. Herbert Spencer and myself, the principle of which is to superimpose optically the various drawings, and to accept the aggregate result. Mr. Spencer suggested to me in conversation that the drawings reduced to the same scale might be traced on separate pieces of transparent paper and secured one upon another, and then held between the eye and the light. I have attempted this with some success. My own idea was to throw faint images of the several portraits, in succession, upon the same sensitized photographic plate."

Suppose a number of stereopticons arranged side by side so that a portrait may be projected from each upon the same part of the screen. A curious blending will take place as portrait is added to portrait on the screen and adjusted to its place, which recalls the transition period of dissolving views, but which, if the several portraits have the same aspect and are nicely adjusted to exact superposition, finally yields a face from which the individuals have disappeared, and which retains in its stronger lines only those traits which are common to all or many of the number.

If a photographic plate could take the place of the screen, the composite picture could be made permanent. One can readily imagine a multiple photographic camera by which this might be accomplished, but as it would need as many lenses as there were portraits, it would be both expensive and awkward in manipulation, besides giving distorted images from the tubes at greatest angle with the central one.

The same result can be more easily and perfectly obtained by means of a single camera in which the portraits are photographed in succession, instead of all at once.

One might not unnaturally suppose that a process of this kind would give nothing but an indistinct blur, with faint, if any, resemblance to the human face; but the illustrations of this paper, which were all reproduced from photographs made in the way I have just indicated, show that this is far from being the case. They are somewhat shadowy in outline, to be sure, but distinctly human and attractive.

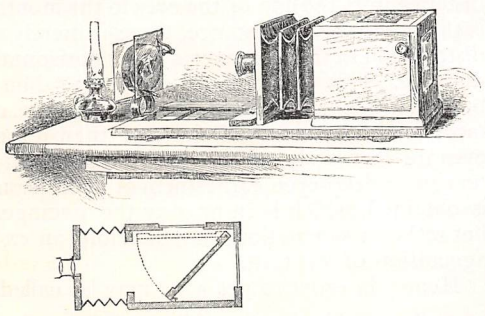
The results of this method of "pictorial statistics" will be better understood and appreciated if I give a little account of the way in which composite photographs are made, and discuss briefly some of the critical difficulties of the process.

* A reproduction of this portrait appeared in "Science" for July 30, 1886.

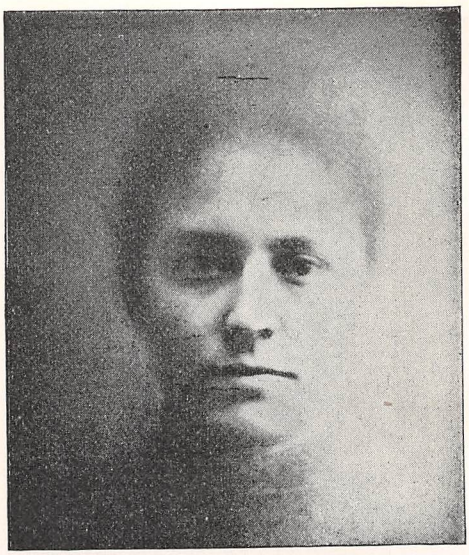
Mr. Galton's first results, which he submitted to the Anthropological Institute, in 1878, under the title of "Composite portraits made by combining those of many different persons into a single resultant figure," were obtained by exposing to the same sensitized plate a number of photographs in which the figures were similar in attitude and size. These photographs were hung on pins, one in front of the other,—"in such a way that the eyes of all the portraits shall be as nearly as possible superimposed." A photographic camera was then directed upon them, and by a successive removal of the photographs from the pins, the images of all were thrown upon the same part of the sensitized plate. The object-glass of the camera was of course capped during the removals, and the interval of each exposure was the same and such that the total exposure was equal to that which under the circumstances would be necessary to give an exact photographic copy of any one of the portraits. In 1881 Mr. Galton recurs to the subject in a paper read before the Photographic Society, in which he describes at length a special apparatus for making composites and advises working directly from negatives by transmitted light.

Both of these papers—the former one in part only—are contained in an appendix to "Inquiries into Human Faculty," by the same author.

Even the simpler form of the special apparatus which Mr. Galton describes is so complex that many who might otherwise be inclined to experiment in this fascinating branch of photography are likely to hesitate and turn away. I have however found that a much less elaborate and costly apparatus is capable of giving perfectly satisfactory results. I will describe it, in the hope that some of the many amateur photographers may be induced to add composite portraiture to their accomplishments. The camera has a longer box than the ordinary form, with an opening in the top over which a piece of ground glass is fixed, and a mirror hung within at the back upper corners. This mirror—a piece of looking-glass in a



ARRANGEMENT OF APPARATUS FOR MAKING COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS, WITH SECTION OF THE CAMERA.

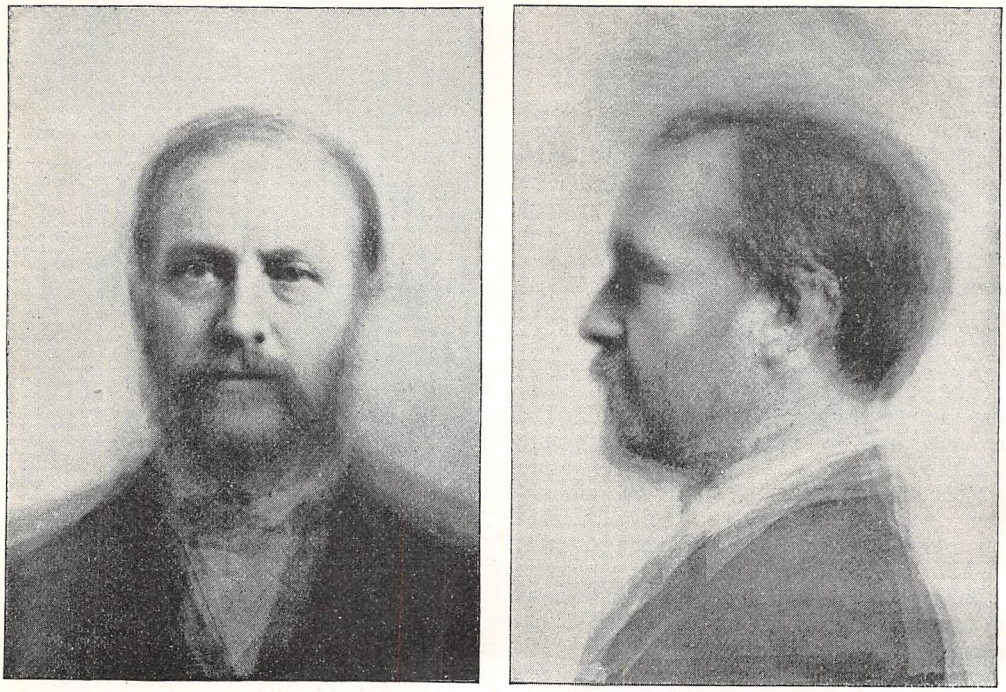


CO-COMPOSITE MADE BY COMBINING THE THREE COMPOSITES OF NUMBERS OF THE CLASSES OF '83, '84, AND '86,—A GROUP OF SIXTY-NINE.

wooden frame—is provided with a handle which projects from the side of the box and by means of which the operator can swing it into either of its two positions,—up against the top of the camera, where it is held by a spring-catch, or down to an angle of forty-five degrees, where it rests on a stop. When the mirror is in the former position, the camera is to all intents an ordinary one, and the image of the photographic object falls upon the ground glass or sensitized plate at the back; but when the mirror rests on its stop, the image is formed on the ground glass which covers the opening in the top. Both ground-glass plates must be at the same optical distance from the lens, so that an image focused on either shall be sharply defined on the sensitized plate when this is put in position. This arrangement enables one to adjust any number of successive images by means of reference lines drawn on the ground glass on top, without disturbing the sensitized plate. A very satisfactory camera of this description can be made of soft wood by any skillful carpenter at little expense.

The lens should be one of short focal distance—five or six inches—so that in making composites of about the same size as the individual portraits the apparatus need not be inconveniently lengthened. For, if the image is to be equal in size to the object, both must be distant from the lens twice the focal distance of the latter.

In front of the camera, and clamped to the edge of the table upon which it is placed, is a holder for the support of the negatives. This may be an ordinary slide-holder of a magic lan-



TWENTY-SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.*
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS LENT TO THE AUTHOR BY PROFESSOR BREWER.)

tern or stereopticon, with spring clips which retain the plates securely while they allow all necessary shifting for the purpose of adjustment. The holder is backed by a piece of ground glass which serves to diffuse the light of the lamp or gas-jet used as a source of illumination. The employment of artificial light in making composites insures equality of illumination during the entire time of working, and also renders the photographic action slow. This is desirable, because the fractional exposures being longer can be more accurately timed.

The apparatus, as shown in the drawing, is arranged for making composites from negatives, for this is the best and surest way of obtaining good results.

The negatives for the purpose are taken by means of an ordinary camera and in the usual way. The sitters are placed in the same position, commonly full face or profile, and photographed under the same conditions of light and shade, and of the same size. The development of the plates should be so managed that the negatives shall be very "dense" and of uniform quality in this respect.

In making the composite three conditions must be carefully controlled if the resulting portrait is to be a faithful representation of the type of the group. In the first place, the images which fall upon the sensitized plates must all be brought upon the same spot, and in such a way that the prominent features are accurately superposed. Carelessness in this matter of adjustment gives a composite which is all awry,—with several mouths, noses, and pairs of eyes. An inspection of the negatives from which a composite is to be made usually shows a considerable variation in the proportion of the faces, so that if, in the adjustment, the eyes are all brought on the same points, the mouths will fall on different lines, and the composite will be disfigured with a multiple mouth. If the mouths are alone considered the case is no better, and the composite will be unnatural and worthless. But if the components are adjusted in such a way that the distance from the line of the eyes to the mouth is the same in each instance, there is merely a distribution of the eyes over a short horizontal distance. This results in no disfiguring blur, but, on the contrary, gives, as it seems to me, a more truthful portrait of the type than if the eyes are accurately superposed; for, in the latter case, a deep-eyed earnestness of expression is obtained, which is in no way the average, but rather a summation, and, therefore, an exaggeration of this trait.

Hence, in order to get what may be called

* Other composites of members of the National Academy, made under the direction of Professor Pumpelly, appeared in "Science" for May 8, 1885.

a normal composite, the component images should be all adjusted so that the line passing through the corners of the eyes shall be at a constant distance from the mouth. For the purpose of adjustment, then, three lines are drawn with a fine-pointed pencil on the ground-glass focusing plate on top of the camera: two parallel lines for eyes and mouth, at a distance determined by the desired size of the portrait, and a third at right angles to them, to mark the line of the nose. To these lines the features of each component are brought as exactly as may be, by shifting the negative in its holder and enlarging or reducing the size of the image where necessary.

In the second place, the sum of the times of exposure must be equal to that necessary to make a good single photograph, and each of the exposures must be equal in length; so that, for instance, if a composite is to be made of sixty components, and sixty seconds would be required under the conditions to copy a single negative, each exposure must be for one second. If the condition of accurate timing of the successive exposures is not fulfilled, the composite will not be a true average, but the features of the longer-exposed components will predominate. When the number of components is so small that each fractional exposure is several seconds, reasonable accuracy can be attained by uncapping and capping the object-glass by hand; but in making a composite of a large group, where the exposure must be very brief, some automatic device should be employed. That which the writer has used consists of a pendulum whose rod extends above the point of suspension and has fixed to it at right angles an arm some eighteen inches in length, carrying at its extremity a little screen of cardboard or ferrotype plate. The pendulum rod is provided with sliding weights above and below the point of suspension, and by changing the position of these the time of vibration can be varied through a wide range. The proper time for each exposure is determined, and the sliding weights adjusted so that this shall be the time of the pendulum's vibration. Then, by the aid of a counterpoise opposite the arm, the little screen is brought to such position that when at rest its lower edge lies across the horizontal diameter of the camera tube. When an exposure is to be made, the screen is held down so as completely to cut off the light from the lens while the slide in front of the sensitized plate is drawn, then released, allowed to play once up and down, and stopped when it reaches its former position. With a small stop in the camera tube the exposure thus made is that of a single vibration of the pendulum.

Thirdly, the illumination of the images which fall on the photographic plate must be in all cases equal; for the chemical action of light is more or less rapid according to its intensity, and hence a more strongly illuminated component would tend to predominate in the resulting portrait, just as one would which was exposed for more than its proper time. Indeed, as is readily seen, the conditions of time and illumination are mutually dependent, and might

FAMILY OF EIGHT — FATHER, MOTHER, FIVE BOYS, AND GIRL.

be stated together by saying that the product of time of exposure by intensity of illumination must be the same for each component. If the negatives have been carefully developed to a uniform density, no change in illumination will be necessary; otherwise a slight variation will have to be made.

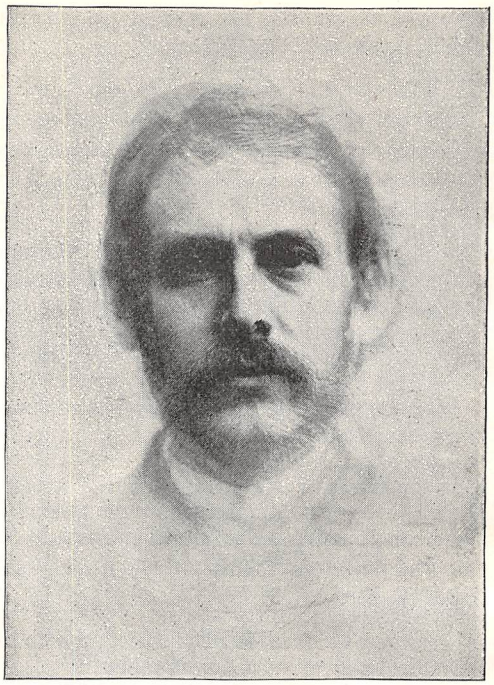
Does the order in which the components are exposed affect the result? This is a question which occurs to many who examine these composite photographs, and there seems to be a widespread notion of mysterious origin that the negative last exposed must have the greatest effect on the sensitized plate. If the order makes a difference, then the process will not give the truthful average, unless the times of exposure or the intensities of illumination are correspondingly varied. The question can be conclusively answered in the negative. Composites made from the same components taken in different orders are sensibly identical. This is the case even when the number of components is only two or three, where individual predominance, if it occurred, would be strongly

marked. There is a difficulty, however, in determining identity or dissimilarity in faces with manifold detail which makes this method of attacking the question somewhat unsatisfactory. This difficulty disappears for the most part when in lieu of faces patches of different colors are employed. Each color acts with different energy on the photographic plate, and hence, if composites of, say, three colors are made, the colors being taken each time in a different order, the results would be patches of different depths of shade, if the order of exposure affects the result; but of the same tint if the order is without influence. Experiments of this kind repeated in several different ways agree in their testimony that the order makes no difference.

The portraits, obtained by the process I have sketched, present the prevalent type of the group from which they are made with an accuracy which is undisturbed by the subjective element which is so unavoidable a factor in the results secured in any other way.

Suggestions have indeed been made of the possible prepotency of some powerfully individual or characteristic face in controlling the result, and instances have been pointed out in which this appeared to be the case—the strong resemblance to some member of the group lending color to the notion that this individual dominated all the rest and in some mysterious manner stamped the composite with his personal likeness. Unfortunately for the value of this suggestion, however, strong resemblances have as often been remarked, when the person for whose likeness the composite might well serve has not been a member of the group at all. The simple and sufficient explanation in either case is that the individual in question happens to be a close approximation to the average of the group. The very way in which the composites are made—by successive equal actions of light images on the sensitized plate—shows that in a carefully made composite there can be no question of individual prepotency. The contribution of each component of a large group is so small that the strong lines of the composite must be those in which similar lines in a majority of the components have reënforced each other, while the individual traits have almost disappeared. In a composite of a small group one can often trace the individual outlines and features, while in bolder lines the new and average face appears.

While composite portraits give pictorial averages, "they are," as Mr. Galton justly says, "much more than averages; they are rather the equivalents of those large statistical tables whose totals, divided by the number of cases and entered in the bottom line, are the averages. They are real generalizations, because they include the whole of the material under consideration. The blur of their outlines, which is never great in truly generic composites, except in unimportant details, measures the tendency of individuals to deviate from the central type." Thus the shadowiness of outline, which causes some to exclaim at the composite as ghostly and uncanny, is an element of value in the result by showing the distribution of the component faces about the mean.



COMPOSITE OF "MONDAY EVENING CLUB," NORTHAMPTON, MASS., OF TEN GENTLEMEN—2 CLERGYMEN, 2 PHYSICIANS, 2 LAWYERS, 3 COLLEGE PROFESSORS, AND 1 MANUFACTURER; AVERAGE AGE, 35 YEARS.

The most obvious application of composite photography is in the field of ethnological research, to secure types for the purpose of the comparative study of race characteristics, and which may serve as a record by means of which possible changes in type from generation to generation and from age to age can be traced. This interesting study may well be extended to sub-races and families. Mr. Galton says, "I think it [composite photography] can be turned to most interesting account in the production of family likenesses . . . the result is sure to be artistic in expression and flatteringly handsome, and would be very interesting to the members of the family. Young and old, and persons of both sexes, can be combined into one ideal face. I can well imagine a fashion setting in to have these pictures."

Composite photography gives, further, a

means for obtaining typical representations of groups illustrating health and disease, or the influence of occupation or profession.

Composites of small groups give portraits which, from the nature of the case, are of less typical value than those made from a large number of individuals. They have, however, an interest of their own which the others do not possess. A young lady, on seeing for the first time a composite of a small group of which she was a member, wrote me: "It is charming to enjoy the society of somebody who is all one's intimate friends at once."

Several persons, on examining a composite made from a few negatives, have assured me that they saw in turn most or all of the members of the group — one face fading away as a new one emerged. But this was after they had been told who the individuals of the group were. Where the imagination is strong enough to produce this effect, its possessor must find a peculiar interest in the composite of a group of friends.

Another application of the process, which has been suggested, is for the purpose of securing a more satisfactory likeness of an individual by combining several likenesses taken at different times. In this way the passing and often constrained or conscious expression, which frequently renders ordinary photographic portraits unsatisfactory, would be eliminated, and a somewhat idealized likeness be obtained. So far as I know, just this application has yet to be made; but a similar use of the method with a view to getting a more truthful portrait of an historical personage, by making a composite of such likenesses as may be in existence, has been employed in the case of Alexander the Great (Mr. Galton's first composite, from six medallions from the collection of the British Museum), and of other heads from coins and medals, of Washington,* and of Shakspere. The great difficulty here lies in the small number of portraits in existence in which the individual is represented in approximately the same position.

It is quite possible that composite photography may be successfully applied in other ways than those already noted. Types of animal species, standards of different breeds, might be obtained, if the difficulties of securing pictures of a number of animals in the same position could be overcome.

A curious employment of the process was not long ago suggested by Dr. Persifor Frazer, of Philadelphia, by which the genuineness of a doubtful signature is tested by comparing it with a composite made from a number of signatures which are known to be genuine. Practical application of this method has already been made in court, and from the experience thus gained Dr. Frazer is of the opinion that it will, in many cases at least, prove a more trustworthy means of arriving at the truth than the testimony of even the most skillful expert.†

In the idealized features of composite portraits artists will undoubtedly find valuable suggestions, and they are, Mr. Galton believes, capable of forming the basis of a very high order of artistic work.

There are a number of ways in which a composite effect can be produced without the aid of photography. Thus, the images from magic lanterns or stereopticons may be blended on a screen, as has been already mentioned; Mr. Herbert Spencer's suggestion of superposing transparencies may be carried out with drawings on tracing-paper or photographic transparencies, carefully made, of the same aspect and size. A better method for combining two portraits is by means of a stereoscope. The two photographs or engravings must of course be selected with reference to the position of the head, though they need not be of exactly the same size. Holding one in each hand as one looks through the glasses of the instrument, one readily finds the positions in which they must be placed for the images to blend. But unless the observer's eyes are equally good, and he has the habit of using both equally, there will be in this experiment a plain case of "prepotency"; and even with good eyes there will be often noticed a curious struggle for mastery between the components.

Still another way of bringing the images of two portraits together is by means of a doubly refracting prism of Iceland spar.

All these methods are at the best imperfect, and although interesting and well worth trying, cannot for a moment compare with a process by which an indefinite number of components can be accurately combined, and which gives an objective and permanent result.

John T. Stoddard.

*A plate in "Science" for December 11, 1885, shows three composite portraits of Washington made by Mr. W. C. Taylor.

†Two papers on this subject, illustrated by a composite of Washington's signatures and the components from which it was made, appeared in the "Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society" for July, 1886. The plate was reproduced in "Science" for Oct. 15, 1886.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SECRETARY STANTON.

BY A CLERK OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

MY acquaintance with Secretary Stanton began in the autumn of 1864. He was then in his fiftieth year, but looked older by reason of the abundant tinging of his originally brown hair and beard with iron-gray. He was a short, stout man in figure, awkward in gait, and with a certain unsteadiness in the movement of his arms which, I think, was due to incipient paralysis. His forehead was full without being especially high; his eyes were a soft, dark brown, but were habitually hidden behind glasses; his nostrils were broad and tremulous, and his mouth prominent and firmly set; his dress, while not negligent, was unstudied and ineffective.

Whether speaking or listening, Mr. Stanton looked his visitor full and steadily in the face. He spoke in low, deep, and cold tones, and, even in anger or excitement, scarcely increased or hastened his speech. The effectiveness and flexibility of his voice induces me to believe that in earlier life he had studied and practiced elocution as a preparation for the bar. His movements, too, were always slow and dignified, and in speaking he constantly changed his position and attitude. However these habits were acquired, they had become second nature with him, as he observed them even when momentarily unbalanced by passion.

The glittering of the eyes through the polished glasses; the breadth and quivering of the nostrils; the projecting, compressed lips; the icy, deliberate voice; the slow movement of the body, and the steady, seemingly defiant gaze, gave to the Secretary an air of reserve and haughtiness which made the first approach to him embarrassing. Nothing was more common or more amusing than to see some pompous or arrogant personage ushered into his presence, only to emerge from the room in a state of collapse, crushed by the manner rather than by the words of the lion at bay within.

Many stories have been told concerning Mr. Stanton's alleged sullen and contemptuous reception of communications from his superior officer, the President. All such tales are either grossly exaggerated or wholly false. Mr. Stanton had a profound respect for authority, which rarely, if ever, failed of outward observance. Furthermore, his legal or political studies had led him to attach a great degree of importance and a considerable share of reverence to the office of President, apart from its incumbent; and this ideal and exalted figure seemed ever present to his imagination, and made frequent appearances in his writings and speeches, though it was hard to identify it with the gaunt, ramshackle presence of Mr. Lincoln, as that presence appeared when its owner was, as an artist would say, in repose. The President, too, was not a man to endure disrespectful treatment from anybody in legal subordination to him, and was careful of his official dignity even in small matters, as the following incident will show:

When Mr. Stanley, of North Carolina, was appointed Military Governor of his State, the Secretary of War caused to be filled out one of the blank forms used for notifying military nominees of their appointment to office by the President, and when he had signed it and caused the seal of the Department of War to be attached to it, he concluded that it would be well to have the sign-manual of the President affixed to the instrument. He sent the commission to the White House, with the request that the President would sign and return it immediately. Mr. Lincoln took the document and read it over carefully, and then began turning and twisting it about, as though in search of something. At last he handed it to the bearer and said, ironically:

"Did Mr. Stanton say *where* I was to put my signature?"

"No, sir," replied the astonished clerk.

"Can *you* tell me," asked the President, "whereabouts on this paper I am to put my signature?" The clerk looked at the commission and saw the ample signature of Mr. Stanton immediately at the foot of the body of the instrument, with the counter-signature of the Adjutant-General to the left. He saw also a neat, snug-looking white space beneath the sign-manual of the Secretary of War which Mr. Lincoln might have occupied to advantage had he seen fit, but the clerk was politic and replied: "I don't see any place provided for your signature, Mr. President," and was proceeding to explain how the omission obviously came about when the President inter-

rupted him and said, in a dignified tone: "Take the paper back to the Secretary of War, with my compliments, and say that the President will promptly sign any *proper* commission that may be sent to him for Governor Stanley, or anybody else."

The grain of truth in the stories of Mr. Stanton's rude reception of the President's missives is probably this—that the bearers of such as related to their own concerns frequently came to the War Department in a state of hysterical elation and hauteur, demanding immediate admission to the Secretary, and, when admitted, waiting with insolent impatience for a submissive word of acquiescence, and losing control of themselves in the course of a colloquy like the following:

"This matter shall receive proper attention, sir."

"When, Mr. Secretary?"

"I cannot say, now; but you shall be duly advised whenever necessary."

"But I understood from the President that it was to receive immediate attention."

"I have received no such understanding, sir."

"But are not the orders of the President to be obeyed in this department, sir, the same as in other departments of the Government?"

"I decline to discuss the relations of the President and this department with you, sir; you may retire."

"Very well, Mr. Secretary. I shall go right back to the President and tell him how his positive commands are disregarded here."

"*You may go to the devil, sir! Leave the room!*"

More hysterics on the part of the visitor and more fireworks by the Secretary, ending in that animated mummy, "Old Madison," taking the victim by the arm, leading him into the hallway, standing him up against the wall, and giving him a "real good talking to," ending with the entirely unnecessary assurance that "Mr. Stanton is a hard man to trifle with." If the panting stranger showed signs of docility, Madison would extract from him the nature of his business and give him "points" as to the safe and proper mode of following it up; but if he remained sullen or combative, Madison would make some mysterious allusions to the Old Capitol Prison and dismiss him to the White House, or elsewhere.

All the time that I knew him, Mr. Stanton was a passionate man. A word or a gesture would set him aflame in an instant. He would dash the glasses before his eyes far up on his forehead, as though they pained or obstructed his vision; the muscles of his face would become agitated, and his voice would tremble and grow intense, without elevation. But the storm would pass away as quickly as it came, and be succeeded by a calmness of demeanor almost as painful by reason of the sudden contrast. If the victim was a subordinate, further reparation followed. At the next succeeding interview, the white, soft hand of the Secretary would be laid in a kindly and seemingly unconscious way upon his shoulder, or the flattering discovery would be made that he was looking ill or worn from overwork and must take a little recreation, or a conventional or seasonable cough would be magnified into an alarming symptom, and directions given for the unconscious invalid to go to the Surgeon-General and be prescribed for by the Secretary's order. If the offended subordinate was of considerable rank, an important piece of news would sometimes be told to him in confidence, or his opinion would be asked on some subject wherein he regarded himself as an expert. General Halleck or General Canby would be placated by the submission to his judgment of some question of public law, or Madison, the aged and garrulous negro who was usually to be found anywhere but at his post at the Secretary's door, might delay a cabinet meeting or a dinner party while retailing to the Secretary the latest piece of gossip which his wife had picked up in her vocation as a nurse, or expounding his confused ideas of what the Government should further do for the "cullud" people. Every undeserved visitation of wrath was sure to be followed by an act of expiation, and the keen perception of the Secretary (who would take notice of so small a matter as the placing of a clean blotting-sheet on his desk), and his unfailing memory (I have often heard him recall apparently trivial things weeks after their occurrence), enabled him with certainty to choose both the time and manner of healing any wound he might have inflicted.

Adjutant-General Townsend, by reason of his position and duties, had to bear in greater measure than any other official the infirmities of Mr. Stanton's uncertain temper. He told me, after the latter's death, how touched he was by finding himself named, in kindly phrase, as one of the executors of his will.

The Secretary's irritability was doubtless due in some part to the state of his health, which had become undermined during his service at the head of the War Department. He suffered greatly, and almost unceasingly, from the asthma, which at last ended his life, and his suffering was aggravated by a serious disorder of the liver. The Surgeon-General attended him daily, and during the fall and winter of 1864 his condition was such as to cause great anxiety. Twice in that period he fell at his post from violent fits of strangula-

tion, as I suppose them to have been. But he would not hear of taking a furlough for any period, however short. At the solicitation of the Surgeon-General he would make attempts at exercise by walking, to which he had grown averse; he followed his medical director in matters of diet; he smoked cigars to relieve his asthma and ceased to smoke them when the affection of the liver required; but he would not abandon his inspection of or action upon the multitude of official papers that came before him, nor deny himself to the public or to the officers of his department, nor keep to regular hours of business. He would meet the Surgeon-General's remonstrances and suggestions with the remark, spoken good-naturedly, "Barnes, keep me alive till this rebellion is over, and then I will take a rest!" adding, more seriously, "a long one, perhaps." To Senator Wilson, who expressed to him the fear that they were both wearing out (Wilson, as chairman of the Military Committee, had an unceasing and laborious task), he said, "We are enlisted for the war, and must stand to our guns till the last shot is fired." After the cessation of hostilities his health improved for a time, but he was too far gone for any permanent amendment, and was never himself deceived as to his condition or prospects.

The genuine character of the Secretary's outbursts of anger had much to do with reconciling his associates to them. His rage took note neither of time, place, nor personage, so that all fared alike in chastisement as in atonement. Of course he did not esteem everybody about him in equal measure, but those whom he disliked were very few, and his aversion to them was sincere, even where possibly unjust.

The War Department in those days was a dingy, old-fashioned brick building, with dimensions and interior finish reflecting the severe and economical tastes of Federal officials half a century or more ago. A tawdrily frescoed room and a stick or two of velvet plush furniture kept alive the memory of Mr. Secretary Floyd, whose habits, according to the stories of the older attachés, were sybaritic. Early in the war, a third story had been hastily clapped on to the original structure, and the flues of this addition were so defectively constructed that incessant care was necessary to prevent the department from being burned out. Beside the original and expanded building, the War Department occupied outside buildings enough to constitute a good-sized town in number and extent. The parent building was a hive of industry day and night, those having personal relations with the Secretary always returning after dinner, and double reliefs being worked in some of the routine offices. All day long, from nine to four, a steady stream of people poured into, out of, and through the building, and the door-keeper's daily watch-book showed a long list of names of persons privileged to enter without regard to hours.

The Secretary's room was in a corner of the second story, with an outlook toward the Executive Mansion. It was very plainly fitted up and furnished, the most conspicuous article in it being a large, high table (usually heaped with papers) which Surgeon-General Barnes had recommended as a means of affording the invalid needed exercise while attending to business.

Adjoining and communicating with the Secretary's apartment was one much used by President Lincoln, and furnished with a desk and writing materials for his accommodation. After his death some freshly written sheets were found in his drawer, which read like parts of an intended message to Congress, and dealt with the status in which slavery and the insurgent governments had been left by the collapse of the rebellion. It would seem from these that it had been his purpose, as contended on one side, and denied on the other, during the quarrel between President Johnson and his party, to call Congress together in special session to deal with the question of reconstruction.

In the days of which I write, Mr. Lincoln was a particularly woe-begone figure. It was one of those periods of the war when the whole situation, military, financial, and political, was one of almost unrelieved blackness. He spent hours at a time shut up with Mr. Stanton, all business and speech mainly being put aside, so far as outsiders could judge, while these lonely communions lasted. Was it not the gloomy autumn days of 1864 that the tearful Secretary had in mind when he spoke those pathetic words as he took the hand of the just-expired President: "Ah, dear friend! there is none now to do me justice; none to tell the world of the anxious hours we have spent together!" Even before the autumn had well set in, Mr. Lincoln had begun to enwrap himself in the familiar plaid shawl, and, with his hat pulled well down in front, he would scurry along the halls of the War Department and into the retiring-room of the Secretary, noticing and speaking to nobody. At times he would sit in the retiring-room with the door open between that and the apartment in which the Secretary, walking about as was his wont, was transacting business with the departmental officers and clerks, or visitors, prolonging his course, every few minutes, into the adjacent room, to hold converse with his chief. It was an interesting and a pleasant sight, that of Mr. Lin-

coln seated with one long leg crossed upon the other, his head a little peaked and his face lit up by the animation of talking or listening, while Mr. Stanton would stand sidewise to him, with one hand resting lightly on the high back of the chair in the brief intervals of that everlasting occupation of wiping his spectacles. But if, while in such proximity, Mr. Lincoln should happen to rise to his feet, farewell to the picturesqueness of the scene, for the striking differences in height and girth at once suggested the two *gendarmes* in the French comic opera.

Beyond the President's room was the library, converted into a telegraph office, wherein the President used occasionally to unbend himself when the Secretary was beyond earshot and the news from the front was encouraging. Mr. Stanton was a great user of the telegraph, and a fair history of the war might almost be written from the manuscript volumes of telegrams received and sent by him, preserved in the Department. A general officer holding an important command in the Gulf region told me, after the war, that Mr. Stanton's telegrams were so frequent, peremptory, and regardless of hours that he never lay down in his tent or quarters at night without a mental picture of the Secretary of War watching his every movement.

Business at the Department opened at nine in the morning, and the uncertainty as to how soon the Secretary might arrive induced great promptness in attendance. As his carriage turned from Pennsylvania Avenue into Seventeenth street, the door-keeper on watch would put his head inside and cry, in a low, warning tone, "The Secretary!" The word was passed along and around till the whole building was traversed by it, and for a minute or two there was a shuffling of feet and a noise of opening and shutting of doors, as the stragglers and loungers everywhere fled to their stations.

As the carriage drove up to the curb, persons would detach themselves from the straggling group on the sidewalk and gather around the step to intercept the Secretary on his way to the building. Rapidly glancing over the party, he would select those whom he judged to be objects of compassion or urgency and hear and decide for them on the spot. The rest he dismissed, singly or in mass, with a curt injunction to go to his reception-room, upstairs. The favored few were usually soldiers from the hospitals, or wives or mothers of soldiers in attendance upon wounded relatives. "My good woman" was his usual form of address to these latter, but he invariably called an elderly woman, however humble her apparent station, "Madam." In fact, he had the traditional Chinese reverence for the aged of either sex.

As soon as the Secretary had reached his room, he began tugging at the tasseled cord that hung from the ceiling and set in motion a bell hanging in the hallway, so large and clamorous that it was a mystery to me how or why it was put there. Its deviser, however, "builded better than he knew," for the bell became a moral influence. Its tones reached all over the building, and as the active Secretary gave it little rest in the summoning of messengers to be sent hither and thither, it was forever filling the ears and minds of the working staff with lessons of duty and necessity.

Although Mr. Stanton was by nature an accessible man, it was simply impossible for him to give private audience to a tithe of the persons who daily inquired for him. Even Senators and Representatives in Congress often had difficulty in seeing him at the times and in the manner they desired, and frequently accepted "pot-luck" with the crowd in the public reception-room. Colonel Hardie, a handsome Scotch-looking officer, took charge of this room early in the morning and, in the name and by authority of the Secretary, dispatched the business of such as neither needed nor insisted upon the personal action of the Secretary. He also sent in the names of such callers as he thought the Secretary would privately receive and, from time to time, went in himself to take the Secretary's commands upon some case of special difficulty or importance. As nearly as possible to eleven o'clock, the Secretary, who had an almost religious regard for this daily observance, came into the room and took station at the little, high desk near the bottom, Colonel Hardie or Major Pelouze being in attendance to assist him. He waved everybody back who approached him, until he had completed a deliberate scrutiny of the company and had received from the officer in attendance a statement, in a low voice, of the exceptionally urgent or meritorious cases. Then, one after another, he indicated those whom he wished to draw near, beginning with the soldiers, and, after them, calling up the plainly dressed women who looked as if they might be soldiers' kinfolk. If he happened to notice that a soldier had crutches or was weak from illness, he would leave the desk and go to him where he was seated. Officers bearing visible tokens of wounds or disability were also preferred suitors, but with other gentlemen of the shoulder-strap he was usually curt. Civilians he treated accordingly as his humor was affected by their statements or manner, but there was always a general observance of the underlying principle that

this public reception was for those who had no other means of access to him. It was here that Mr. Stanton might usually be seen at his best. If a case of unusual gallantry, merit, or suffering were stated, he would comment upon it aloud to the company, ending with a moral, inviting to patriotism, virtue, or fortitude. On the other hand, if he found a woman-suppliant embarrassed by the publicity of statement and action, he would draw her beyond the desk to the window-recess and hear her there, or send her to his room to be heard more leisurely or privately. Some of us used to think, while watching the Secretary at these receptions, that a great power had been lost to the pulpit when he became a lawyer; for he was an admirable preacher and far from averse to sermonizing.

Three mornings a week, in continuance of a custom begun before the war, Mr. Stanton, accompanied by a man-servant, visited the city market in the character of caterer for his household. Politics among the stall-holders was of a divided kind, and the Secretary, who knew how each of his purveyors stood, fashioned his gossip with them accordingly. With the Confederate sympathizers he usually assumed a bantering tone, wherein, however, he found opportunity now and then of enjoining a strict neutrality upon all but their tongues. His playful threats of incarceration in the Old Capitol the garrulous ones were fond of repeating to neighbors and customers, with defiant comments of their own. With the Union marketmen he was more serious, often gratifying them with scraps of hopeful news or prognostications. He was sometimes followed around the market-house, at a respectful distance, by a small crowd of reporters and curbstone speculators in gold, in quest of "points," but his humble confidants were generally as mute as the Sphinx. After the exchange of prisoners was stopped, attempts were made to use some of the market-people to solicit special exchanges for Confederate captives, but Mr. Stanton, making allowance for the pressure exerted, kindly put the solicitations aside and forbade their recurrence. Where a personal or family interest existed, he was ready to hear and sometimes to relieve. The stalls of the disloyal marketmen were veritable depots for underground news from the Confederacy, and it is not unlikely that the astute Secretary occasionally got some "points" of value to himself from the more talkative of these tradesmen.

In 1864 Mr. Stanton ordered that thereafter captured Confederate flags should be accompanied to Washington by the individual or parties engaged in each capture. As soon as informed of the arrival of a collection of such trophies, he organized a little ceremony in the public reception-room. An hour would be appointed for receiving the standards, and he would get together a small company of notables. Taking his stand at the tall desk, each flag would be brought before him in succession, and he would demand the story of its capture, which the captor would give, flag and staff in hand. The Secretary would keep up a running commentary of mingled surprise and gratification; would occasionally stop the narrative and call for a repetition of some part which struck his fancy, and, at the close, would shake the narrator warmly by the hand, introduce him to each of the distinguished persons in the room, and repeatedly tell him that he was a gallant fellow. Sometimes he would shake hands over and over again with the same man, commending the courage of his action and the modesty of his account of it. Again and again he would refer to their coming from different States, but belonging to one country, and this theme he played upon so variously during each ceremony that he must have had a suspicion of the existence of sectionalism in the armies. When all the flags had been presented and all the stories told, he would turn to the Adjutant-General (who was in attendance and in uniform), and in an impressive voice direct him to make out for each man a furlough for thirty days, with transportation at the public expense to his home and back to his station, and an order on the Paymaster-General for one month's pay in advance; also to cause medals of honor to be prepared and sent to each captor, with due publication of the fact in general orders. Then with more handshakings, compliments, and patriotic allusions, the visitors would withdraw in the company of the Adjutant-General, all blushes, confusion, and delightful anticipation.

At the time I entered the department a gloomy tone pervaded it, which would have been much more noticed and felt by others than the chiefs if incessant and ever-growing routine business had not afforded mental distraction. Not for a day nor an hour did the pressure for army appointments and contracts relax, so that no matter how things went in the field, in the department at Washington they went the same from one day to another. General Halleck at last warned the Secretary of War that the excessive number of paymasters, quartermasters, commissaries, and assistant adjutant-generals appointed to the volunteer forces was an administrative calamity, apart from the useless expense, which was not his concern. The chiefs of bureaus protested that outstanding contracts for the favorite articles of supply ran far ahead of the public necessity.

Assistant Secretary Harrington, the practical man of the Treasury Department, came over with schedules and statements which showed that the expenses of the Government were at the rate of one and a half million dollars per day, that the new loans were stagnant, and that the banks were getting alarmed at the extent to which their resources were locked up in the certificates of indebtedness that the Treasury had been obliged to use in settling with public creditors. So far as the War Department was concerned, the trouble lay not in the expense of the troops actually in the field or in garrison, but in the multitude of establishments in the rear, reaching from Maine to California, and sheltering a mixed staff of military and civil employees that rivaled in numbers the men who marched and fought.

In each congressional district a multitude of local interests was bound up with these establishments, and not one could be abolished or reduced without raising a deafening clamor at Washington. It was the supervision and control of these indispensable yet costly auxiliaries that robbed the Secretary of needed repose in the intervals of the great duties of his office; for an appeal was sure to be taken to him from every important act of the local administration. His office was choked with inspection reports, filled with evidences of inefficiency and extravagance, and with projects of reform, and the custodian of them used to have the more important set up in large type in a secluded printing-office, and a single impression struck off, so that the Secretary could read them in his carriage, or in his library or bedroom at home. But all retrenchment had to await the November presidential election, for the Administration took a serious view of General McClellan's prospects, and did not feel strong enough to offend the pettiest political magnate. Mr. Chase had a large following which was not friendly to President Lincoln, and the military situation for the moment gave color to the Democratic declaration that nearly four years of war had failed to restore the Union. Early in October, from some cause that I never fathomed, a subterranean panic seized upon the leaders and lasted a good fortnight at least. The Assistant Secretary of War, who had charge of the internal economy of the department, began dismissing clerks accused of offensive "McClellanism," but this did not meet the Secretary's approval. Doubtless Mr. Stanton knew fairly well the extent to which quiet partisanship for McClellan pervaded his entire department, but politics under him was as free as religion, so long as fidelity and industry accompanied it. The chief of his military staff, Colonel Hardie, came to him fresh from cordial and confidential service on the staff of the deposed General McClellan, and General Fry, the provost marshal-general, whose duties and powers were more important and delicate than those of any other officer in the department, had been chief of staff to General Buell up to the time when the latter's active career had been terminated by the Secretary.

Early in 1869, a former clerk in his office called upon the ex-Secretary to solicit his influence in the matter of an appointment he was seeking from President Grant. His request was so warmly received that with an awkward honesty of purpose he blurted out, "You know, Mr. Secretary" (his late subordinates usually so addressed him after his retirement), "that I used to belong to the Army of the Potomac, and perhaps I ought to say that I have always been a warm adherent of General McClellan." Mr. Stanton was plainly enough annoyed at the unexpected diversion of the conversation, but he quietly answered, "That is your business, sir, not mine. You served me faithfully, and whenever or wherever I can serve you, I will do so gladly." Then, seeing the distress and repentance of his visitor, he resumed his interrupted cordiality, and, with a touch of old-time habits, sent him away at ease by having lifted a bit of the curtain that hid the business of state. One of his staff-officers, now dead, told me how the Secretary had "stampeded" him one day during that autumn of 1864, by quietly remarking to him, after an unusual display of petulancy, "Never mind, major! when your friend McClellan gets into the White House, you'll be rid of me."

Speaking of his political tolerance, it is proper to remember that Mr. Stanton entered President Lincoln's cabinet as a life-long Democrat, and it was his humor always to regard himself as still a member of the Democratic party. As late as the winter of 1866–67, in the course of a short conversation with the then Senator Hendricks, with whom he maintained cordial relations throughout the war, he rather surprised that gentleman by discussing with him the political situation as though he had a partisan's interest in the forthcoming Democratic nomination to the presidency. He was accustomed to appeal privately to leading Democrats in Congress to forward passively, when they could not actively, the indispensable war measures of the Government; he refrained from gratifying himself or his party friends by patronage; he cherished to the end of his life old political associations and friendships — more than one Democratic worker in Pennsylvania in 1863 and 1864 carried in his pocket an autograph letter from the Secretary of War, guaranteeing any free-

dom of speech and of the press that did not promote disloyalty or incite resistance to the operations of government; and he never came nearer to confessing himself a convert to the party he was serving than by an occasional lamentation that the war had broken up the party lines and issues as he used to know them.

Mr. Stanton was always and before everything a lawyer. He idealized and deified the Law and magnified, I suspect, both the capabilities and achievements of his class. Eminence as a lawyer was any man's best recommendation to him. He doubtless appreciated in Generals Halleck and Canby the technical military knowledge which he never had nor cared to have, but it was their legal attainments that placed them so high and kept them so steadily in his esteem. It pleased him to have people mention with interest the little tin sign bearing his name and profession which all during his public career remained upon the building opposite the Treasury wherein his law-office had been. While in practice he shrunk from no exercise of power that the public welfare or the public necessity seemed to demand, he was delighted to have that clever and industrious Boston lawyer, Mr. Whiting, find a legal warrant for every proper exercise of authority in the theretofore unexplored and unsuspected war powers of the President under the Constitution. He gave Dr. Lieber a liberal honorarium for preparing those rules for the government of armies in the field which supplied a sound legal basis for what officers and soldiers were doing upon necessity. "Whiting's Powers" and "Lieber's Rules" were jest-books about the department, but their continued vitality and authority prove how sound and timely were the legal instincts of Mr. Stanton in calling them into existence.

One day a prominent Senator made his way into the Secretary's presence, full of fury against the Quartermaster-General.

"Stanton," he roared out, "I wonder how a lawyer, as you are, can keep that man Meigs where he is. Why! he pays no regard to either law or justice."

Mr. Stanton looked at his excited visitor and replied, dryly:

"Now, don't you say a word against Meigs. He is the most useful man I have about me. True, he isn't a lawyer, and therefore he does many things that I wouldn't dare to do."

"Then why in the name of heaven do you let him do them?" demanded the Senator.

"Somebody *has* to do them," quietly answered the Secretary.

Mr. Stanton never reconciled himself to military methods, nor learned to esteem the military profession as a permanent instrument of civilization. Accustomed as a lawyer to do everything in person and in his own way, the delay and precision inseparable from public administration always chafed him. The official conservator of routine in the War Department is the Adjutant-General; and General Townsend, who filled that office during the war, was an even-tempered man, with an ideal respect for authority that never permitted him to palter with orders, and an ideal respect for precedent that never permitted him to depart from tradition in their execution; and of the traditions of the army he was the store-house from which all engaged in military administration at times supplied themselves. The Secretary was greatly attached to his Adjutant-General, scolding him oftener than any other of his subordinates, sharing more confidences with him, and, while forever breaking down his barriers of tradition and routine, constantly taking his opinion in private upon questions or acts under discussion or in contemplation. Mr. Stanton was surrounded and kept himself surrounded by military officers, and despite the incessant war of conflicting habits and methods, there was much mutual esteem. He once humorously described his situation as that of the man betwixt the devil and the deep sea—if he escaped the bottomless pit of chaos, he fell into the fathomless gulf of circumlocution. His open preference for the private soldier to the wearer of shoulder-straps (a preference opposed to both reason and experience and, in his case, free from the usual taint of demagogism) was due to his conception of military force as a necessary evil; still an evil, however necessary. If I might venture to put into phrase his art of war as I have heard him variously expound it, it would read something like this: "Get together all the men you can and move against the enemy; if he retreats, follow him and fight him till he breaks up or surrenders; if he resists, fight him till he retreats." He once closed a technical and animated discussion, in his presence, of the respective merits of muzzle and breech loading rifles by the remark: "Gentlemen, it's the man behind the gun that makes all the difference worth talking about."

Mr. Stanton repeatedly bestowed military appointments upon persons in civil life, charged with civic duties, because the emoluments of such appointments were the readiest means at hand of recognizing faithful or valuable service. Baker, the chief of the military detective service, was, in truth, a faithful and valuable public servant, and as he held the rank of colonel of volunteers, the Secretary saw no reason why he should not have a brevet promotion, on retiring from the service, just as paymasters, commissaries, and surgeons were having brevets. To his legally constituted mind a brevet brig-

adier (being an official without either authority, duty, or pay as such) was as great an anomaly as a brevet judge would have been; and hence, after keeping the law authorizing brevets in abeyance till military pressure became irresistible, he opened the gates, at the close of the war, and said in effect: "Here is something that means nothing and costs nothing; take all you want." True, he did at first prescribe that brevets should only be conferred on the recommendation of boards of officers, or, subsequently, of the chain of commanding officers of each aspirant, and he originally limited brevet promotion to one grade for each person breveted; but these methods were too slow and too sparing for the multitude of aspirants, and as he did not care enough about the matter in a public or personal sense to buffet with Congressmen, who naturally wanted everything they could get for their soldier constituents, he practically abandoned the whole business to a clerk in his office, who made up schedules as best he could from which the Adjutant-General prepared the official papers. So loosely was the breveting done that a party of departmental clerks, for a lark, undertook to get a companion and butt of theirs breveted from his late rank of first-lieutenant to the grade of brigadier-general, and had actually obtained for him the several brevet commissions of captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel when he became fearful of detection and exposure, and gave a royal "spread" to his benefactors as the price of their services and silence. I am bound to say that his extraordinary elevation made a man of him, for some wealthy relatives took him up, on hearing of the honors showered upon him, established him in business, and helped him to a desirable marriage, and "the colonel" has been all that a colonel ought to be ever since.

Mr. Stanton's mental characteristics accorded exactly with his past career. He was a self-made man, and had been a highly successful lawyer and advocate. Hence his energy, self-reliance, gravity, and taciturnity. Hence, too, his minute suspiciousness, for he had grappled with extraordinary fabrications of documents and with perjury of the most cunning order in his investigation of the California land-titles. Hence, too, I imagine, his dramatic tendencies, which were perpetually cropping out. Hence, too, his normal aggressiveness; for as Secretary of War he seemed to regard himself as holding a brief for the Government and to be bent on bringing his client out successful, leaving everybody else to look out for himself and to get in the way at his peril. This concentration and intensity of his mind on the single object of crushing the rebellion must explain much of his seeming harshness to and neglect of individuals. He liked many persons and disliked very few. Messrs. Davis, Toombs, Yancey, Thompson, Floyd, and Breckinridge were all, or nearly all, of the leaders of the rebellion that he seemed to have any personal resentment against. He spoke sympathetically of the situation of Governor Vance, who had been captured and brought before him as a prisoner, though he had borne himself stiffly while the governor was present. At the solicitation of Mr. Garrett, he interested himself in getting a special pardon for General Kirby Smith, because of his poverty after conducting large cotton operations for the Confederate Government, and because of Canby's praise of his scrupulous fidelity in executing the surrender of the Trans-Mississippi Department. He permitted an impoverished gentleman who had held civil office at Richmond to bring a valuable law library to the North, and assisted him to an advantageous sale of it. He protected a needy lady who was threatened with dismissal from public employment because her husband was (against her will) serving in the Confederate army. The late Judge Roane, of Alabama, told me that when his State seceded he went to Mr. Stanton, who, after some violent language about Yancey and some others, and the ruin they were bringing on innocent men, told him he saw nothing else for him to do but to resign his office at Washington, go home and take care of his family and do as little harm to the Government or his people as he could. When he saw Roane after the war and heard that he had accepted a place in one of the departments at Richmond as a partial means of support, he only remarked, "A man must live." With the exceptions I have named, I do not believe that he had any especial or individual feeling against those engaged in the rebellion, and that he never had any thought or purpose beyond restoring the Union and making it secure. When, in the early days of his heat against the Southern leaders, President Johnson refused to permit General Joseph E. Johnston to visit his sister in Canada without forfeiting his right to remain in the United States, Mr. Stanton, whose own power of refusal was ample, before handing the paper back to General Grant, who, in company with General Sherman, had recommended the desired extension of General Johnston's parole, indorsed on the paper a minute that the refusal was at the personal order of the President.

The unhappy relations that grew up between Secretary Stanton and General McClellan are, I think, most reasonably to be explained by the overwhelming devotion of the former to the advocate's idea of duty to a client. He entered office on the best of terms

with the young General-in-Chief, but they soon drifted apart. The choice of the Peninsular route for the advance on Richmond entirely shattered the Secretary's confidence in his late military ideal, and the retreat to the James River, and the seemingly aimless and endless sojourn there under the protection of the navy, appeared to confirm all of Mr. Stanton's moody anticipations and gave him an ascendency in the Government that was, however, speedily overturned by the disaster to his own general, Pope. He fought bitterly then, as his cabinet memoranda show, against the restoration of McClellan, but people, generally, had neither his convictions nor his stern courage, and the President overruled him for the moment. He was again overruled in the appointment of General Hooker; but that was the last time, and not even the transcendent influence of General Grant at a later day could suffice to recall General McClellan to the field a second time.

If Mr. Stanton had any marked intellectual tastes dissociated from the law I never discovered or heard of them. He was fond of novels, especially those of Dickens, but he read them, as he said, to relax and clear his mind. He liked also the conversation of accomplished men, and, before the war, had built himself a house, larger than his means warranted, in order that he might assemble them around his table and give them suitable entertainment. Even during the war, no matter how onerous or anxious his duties at the moment might be, he was always ready to meet at his own or some other table men of real eminence in any field who might be visiting Washington. Among his colleagues of the cabinet he maintained intimate relations with Mr. Seward, whose volatile nature had a strong attraction for his own Puritanical soul.

Mr. Stanton was a profoundly pious man and carried his belief in predestination and special providence so far that he might have been a fatalist, except for the teachings of his own active life and the robustness and activity of a mind that was incapable of passiveness. In his eyes the American Union was a providential scheme for working out the happiness of mankind, and therefore, while he never despaired of the republic, the attempt to break it up appeared to him to be sacrilegious, and herein probably lay the secret of his vindictiveness against the men whom he felt warranted in holding guilty of stirring up a rebellion.

With all his religious fervor, Mr. Stanton was a tolerant man in religion, as I have shown him to have been in politics. As the Federal armies penetrated and spread themselves over the South, there was much unavoidable distress and disturbance of the Roman Catholic conventual establishments connected with education and charity, and the sisterhoods, and often priests in charge of congregations, would appeal to the Archbishop of Baltimore for aid in getting their lot in various ways ameliorated by the authorities at Washington. The archbishop would transmit the more urgent and meritorious of these appeals to Colonel Hardie, chief of the military staff at the War Department and a devout Catholic, who would submit them to the Secretary, being unwilling to assume any responsibility himself in matters that touched him so closely. Colonel Hardie has told me how surprised he used to be at the patience and liberality of Mr. Stanton in dealing with these appeals, and how, upon one occasion, when he expressed a fear that he was exposing himself to censure in making himself the repeated vehicle of such applications, the Secretary put him at his ease by replying: "I shall censure you when you fail in your duty of bringing all necessary and proper matters to my attention,—these included."

This is perhaps a good place to refer to a belief that has gained some foothold, that Mr. Stanton was especially concerned in bringing about the conviction or the execution of Mrs. Surratt, and that he afterward was stricken by remorse for his part in her painful death. It is true that, after her conviction, he did refuse to interfere in any way with the execution of her sentence, even when importuned by her pale-faced, weeping daughter again and again, till he was obliged either to yield or to deny admittance to the suppliant; and it is true that, relying upon his own legal training and experience, he personally subjected the witness Weichman, upon whose testimony Mrs. Surratt was chiefly convicted, to a searching examination to test the accuracy and trustworthiness of his statements. Beyond these he had, from beginning to end, no especial relations toward the case of Mrs. Surratt. Doubtless he shared the national repugnance of his countrymen to the hanging of women, and I infer this from his expressed disgust at the applications made to him for passes to witness her execution. After his retirement he was not chary of admitting his mistakes made in office, but he certainly died in ignorance of remorse, or any ground for remorse, on the part of himself or anybody else, in connection with the fate of Mrs. Surratt. It is only fair to say that he did take an active part in the subsequent trial of her son, and made no concealment of his chagrin at the failure of the expected conviction.

I have spoken of Mr. Stanton's self-reliance. The defeat of Rosecrans at Chickamauga was

believed at Washington to imperil East Tennessee, and the Secretary was urgent to send a strong reënforcement there from the Army of the Potomac. General Halleck contended that it was impossible to get an effective reënforcement there in time, and the President, after hearing both sides, accepted the judgment of Halleck. Mr. Stanton then put off the decision till evening, when he and Halleck were to be ready with details to support their conclusions. The Secretary then sent for Colonel McCallum, who was neither a lawyer nor a strategist, but a master of railway science. He showed McCallum how many officers, men, horses, and pieces of artillery, and how much baggage it was proposed to move from the Rapidan to the Tennessee, and asked him to name the shortest time he would undertake to do it in if his life depended on it. McCallum made some rapid calculations, jotted down some projects connected with the move, and named a time within that which Halleck had admitted would be soon enough if it were only possible; this time being conditioned on his being able to control everything that he could reach. The Secretary was delighted, told him he would make him a brigadier-general the day that the last train was safely unloaded, put him on his mettle by telling him of Halleck's assertion that the thing was beyond human power, told him to go and work out final calculations and projects, and to begin preliminary measures, using his name and authority everywhere; and finally instructed him what to do and say when he should send for him by and by to come over to the department. When the conference was resumed and McCallum was introduced, his apparently spontaneous demonstration of how easily and surely the impossible thing could be done convinced the two skeptics, and the movement was ordered and made, and figures now in military science as a grand piece of strategy.

The Secretary was not without a sense of humor, as the following anecdote will show. It was reported to him that an officer from the front was in Washington under an assumed name and rank, in a false uniform and with a forged pass, and had been heard to utter obscure threats against some of the heads of the Government. He had the accused person looked up, arrested, and brought before him, and it happened that he was in the public reception-room when the prisoner arrived. A few stern and searching questions and a demand for the prisoner's papers brought out the facts. The "conspirator" was a lieutenant of volunteers who had overstaid a leave of absence and was masquerading in the uniform and credentials of a field-officer while making ducks and drakes of a few hundred dollars which had come into his possession, and the threats were the frothy parts of a beery discussion with some brother officers over the perennial subject of the merits and demerits of McClellan, Burnside, and Hooker, the shelved commanders of the army to which the inebriates all belonged. The Secretary called in a tall, grisly sergeant of dragoons, whom he was accustomed to use for hard or perilous courier service, and in a sepulchral voice bade him go fetch his saber. At these words the malefactor turned pale and the bystanders were filled with a variety of emotions, ranging from curiosity to terror. The saber was brought and the edge of it solemnly scrutinized and felt by the Secretary. Still holding the saber, he directed the sergeant to tear from the prisoner's coat the gilt buttons and false shoulder-straps. Then handing him the naked blade, he said, "Sergeant, take this *fellow* to the Old Capitol in one of the wagons, and tell Colonel Wood to keep him there till I direct his release. If he attempts to escape, cut him down, by my orders." These dreadful words did not, in truth, mean perpetual or even indefinite imprisonment. The Secretary knew that the case would come before the jail deliverer, Judge Advocate Turner, the very next morning, and that, in a day or two, an order of dismissal from the service would result, and the offender be set at large.

The Secretary, however, was not always so grim in his pleasantries. An orderly, lounging at the watchman's desk and scribbling on the blotting-pad, idly scrawled a rude imitation of the Secretary's autograph, and, impelled by some demon of mischief, added a profane and insulting epithet to it. The microscopical eye of the Secretary soon detected the libelous inscription, and the terrified door-keeper gave up the name of the person whom he rightly suspected of the authorship. "Bad news travels fast," and before the Secretary could reach the station of the culprit, *en route* to his own room, Smith was on the upper floor of the building, a panting fugitive. For a full week he lived a life of suspense and furtiveness, without a word or a sign from the offended magnate, who was full of business, and might be presumed to have forgotten the matter. But as soon as Mr. Stanton laid his eye upon Smith he invited him into his private room and demanded the whole truth and nothing else. He soon became satisfied that the inscription was nothing but a piece of idle mischief, and a few more questions informed him of the trembler's good record in the field and the department, and of his possession of a wife and children. The Secretary then began to rail at him for so publicly caricaturing his handsome signature,

and, for a moment, led the poor fellow to believe that he had a schoolmaster's pride in his up and down strokes; the truth being that while the Secretary was capable, by an effort, of writing a bold and legible back hand, his ordinary chirography was decidedly loose in character.

If I were to attempt, from his conversations, to name types of the kinds of men that Mr. Stanton admired, I should select Governor Morton, Secretary Fessenden, Senator Zachariah Chandler, and General Sheridan. Ruggedness was a characteristic that attracted instead of repelled him, as witness his active friendship for the scarred, cynical, and penniless exile, Gurowski, perhaps the queerest of many queer characters that have made Washington their abiding-place. For Mr. Lincoln the Secretary had an esteem and affection that put their relations entirely apart from those which he formed or maintained with any other man of the period.

Even if President Lincoln had lived, it is improbable that Mr. Stanton would have continued at the War Office long after the return of peace. He did not like administration, and in ordinary times would no doubt have preferred the Attorney-Generalship to any other office in the cabinet. Nor did he like politics, and the little talk there was at one time of his entering the Senate when he could be spared from the War Department never found an echo with him. Doubtless he hoped to find a place in the Supreme Court when he could properly leave the cabinet of his chieftain and friend; and considering his almost fanatical devotion to the law, he ought to have made his mark in the annals of that high tribunal. But his health was so precarious till a period subsequent to Mr. Lincoln's death that he probably thought little at that time about his earthly future. The length and manner of his continuance in Mr. Johnson's cabinet was of course entirely unpremeditated from one stage to another. I feel warranted in adding that it was against both his wishes and his judgment, and I know that he lived to regret this one conspicuous instance in which he permitted others to decide what his duty was at a great emergency.

When, on the failure of the impeachment of the President, Mr. Stanton abandoned the War Department, he was a beggar not only in health but in fortune; even the one dwelling that he possessed was heavily mortgaged, and so continued till his death brought the true state of his affairs to light, and gave able and willing friends an opportunity to do what they would have been glad to do earlier, except for his own proud silence.

Charles F. Benjamin.

THE CLOCK OF THE UNIVERSE.

SWING, swang, the pendulum goes
Of the clock æonian, steady and tall,
That, backed by Creation's flaming wall,
Stands at the foot of the dim, wide stair!
Swing, swang; here — there!
Its tick and its tack like the sledging blows
Of Tubal Cain, the artisan —
Though they strike on the anvil of no man's ear;
On the heart, on the human heart they fall,
With a sound of blessing, a sound of ban,
Each blow a hope, each blow a fear,
Swing, swang, the pendulum,
With a far-off, dreamy hum,
And a tick-tack, almost dumb —
Tick, tack, fetch and come,
Goes the pendulum!

Dark is the clock's deep, mystical face,
Filled with a brooding, hearkening grace;
The stars dream in, and sink fainting out,
And the sun and the moon go walking about,
Solemn and slow at a thinking pace,
Walking, walking about.

Two hands, together joined in prayer,
Uplift to the lightning and the thunder;
Two hands, in hope spread half asunder,
An empty gulf of longing embrace;
Two hands, wide apart as they can fare,
In a fear that coasts, never lands in despair,
But turns again, back again, ever to prayer;
Two hands, human hands, pass with awful motion,
From island to island, across the face-ocean.

With opening beak and quivering wing,
Eager out of its door to spring,
Tiptoe stands the cock that crows —
The golden cock with triumphant call,
Clear as a trumpet rending the sky —
When the hands at length are joined on high,
In a silent, despairing, hoping cry,
The prayer supreme of the universe,
When the darkness eternal will not disperse,
And the cross itself seems a writhing curse;
Tick, tack, to the waiting cock,
Tick, tack, goes the ages-clock!

A polar bear, golden and gray,
Is crawling ever around the top.
Black and black as an Ethiop,
The great sea-serpent lies coiled beneath —
Living, living — and does not breathe.

And the crawling bear is so far away
That we cannot hear, all night, all day,
The burden big of his bear-like bass,
Roaring atop of the silent face.

Eat up old Time, O raging bear!
Clutch the Baldhead, and in pieces tear;
Lie still, dark serpent, nor let one breath
Stir thy pool and trouble his death;
Steady, hands, for the morn is nigh;
See the silvery ghost of the dawning shy,
Low on the floor of the level sky!
Soon ye will point to the zenith high.

Be ready to strike, O blessed clock!
Gather thy clarion breath, gold cock!
Push on the month-figures, pale, weary-faced moon!
Tick, awful pendulum, tick amain!
And soon, oh, soon,
Lord of life, and Father of boon,
Give us our own in our arms again!

George MacDonald.

THE WHITE MAN OF THE NEW SOUTH.

THE New South is already an old theme. As the title of an article, or the theme of a public address, it has come to mean a discussion of the negro problem. Indeed, most articles that have appeared on this subject, whether from Northern or Southern writers, have confined themselves almost exclusively to a presentation and discussion of this phase of the subject. But, without meaning thereby to underestimate the importance of this great race-problem to the civilization of the New South, we yet purpose to confine ourselves in this paper to a presentation of the white man of the New South and the New South of the white man. We shall not even discuss the white man of the Old South, except by way of contrast with the present. If this article, therefore, should seem to fail to recognize the chivalry, the hospitality, the high sense of honor, and the many other moral and social virtues that characterized the Southern gentleman of the olden time, let it not be misunderstood. Our study is in the present, and our face is turned toward the future, not toward the past. This much we say because the comparison and contrast here instituted must needs be unfavorable to the white man of the Old South in those points of character of which this article shall take cognizance.

Indeed, it is the white man of the South more than the black that has been freed by the civil war; and the greatest blessing which has thus far resulted to the South from the emancipation of the Southern slaves is its effect upon the white man of that region in transforming him from a dependent idler, or "gentleman of leisure," supported by his slaves, into an independent, self-reliant worker. We speak of the typical, representative Southern white man, not of all classes; for there were working white men in the Old South and there are idle white men in the New. But the white man of the New South is preëminently a worker as compared with the white man of the Old South, who, if not an idler, was at least a man of multitudinous leisure. But having now been set free from that bondage to leisure and that contempt of labor which is inseparable from slave-holding, the representative of that region has become a new man, and has entered upon a new probation among the industrious races of the earth. If the Old South had a contempt for the worker, the New South has a greater contempt for the do-nothing and the idler — for the man who does no honest work, it matters not how white his skin or how full his exchequer. The "gentleman idler" has lost caste in the South; he is an institution of the past.

What is called, and rightly so, the New South is connected far more closely with the new life and labor of the white man of the South than with the emancipation and labor of the freedmen. The negroes of the South have thus far as a rule worked no more and no better since their freedom than before. Indeed, seeing that the first reaction from a state of slavery and compulsory labor is naturally and inevitably toward indolence, we may say truthfully, and say not so much in blame as in pity for them in their condition, that the present generation of freedmen have perhaps not worked so much or so well as they were compelled to do before they received their freedom. This, however, owing to the upward tendency of freedom and education, will doubtless not be true of succeeding generations, as indeed it is not of many belonging to this generation. Their attention and efforts have thus far been directed almost exclusively to themselves, to their own support, to their own mental, moral, and social improvement as a race, and to the securing and increasing of their recognized rights. This is as

it should have been; it could not have been otherwise, and it is likely to be thus for at least a quarter of a century to come. But the white man of the South thinks less concerning himself and more concerning the common good than ever before. While he perhaps values his own property more and works harder to increase it than ever before, he yet has more public spirit and enterprise and more desire to see his region developed than he did before he became the working-man he now is. Hence, we say the New South is that of the white man.

For the first ten years after the war the South was wearing the black garb of mourning and was in sorrow over the "lost cause," and refused to be comforted. It was the period when the "Conquered Banner" and Father Ryan's other mournful threnodies voiced forth the only feelings and sentiments that filled the Southern white man's breast; it was the period of reconstruction and adaptation to the new conditions of life and labor. The white man had no heart to work then, and what work he did was not the result of hopeful endeavor and healthful enterprise, but of dire necessity. It was not until a decade of years had passed that he laid aside his garb of mourning and went really and earnestly to work, having learned now to adapt himself to the conditions and environments of the new civilization; and now that the second decade of the new order has ended, we are beginning to see the results of the new spirit of life and labor that has been infused into the Southern white man by the emancipation of his former slaves.

The New South, therefore,— the industrial, intellectual, and religious New South,— of which we here speak began properly at the close of the first decade after the war, in 1875; it began to show itself first in 1880; and by 1886 it has proved its name by evidences so powerful and convincing that only the blindest can fail to see them. It is our purpose to show, by presenting a few carefully selected facts and figures, that such a marvelous advance has been made in the South in the last ten years as has rarely been made in any country or in any part of any country in an equally limited period in the history of the world. It is true that the manner in which some of the Southern States have dealt with their debts seems irreconcilable with any worthy claim to remarkable material prosperity; and even if this were otherwise, the recuperation of the South, it may be said, cannot be compared with the phenomenal rapidity with which France redeemed herself, at least in appearances, from the enormous debt incurred in the Franco-Prussian war. But then that startling settlement was only apparent and not real, at least so far as the national government was concerned; for the debt was simply transferred from abroad to its own people at home. That this could be done and was done is eminently to its credit, it is true. But France is to-day the most hopelessly involved in debt of all the nations of Europe, and this is a result of the Franco-Prussian war. So this phenomenal settlement of its enormous debt was something of a "Mississippi Bubble" after all, and therefore cannot be used to offset our claim of an almost unprecedented prosperity in certain portions of the Southern States in the last ten years. But if any one be disposed to say that the first recognition of a claim to material prosperity in a nation or state should be based upon its settlement of its lawfully contracted debts, and should insist on applying this righteous test to the claim of remarkable prosperity in the New South, we shall not deny the justness of his criticism. But this we will say: it is not the working white people of the South that have desired or voted for repudiation or readjustment. If left to the vote of the white man, the debts of Virginia and Tennessee would long since have been fairly adjusted, if not entirely paid. Be it said to their honor and honesty, it was not the property-owners, those that would have had the debt to pay, who as a class voted for readjustment and repudiation.

But that a most wonderful impetus has been given to Southern life and industry in the last few years, and that the South has already entered upon an era of unprecedented prosperity, there is the most abundant and varied evidence to show. This prosperity rests upon a more permanent basis than that of *ante-bellum* times, which always carried within itself the direful prophecy of its own coming ruin. We shall now show what the New South has done and is doing,— first, in the development of those varied and diversified industries that indicate material prosperity; secondly, in the departments of education and literature, and thirdly, in the sphere of morals and religion,— and also show how it is all connected most intimately with the emancipation of the white man of the South from that bondage to idleness and contempt of labor that is inseparable from the ownership of slaves. We shall see that in physical, intellectual, and moral manhood the white man of the South, having shaken off the shackles of his bondage and rejoicing in his liberty, has joined the other freemen of the earth in running a nobler and better race in life. To change our figure to one more prosaic and true to life, he has set himself earnestly to work.

I. We consider first the evidences of material prosperity as indicated by the increase in the production of the two leading Southern staples, cotton and tobacco, and by the in-

troduction and development in the South of wealth-producing industries.

King Cotton's days of prosperity, it was gravely predicted, would end forever with the emancipation of the slaves. But the South raises *thirty per cent.* more cotton to-day than it ever did before the war, and raises it on a smaller number of acres. And note the increase of white labor in the production of the cotton crop. Before the war white labor produced only ten per cent. of this staple; in 1883, forty-four per cent.; in 1884, forty-eight per cent.; in 1885, over fifty per cent. The cause of this change is threefold: (1) the increase in the production of cotton in new States, like Texas, where white labor predominates; (2) the tendency of the colored population in many parts of the South to leave the country and seek residence in the larger towns and cities; (3) the fact that the white man of the New South has gone to work — to work in the cotton fields as well as everywhere else. And yet, notwithstanding this increase in the production of this greatest of Southern staples, cotton is no longer king. Happily for the South, its supremacy is at an end. A hundred new and diversified industries are now bringing untold millions of dollars annually into the South, far more than the cotton crop is, whereas before the war cotton was almost the only source of revenue. The last reported tobacco crop yielded the South thirty-three million dollars, which is certainly three or four times as much as before the war, though we have not the figures for the latter. The proportion of this staple produced by white labor is quite as large if not larger than that of cotton.

Closely connected with the agricultural prosperity of the New South may be noted the rapidly increasing division of the large plantations of former times into smaller and more thoroughly cultivated farms. The greatest evil in the farming of the South for many years after the war was the tendency to raise cotton or tobacco exclusively, and buy all foodstuffs. The reason for this was found in the impoverished condition of the farmer and the fact that he could borrow money in advance on these crops when he could not on breadstuffs. The cotton and tobacco crops were often mortgaged while yet in the field to buy bread for man and hay for beast that should have been raised by the farmer himself. In some cases these crops were mortgaged before they were even planted, to pay for fertilizers. This system made the farmer entirely dependent, when, of all men, he should be independent, at least in providing the necessaries of life. But this evil has well-nigh disappeared. The South can now feed itself, and in a few years will do so entirely. The statistics for corn and oats show that the South, as compared with the North and West, raises its proportion of the former and more than its proportion of the latter, while the showing for wheat is not unfavorable. It is also beginning to raise its own hay. The South, rich in all kinds of agricultural resources, should, as it will before long, be exporting, not importing, these things.

Among the new and profitable industries that have started in the South since the war may be mentioned fruit-raising, truck-farming, market-gardening, and stock-raising. The wonderful but until recently unrecognized adaptation and advantages of the South for this last-named industry are being rapidly brought to public notice. It is of course easier to winter cattle in the South than anywhere else. The South has to-day two hundred million dollars more invested in live stock than it had in 1875, being an increase of nearly fifty per cent. in ten years. And it is encouraging to note that the finer breeds of cattle are everywhere supplanting the inferior breeds. The "raw-boned" horse, the "scrub" cow, and the "razor-backed" hog are fast disappearing. Again, the timber, lumber, and wood-work industry is also worthy of special mention as one of the most promising and profitable of those that have been started in the South in recent years.

But it is in the development of manufactures of various kinds that the South has grown most rapidly and extensively. Before the war the South was so exclusively agricultural that it was long thought that it was adapted only to agriculture. But it is now found that in adaptation to manufactures of most kinds the South is not surpassed, if equaled, by any other part of the United States. It has been shown by repeated experiments and well-attested results that cotton can be manufactured from three to five dollars cheaper per bale in the South than in New England. The time was when all the cotton of the South was sent North, chiefly to New England, to be manufactured; but the decrease of manufactures in New England and their relative increase in the South surely foretoken that at no very distant day the South will be recognized as the manufacturing region of the Union. In 1880 there were one hundred and eighty cotton-mills in the South; in 1885 there were nearly double that number. Those finer fabrics that require skilled labor of a high order will of course be the last to be manufactured in the South. It is the absence of skilled labor, and not climatic or other reasons, that accounts for the absence at present of mills for the manufacture of the finer fabrics. It was slavery that kept away manufactures from the South all these years. But when the

Southern white man was thrown upon his own resources, he went to work with brain and hand, and manufactures started at once.

Another new but most promising industry in the South is that of iron and coal mining. Ten years ago the iron mines of North Alabama could have been bought for fifty thousand dollars; to-day they could not be bought for fifty million. The city of Birmingham, Alabama, in the heart of the iron region, has come into existence in the last six years. It is thought that no city or district in the Union has such advantages for the manufacture of iron as this. Nor is Tennessee much behind Alabama in developing this new Southern industry. It has been found by trustworthy experiments that Pennsylvania, the great iron State of the Union, can no longer compete with these two States in the production of most kinds of iron. The mountain regions of Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina are perhaps as rich in natural resources, and only lack development. The manufacture of nails was begun in West Virginia after the war, and now several million dollars' worth of nails are manufactured annually in this one State alone. In the production of pig-iron, especially, the South excels. Comparing the statistics for 1880 with those for 1884, we find that in three Southern States — Virginia, Alabama, and Tennessee — there was an increase of over three hundred thousand tons, while all the rest of the United States shows a decrease of more than nine thousand tons. "That the South is destined to become the center of the iron interests of the United States is a fact that is daily becoming more apparent. The advantages of that section are not equaled elsewhere in America." So concludes Mr. R. H. Edmonds after a careful study of the subject. "The South," says Mr. Edward Atkinson, "has the imperial deposit of the iron and coal of the whole world."

It is the liberated white man that has set himself to developing the South and Southern industries. His brains and hands have gone to work, and they must find something to do. As long as slavery lasted the South was destined to be an exclusively agricultural region and the white race little more than overseers of the blacks. Nor did the white man, so long as slavery lasted, ever invite brains and capital from abroad to develop those industries which he himself either would not or could not develop. Slavery was exclusive. But the working white man of the emancipated New South is glad to have the stimulus and aid and competition of foreign brain and capital.

Two things are resulting from this change in the Southern white man and from the discovery of the wonderful adaptation of the South for manufactures: (1) Northern capital is turning rapidly and extensively to the South for investment; and while we think that the true secret of this wonderful development of new industries in the South is to be found in the fact that the white people, freed from the incubus of slavery, have set themselves to work in earnest, we yet recognize the fact that much of the capital with which this work is done has come from the North.

(2) The South formerly, being exclusively agricultural and having no manufacturing industries, strongly and almost universally favored free trade; while now, in view of its becoming a manufacturing district, public sentiment seems to be fast increasing in favor of protection, even as New England seems year by year to be growing more and more in favor of free trade, and this because, as some allege, it finds it easier to compete with the cheap labor of Europe than with the superior advantages of the South, where manufactures, if they can only be protected long enough to get a sure foothold, will prove dangerous if not fatal competitors of the manufacturing industries of New England. We hereby simply state the fact as to the change in Southern sentiment on this vexed subject, and give the common and perhaps true explanation of the change. It is, however, another question as to whether, from the standpoint of political economy, such Southerners be not acting against their own best interests, or at least against the interests of the Southern States at large, in advocating protection as against free trade.

The cotton-seed mill is another entirely new and most promising industry in the South. The utilization of the cotton-seed, formerly wasted, is now a very important element in the profit of cotton-growing. The chief profit of Northern industries consists in saving the waste, and this must ultimately be the profit of Southern industry likewise. Moreover, by the utilization of the cotton-seed an extremely valuable element has been added to the food supply of the world. At present about three and a half million tons of cotton-seed are produced annually. Every bale of cotton represents a thousand pounds of seed. In 1885 six hundred thousand tons of cotton-seed were crushed, the product averaging about twenty dollars per ton. In a few years all the cotton-seed will be thus utilized. A ton of cotton-seed produces forty gallons of oil, seven hundred and fifty pounds of oil-cake, and thirty pounds of lint. The various uses to which the cotton-seed oil is applied are well known. As an article of food it is said to contain ninety-five per cent. of nutriment. It is a common substitute for olive oil, and is said to be no mean substitute for cod-liver oil. One ton of

the cake, or meal after the oil has been extracted, is said to be worth three tons of seed for purposes of fertilizing. We have spoken more of this than of other industries because it is not only new in the South, but entirely new among the industries of the earth, and is strictly Southern in its origin and future development.

To show the marvelous development of new industries in the Southern States in the last five years, and to show the solid basis upon which the above statements rest, let us present and contrast the figures taken from the census of 1880 and those for 1885, collected with much care and with considerable labor at the late New Orleans Exposition.* The figures represent millions, and are in round numbers. They represent the value of the products, for the years named, in the Southern States.

	1880.	1885.	*Increase.*
Agricultural products	549	669	120
Manufacturing "	315	445	130
Stock and dairy "	130	168	38
Mining "	7	21	14
Total	1001	1303	302

Now quite half of this amount—and this is the important fact to be observed, even more than the increase—comes from industries that have sprung up in the South entirely since the war. How account for this? It is easy. The system of slavery kept out these industries before the war, but when the slaves were emancipated, the white people were set to work. They must do something; hence these new and rapidly increasing industries. There was not enough room in agriculture for all this addition to Southern labor. There are, perhaps, nearly twice as many workers in the South as before the war.

The wealth of the Southern States has increased forty-one per cent. in the last five years, while the population during the same period has increased only about sixteen per cent., which is an increase of wealth over population of twenty-five per cent., or five per cent. per annum for the entire population. And when we consider how very small a proportion of the colored people accumulate anything, it would probably not be an incorrect estimate to say that the Southern white people for the last five years, in addition to supporting themselves, have been adding about eight or nine per cent. per annum to their capital. This is a most creditable showing for the entire population considered in the aggregate—a far better showing than was ever made during any period of five years in the days of slavery.

It is not claimed that the above statistics are altogether accurate or altogether satisfactory; but if they be only approximately true, they serve the purpose for which they are introduced into this article, the design of which is not so much to show what the New South is as to show what the white man of the South has become,—viz., an earnest, progressive, public-spirited working-man.

Mr. Edward Atkinson of Boston has made careful study of the South and Southern industries since the war. His testimony is to the point. He says:

> "To him who either hastily or with ample time now studies the condition of the Southern States, from the end of the war to the present time, nothing will appear more marvelous than the recuperative power of a people so lately made free from bondage as the people of the South; and the term 'made free' is used not only with respect to all the blacks, but to the vast majority of the whites as well. By comparison with other countries, the war left the Southern States with nothing but neglected lands, upon which were scattered dwellings more or less adequate to shelter the people, but with few mills or works of any kind, with old tools or none, and with all the internal machinery of commerce practically destroyed. The soldiers from most of the Southern States went back after the surrender to meet conditions absolutely unknown before; they were obliged to begin life anew without capital, without experience to guide them, and in the face of conditions which, from their point of view, must have been absolutely appalling. How it has been possible even for men of intelligence, but whose only training in the practical work of life had been gained in the destructive operations of war, to have returned to deserted and fenceless farms and plantations, there to adapt themselves to a complete change, not only in the system of labor, but to a complete revolution of the very ideas of the people in regard to labor, and in the few years that have since elapsed to have compassed the great progress already made, is one of the marvels the history of which has hardly yet been observed and is yet unwritten."

II. We consider next the subject of education and literature. There is at present an intellectual activity in the South quite unknown in *ante-bellum* times. By the emancipation of the slaves a most powerful impetus has been given to the intellect of the white man of the South, which is actively manifesting itself in a thirst for knowledge, in a widespread desire to promote popular education, and in contributions to the literature of the day, as seen in magazines, reviews, and books.

If there is one thing that takes precedence of all others in the South to-day it is popular education. That every one must have a common-school education is perhaps the distinctive American idea of this day; and no part of our country is doing more at present to carry out this idea than the South. The public or common schools now almost everywhere to be found in the South, it is well known, were started since the war. But they already bid fair at no distant day to banish the curse of

* See the "Times-Democrat" (New Orleans) for September 1, 1885.

illiteracy from that region. Church and state, good and bad, rich and poor, high and low, white and black,—all seem united in promoting public education. Everybody must have at least a common-school education: this is the idea now up to which the South is working.

Indeed, by comparing statistics and consulting authorities, we discover that the South is doing more, in proportion to her abilities, for the cause of public education than any other part of the United States. This statement is confirmed by both Doctors Haygood and Mayo, than whom there are not two more trustworthy and competent authorities on this subject,—the one a Southern man who has traveled largely in the Northern States, the other a Northern man who has traveled extensively in the South. The Southern States are now giving to the cause of public education more than one-third of all the money raised by taxation, and Texas is giving more than one-half. The South is giving to this cause to-day more than twice as much as it gave to it five years ago, and five times as much as it gave in 1870. The South spent during 1885 more than seventeen million dollars for education; ten millions of it went to the public schools, which had an attendance of over three million pupils. Every year there is an increase of many thousands in the number attending the public schools. Let a single State serve as an index of the great advance made in the matter of public education in the South in the last few years. In 1869 North Carolina gave nothing to its public schools; in 1870 it gave $43,000; in 1882, $510,000; in 1885, $850,000. "I doubt," says Doctor Mayo, "if the history of the world presents an instance of greater efforts, sacrifices, and expenditures for education under circumstances so discouraging as in the South during the period under consideration." It is thus seen that the white man of the South has been giving to the cause of education far more out of his poverty since the war than he ever gave out of his wealth in the days of slavery.

As to the character of the work done in these common schools as well as in many institutions of higher grade in the South, we cannot speak in terms altogether so encouraging. But considering all the circumstances it is as good as could be expected, and, what is better, improvement is being made year by year.

The educational institutions of the South lack organization into a system. As it is, the training or preparatory schools and the colleges and so-called universities are all rivals of one another, competing for the same students. The greatest evil is the want of good training-schools preparatory to the colleges and higher institutions of learning. A few exist, such as Bingham's in North Carolina, McCabe's in Virginia, and the Webbs' in Tennessee, which are of the very best. But very few Southern colleges have any conditions of entrance; nearly all of them have preparatory departments, and hence students who should go to a preparatory school go at once to college. The better class of colleges in the South have just as high and rigid conditions of graduation as have institutions of the same grade in the North. The trouble is in their not having and rigidly adhering to proper conditions of entrance. As a result, preparatory schools cannot live in competition with the colleges attracting to themselves the untrained students, who are disposed to go at once to the highest institutions that will admit them, thinking thereby to save time, and not knowing that time lost in thorough training at a good preparatory school is time saved in the end. Preparatory classes at college cannot do the thorough training and drill work that can and will be done at good preparatory schools, chiefly because they have college methods of instruction which are quite different from those proper to the preparatory school. Another evil result of this unfair competition between schools that should be mutually correlated to and helpful of each other, is that it causes many institutions that are in reality only preparatory schools to call themselves colleges. They are compelled to do this in order to secure students. For these evils the colleges are most largely responsible, and from them alone can come the remedy. The evil here named is the greatest that confronts the cause of thorough and higher education in the South. A few of the better colleges, however, are already leading in the rectification of this evil by fixing and rigidly adhering to proper conditions of entrance. The public schools do not take the place of the academies or preparatory schools which they have helped to kill off, for they do not encourage their students to go to higher institutions of learning as the preparatory schools do. It is a most hopeful sign of the times that preparatory schools are being started all over the South.

Before the war the South had more sons in college than the North had. But the young men of the Old South, the sons of the Southern planters, went to school more because it was "the thing to do" than because they wanted to work or prepare earnestly for a life-profession. The ideal before young men now is very different from what it used to be in slavery times. Then it was the "Southern gentleman," which often meant, when brought to its secret and last analysis, the "gentleman idler" and

do-nothing. Now the ideal before young men is that of a worker. The effect of this change of ideal upon the character of the young manhood of the South cannot fail to show itself in making the Anglo-Saxon race in the Southern States a more robust, earnest, and manly type of character than was ever possible under the old civilization.

We next notice the subject of Southern literature. A Southerner who will take the trouble to look carefully and thoughtfully through a catalogue containing all the books written by American authors will make the painful discovery that about ninety per cent. of all the books of real value and of recognized ability have come from authors who lived north of Mason and Dixon's line. What is the answer to this discreditable fact? One word answers it — slavery. The curse of slavery with its slothful and enervating influences rested like an incubus on the intellect of the white man of the South, who in capacity for mental work is equal to any man of Anglo-Saxon blood and brains in America. Is it said, "No, not slavery, but climate explains this great difference between the intellectual activity and vigor of the North and South"? We reply, No, not climate, but slavery, and prove our assertion by pointing to the New South; for the most noticeable circumstance connected with our contemporaneous American literature at the present time, a circumstance recognized in the North quite as widely as in the South, is the fact that a very large number of those writers who are most popularly and prominently before the public at this time are Southern men and women. The number of prominent American writers who are from the South is, in fact, greater than that from the North in proportion to population. It would perhaps not overstate the truth to say that more real literary work has been done in the South in the last fifteen years than was done altogether before the war; though much of the fruit of this new spirit of intellectual activity, it is true, is yet to show itself. But it will appear in due time. The Southern intellect is at work as never before. The content with intellectual poverty is broken. Before the war if men wrote at all they wrote for pastime. Now they write as a vocation, and their writings bear as never before the solid marks of mental vigor and strong, manly work. In the matter of journalism the South has made great advances. The leading dailies of Atlanta, New Orleans, Nashville, Louisville, and other Southern cities could come only from the white man of the New South.

There appeared a year or two since in the New York "Independent" a series of articles on Southern literature by Maurice Thompson, who, though at present a resident of Indiana, is a Southerner by training and former residence; and the fact that he is an author himself and most friendly to the South, gives additional weight and interest to what he writes on this subject. He has the right idea. He says:

"When I was a mere boy, I heard William Gilmore Simms say: 'No, sir, there never will be a literature worth the name in the Southern States so long as their aristocracy remains based on so many head of negroes and so many bales of cotton.' He expressed himself as strongly of the opinion that the institution of slavery was inimical to higher culture, and yet he seemed to believe slavery a righteous thing. He was really the representative Southern novelist of the old *régime;* and yet he struggled all his life for that which he had a right to receive but never got, the recognition of the low-country aristocracy. He was a strong instance of the hopelessness of the struggle of literature against the smothering limitations of slavery. It is not to be wondered at that such a state of society gave to literature and art nothing bearing the impress of genius. On the other hand, a freshening of the atmosphere will be found attending the works of the *post-bellum* writers; and it is pleasing to observe that the conservatism of the sort that so offended Simms has lost its control in the South. This change is not owing to any abandonment of Southern influences; for who is more deliciously warm and Southern than Cable and Harris? It means that the genius of the South has been liberated.

"New England and the South are the two unalterable and clearly limited sections of our country. For the rest, we are without any typical or characteristic American people. The West begins nowhere and ends nowhere, and can never be typified in literature or art any more than it can be geographically limited. Out of the West may come a genius, but out of the East and South must come the material for the truly American fiction and poetry. If literature and art take on a new power in the South, as now seems certain, we may expect to see in the results strong traces of the intellectual traits of the ancestry out of whom the Southern people have sprung, together with that perfect freedom of thought which has been made possible by the abolition of slavery and the breaking down of the old aristocracy. If Cable had been born forty years earlier he would have been, like the rest, under the shadow of slavery.

"Naturally enough it was the poets of the South who first began to shake their wings free of the hindrances of local prejudice and political limitations. We may scan in vain the whole list of Southern poets, living and dead, for one with strong, virile, original, hopeful genius, until we come to the name of Sidney Lanier, who began to write soon after the close of the war. He had in some way got his face set upon the future, and had cast off the fetters of conservatism and worship of the past."

The only explanation that can be given to this unprecedented intellectual activity in the South is found in the fact that the incubus of slavery has been lifted from the intellect and genius of the Southern white man. A new literary era, full of hope and promise, has, we believe, already begun to dawn upon this land that was so long beset with a civilization that gave no proper stimulus to intellect and no real incentive to genius. And the conclusion of all this is, that the intellect of the white man of the South has been emancipated, and,

rejoicing in its new, glad liberty, has gone actively and hopefully to work.

III. We might now show that this same law of newly infused life, activity, and development marks the New South in matters moral and religious as in the material and intellectual world. If ethical points admitted of proof by means of facts and figures as easily as do positions in other realms of argument, it would be a comparatively easy matter, we think, to show that the South is morally better than it was before the war. Society is better, the rich as a class are better, the masses of the people are better, are freer from public and private vices, take more interest in the Christian religion, contribute twice as much to all religious and benevolent objects, build neater and finer churches than they ever did in their wealth and prosperity in the best days of slavery. If the growth in numbers of the various denominations be any index of prosperity and activity, the white people of the New South are better than they were in the days of slavery. We might show how the war broke down the old church-aristocracy based on wealth and social distinctions, and reduced all the religious denominations of the South to very nearly the same social and financial level, and how, when the war was over, the churches which were composed most largely of the "common people" seemed to adapt themselves most readily to the new order of things, and have grown most rapidly in numbers, wealth, and influence since the war. We might show how impossible it would have been before the war to fight successfully among the Southern planters, so many of whom were gentlemen of leisure and luxury, the great temperance battle, the victory of which is year by year being won slowly but surely in the South.* But it is not desirable to dwell here at any great length upon this phase of the subject.†

While, therefore, we recognize the fact that the Old South produced some statesmen as great and some characters as noble and true as any that have ever adorned, or will perhaps ever adorn, the annals of our American history, we yet believe that the true probation of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Southern States of the Union has in reality just now properly begun; and what they are to do remains now to be seen. But that which they have already done in this score of years since their true freedom properly began, gives promise that they will yet do a work to which America will point with pride. Southern millionaires there will yet be, and not a few, who will use their wealth, righteously gotten by their own honest labor, to develop their land and bless the race. The South will not always be a blank when American authorship is named. The white man of the South, in body, mind, and heart, has set himself to work in earnest; and on the grave of the Old South, aided now by colored freemen instead of slaves, he is building a New South that will be far grander than ever the Old South was or could have been.

Wilbur Fisk Tillett.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

* It may be noted that it was particularly observed in the late Atlanta election that the *educated* colored people voted with the whites for prohibition. It was the uneducated and illiterate negroes who were manipulated in the interests of the saloons.

† It gives us pleasure to see these views concerning the industrial, educational, and moral development of the South confirmed in a thoughtful and instructive volume by a watchful observer and recent traveler in the South. We refer to "The South," by Colonel A. K. McClure of Philadelphia.

DAKOTA.

SEA-LIKE in billowy distance, far away
The half-broke prairies stretch on every hand;
How wide the circuit of their summer day —
What measureless acres of primeval land,
Treeless and birdless, by no eyesight spanned!

Looking along the horizon's endless line
Man seems a pigmy in these realms of space;
No segment of our planet — so divine —
Turns up such beauty to the moon's fair face!
Here are soft grasses, flowers of tender hue,
Palimpsests of the old and coming race,
Vistas most wonderful, and vast and new;
And see — above — where giant lightnings play,
From what an arch the sun pours forth the day!

Joel Benton.

DIVINE HEALING, OR "FAITH CURE."

A STATEMENT.

BY way of explanation it may be said that the writer has been most intimately associated with the "faith-healing" movement ever since it first began to attract public attention in this country. Seven years ago he was healed of a stubborn case of organic heart disease, after the best physicians and the most favorable climate and manner of life had alike signally failed to afford relief. At that time the literature concerning this subject was limited to two or three small books, besides such general works as Horace Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural"; but of late it has grown into a considerable library, experimental and theological. In the perusal of this mass of writing, and in the contributions which he has himself made to it, the writer has been necessarily placed in a position to speak with authority on the question, What is the doctrine and practice of Divine Healing, as presented by its most prominent advocates?

The object of this paper is to bring before the reader, as clearly as possible in such an exceedingly limited space, the real nature and ground for the doctrine that Jesus Christ has provided for believers the possibility of deliverance from the inward power of disease (as well as from sin), *provided* we meet all the Divine conditions.

THE AUTHORITY.

THE only authority to which any real recognition is accorded is found in the Bible. To the Word of our God we bow with absolute submission. What God says we propose to believe, whether we have been so fortunate as to prove it in our own experience or not. With Daniel Webster, we "believe religion to be not a matter of demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give credit to the truths which he reveals, not because we can prove them, but because he declares them." Individual cases of healing, or phenomena, are absolutely worthless as to the question before us. All the cases in the world have nothing whatever to do directly with the doctrine of Divine Healing, for the very simple reason that they are not and never have been made the basis or ground of that doctrine. The only foundation is the Word of God, and hence the examination of cases *per se* has no direct bearing upon the subject. But few men seek soul salvation, and some who appear to seek are not saved. It would be dangerous logic that discovered in this fact an error in the scheme of salvation.

THE DOCTRINE.

PASSING rapidly over the time when Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob each sought the Lord as the direct healer of physical diseases (see Genesis xx., xxv., xxx.), we come to the date of the Exodus, when God specially undertook the salvation of his people. Presumptive evidence is strongly in favor of the transmission of medical knowledge from the long-lived antediluvians, through Shem, who outlived Abraham, to the learned Egyptians of the time of Moses; but direct evidence is conclusive as to the advanced state of this knowledge. Clement of Alexandria (second century) mentions six hermetic books of Egyptian medicine, one of which was devoted to surgical instruments; and the learned George Ebers abundantly proves from ancient papyri that there were colleges of medicine, medical specialists, and much skill in surgery before the days of Moses. Herodotus also testifies upon this point. But "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," hence he must have possessed the highest medical knowledge of this age. Notwithstanding all this, when the Exodus occurred God did not direct the people to go to Moses for treatment, but gave them, unasked, a clear and distinct promise of exemption from disease, on the condition of obedience. In Exodus xv. 26, we read, "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee" (or, I am the Lord thy healer).

This promise was tested again and again. Moses prayed for leprosy (Numbers xii. 13), and Aaron for the plague (Numbers xvi. 47–48). The serpent's bite found its cure solely through faith (Numbers xxi. 9), and the pestilence vanished when David sacrificed (II. Samuel xxiv. 25). The Psalmist declares that when the children of Israel walked through the wilderness, "there was not one feeble

[sick] person among their tribes" (Psalms cv. 37); and Solomon reminded the people that there had not failed one word of all the promises given through Moses (I. Kings viii. 56).

In the fifth commandment we find the most explicit assurance of physical life, on the condition of obedience to parents. Passing on we read passages like the following, which cannot be disputed on any ground whatever; "O that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children forever" (Deuteronomy v. 29). "Ye shall walk in all the ways which the Lord your God hath commanded you, . . . that ye may prolong your days in the land which ye shall possess" (v. 33). "If thou shalt indeed obey his voice, and do all that I speak, . . . I will take sickness away from the midst of thee" (Exodus xxiii. 22, 25). "If ye hearken to these judgments, and keep and do them, . . . the Lord will take away from thee all sickness, and will put none of the evil diseases of Egypt, which thou knowest, upon thee; but will lay them upon all them that hate thee" (Deuteronomy vii. 12, 15. See also Leviticus xxvi. 15, 16, and Deuteronomy xxviii. 58–62). Beyond all possible controversy, exemption from disease was held out to the Jew.

David's understanding of this and his testimony upon the subject are both very clear. He says, "The Lord is the strength of my life" (Psalms xxvii. 1). "O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me" (xxx. 2). "O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit" (xxx. 3). Out of a great many other utterances of the King of Israel, read especially Psalms xli. 3; xci. 1–6; ciii. 2–5. When Solomon dedicated the temple he made a distinct request for healing in answer to prayer, and the Lord distinctly promised to hear (see II. Chronicles vii. 13, 14). When David's child was sick, we read of a prophet, and not of a physician. Even the mighty sinner Jeroboam knew where to send when disease struck his child; and, later, the sternest rebuke and punishment were pronounced on Ahaziah because he forgot there was a God in Israel, and sent to inquire of Baalzebub.

There is no mistaking the lesson in the cases of Asa and Hezekiah. God had blessed and saved the former, but when "diseased in his feet . . . he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers, and died" (II. Chronicles xvi. 12, 13). Two hundred years after this, Hezekiah prayed and was miraculously healed; God's instrument being once more a prophet and not a physician; and, in answer to the king's prayer, the people were also healed. But when Hezekiah neglected to tell the messengers of the King of Babylon what a wonderful deliverance God had sent him, the judgment of heaven fell upon him also (II. Chronicles xxxii. 31, and II. Kings xx. 12).

In the days of Hezekiah, Isaiah the prophet lived and wrote. In the great atonement chapter we find the forecast of the coming Messiah expressed in the following literal readings: "A man of pains, and acquainted with sickness" (v. 3). "Surely our sicknesses he hath borne, and our pains he hath carried them" (4). "And by his bruise there is healing to us" (5). "And Jehovah hath delighted to bruise him; he hath made him sick" (10).

The above is Dr. Robert Young's translation, made, of course, without the faintest idea of assisting modern "faith-healers." Dr. Isaac Leeser gives a significant rendering of the fourth verse: "But only our diseases did he bear himself, and our pains he carried." Now, in view of the facts developed above, what sort of mind would it have required in a Jew to say that this chapter only referred to spiritual blessings? But we have a sure and certain commentator on this point.

In Matthew viii. 16, 17, we find the distinct declaration that Jesus "healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Here the Holy Ghost, through Matthew, says Isaiah spoke of the body; but in I. Peter ii. 24, we find the Spirit, speaking through that apostle, quoting these very words as applicable to the soul. The only inference must be that both are true, and that the atonement provided for both soul and body. *If Peter can be relied on for the present day, so can Matthew; and if Matthew's words have no present force and application, neither have Peter's.*

The Jew believes in a material kingdom; the Christian in a spiritual dominion. Both are right in what they receive, and wrong in what they reject. Jesus Christ did not abolish the decalogue and the moral law; the ceremonial alone passed away. We are not playing at see-saw with the Jew. Laws of health and healthy food are the same as they were in the days of Moses, and the best physicians are continually indorsing the sanitary and dietetic regulations of the great Hebrew leader.

Jesus Christ never turned away from those who sought healing at his hands. He specially commissioned the twelve to heal as well as to preach; and, later, the same commission was given to the seventy (Luke ix. 1–6, and x. 1–19). The only limit to these benefits was

unbelief, as is plainly declared in Mark vi. 5, and Luke iv. 27. His last words, according to Mark, contain a positive promise of the "signs" which should "follow them that believe," among which we find the healing of the sick through the laying on of hands. This was not a promise to the apostles, but to "them that believe." The apostles took up the work of healing as an important part of the gospel. "Such as I have give I thee," said Peter at the beautiful gate of the temple. In those days a man who, like Stephen, was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith almost of necessity did great signs and wonders among the people; and simple healings abounded everywhere. When the unbelievers raged against them, the apostles did not merely ask for more grace to bear it, but actually prayed for signs and wonders, in the name of Jesus (Acts iv. 30).

In Corinthians Paul speaks frequently of bodily matters, and specially mentions the several "gifts of the Spirit" which were then in the church. Now "gifts of healing" stand on precisely the same ground with the others. The church does not discard the "word of wisdom" or the "word of knowledge," nor throw away "governments"; indeed, she is well-nigh governed to death in these days. But if one has lapsed, why not all? In Ephesians i. 14, Paul speaks of the "earnest of our inheritance." Part of this inheritance is to have our mortal bodies quickened by his Spirit (Romans viii. 11). "He that hath the Son hath life," and it is therefore concluded that "Christ within you, the hope of glory," must or may give an earnest, or a foretaste, for the body as well as for the soul. An impartation of the Divine life is looked for, enabling the man to perform any and all God-directed work until the day of his death, if he dies before the second advent.

Finally, we have the unanswerable direction to the sick in James v. 14, 15. "Is any sick among you? [among you believers] let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins [as a cause of the complaint] they shall be forgiven him." On this passage we remark that John Wesley quotes and indorses Bengel as saying that, "this was the whole process of physic in the Christian church, till it was lost through unbelief." Dr. Daniel Steele says that the man who attempts to represent the word "sick" as having any other meaning than bodily ailment, is "either an ignoramus in Greek or an intentional deceiver"; and Dean Alford most forcibly declares that the whole passage refers to physical disorders and to these only.

As to the knowledge of medicine in the time of Christ, there is abundant evidence to show that it was extensive and profound. Following Hippocrates (B. C. 460), who mentions no fewer than two hundred and sixty-five drugs, besides many dietary and surgical remedies, arose the schools of medicine under Herophilus, a profound anatomist, and Erasistratus his rival. (Doctors disagreed in those days as well as at present.) After these came the Empiric school (280 B. C.), whose physicians were very successful, especially in surgery and the use of drugs; and later on Asclepiades, the friend of Cicero, founded a system known as "Methodism." The medical knowledge of the Roman Empire came from these men. This is sufficient to show that healing by faith was not instituted because of the ignorance of scientific methods.

One point needs to be especially guarded. Death is a consequence of sin, and is included in "the curse of the law." But "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law" (Galatians iii. 13), and a logical conclusion would lead us to expect translation, were it not for a number of special scriptures which expressly declare that this is not included at present (see, Hebrews ix. 27, 28; Romans viii. 10–22; I. Corinthians xv. 23–32; Colossians iii. 4; Hebrews ii. 8). These texts withhold the boon of translation from the direct covenant, and retain it in the special providence of God, except for the living, waiting saints at the second advent. They have its sure promise.

"Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever," is a tremendous declaration. Now we have seen that the promises of God most undeniably contain the assurance of physical health, on condition of obedience. These promises have not been outlawed by time. We cannot throw them away without sacrificing the decalogue and the moral law. An unbroken line of leaders, kings, and prophets carry them down to the present gospel dispensation, and they are ours to-day. In II. Corinthians i. 20, we read, "For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." These are included in the "all," therefore they are yea and amen in Christ, and therefore are based upon his vicarious atonement. The conditions to-day are the same as of old. *We must believe, and obey.* Belief is faith, and obedience is works. "Faith without works is dead"; so belief and simple obedience cannot be separated. When Naaman joined his obedience to his belief, and dipped in Jordan, faith and works were united, and salvation resulted. It is ever so.

THE PRACTICE.

1. "FAITH-HEALERS" believe in the use of means. The Scriptural means are always employed: — (1) Laying-on of hands, (2) anointing with oil, (3) the prayer of faith. They also believe in occasional leadings of the Spirit to employ other means, which may be inherently efficacious or not.

2. No one is advised by any prominent leader or teacher to lay aside all medicines, unless he can do so with perfect spontaneity. Forced abstinence is will power, not faith.

3. Faith in the patient is regarded as necessary when the individual is responsible. Even the man "borne of four" and let down through the roof had to obey the command to rise. Rare exceptions are known where the individuals have not been aware of the prayer offered in their behalf. These can be included under general answers to prayer. They are certainly conclusively against the supposition of any subjective condition of the patient.

4. A perfect consecration of the whole spirit, soul and body, is strongly urged. It would be almost blasphemous to ask for healing with any other view than the entire devotement to God of the renewed powers. Hence the universal experience of spiritual blessings in those who seek to be healed.

5. Inquirers are instructed to believe that they do receive, when the spirit witnesses within that their consecration and obedience are complete, and the prayer has been offered. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," is the warrant for acting out the belief; that is, acting as if you were well. The leaders in this movement have themselves received life and health while following this same plan of action, and therefore give this advice with all knowledge and honesty.

6. The laying-on of hands, prayer, and anointing are distinctly taught to be of no efficacy in themselves, any more than Jordan was to Naaman. But it is held that "to obey is better than sacrifice."

7. Those who fail to get saved, and those who fail to be healed, afford no argument against the continuance of preaching or praying. Lists of failures are not kept in either case; and the real reason lies in the fact presented in the very beginning of this article, that the doctrines of Christianity are not founded on phenomena, but upon the word of God alone.

8. All who weigh the meaning of words counsel the use of such terms as will be mutually intelligible. A man who is exercising faith, but whose symptoms continue, is advised to say, I believe, and not, I feel.

9. It is taught that Satan can tempt to sickness, precisely as he can tempt to inward sin, by producing a symptom. He can consistently advise the use of a medicine to one who is striving to fix his faith upon God alone; especially when he thinks that the remedy will prove unavailing. In any case such action is more consistent in him than that of those good people who profess to believe that it is the will of God for them to suffer, and at the same time spend time and wealth, for every conceivable medicine, in the attempt to defeat that will by getting well.

10. Finally, it is distinctly taught that Divine Healing, like every branch of salvation, is a matter of personal experience; and as such is not susceptible of perfectly logical explanation to the unbeliever. To him all such things are "foolishness," but "to us who believe" they become "the power of God." Every saved or healed man can testify from his heart: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see," though he may utterly fail to convince the Scribes and Pharisees.

True or false, there is no belief rising more swiftly before the churches everywhere than that of Divine Healing. There are over thirty "faith homes" in America to-day. In England, and on the continent of Europe, can be found a large number, some of them commodious institutions with a history of many decades of years. In June, 1885, an international conference on this subject assembled in London, composed of delegates from all parts of the world; and the great Agricultural Hall was taxed to its utmost to accommodate the serious crowds that flocked to hear. During the last two seasons a number of conventions have been held in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, and elsewhere, in all of which Divine Healing has claimed an important part. The mass of evidence offered, the multitude of witnesses arising, and the words of Scripture on the subject, demand at least a respectful hearing, and invite the closest scrutiny into the doctrine and practice of Divine Healing.

R. Kelso Carter.

FAITH-HEALING AND KINDRED PHENOMENA.

(SUPPLEMENTARY ARTICLE.)

UNDER this same title in THE CENTURY for June, 1886, I presented some of the results of many years' investigation of this subject, by raising and answering these questions: "What are the facts, and how may they be explained?" The conclusion reached was that the claims of the Christian faith-healers — technically so called — to supernatural powers are discredited by the facts that they exhibit no supremacy over Pagans, Spiritualists, Mormons, magnetic healers, etc; that they cannot parallel the works of Christ and of the apostles; and that all they really accomplish can be accounted for by natural causes. The article gave rise to much public discussion and private correspondence, but no statement of fact has been disproved and no induction invalidated.

DEFENSE OF FAITH-HEALERS EXAMINED.

CONFIDENT assertions of supernatural powers, and vehement denials of the sufficiency of natural causes to account for their results, and the quotation of misapplied passages of Scripture, have been the only defensive weapons of the faith-healers. They have, however, been compelled to avow that "they keep no record of failures, as they do not depend upon phenomena or cases, but upon the divine Word."

This admission is fatal. If they cannot do the works, either they have not the faith, or they misunderstand the promises they quote. Christ and the apostles depended upon the phenomena to sustain their claims; and when the apostles failed in a single instance Christ called them a faithless and perverse generation. The failure of these religious thaumaturgists to surpass other manipulators in the same line in the nature and extent of their mighty works has compelled them to say that they do not depend upon phenomena, and make no record of unsuccessful attempts and relapses.

The difficulty is that they apply promises which relate to the power of working miracles to the ordinary Christian life. That they misunderstand and misapply them is clear also from the fact that the most spiritually minded Christians in the greatest emergencies have been unable to work miracles. The reformers — Calvin, Knox, Luther, etc. — could not. John Wesley, in his letter to the Bishop of Gloucester, enumerates all the miraculous gifts possessed by the apostles, and expressly denies that he lays claim to any of them. Judson, Carey, Martyn, Duff, Brainerd,* and other eminent missionaries trying to preach the Gospel among Pagans, Mohammedans, and Pantheists, most of whose priests are believed by the people to be able to work miracles, were unable to prove their commission by any special power over disease, or by other mighty works. In Algiers, after its conquest by the French, the power of juggling priests was still so great that it was impossible to preserve order until Robert Houdin, the magician, was sent over, whose power so far surpassed that of the priests that their ascendency over the people was broken.

When any Christian presses the faith-healers with these points, they turn upon him and declare that he "does not believe in answer to prayer;" to which the reply is, that a belief that God may, and sometimes does, restore health in answer to prayer in connection with the use of means medical, hygienic, or surgical, without any visible interference with the laws of cause and effect which he has made, is very different from holding that instantly, at the touch of a hand, the repetition of a phrase, the application of a drop of oil, a glance at a sacred relic, the touch of the hand of a dead ecclesiastic, or the drinking of a glass of water from a miraculous spring, he exercises his power and cures disease without the use of other means.

The charge that the writer is not a spiritually minded man was to be expected: this is the common cry of the superstitious when their errors are exposed. But the most extraordi-

* Brainerd, in his narrative of his work among the American Indians, confesses his great embarrassment as follows:

"When I have instructed them respecting the miracles wrought by Christ in healing the sick, etc., and mentioned them as evidences of his divine mission, and of the truth of his doctrines, they have quickly referred to the wonders of that kind which [a diviner] had performed by his magic charms, whence they had a high opinion of him and of his superstitious notions, which seemed to be a fatal obstruction to some of them in the way of their receiving the Gospel."

Yet, though Brainerd could do none of these mighty works, he was the means of the conversion of that very diviner by the influence of his own life and the spiritual truths which he taught.

nary allegation was made by the Rev. A. B. Simpson, of the city of New York. He states his belief that the cases "of healing and other supernatural phenomena ascribed to Spiritualism cannot be explained away either as tricks of clever performers or the mere effects of will power, but are, in very many instances, directly supernatural and superhuman"; and then says: "The cures to which Dr. Buckley refers among heathen nations, the Voodoos of the negroes, and the Indian medicine men, are all of the same character as Spiritualism." On the subject of Roman Catholic miracles he says:

"Where there is a simple and genuine faith in a Romanist,—and we have found it in some,—God will honor it as well as in a Protestant. . . . But when, on the other hand, they are corrupted by the errors of their Church, and exercising faith, not in God, but in the relics of superstition, or the image of the Virgin, we see no difference between the Romanist and the Spiritualist, and we should not wonder at all if the devil should be permitted to work his lying wonders for them, as he does for the superstitious Pagan or the possessed medium."

This means that if the Roman Catholics are devout, it is God who does the mighty works for them; if superstitious, it is the devil. As many of the most remarkable phenomena connected with Roman Catholicism have occurred where the Virgin is most prominent, as at the Grotto of Lourdes, and at Knock Chapel (a girl having been cured recently by drinking water with which some of the mortar of the chapel had been mingled), it is pertinent to ask, if supernatural operations are involved in both, whether the works of God might not be expected to be superior to those of the devil?

Mr. Simpson proceeds to impute to the writer an unconscious league with the devil. Referring to some of the phenomena attested as having occurred under my superintendence, Mr. Simpson says: "We believe the devil will surely possess every heart that is not constantly yielded to God, and we should not be at all surprised if Dr. Buckley on that occasion was actually, without the slightest intention on his part, assisting at a real spiritualistic *séance* conducted by the devil in the background." Here the Spiritualists and the faith-healers unite as to the supernatural origin of these phenomena, the Spiritualists declaring that there is a subtle force behind these things which they call the spirits of the departed, Mr. Simpson affirming that that force is the devil. He then says: "Those who have been used as mediums always lose their power when they become Christians, and the writer [Simpson] has had them come to have the devil cast out of them."

It is not wonderful that these manifestations should excite suspicions of supernatural agencies in minds not accustomed to the phenomena or to close observation. About seventeen years ago, at the request of a committee, I lectured in a church in Simsbury, Connecticut. In the presence of a large audience some remarkable things occurred. Among others a young artist who was visiting in the place passed into the state of trance. I whispered in his ear, "You are a temperance lecturer; the audience is waiting to hear you"; and he who had never spoken in public in his life delivered quite an eloquent address. Then it was suggested, "You are defending a young man on trial for murder, and the judge has just ordered you to proceed." For fifteen minutes he spoke eloquently, more so than most lawyers. Then he was asked to cast his eyes upward and describe what he could see. He instantly began such a rhapsodical description of the heavenly world as to produce a thrilling effect upon the assembly. A gentleman with a reverent aspect said, "Are you quite sure that this is not of the devil or supernatural?" The young man had described certain thrones and figures seated thereon. I asked him what little animal that was which was coming out from under one of those seats. He immediately began running to and fro in front of the audience crying "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" The assembly was at once convinced of the natural origin of the phenomena. He was simply dreaming upon all these subjects.

As the object of the lecture was to destroy belief in the superhuman origin of Spiritualism, it is in order, if Mr. Simpson's theory be true, to inquire precisely what point the devil thought he was gaining when he assisted at that performance.

Mr. Simpson goes so far as to say that what he calls "divine healing" is "a great practical, Scriptural, and uniform principle, which does not content itself with a few incidental cases for psychological diversion orillustration, but meets the tens of thousands of God's suffering children with a simple practical remedy which all may take and claim if they will." Such propositions as this are as wild as the weather predictions that terrify the ignorant and superstitious, but are the amusement and scorn of all rational and educated persons; as the following, from the "Congregationalist" of Boston, shows:

"We have taken pains, before publishing it, to confirm, by correspondence, the singular case of a woman's death in a religious meeting at Peekskill, N. Y. Rev. Mr. Simpson, formerly a Presbyterian preacher, was holding a Holiness Convention, Major Cole, the 'Michigan Evangelist,' being a helper. In an 'anointing service' an elderly lady, long afflicted with heart disease, who had walked a long way after a hard day's work, presented herself for 'divine heal-

ing,' and was anointed by Mr. Simpson. A few minutes after, she fainted and died, the finding of the jury of inquest being that her death was from heart disease, but hastened by the excitement of the service. One would suppose that the case would be a warning against the danger of such experiments, if not a rebuke of the almost blasphemous assumption of miraculous power."

ERROR IN MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.

A RADICAL error in mental physiology which most of these persons hold relates to the will. Referring to the theory which explains the cure of many diseases by bringing the person to exercise special will power, Mr. Simpson says:

"Why is it that our physicians and philanthropists cannot get the sick to rise up and exercise this will power? Oh! that is the trouble to which we have already adverted. The will is as weak as the frame, and the power that is needed to energize both is God; and Faith is just another name for the new divine WILL which God breathes into the paralyzed mind, enabling it to call upon the enfeebled body to claim the same divine power for its healing. We are quite willing to admit the blessed effect of a quickened faith and hope and will upon the body of the sick. This is not all. There must also be a direct physical touch."

The reader of the former article will recall the cure performed by the late Dr. Krakowitzer, who said to the young woman, "Get out of bed, put on your clothes, and go downstairs and meet your mother in the parlor." Her voluntary will power was inadequate to the effort, but the concentration of her mind by an extraordinary stimulus, a command from a stronger will than her own, developed latent strength.

A hotel-keeper in New Hampshire, lingering at the point of death, as was supposed, for weeks with typhus, saw the flames burst from his barn. "Great God!" cried he, "there is nobody to let the cattle out!" He sprang from the bed, cared for the cattle, broke out in a profuse perspiration, and recovered. The burning barn gave him no strength, but the excitement developed latent energy and will.

Mrs. H., whom I often visited, had long been ill, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and could not raise a glass of water to her lips. One day the house got on fire. She sprang from the bed, seized a chest full of odds and ends, and carried it out-of-doors. This chest, as a result of an effort of the will, she could not have moved without help when in health.

A letter recently received from the Rev. J. L. Humphrey, for many years a missionary in India, now of Richfield Springs, N. Y., says:

"The following instance came under my observation in India. An officer of the Government was compelled to send native messengers out into a district infected with cholera. As he sent them out they took the disease and died; and it came to such a pass among the Government peons under his charge that a man thought himself doomed when selected for that duty. A German doctor in that region had put forth the theory that inoculation with a preparation of quassia was a specific for cholera — a simon-pure humbug. But this gentleman seized the idea; he cut the skin of the messenger's arm with a lancet so as to draw some blood, and then rubbed in the quassia, telling them what the doctor had said about it. Not a man thus treated died."

The surprising strength and endurance exhibited by lunatics and delirious persons constantly show that the amount of power which can be commanded by the will under an ordinary stimulant is by no means so great as the latent. Equally true is it that mental and emotional excitement often renders the subject of it unconscious of pain, which would otherwise be unendurable. Even without any such experience, a sudden shock may cause a disease to disappear.

The following was narrated to me by an eminent physician:

"I was once called to see a lady, not a regular patient of mine, who had suffered for months with rheumatism. Her situation was desperate, and everything had been done that I could think of except to give her a vapor bath. There was no suitable apparatus, and I was obliged to extemporize it. Finding some old tin pipe, I attached it to the spout of the tea-kettle and then put the other end of the pipe under the bedclothes, and directed the servant to half fill the kettle, so as to leave room for the vapor to generate and pass through the pipe into the bed. I then sat down to read, and waited for the result. The servant girl, however, desiring to do all she could for her mistress, had filled the kettle to the very lid. Of course there was no room for steam to form, and the hot water — boiling, in fact — ran through the pipe and reached the body of the patient. The instant it struck her she gave a shriek and said, 'Doctor, you have scalded me!' and as she said this she leaped out of bed. But now," said the physician, "came the wonder. The rheumatism was all gone in that instant, nor did she have any return of it, to my knowledge."

A "MISSING LINK."

IF there were no other, a fatal stumbling-block in the way of the faith-healers is their failure in surgical cases. They have caught up everything that could even point at supernatural interference with the order of nature. The following case is taken from the "Provincial Medical Journal" of Leicester and London, June 1, 1886, and is an illustration of the subject:

"Another 'wonderful cure' at the Bethshan. T. M. N., during a voyage from Liverpool to New York on board the steamship *Helvetia*, sustained a compound fracture of the left humerus at about the line of junction of the middle with the lower third. The injury was treated for a few days by the mercantile surgeon. On his arrival at New York on December 29, 1883 (four days after the accident), he was transferred to a public hospital. He was at once treated, the fracture being fixed in a plaster-of-Paris dressing, and this mode of mechanical fixation was continued for three months, when the surgeon, perceiving no progress toward union, performed the operation of resetting the fractured

ends. The arm and forearm were again put in plaster-of-Paris, and retained until his arrival in Liverpool, five months after the date of the injury. On June 10, 1884, he submitted his arm for my inspection, when on removal of the dressing I found there was no attempt at repair, and that the cutaneous wound pertaining to the operation had not healed. The method of treatment I pursued was the following: The forearm was first slung from the neck by its wrist; the ulcer was attended to, and an area inclusive of the fracture partially strangulated by means of india-rubber bands. This was continued for three months, but without appreciable result. I therefore, in addition to this treatment, percussed the site of fracture every three weeks. Four months passed, and yet no change. After seven months the ulceration was healed, and the limb slung as before, partially strangulated and percussed monthly, but, in addition, maintained well fixed by a splint, and carefully readjusted on the occasion when percussion was employed. At length I found evidence that repair was progressing, for at this date, December, 1885, it required some force to spring the connection. I now knew it could only be a question of a few weeks for consolidation to be complete, but thought it wise for some little time to leave the arm protected, lest rough usage should destroy the good attained. However, the patient suddenly disappeared, and on the 13th of April I received the following interesting document:

"'No. 2 WOODHOUSE ST., Walton Road,
Monday, April 12th.

"'DEAR SIR: I trust after a very careful perusal of the few following words I may retain the same share of your favorable esteem as previously, and that you will not think too hardly of me because, although I have done a deed which you would not sanction, and which was against your injunctions. Still, I must write and let you know all about it, because I know you have been so kind to me from a purely disinterested motive. I dare say you remember me mentioning the "faith-healing" some time ago, and to which you remarked that "it would do no harm to try it, but that you thought I should require *mighty* faith."

"'Well, I have tried it, and I am sure that you will be glad to hear that my arm is not only in my sleeve, but in actual use, and has been for the past three weeks. The pain I bore after the last beating was something dreadful, and being in great trouble at my lodgings at the time, I was downhearted. I was thrown out of my lodgings, and being quite destitute, I reasoned in myself, and came to the conclusion that if I really asked God to make it better right away he would, and I was told that if I would do away with all means and leave it to him, it would be all right. So I just took off all your bandages and splint, and put it in my sleeve. I have now the use of my arm, and it is just the same as my right one — just as strong. Several times I called at your house when on my way to the Bethshan, George's street, but Dr. Gormley slammed me out, and therefore I did not like to come again.

"'I cannot describe how thankful I am, doctor, for your past kindness and goodness to me, and that is one reason I have not seen you. I know you will be glad to see me with it in my sleeve.

"'Yours very truly,
"'TOM M. NICHOLSON.

"'DR. H. O. THOMAS.

"'P. S. — Any communication will reach me if addressed to me at the above, *should you desire to write.*'

"There is very little to add to this case. . . . It affords, however, a typical instance of the way a Bethshan thrives. The surgeon tells a patient all but recovered to be cautious lest the results of months of care be nullified, and 'fools rush in' and tell him 'to dispense with means and all will be well.' In this particular instance the result was harmless, but it would be interesting to inquire how many poor deluded victims are consigned to irremediable defects by an ignorant and fanatical display which is a satire upon our civilization."

In this country the case that has been the most frequently used is narrated by the late W. E. Boardman, who says the story was told him by Dr. Cullis, and gives it thus:

"The children were jumping off from a bench, and my little son fell and *broke both bones of his arm below the elbow*. My brother, who is a professor of surgery in the college at Chicago, was here on a visit. I asked him to set and dress the arm. He did so; put it in splints, bandages, and in a sling. The dear child was very patient, and went about without a murmur all that day. The next morning he came to me and said, 'Dear papa, please take off these things.' 'Oh, no, my son; you will have to wear these five or six weeks before it will be well!' 'Why, papa, it is well.' 'Oh, no, my dear child; that is impossible!' 'Why, papa, you believe in prayer, don't you?' 'You know I do, my son.' 'Well, last night when I went to bed, it hurt me very bad, and I asked Jesus to make it well.' I did not like to say a word to chill his faith. A happy thought came. I said, 'My dear child, your uncle put the things on, and if they are taken off, he must do it.' Away he went to his uncle, who told him he would have to go as he was six or seven weeks, and must be very patient; and when the little fellow told him that Jesus had made him well, he said, 'Pooh! pooh! nonsense!' and sent him away. The next morning the poor boy came to me and pleaded with so much sincerity and confidence, that I more than half believed, and went to my brother and said, 'Had you not better undo his arm and let him see for himself? Then he will be satisfied. If you do not, I fear, though he is very obedient, he may be tempted to undo it himself, and then it may be worse for him.' My brother yielded, took off the bandages and the splints, and exclaimed, 'It is well, absolutely well!' and hastened to the door to keep from fainting."

Afterward the Rev. Mr. Gordon introduced the above alleged occurrence into his "Mystery of Healing."

This case was thoroughly investigated by Dr. James Henry Lloyd, of the University of Pennsylvania, and in the "Medical Record" for March 27, 1886, Dr. Lloyd published a letter from the *very child*, who is grown up and become a physician.

"DEAR SIR: The case you cite, when robbed of all its sensational surroundings, is as follows: The child was a spoiled youngster who would have his own way; and when he had a *green stick* fracture of the forearm, and, after having had it bandaged for several days, concluded he would much prefer going without a splint, to please the spoiled child the splint was removed, and the arm carefully adjusted in a sling. As a matter of course, the bone soon united, as is customary in children, and being only partially broken, of course all the sooner. This is the miracle.

"Some nurse or crank or religious enthusiast, ignorant of matters physiological and histological, evidently started the story, and unfortunately my name — for I am the party — is being circulated in circles of faith-curites, and is given the sort of notoriety I do not crave. . . .

"Very respectfully yours,
"CARL H. REED."

THE EVILS OF THIS SUPERSTITION.

MANY well-attested cases of irreparable damage to religion, individuals, and to the peace of churches and families have been placed in my hands or ascertained by investigation, both before and since the publication of my former article. From them I select the following:

"A lady, a member of the Christian church, aged about fifty-five years, had been ailing for two or three years. She fell and bruised her side, and was confined to her bed for some weeks. She was better for a month perhaps, and then the disease developed into internal abscess of the stomach, and she slowly declined until her death, which occurred about five months afterwards. She and her family became very anxious for her recovery, and, being very devout, their minds turned to faith-cures and faith-healers. A month before her death she was in correspondence with one of these persons. This lady appointed an hour in which to pray, and directed that friends in the place where she resided should meet and pray at that time. Her pastor went and prayed. At the close of this interview the patient told him she had received just then a great blessing, so that now she felt reconciled to die, and subsequently said nothing about healing, but much about the heavenly rest which she expected soon to enter. For a long time her nourishment had been, and then was, taken entirely in the form of injections of beef tea. On a certain day a layman who had been healed, and was himself a healer and a prime mover in faith-healing conventions, visited her about noon and staid until near evening. He told the lady and her children that the Lord had sent him there that she might be instantly healed, read and expounded the book of James, brought out his phial of oil, anointed her forehead, knelt by her bedside, holding her hand in his, and prayed very earnestly for her immediate cure, claiming present conscious testimony by the Holy Spirit that the cure was wrought. On rising from his knees, still holding her hand, he lifted the lady in bed to a sitting posture, and pronounced her cured in the name of the Holy Trinity. A member of the family protested that it was hazardous for her to sit up in that way, as she had not been able to sit up for many weeks. Finally the patient laid down exhausted, and the visitor left, assuring the family that 'in four days mother would be up and about.' Shortly after this (perhaps an hour) intense pain in the stomach began and kept increasing until the agony became unendurable, so that groans and screams of distress were wrung from her. This continued for twelve hours, when exhaustion and stupor ensued, which lasted until her death, the next day. An autopsy was held by physicians who had been in attendance, and they reported a lesion of the stomach, caused, in their opinion, by the exertion of the patient in arising and sitting up in bed. When our informant met the visiting brother who had had a revelation of the Spirit that the patient was to recover, he inquired after the case, and on being told that our informant was about to go to the funeral, he expressed great surprise and said, 'It sometimes happens that way.'"

Can anything more blasphemous be imagined than the presumptuous claim of a revelation of the Holy Spirit to a matter of fact, and the pronouncing the dying cured in the name of the Holy Trinity?

Families have been broken up by the doctrine taught in some of the leading faith-homes that friends who do not believe this truth are to be separated from because of the weakening effect of their disbelief upon faith, and a most heartrending letter has reached me from a gentleman whose mother and sister are now residing in a faith-institution not far from this city, refusing all intercourse with their friends, and neglecting the most obvious duties of life.

Certain advocates of faith-healing and faith-homes have influenced women to leave their husbands and parents and reside in the homes, and have persuaded them to give thousands of dollars for their purposes, on the ground that "the Lord had need of the money."

This system is connected with every other superstition. The Bible is used as a book of magic. Many open it at random, expecting to be guided by the first passage that they see, as Peter was told to open the mouth of the first fish that came up and he would find in it a piece of money. A missionary of high standing with whom I am acquainted was cured of this form of superstition by consulting the Bible on an important matter of Christian duty, and the passage that met his gaze was, "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming." Paganism can produce nothing more superstitious than this, though many other Christians, instead of "searching the Scriptures," still try to use the Bible like a divining rod.

It feeds upon impressions, makes great use of dreams and signs and statements foreign to truth and pernicious in their influence. A young lady long ill was visited by a minister who prayed with her, and in great joy arose from his knees and said, "Jennie, you are sure to recover. Dismiss all fear. *The Lord has revealed it to me.*" Soon after, physicians in consultation decided that she had cancer of the stomach, of which she subsequently died. The person who had received the impression that she would recover, when met by the pastor of the family, said, "Jennie will certainly get well. The Lord will raise her up. He has revealed it to me." "Well," said the minister, "she has not the nervous disease she had some years ago. The physicians have decided that she has cancer of the stomach." "Oh, well," was the reply, "if that is the case, she is sure to die."

A family living in the city of St. Louis had a daughter who was very ill. The members of this family were well acquainted with one of the leading advocates of faith-healing in the East, who made her case a subject of prayer, and wrote her a letter declaring that she would certainly be cured, and the Lord had revealed it to him. The letter arrived in St. Louis one day after her death.

These are cases taken not from the operations of recognized fanatics, but from those of leading lights in this *ignis fatuus* movement.

It is a means of obtaining money under false pretenses. Some who promulgate these views are honest, but underneath their proceedings runs a subtle sophistry. They establish institutions which they call faith-homes, declaring that they are supported entirely by faith, and that they use no means to make their work known or to persuade persons to contribute. Meanwhile they advertise their work and institutions in every possible way, publishing reports in which, though in many instances wanting in business accuracy, they exhibit the most cunning wisdom of the children of this world in the conspicuous publication of letters such as the following:

"DEAR BROTHER: The Lord told me to send you fifty dollars for your glorious work. I did so, and have been a great deal happier than I ever was before; and from unexpected quarters *more than three times the amount has come in.*"

In one of the papers devoted to this subject this letter recently appeared:

"DEAR BROTHER: Please announce through the 'Crown of Glory' that I will sail for the western coast of Africa to preach a full salvation in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to heal whomsoever the Lord will by faith, as soon as the Lord sends the balance of the money to pay my fare. I have denounced all rum, wine, cider, tobacco, beer, ale, and medicines — only Jesus! Only Jesus my Savior! I will sail October 10, if the Lord sends the balance of the money to Brother Heller, 48 Orchard st., Newark, N. J.

"Yours, in Christ,
"S. B. MYLER."

A prominent English advocate of this method of raising money, who, it must be confessed, has done a most extraordinary and useful work, on one of his missionary tours in this country explained his curious system with so much eloquence that the founders of certain faith-homes in the United States called upon the editors of various religious papers and endeavored to induce them to set forth that there are institutions in this country conducted on the same principle, naïvely observing that they did not wish his presence and eloquence to divert to England money that should be expended here. Yet they "do not use means"! The whole system is a use of the shrewdest kind of means. But as in the case of the supposed faith-healings, for every successful instance there are a large number of unrecorded grievous failures; and many subjects of delusion who have established faith-homes to which the public has not responded have suffered the agonies of death. Some have starved, others have been relieved by benevolent Christian friends, and still others have been taken to asylums for the insane. Similar wrecks are to be found all through the land, dazzled and deceived by the careers of a few persons who have succeeded in getting their enterprises under way and enjoy a monopoly of their limited method of obtaining revenues. Some of those who succeed are doubtless as sincere men and women as ever lived. Others oscillate between knavery and unbridled fanaticism.

The horrible mixture of superstition and blasphemy to which these views frequently lead is not known to all persons. I quote from a paper published in Newark, N. J., in the interest of faith-healing:

"DEATH.—Three of the richest men in Ocean Park, N. J., have died. Faith-healing has been taught in the place, but was rejected by them, so death came."

"CHARLESTON, S. C.—A few years ago the Holy Ghost sent me to preach in that city. But they rejected the Gospel and me. A wicked man shot at me and tried to kill me, but God saved me so that I was not harmed. . . . But I had to leave Charleston and do as the great Head of the Church said: . . . 'when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust from your feet.' Earthquake, September 1, 1886; one-half the city in ruins. It has a population of about fifty thousand people. Ye wicked cities in the world, take warning! God lives!"

SUPPOSED DIFFICULTIES.

IT has been suggested that if faith-healing, as I have claimed, can be demonstrated to be subjective, what is called conversion can be accounted for in the same way. If by conversion is meant the cataleptic condition which occurred among the Congregationalists in the time of Jonathan Edwards, certain Presbyterians and Baptists in the early part of this century in the South and West, and the early Methodists, and is still common among the colored people, the Second Adventists, and the Salvation Army, and not wholly unknown among others, I admit that such phenomena are of natural origin.

But if conversion is understood to mean a recognition of sinfulness, genuine repentance, and complete trust in the promises of God, accompanied by a controlling determination to live hereafter in obedience to the law of God, this is a radically different thing. Such an experience may be sufficiently intense to produce tears of sorrow or joy, trances, or even lunacy. Neither the lunacy, the trances, nor the tears, however, are essential parts of the conversion. They are simply the results of emotional excitement, differing in individuals according to temperament and education. If believed to have a divine origin, especially when the subjects are exposed to the contagion of immense crowds swayed by a common impulse and acted upon by oratory, hundreds may succumb to the epidemic who do not experience any moral change, while others who are thus excited may be the subjects of genuine reformation of character.

The inquiry has been made why the writer does not apply the same considerations to the miracles of Christ; why he does not sift the evidence in the same way, and explain the facts on the same principles. This question is relevant, and consists of two parts. What does the New Testament say, and is it rational to believe it?

The first relates to the issue with the faith-healers. If they performed such works as are recorded of Jesus Christ, a writer professing to believe in his divinity would be compelled to admit their claims to supernatural assistance. But the point made against them is that they do *not* perform works similar to his.

The credibility of the record concerning Christ's works is a question which cannot be raised between Christians, whether they hold the superstitions of the faith-healers or not.

It is conceded that probably no such sifting of the evidence was made as can be made of what takes place in this scientific age, that there was a predisposition to believe in miracles, and that the ascendency of religious teachers was maintained largely by the belief of the people in their power to work miracles. To say, however, as some do, that there was no investigation, is an exaggeration. The Jews, who did not believe Christ, had every motive to examine the evidence as thoroughly as they could. Still, we have but the testimony of those who thought they saw. If they saw and understood, their testimony is conclusive; but standing alone it would not be sufficient.

Yet I believe that it is rational to accept the record, though we have not the opportunity of seeing the miracles or testing the evidence by the scientific method. A miracle of wisdom may be as convincing as a miracle of physical force. The resurrection from the dead declared of Jesus Christ could not be more contrary to the laws of nature than the conception of such a life and character as his if he never existed. His discourses, especially the Sermon on the Mount, the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and that of the Good Samaritan, are as far above human wisdom as his works transcend human power.

The prophecies which the Jews then held and still preserve, taken in connection with their character and history as a nation, raise a powerful presumption of the truth of the narrative. In the ordinary course of human events the death of Christ, after he had made such claims, would have destroyed the confidence of his apostles and scattered them; but their lives were transformed after his death, which is inexplicable unless he appeared to them again and sustained them by miraculous gifts.

Of the effect of a belief in the teachings of Christ I have had much observation. It convinces me of their truth; for what reforms human nature, developing all that is good, sustaining it in the endeavor to suppress what is evil, supporting it in the difficulties of life and in the struggle with death, furnishes evidence of its truth, not in the scientific method, but in a way equally convincing. Because the record of facts concerning Christ is inseparably connected with these teachings, it is rational to believe it.

Later ages have had no experience of what God does when he is making special revelations to men; but these things were performed at such a time. To allege the experience of modern times against the credibility of extraordinary events *then* appears no less unphilosophical than to bring forward that record in favor of miracles *now*.

When Professor Faraday, "the father of modern experimental chemistry," delivered his great lecture on the Education of the Judgment, he began thus:

> "Before entering upon the subject, I must make one distinction which, however it may appear to others, is to me of the utmost importance. High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view; and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears or hopes or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given. Let no one suppose for a moment that the self-education I am about to commend in respect of the things of this life extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief. I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach. Yet, even in earthly matters, I believe that the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those higher things concerning his future which he cannot know by that spirit."

I would not shield myself behind a great name from the charge of inconsistency, but have brought forward this passage because it states, what the life of the author illustrated, the compatibility of intense devotion to the scientific method in its proper sphere, with a full recognition of its limitations, of the value of moral evidence, and of the difference between the grounds of belief in nature and revelation.

J. M. Buckley.

THE COINAGE OF THE GREEKS.

CHIEF among all the educational agencies which the artist has at his command is now, as it has been for twenty-five centuries, the sculpture of the ancient Greeks. Etruria, Rome, Egypt, Asia, no less than Byzantium, Pisa, Florence, and every home of latter-day art, have submitted to the discoveries of the ideal, and wherever a revival of true art has taken place, the pale ghost of that first and most perfect form of it has appeared in the academy more winning in its shadowy and mutilated majesty than all we have besides. Its supreme power is only to be known in the British Museum, the Louvre, the Vatican, and in Berlin; but scarcely less potent as a school of art, nor less lucid as expression of all its best qualities, is the coinage of Greece during the four centuries prior to the complete subjection of the Greek nationality and the disappearance simultaneously of independence and individuality. There are certain coins which contain in a circle of an inch in diameter most of the finest qualities of sculpture, the subtlest record of the harmonies of line and form; and, taken collectively, this coinage gives a better demonstration of the beginning, the rise, the decay, and the death of art, and perhaps also a better explanation of the causes of that growth and decline, than can be found in all the records and remains besides. The numismatic chronicle is indeed one of the most important aids of history, whether political, commercial, or economical; and Prof. Percy Gardner, in a book which ought to be among the first in the hands of every student of numismatics ("The Types of Greek Coins"), has said of Sicily what may be applied in a less extent to all Greece:

"So much has been lost of the products of the Italic and Sicilian schools of the fifth century B. C., so little do we know of their familiar terms of fashion, that in spite of the later Selinuntine sculptures, we should not have known, but for the testimony of the coins, how advanced they were and how widely spread their influence, what originality there was in the types they introduced, and what mastery they showed in the execution of those types."

The fascination which lies about all Hellenic research has more of the magic of Proteus in it when we have to deal with the coinage than with any other branch of Hellenic studies; not only because of its intimate relation to what was the incomparable and distinguishing glory of Hellenism,—art,—but because one of the most fascinating of all studies is that of the relation of the beautiful to the actual life and to the intellectual activity of men, and because the coins of Greece are inextricably entangled in the web of history of individual, state, and race. If nothing survived of all the sculpture of the ancients, Greek coinage alone would demonstrate that the race to which it owed its existence was more conversant with the qualities of beauty and had a finer spiritual constitution than any other race of which we have any kind of record. We learn from it that when all surrounding nations were buried in the barbarism of wild, or sunk in the heaviness of sensual, life, the Greeks were showing the most intense vitality and the finest mental susceptibilities as well as the purest moral qualities that mankind have ever shown, and we do not need Plato and the poets to assure us that the typical Greek of 400 B. C., and of some generations before and after, was, in all demanded by the balance of the qualities belonging to man as the intellectual and spiritual being, such as no age before or since, of which we know, has been able to show. The complexus of art, as painting, sculpture, poetry, music, or any other form that may be devised, is the truest and most absolute expression of the essential character of man that can be made. Its existence as a dominant element of nationality or individuality implies a healthy and stirring intellect, a temperament open to all the influences of nature, and a more or less vivid susceptibility to those moral emotions which are the springs of all aspirations and of all ideals, the life of our life, the animus of our complex being. The subtlety, the infinite variety, the ineffable beauty, the exalted ideal, which pervade Greek art could never have had a beginning in men who were mere materialists, sensualists, or dullards. The keen sense of beauty it shows is proclamation of a nature gifted with the keenest and subtlest perceptions of visible things as well as of a sensibility to

PERSIAN DARIC.

the impressions which the mind receives from those variations of external form that point to the ideal; and, with all the progress of civilization and science, the technical knowledge to which we have attained, the development of Christianity, of philanthropy, and of general ethics, to say nothing of the laws of material existence, we have never in our modern history known a race which was so perfect in the balance of all the positive human qualities as that which gave us Greek art. This is perhaps a truism, but the evidence of it is in the art itself; and to any one who has so far mastered the correspondence of art as to read its message, perhaps the shortest path to this evidence lies through the coinage of the Greeks.

We are in the habit of talking of schools of art. Of consummate schools there have been but three, if we use the term art in the sense in which we distinguish it from mere technique on one side or record of fact on the other,—the art which has to deal with any ideal whatsoever; these three are the Greek, the Venetian, and the Dutch. Of one or the

THE SILPHIUM, CYRENE.

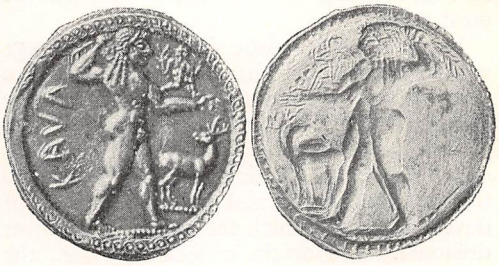
APHRODITE, CNIDUS.

FROM THE GORRINGE COLLECTION. 700-480 B. C.

other or all of them are born all arts, modern forms, and phases; or rather from the spirit of which these are the consummate expressions all others are more or less distinct and perfect manifestations. I am aware that there are apparent chronological reasons for disputing this so compendious classification, but in a more appropriate place for the discussion I am prepared to meet them. The Greek school is that of form and its ideal, either alone or in combinations. In its prime, and its early stages of decay, it had nothing to do with the actual, or imitation of nature, and it fell when it came to realism in portraiture. The Venetian took certain themes from nature, having no subjective ideal of form like the Greek, and clothed them in a color which was ideal and was never imitated from nature, but rather remembered in a musical* way. It also fell in the decay of independence and national character. The Dutch school was nursed and nourished by the nature of

HEAD OF EAGLE, ELIS.

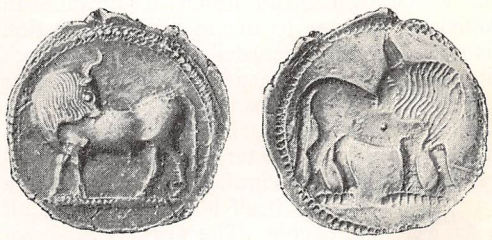
the sea-coasts and sea-level lands of Holland, strengthened by the sea winds and the freedom of the sea life. It died of commerce and materialism (not to be confounded with rationalism or the negation of the spiritual existence, but in its true sense of over-devotion to merely material objects of thought and aspiration); and, since that, we have had only fruitless efforts to establish and revive schools without any basis in national character or temperament. One thing is to be noted of these three schools:



APOLLO, KAULONIA. SIXTH CENTURY B. C.

they were the blossoming of the national lives of sea peoples, brave, imperial, passionately devoted to liberty, and they all died with the decline of national simplicity and heroic self-assertion. I do not believe that religion as such had ever anything to do with awakening art, but I do believe that, other things being equal, the more reverently and spiritually inclined a people, the more refined and exalted and the nobler will be its art. Superstitious or slavish beliefs, on the contrary, are absolutely hostile to the growth of any art whatever.

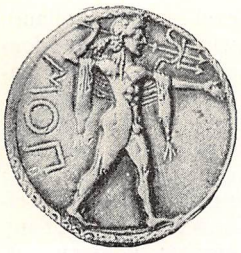
I have no intention to follow the lines of speculation which are offered by the relation of numismatics to archæology, mythology, or his-



BULL, SYBARIS. 700-510 B. C.

tory, or even to treat numismatics as a science. There are many volumes on all these relations; and of manuals for scientific study, many. Lenormant's general manual, "Monnaies et Médailles," and Gardner's "Greek Coins," are accessible to all, as well as the invaluable cata-

* The very derivation of the word musical is the key to the unity of all the arts, being that which the Muse sends; and for the Greek every form of art had its separate Muse, indicating that the work was approached subjectively, with invocation and prayer; mostly nowadays with beer and pipe.



POSEIDON, POSEIDONIA. 700-480 B. C.

logue of the British Museum coins; and, of special treatises, Head's "Coinage of Syracuse" will suggest the inexhaustible material contained in the subject, and will show as a secondary result the height which art reached in a colony of that motherland to which the world owes the most exalted art.

It is the purely artistic side of Greek coinage which, to me, furnishes the most attractive vein of study, from the clear and concise manner in which it shows the rise and decline of idealism, and the way in which the Greeks caught from other nations an idea adapted to their nature and carried it to a perfection of development of which the parent race never dreamed. The origin of coinage, *i. e.*, the stamping of ingots of gold and silver of definite weights with the seal of a sovereign to fit them

PALLAS-ATHENE, ATHENS. 700-480 B. C. OWL.

for general circulation and acceptance as a measure of value without going through the more ancient method of weighing the precious metals at each transfer, is pretty surely Asiatic. The idea of a coinage of this character giving the well-known and authoritative warrant of an official guarantee to the metal in circulation is now generally accorded to Lydia, although it was questioned in ancient times whether Pheidon, king of Argos, might not dispute the honor. The coinages of both are of the exceedingly primitive character which befits the beginning of such a manufacture, and from the money itself it would be difficult to decide. The work of Professor Gardner goes into this subject at some length and inclines to the Lydian origin on historical grounds, but there is one consideration which seems to me more decisive, viz., that the early Lydian coins were made on a Babylonian standard; and as all know that the civilization of Babylonia was much earlier

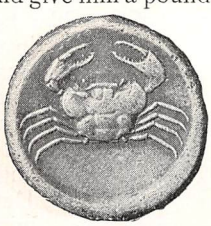
ARETHUSA, SYRACUSE. 480-400 B.C.

than that of Greece, the adoption of its standard would indicate that money was first coined for Babylonian usage in a gold-producing country. This Babylonia was not, the nearest to Babylon being Lydia. That this is probable is shown by the fact that Lydian pieces were coined both by the Babylonian and later by Phœnician standards, as if for commerce with both nations; and by the analogical case of the staters of Cyzicus, which were impressed with

NIKE, SYRACUSE. DEMARETEION. ABOUT 480 B. C. RACING CHARIOT.

the types, besides that of the coining city, of the principal cities with which it was in commerce (Lenormant, p. 142); and as the earliest Lydian coins follow the Babylonian standard, we have a right to conclude that the coinage grew out of an early and large demand from that important center of commerce, at a time when Greek trade was comparatively unimportant, or completely non-existent.

But the adoption of coinage by Pheidon gave to Greece the germ of an art in what had been before only a symbol of value, and the versatile and beauty-loving Greek has shown an abundance of invention and warmth of idealization which nothing in his statuary surpasses. And we have the advantage, very rare in marble works,—rare even in bronze,—of examples quite unmutilated and even undefaced by circulation. Nothing in archæology is more surprising than the harvest of coins brought to light by excavations, or often by chance. Some workmen in Rhodes found, several years ago, an earthen pot with seventy-five pounds weight of gold coin, all staters of Philip and Alexander, and for a time the market was flooded with them to such an extent that they were sold for little more than their weight in gold. I myself got one from a Greek who asked as a favor that I would give him a pound sterling for it. Some of these had evidently never been circulated, and I got one at Athens later which had never lost the luster of the die. At Missolonghi, thirty years or more ago, another pot of the same coinage was found



CRAB, AGRIGENTUM. 400-480 B. C

NIKE, TERINA. 480-400 B. C.

in the same state, and from the numerous finds of these coins of Philip and Alexander, it is clear that their circulation in the time of those sovereigns must have been enormous, and though among the most beautiful, they remain the most reasonable of the gold coins in price. Yet I have seen but two from the same dies. Fortunately for us there were no banks in those days, and people who hoarded money generally hid it in the earth or in the walls of their houses, so that the removal of ruins or the chance digging of some old field below the layer of modern accumulation is continually bringing to light small hoards of coins of all epochs, and the piece that is unique to-day may find a hundred rivals to-morrow. This makes a continual fluctuation in the price of rare coins, which is however somewhat modified by the exceeding rarity of absolute duplicates, *i.e.*, pieces struck on both sides from the same dies. I have seen in one collection about three hundred different didrachms of Tarentum; and of this city, of Metapontum, Thurium, Neapolis, Terina, Agrigentum, Velia, Rhegium, the smaller coins of Syracuse and some other cities of Magna Grecia, of Corinth and its colonies of Macedon, all among the most attractive of the silver coinage, the abundance is so great that they may easily be obtained in excellent condition. On the other hand, the archaic coins, which, with few exceptions, are not specially prized for their beauty, are, in general, the most valuable to the numismatist. It is only when coinage begins to become a distinct

DIONYSOS, NAXOS. ABOUT 460 B. C. SILENUS.

vehicle of types, that it becomes a branch of art-study; and in the best period of numismatic art and the prime of the great commercial communities of Greece the abundance of coinage, and the constant variation in the types employed as symbols, give us most instructive and copious lessons in Greek design.

The relations of sculpture to die-cutting and of die-cutting to seal-engraving are those which present the most salient considerations in what we may call comparative art. Sculpture in Greece was long anterior to coinage. We have the sculptures of the Lion gate at Mycenæ, which, from indisputable considerations that I have given in full elsewhere, cannot be considered as later than 1500 B. C.,* or several centuries before any

APOLLO, AMPHIPOLIS. 400-336 B. C.

certain extent this must remain mere hypothesis, but I am confident of the general correctness of the direction my conjectures have taken. The sudden advance Greek art took (I conceive between 1000 and 800 B. C., when the wooden statues were abandoned largely for stone) I consider to be due to the communication of new methods from the East as a consequence of the establishment of trade with Asia Minor and Phœnicia. The early Greeks were clearly stone workers, in the main probably possessing bronze but not of quality to cut stone. But wood was still largely employed for statues. I found, when excavations were being made on the Acropolis of Athens among the *débris* of the conflagration of Xerxes, fragments of their bronze draperies with the carbonized wood still in them, unmistakably of some statues burned in the destruction of the temples by the Persians.

HERA, ELIS. 480-400 B. C. EAGLE.

* There is a point in Greek art not yet cleared up, but of the highest interest in this relation of early Pelasgic art to later Greek. That the Lions of Mycenæ are not later than 1500 B. C. results from the method of execution, which is in every point in accordance with that of the city itself and the domed tombs as well as from their position in the ruins. All this architecture is of the polished stone age. The causes of the break in the development of Greek art, which we must assume, to account for the non-development of sculpture in this interval of 800 years, may be of two kinds,—political, in the destruction of the Pelasgic empire of Peloponnesus by conquest; and technical, in the want of tools which would cut stone with sufficient facility. The xoana or wooden statues probably existed long before the Lions of Mycenæ were cut, but the process by which the latter were executed, being mainly drilling and trituration with stone implements, was by far too laborious to be made use of generally or by others than the trained artisans of the Pelasgic epoch, who most probably disappeared with the conquest. To a

LION, RHEGION. 400-387 B. C. APOLLO.

APOLLO, CROTON.

400-336 B. C. YOUNG HERCULES.

coinage existed; and yet these lions are of a quality of art already superior, *as art*, to any work of that hypothetical date yet found in Egypt or Assyria. The affinities of coin design are not with sculpture, which in all its early stages appears in the round; the relief, high or low, being the product of a more advanced state of art education. It is quite impossible to accept the evidence of Greek chronology of the heroic and mythical ages; the attributions of affinity and descent also are continually interfered with by national vanity and that credulity which appears always to have been a ruling trait of Greek character. We must extend the chronology beyond the year 1000 B. C. indefinitely, and fortunate are we if we can establish sequence and relative position to events or monuments. We may suppose that, before the introduction of letters into Greece and the crystallization of tradition in writing, verbal tradition may have been transmitted with some degree of accuracy for, at the most, two or three hundred years; but for all beyond this the fabulous and supernatural intermingle with a rapidly increasing ratio, so that beyond 1200 to 1100 B. C. it is absurd to build on tradition, which has become pure mythology. For this reason the beginnings of art are absolutely indiscoverable. My own conviction is that the true artistic nature, as opposed to imitative or monumental, was the original appanage of the Pelasgic race, developed in the great Italian empire built up by it, and that art came into Greece with the Tyrrhenian Pelasgi from Italy (Thucydides IV., 109). The distinguishing element in the art thus derived is the entire subordination in it of all other elements to beauty, the expression of an ideal which, in my philosophy, is born of a distinct though possibly half-blind spiritual aspiration, the fine union of the intellectual and moral yearnings which have always distinguished the Greek art and life from that of Eastern nations. The arts of Egypt were distinctly monumental — canonical; those of Asia (other than Greek) merely decorative,* if anything more than monumental (*vid.* Professor Gardner's "Types of Greek Coins," p. 97), and each became in the least degree ideal only when invaded by the genius of Greece. I believe also that to a survival in this Pelasgic stock, the vein coming to light in an unexpected and inexplicable way, was due the revival of art in Tuscany, the ancient home of the Tyrrhene Pelasgi, to whom Thucydides alludes in the above noted passage.

But the origin of coinage was not due to art, although when the Greek took it up it became a favored vehicle for artistic expression, as did all articles of use with a people to whom beauty was the main motive of intellectual activity. It came as the proper offspring of commerce, its immediate progenitor being the personal seals and symbols, the *arms*, as we may say, of monarchs and communities. The impression of a seal on an object, or on a disk of clay attached to it, would naturally lead to the employment of the same symbols on the coin when the idea of a medium of exchange was put into practice, as the guarantee of value of the sovereign who adopted it; but while in the object whose value was in the manufacture, as an earthen pot, the name or mark of the maker was the important item, in the piece of bullion, whose value was in the certainty of the quantity of

SATRAP, COLOPHON. 400-336 B. C.

* The essential element of all pure art is in one sense decorative (if we use that word in its general sense of opposed to *useful*), and it is at bottom the love of decoration, as opposed to utility, which is the basis of all fine art, and, to a certain degree, its peculiar motive, because, if we regard any work of art in reference to its *raison d'être*, we shall see that while art has various sentiments as stimulating agencies, such as reverence, record, etc., it takes the direction of pure art, *i.e.*, the embodiment of an ideal, only when the desire of embellishment or expression of beauty is dominant. The distinction of decorative and fine arts is therefore one of degree, not of kind, and we use the former when we would indicate that the art is applied to some object or purpose whose prime cause is utility, the latter when it serves no use.

APOLLO, CATANIA.

APOLLO, CHALCIS.

FEMALE HEAD, CARTHAGE. 400 336 B. C. LION AND PALM-TREE.

PALLAS, THURIUM.

BULL, THURIUM.

PALLAS, THURIUM.

TARAS ON A DOLPHIN, TARENTUM.

metal in it, the mark of the guarantor was the only satisfactory one. When the Greek cities were the coiners, of course the symbol of the city was the appropriate mark of coinage, and here the fine sense of the race found its opportunity to embody, in the purest form of decoration the world has ever seen, all the various objects of veneration or preference of all its communities; and under the conditions which determined the nature of Greek art, it, in the later days, became ideal, as in the Syracusan coins, where the cutter of the dies signed his work, and in the head of the nymph Arethusa, of that later period when Kimon, Eukleides and Evainetos put their names on their dies — not for the glory of the nymph, but for their own. To say that this marks the decline of art would be, in reference to motive, true; but it is not the decline of absolute deterioration, but that which follows the severe schools of ideal art, and which may be called that of perfect ripeness rather than of decay. This is the relation in which the art of Scopas and Praxiteles stood to that of Phidias, and in the sense of artistic vitality there is no doubt that the former shows decline of the ideal creative powers. But art is not alone conception — it is also expression. Not alone in the vaulting imagination is the gift of the poet shown, but in the rhythmic ear, the musical sense; and the analogy holds good in graphic art, so that, with an admiration of the severe and intellectual art of Phidias second to none, I am heretic enough to admit that of the full circle of art Scopas and Praxiteles had more than Phidias, just as Titian had more than Gian-Bellini. The element of the sensuous is as determinate a part of perfect art as any other, but the distinction is in the due subordination of it to what we must consider the higher, because the more vital, element of intellectual conception. The art that begins with the sensuous becomes sensual and dies there, but that which never becomes sensuous dries up, unfruitful stock; and the art which has nearest attained perfection is that which unites all the elements in the highest degree.

But the art of the coin-maker has never the highest attainment of the intellectual side of art — it belongs by its very purpose to the form which succeeds that, and by the analogies of its composition to Scopas rather than to Phidias. The fine taste of the Greek is shown here, for it is most interestingly demonstrated by Professor Gardner that in the better epochs of coin designing there was no copying of statues — this was reserved for the decline of art, when taste had decayed, and the poverty of invention, which follows, had come on the artists. The coin designer felt his limitation and his advantages, and his art came to perfection concurrently with that form of sculpture which most nearly corresponds with it in its element, about 350 B. C. It began later, and, so far as we can determine, began to decay earlier, than sculpture. An additional reason for this decline in

EAGLES. AGRIGENTUM.— QUADRIGA.

numismatic art would be the general acceptation of coins of commercial standard and the decline of local mints, whose rivalry in excellence we must suppose to have been an element in the art development.

But each epoch in the evolution of design has its peculiar interest, and the most archaic coins have even a certain charm of naïveté of design which is widely remote from childishness or dullness. The coins of Kaulonia, Poseidonia (Pæstum), and Tarentum, of the earliest date of which we have examples, present characteristics of design and of mintage which make them invaluable data in the history of art. They date from about 500 B. C., and are from that Magna Grecia whose greater wealth developed a higher civilization than obtained contemporaneously in Greece. They demonstrate that art is further advanced; the quaint qualities of archaic design begin already to yield to a

PALLAS.

HERACLEA. HERCULES.

PERSEPHONE.

LOCRI OPUNTII. AJAX.

motive of action; the Apollo of Kaulonia and the Poseidon of Poseidonia are interesting figures and show clearly the purely subjective beginnings of Greek art — that quality which made it what it became, and finally deserted it when it fell into objectivity in the attempt to copy nature. The artist who had the power of design either of those coins shows, the "go," to use a common but expressive term, had he been set to copy nature, could not possibly have given his figure the impossible action it has on the coin. One sees clearly that he worked from an idea of power and dignity which he must express without regard to the limitations of human anatomy. Apollo strikes, and Poseidon launches his trident, with the fury which no purely natural attitude could have expressed, but which belong to the idea rather than to nature. The head of Athena, which for centuries was the type of Athens, shows still more clearly how entirely the artist embodied an incorrectly but sharply defined idea. The absolute profile which was alone possible to the incomplete art of the time is united with the full eye which the artist was accustomed to see in the human face, and which alone had to him the value of expression. A momentary comparison with nature would have shown the impossibility of such a combination, but that momentary comparison was never made. The whole development of Greek art, to the day in which, leaning on nature, it began to grow feeble and walk lame, is simply the history of the education of this ideal vision, the perfection of the subjective image which, so long as it was born of the Muse, was immortal, and began to fall into decay with the appeal to nature for its sustenance.

PALLAS, COLONY OF CORINTH.

The mintage of Greece proper is perhaps behind that of Italy, and still more behind that of Sicily, in the development of its best art, and in the early stages all are, so far as we know, behind sculpture. In fact, the art of relief always requires, to be of equal merit, a more complete education than the sculpture of the round; but the enormous amount of designing required to supply with coin reliefs all the mints of Greece and her colonies, and the freedom and facility thus acquired, no doubt helped materially all the arts of design in the days of their highest glory. The complete independence of the Greek cities and communities, which had doubtless much to do with the progress of the entire race as with its fatal dissensions and subjection in later times, was one of the most powerful stimulants of the arts, and especially that of coinage. There was no supreme coinage: all stood on their merits and good reputations. The mental characteristic of the race, which we may fail to explain but cannot question,—its intense love of beauty,— made it necessary to make the coinage beautiful: the "he touched nothing that he did not adorn" was never so true as of the Greek of the centuries from 600 to 200 B. C., and the amount of industry expended on the coins may be faintly conceived from the enormous number of types existing of the leading and most familiar coins, and from the number of mints known to have existed. Says Professor Gardner:

> "Lapse of time has doubtless deprived us of the coins of hundreds of independent cities, yet enough remains to show us to what extent subdivision of independence was carried in Greece. We have money of more than fifty Greek cities of Sicily: the little island of Coos, not ten miles across, had three active mints. At least fifteen cities of the remote district of Acarnania have left us coinages, some of them of great extent and variety. The number of towns of which coins are mentioned in Mionnet is nearly fifteen hundred; and since the publication of that work we have scores of new cities to add to the list. Little hill-fortresses, the inhabitants of which must have been numbered not by thousands but by hundreds, had their own types and their own mint, jealously guarding their right of coinage with the aid of two of the strongest sentiments of the Hellenic race, the love of autonomy and commercial jealousy." ("Types of Greek Coins," p. 26.)

To their emulation and intense mental and social activity, to the rivalry of cities and jealousy of communities, one element of the intellectual life of Greece, the love of art, owed probably a great part of its pabulum. The political problems to which the coinage furnishes a clew are for the historian and the political economist; to our purpose, the trivial fact that the die was cut in soft metal, probably bronze, and necessarily with great rapidity and freedom, had probably more importance in the development of the taste of the Greeks and

HERA.

CROTON. HERCULES.

PALLAS.

SYRACUSE. PEGASUS.

the education in decorative art than any other simple item. From the very beginning there is a dominant love of decoration; the field of the coin is always filled with tastefully arranged material — in the earlier coins where the incuse square is employed, as in the coins of Athens, the square itself is made to play a part in the composition, yet it was originally only a device to drive the metal well into the recesses of the die underneath. The owl is arranged as the main line of the diagonal composition, and the corners then left vacant are filled with the olive leaf and the signature of the city, abbreviated to the space. And in the coin of Amphipolis, centuries later, the same motive crops out, again accentuated and insisted on by the inner square, which probably typifies the city wall and the inscription following its form. In the whole duration of Greek artistic vitality this decorative sense is predominant: the composition, the balance or rhythm of parts, is invariably kept in view in all the arrangement of symbols. The reverse of the archaic Demareteion or decadrachm of Gelon is a superb example of the coin design of epoch 480 B. C., and is superior to anything we know of Greek contemporary coinage. The way in which the whole field is filled up — the lion in the exergue, the victory floating above, the pose of the driver, the arrangement of the horses' heads, all disposed rhythmically, and yet without violence — makes this noble coin one of the most valuable we possess, though not one of the rarest. Its history, too, is interesting beyond the interest of mere Greek money.

In 480 Gelon defeated the Carthaginians at Himera, and, through the influence of his wife, Demarete, accorded them such favorable terms that they in gratitude gave her a hundred talents of gold, which were employed in a coinage of decadrachms, the earliest known of this denomination, and were called, after the name of the queen, Demarateia. The obverse, with its border of dolphins, the olive wreath and inscription, is decorative throughout. Of the same period the reverse of the coin of Naxos, the coins of Selinous and Thurium generally, are charming examples of pure decoration. The manner in which the artist has filled up the field of the Naxian coin is very skillful.

In the later coinages we have the motive carried out with still finer art in the didrachm of Heraclea, a colony of Magna Grecia, which is to my mind one of the most exquisite pieces of decorative design in the whole of Greek numismatics, both reverse and obverse being of the most charming character. The Hercules on the obverse of the didrachm of Croton; the Thurian bull with its obverse of Pallas, whose helmet is ornamented with the sea monster Scylla; the little Hercules strangling the serpents, of Croton; the coins of Tarentum continually, and of Sicily in general at this epoch, are most instructive in their lovely decorative feeling.

But in Sicily at this period came in those types of beauty which mingle with the purely decorative work of the coin designer something of the ideal beauty which Athenian art showed in the time of Praxiteles and Scopas. The decadrachm of Syracuse, which is, when all is weighed in our comparison, the most glorious survival of Greek numismatics, exhausts the refinement of profile relief. (See cut below.) It has three profile types of the Arethusa head, varying slightly in development of the purely sensuous beauty of the nymph. As it has been the most admired, it probably has been the most counterfeited, of all the Greek coins.

But with all this beauty and perfection of

KIMON, ARETHUSA.

DECADRACHM, SYRACUSE. 405-345 B. C.

ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA, SYRACUSE. KIMON, ABOUT 388 B. C. PALLAS.

technical achievement we can never confound the art of coinage even with that which it best coincides with in its perfection, the sculpture of Scopas: the severer and loftier, certainly more ascetic, art of the Phidian stage is rarely presented in coins. The die-cutter does not seem ever to have been accepted as an artist of the higher class, and we know from Plutarch that even the greatest artists were looked upon only as a superior class of artisans; and it is only after coinage had almost ceased to be regarded as an art vehicle, *i. e.*, in Roman imperial times, that the coin or gem engraver becomes known to the world as an object of respect. This came to the sculptor and painter alike, mainly by the vanity of rulers, Alexander leading the public of antiquity into what was before his time regarded as the desecration of art,— portraiture, —and into a compensating higher esteem of the artist. As art became a minister to the pleasure and personal exaltation of man, so the artist became a higher dignitary in the worship which was becoming the worship of self. Phidias was imprisoned because he dared to put his portrait among the decorations of the Athena; Apelles was enriched because he painted that of Alexander.

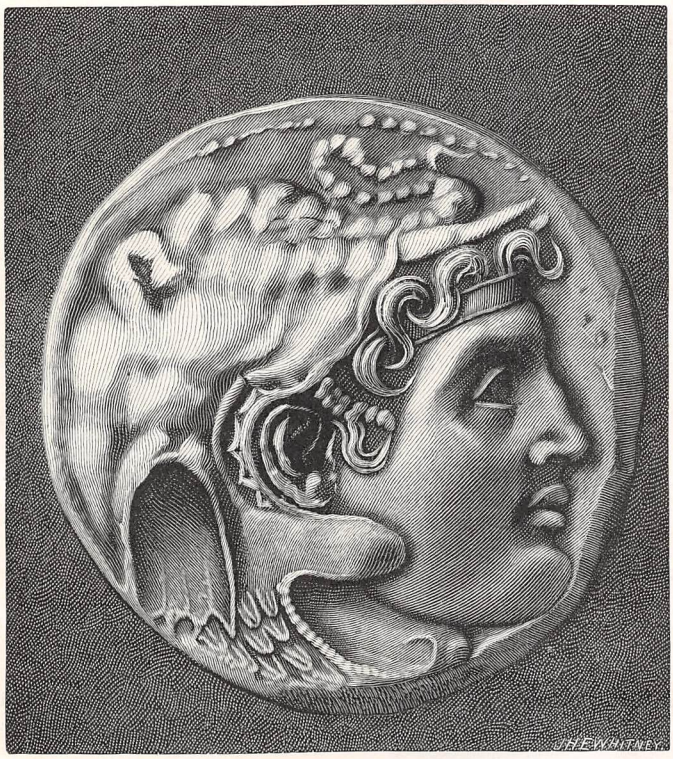
But there is another consideration which must not be lost sight of in this reckoning: the art of Phidias and the pure ideal which attains, through the highest culture, a power over the taste of the highly cultured, is in its general effect enormously outweighed in its influence over the public of moderate cultivation by the art which, without becoming degraded, finds its expression more in the sensuous types that suggest the possibility of human embodiment. The Arethusa of the best coinage of Syracuse, the Ceres of Opus, the types of Metapontum, Catania, the young Hercules of Camarina, the fascinating full-face heads of Amphipolis, Syracuse, etc., have a beauty of a peculiar type, and which, I must say, without irreverence for the Phidian type and the severe art of the more heroic type, does possess certain elements of human beauty not found in the Elgin marbles. I admit, that while my admiration for the Theseus and Ilissus has no weakening, I believe that the Melian Victory * comes nearer to the perfection of the beauty which is nearest us — the purely physical — than anything in the earlier phase. The highest stages of cultivation alone can honestly accept the severer types as most delectable, and their

PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, COIN OF LYSIMACHUS, KING OF THRACE. 324-282 B. C. PALLAS.

authoritative character is imposed upon the less educated. There is an affectation of superior admiration of the severe type which in the real feeling of the amateur is often not accompanied by the corresponding appreciation. Let us at least be honest with our tastes, and even the people who do really admire Bouguereau rather than Watts will rise to better things; but admiration by authority has just the value of love through sense of duty.

* The theory proposed by me in a former paper in THE CENTURY — of the Victorian character of the so-called Venus of Melos — has been accepted by many students of ancient art as sufficiently established for acceptance as the most probable attribution. It ventured much, but on grounds which bring us continually slight confirmations. In coinage I find an indication in the staters of Cyzicus, coined about 431 B. C. Nike is draped as the Victory of Melos, and here there is no kind of uncertainty as to the type, as she has her wings. It appears also repeated in a coin of Agathocles (317–310 B. C.), and Gardner here notices the resemblance to the Melian statue, although, with a conservatism which is as a general rule a prudent and praiseworthy tendency in serious archæologists, he hesitates about proposing any connection. The theory, utterly unsupported by any evidence in fact or analogy, that this statue was a Venus has paralyzed the conjecture of archæologists — they have never dared go out of the relation of Aphrodite to find her place. Gardner says of the Agathocles coin: "In artistic motive there certainly is a likeness between her and the Aphrodite of Melos; but the likeness is probably one of those which spring from proximity of period rather than one which denotes similar meaning." But what likeness is there, or what analogy, to determine the Melian statue an Aphrodite? Not the slightest. No similar, authoritatively determined, Aphrodite exists, while the type as Nike occurs continually.

ZEUS, COIN OF PHILIP II. OF MACEDONIA. 359-336 B. C.



PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, COIN OF ALEXANDER ÆGUS. 323-311 B. C. ENLARGED.

The introduction of portraiture in coinage was the result of two potent influences coöperating from opposing directions,—the decline of art and degradation of all ideal types (I believe owing to moral debasement), with consequent loss of the inspirational element in art, and the change in the form of national sovereignty from popular to personal. The old coins carried the legend of the people, Athenaiōn, Syracusaiōn, the Ethnic in the genitive plural. After the reign of despots—Philip, Alexander, Hiero, etc.—had made the people accustomed to the extinction of all popular rights, the coins were inscribed with the name of the despot. But the head which the beautiful stater of Philip wears is still that of the young Hercules, and Alexander never put his own head on his money. Later the gods gave way, and the coinage became the record of the pride of mere humanity. The apotheosis of Alexander took place only under Ptolemy and Lysimachus, whose coins bear the portrait of Alexander with the attributes of Hercules; but under their successors the coinage becomes a gallery of portraiture, a compensation for us which atones for many artistic failings. But as portraiture what a history we have! Art had not yet lost its power, only its best motives. The old gods had passed with the slow revolution of ages, and the new ones were of other types; art caught at the human, grateful to be relieved from straining after the divine it no longer loved or believed in. That it had not lost its cunning is seen in the archaistic Athene of the coins of Alexander Ægus, that unfortunate prototype of the Duke of Reichstadt and Prince Imperial of France. And the head on the tetradrachm of Lysimachus merits the rank of first among portrait medallions. Then came Mithridates IV., Prusias of Bithynia, Philetærus of Pergamus, and a line of kings, who later yield to the Roman consul, imperator, etc., etc. But what the art of design had become by this, we may see in the reverse of Mithridates Eupator.

AS ABOVE, NATURAL SIZE.

PALLAS.

Here and there we catch through this personal side of numismatics a glimpse of romance

NIKE, AGATHOKLES. 317-289 B. C. PALLAS-ATHENE, ATHENS.

of which an instance, altogether delightful, is that connected with one of the loveliest of that portrait series of Syracusan coins, the Philistis, wife of Hiero II., King of Syracuse, a Syracusan officer who, after the departure of Pyrrhus from Sicily, became, by popular choice, supreme in the government. His reign was long, just, and prosperous. His coinage is mainly a commemoration of his wife (whose head is thus one of the earliest female portraits, if not the first, borne by coins), and of his son who died before him. The head of Philistis has a charm of individuality inexpressibly touching in the best

PHILISTIS, WIFE OF HIERO II. 269-215 B. C.
STILLMAN COLLECTION. BRITISH MUSEUM.

examples,* but there are many coins which appear, by their variation from the likeness and type, to have been coined after her death, and to have merely a traditional and fading resemblance. Philistis was a woman of Syracuse, daughter of a wealthy citizen, and there is a singular interest thrown about this lovely head by the knowledge that in the fifty years of Hiero's reign he struck only one type of money with his own head, and that in all the rest of his reign, with the exception of the very early issues, he showed his devotion to his wife and child by perpetuating their images in his coinage. The head of Gelon, his son, bears a resemblance to Philistis. Of his life or theirs we know but little; Syracuse was happy enough in his reign of half a century to leave almost no history, no record of conquest, disaster, or rebellion; but to me this mute witness, by a coin nearly twenty-two centuries old, of the happiness and devotion of a king dominates all the glories of Sicilian history — that little taper of domestic bliss, a spark for the

ANTIOCHUS IV., EPIPHANES. 176-164 B. C. ZEUS.

imagination alone to deal with, shines beyond the conflagration of conquest and the glitter of military glory. If Dante had known their story he would have put Hiero and Philistis among the good who lived before Christ, blest if not redeemed.

Counterfeiters are the especial enemy of numismatists. The electrotypes of the British Museum, while offering to the student enormous facilities, also fall into the way of the counterfeiter, whose success now is such that I have no doubt that many coins pass unchallenged even by the best connoisseurs. The keeper of one of the Italian museums told me that the manufacture of counterfeit gold coins of Sicily had been carried to such perfection that he no longer ventured to buy them unless he knew where they were found.

MITHRADATES IV., KING OF PONTUS. 240-190 B. C.

A friend, who is one of the principal private collectors in Europe and whose cabinet contains 10,000 varieties of antique coins, called me in one day to give him an opinion on some decadrachms of Syracuse which he had purchased as part of a large collection. One was clearly a counterfeit, and caused no hesitation, but another was so admirably done that we were both inclined to accept it as genuine. I noticed at length that the reins of the horses in the quadriga of the reverse were arranged so that all the four off reins passed around the outer side of the off horse's neck, which struck

* The illustration is from a coin I purchased at Athens some years ago and is taken from a cast. The later and deteriorated work is shown in the British Museum type, and will show the difference I allude to.

PHILETÆRUS. 241-197 B. C. PALLAS.

PRUSIAS I., KING OF BITHYNIA. 228-180. ZEUS. MITHRADATES VI., EUPATOR. 123-64 B. C. STAG.

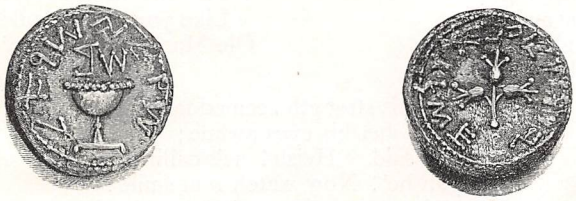
me as singular for a Greek, who must have seen the quadriga habitually and known that a pair of reins went direct to each horse. This led me to compare it with a series, and I at length found a genuine coin which had the same design and differed only in having the reins properly disposed, one going to the off side of each horse's neck. The suspected coin was in all other respects an absolute copy of the genuine, even to the least detail of the obverse, only showing in the locks of the Arethusa slightly greater heaviness of forms, as might be expected from a laborious copy. Now a Greek might have been unobservant enough to make the reins wrong in his haste, but not at the same time careful enough to copy in every other detail another pair of dies. No two dies have ever been found, probably never have been made, which agreed in all the details — the character of Greek art forbids it; but to find two dies agreeing in design with those of another coin, except in this slight but important detail, is beyond the theory of possibilities.

I have seen coins which have long lain undisturbed in the cabinet as originals suddenly thrown into doubt by the appearance of numbers of an identical coinage, and I once purchased at Athens a didrachm of Elis, for which I was offered by one of the oldest and most experienced numismatists there a large advance on the price I paid, and which passed the examination of several important collectors, but was finally, and only after being at first accepted as original, thrown out by the authorities of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. When we consider that $100 to $500 is often paid for very rare coins, it will be seen that the inducements to counterfeiting are very great and the danger to the collectors corresponding. I do not believe that any judgment is infallible in this matter, but when we cannot determine if a coin be genuine or a copy, we who love it for its beauty alone may leave the numismatists their joys and perils alike and be content where we cannot be mistaken.

It will remain probably a dream that in our new republic, where, in some respects, the conditions of political existence so resemble those of old Greece, we shall employ our coinage as the Greeks did; though, if we cannot rival Kimon and Evainetos, we might at least from afar and at our best emulate Greek beauty. As it is, even the coins of the least Central American States are examples to us; for, of all civilized nations, our mint mothers the most barbarous products.

William J. Stillman.

[The illustrations in this article are from coins in the collection of Dr. Charles E. West, Alexander Balmano, R. H. Lawrence, Gaston L. Feuardent, Robert Hobart Smith, Canon Greenwell, and the British Museum.— EDITOR.]



JEWISH SHEKEL.
SIMON MACCABÆUS. 140-137 B. C.

LITTLE JACK.

(DEDICATED TO JOHN DABNEY, RICHMOND, VA.*)

YES, suh, 'twuz jes' 'bout sundown
Daddy went, two mont's ago;
I al'ays used to run down
At dat time, becaze, you know,
I wouldn' like to 'a' had him die,
An' no one nigh.

You see, we couldn' git him
To come 'way off'n dat lan',
He said *new* house didn' fit him
No mo' 'n new shoes did, an'
Gord mout miss him at Jedgment-day
Ef he moved 'way.

Well, when, as I wuz sayin',
Dat night I come on down,
I seen his bench was layin'
Flatsided on de groun';
An' I kind o' hurried to 'des de do'—
Quick-like, you know.

Inside I seen him layin'
Back, quiet on de baid,
An' I hearn him kep on sayin',
"Dat's what de Marster said,
An' Marster warn' gwine tell me lie,
He'll come bym'bye."

I axed how he wuz gittin',—
"Nigh to de furrows' een,"
He said; "to-day son settin'
Outside de do'—I seen
De thirteen curlews come in line,
An' knowed de sign.

"You know de Marster tole me
He'd come for me b'fo' long;
B'fo' you wuz born he sol' me;
But den he pine' so strong,
He come down arter Little Jack,
An' buyed him back.

"I went back to dat ker'idge,
An' took dem reins ag'in;—
I druv him to his mar'ige;
An' nigger 'twuz a sin
To see de high and mighty way
I looked dat day.

"Dat coat had nary a button
Skusin' hit wuz of gol'!—
My hat—! but dat warn' nuttin'!—
'Twuz powerful to behol'
De way dem horses pawed de air
Wid me up dyah.

"Now, all's wo'ed out befo' me,—
Marster, an' coat, an' all!
I only's lef! You know me!
Cheat-wheat's de las' to fall!
De rank grain bends wid its own weight,
De *light* stands straight.

"But heah! I daw'n'† keep him waitin';
So I mus' tell you,— raise
De j'ice dyah, neaph de platin',—
De sweat of many days
Is in dat stockin',— toil, and pain
In sun an' rain.

"I wucked to save dem figgers
To buy you; but de Lord
He sot free all de niggers,
Same as white folks b'fo' Gord!
Free as de crows,— free as de stars,—
Free as ole — hyahs!

"Now, son, you teck dat money,
Git on young Marster's track,
An' pay it to him, honey:
An' tell him, Little Jack
Wucked forty year dis Christmas come,
To save dat sum;

"An' dat 'wuz for ole Marster,
To buy your time from him,
But dat de war comed farster,
An' squandered stock an' limb;—
Say *you* kin wuck, an' don' need none,
An' he cyarnt, son.

"He ain't been used to diggin'
His livin' out de dut;
He cyarnt drink out'n a piggin'
Like you, an it would hut
Ole Marster's pride, an' meck him swar,
In glory dyah."

Jes' den his strength seemed fallin';
An' he shet his eyes awhile;
An' den said, "Heish! he's callin'!—
Dyah he'! Now watch him smile!—
Yes, suh;— you niggers jes' stan' back!
Marster, heah's Jack."

Thomas Nelson Page.

* When the war closed, John Dabney, a former slave of Miss De Jarnett of Caroline Co., had purchased his freedom from her, on which account he still owed a balance of several hundred dollars. He sent his former mistress this sum after the close of the war. She returned it promptly; but he took the money and went to her home and insisted on her accepting it, declaring that it was a just debt, that his old master paid his debts, and that he paid his debts also like an honest man.

† Don't want.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE.

I. THE EXODUS. (AUGUST 3, 1492.)

HE Spanish noon is a blaze of azure fire, and the dusty pilgrims crawl like an endless serpent along treeless plains and bleached highroads, through rock-split ravines and castellated, cathedral-shadowed towns.

2. The hoary patriarch, wrinkled as an almond shell, bows painfully upon his staff. The beautiful young mother, ivory-pale, well-nigh swoons beneath her burden; in her large enfolding arms nestles her sleeping babe, round her knees flock her little ones with bruised and bleeding feet. "Mother, shall we soon be there?"

3. The youth with Christ-like countenance speaks comfortably to father and brother, to maiden and wife. In his breast, his own heart is broken.

4. The halt, the blind, are amid the train. Sturdy pack-horses laboriously drag the tented wagons wherein lie the sick athirst with fever.

5. The panting mules are urged forward with spur and goad; stuffed are the heavy saddlebags with the wreckage of ruined homes.

6. Hark to the tinkling silver bells that adorn the tenderly-carried silken scrolls.

7. In the fierce noon-glare a lad bears a kindled lamp; behind its network of bronze the airs of heaven breathe not upon its faint purple star.

8. Noble and abject, learned and simple, illustrious and obscure, plod side by side, all brothers now, all merged in one routed army of misfortune.

9. Woe to the straggler who falls by the wayside! no friend shall close his eyes.

10. They leave behind, the grape, the olive, and the fig; the vines they planted, the corn they sowed, the garden-cities of Andalusia and Aragon, Estremadura and La Mancha, of Granada and Castile; the altar, the hearth, and the grave of their fathers.

11. The townsman spits at their garments, the shepherd quits his flock, the peasant his plow, to pelt with curses and stones; the villager sets on their trail his yelping cur.

12. Oh the weary march, oh the uptorn roots of home, oh the blankness of the receding goal!

13. Listen to their lamentation: *They that ate dainty food are desolate in the streets; they that were reared in scarlet embrace dunghills. They flee away and wander about. Men say among the nations, they shall no more sojourn there; our end is near, our days are full, our doom is come.*

14. Whither shall they turn? for the West hath cast them out, and the East refuseth to receive.

15. O bird of the air, whisper to the despairing exiles, that to-day, to-day, from the many-masted, gayly-bannered port of Palos, sails the world-unveiling Genoese, to unlock the golden gates of sunset and bequeath a Continent to Freedom!

II. TREASURES.

1. THROUGH cycles of darkness the diamond sleeps in its coal-black prison.

2. Purely incrusted in its scaly casket, the breath-tarnished pearl slumbers in mud and ooze.

3. Buried in the bowels of earth, rugged and obscure, lies the ingot of gold.

4. Long hast thou been buried, O Israel, in the bowels of earth; long hast thou slumbered beneath the overwhelming waves; long hast thou slept in the rayless house of darkness.

5. Rejoice and sing, for only thus couldst thou rightly guard the golden knowledge, Truth, the delicate pearl and the adamantine jewel of the Law.

III. THE SOWER.

1. OVER a boundless plain went a man, carrying seed.

2. His face was blackened by sun and rugged from tempest, scarred and distorted by pain. Naked to the loins, his back was ridged with furrows, his breast was plowed with stripes.

3. From his hand dropped the fecund seed.

4. And behold, instantly started from the prepared soil a blade, a sheaf, a springing trunk, a myriad-branching, cloud-aspiring tree. Its arms touched the ends of the horizon, the heavens were darkened with its shadow.

5. It bare blossoms of gold and blossoms

of blood, fruitage of health and fruitage of poison; birds sang amid its foliage, and a serpent was coiled about its stem.

6. Under its branches a divinely beautiful man, crowned with thorns, was nailed to a cross.

7. And the tree put forth treacherous boughs to strangle the Sower; his flesh was bruised and torn, but cunningly he disentangled the murderous knot and passed to the eastward.

8. Again there dropped from his hand the fecund seed.

9. And behold, instantly started from the prepared soil a blade, a sheaf, a springing trunk, a myriad-branching, cloud-aspiring tree. Crescent shaped like little emerald moons were the leaves; it bare blossoms of silver and blossoms of blood, fruitage of health and fruitage of poison; birds sang amid its foliage and a serpent was coiled about its stem.

10. Under its branches a turbaned mighty-limbed Prophet brandished a drawn sword.

11. And behold, this tree likewise puts forth perfidious arms to strangle the Sower; but cunningly he disentangles the murderous knot and passes on.

12. Lo, his hands are not empty of grain, the strength of his arm is not spent.

13. What germ hast thou saved for the future, O miraculous Husbandman? Tell me, thou Planter of Christhood and Islam; tell me, thou seed-bearing Israel!

IV. THE TEST.

1. DAYLONG I brooded upon the Passion of Israel.

2. I saw him bound to the wheel, nailed to the cross, cut off by the sword, burned at the stake, tossed into the seas.

3. And always the patient, resolute, martyr face arose in silent rebuke and defiance.

4. A Prophet with four eyes; wide gazed the orbs of the spirit above the sleeping eyelids of the senses.

5. A Poet, who plucked from his bosom the quivering heart and fashioned it into a lyre.

6. A placid-browed Sage, uplifted from earth in celestial meditation.

7. These I saw, with princes and people in their train; the monumental dead and the standard-bearers of the future.

8. And suddenly I heard a burst of mocking laughter, and turning, I beheld the shuffling gait, the ignominious features, the sordid mask of the son of the Ghetto.

V. CURRENTS.

1. VAST oceanic movements, the flux and reflux of immeasurable tides oversweep our continent.

2. From the far Caucasian steppes, from the squalid Ghettos of Europe,

3. From Odessa and Bucharest, from Kief and Ekaterinoslav,

4. Hark to the cry of the exiles of Babylon, the voice of Rachel mourning for her children, of Israel lamenting for Zion.

5. And lo, like a turbid stream, the long-pent flood bursts the dykes of oppression and rushes hitherward.

6. Unto her ample breast, the generous mother of nations welcomes them.

7. The herdsman of Canaan and the seed of Jerusalem's royal shepherd renew their youth amid the pastoral plains of Texas and the golden valleys of the Sierras.

VI. THE PROPHET.

1. MOSES BEN MAIMON lifting his perpetual lamp over the path of the perplexed;

2. Hallevi, the honey-tongued poet, wakening amid the silent ruins of Zion the sleeping lyre of David;

3. Moses, the wise son of Mendel, who made the Ghetto illustrious;

4. Abarbanel, the counselor of kings; Alcharisi, the exquisite singer; Ibu Ezra, the perfect old man; Gabirol, the tragic seer;

5. Heine, the enchanted magician, the heart-broken jester;

6. Yea, and the century-crowned patriarch whose bounty engirdles the globe;—

7. These need no wreath and no trumpet; like perennial asphodel blossoms, their fame, their glory resounds like the brazen-throated cornet.

8. But thou—hast thou faith in the fortune of Israel? Wouldst thou lighten the anguish of Jacob?

9. Then shalt thou take the hand of yonder caftaned wretch with flowing curls and gold-pierced ears;

10. Who crawls blinking forth from the loathsome recesses of the Jewry;

11. Nerveless his fingers, puny his frame; haunted by the bat-like phantoms of superstition is his brain.

12. Thou shalt say to the bigot, "My Brother," and to the creature of darkness, "My Friend."

13. And thy heart shall spend itself in fountains of love upon the ignorant, the coarse, and the abject.

14. Then in the obscurity thou shalt hear a rush of wings, thine eyes shall be bitten with pungent smoke.

15. And close against thy quivering lips shall be pressed the live coal wherewith the Seraphim brand the Prophets.

VII. CHRYSALIS.

1. LONG, long has the Orient-Jew spun around his helplessness the cunningly enmeshed web of Talmud and Kabbala.

2. Imprisoned in dark corners of misery and oppression, closely he drew about him the dust-gray filaments, soft as silk and stubborn as steel, until he lay death-stiffened in mummied seclusion.

3. And the world has named him an ugly worm, shunning the blessed daylight.

4. But when the emancipating springtide breathes wholesome, quickening airs, when the Sun of Love shines out with cordial fires, lo, the Soul of Israel bursts her cobweb sheath, and flies forth attired in the winged beauty of immortality.

Emma Lazarus.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Hancock and the Artillery at Gettysburg.

GENERAL HUNT, in his article on "The Third Day at Gettysburg," criticises General Hancock's conduct of his artillery, on the ground that his directing the Second Corps batteries to continue firing through the Confederate cannonade was both an encroachment upon his own (General Hunt's) proper authority, as chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, and an act of bad policy. On the latter point he says:

"Had my instructions been followed here, as they were by McGilvery, I do not believe that Pickett's division would have reached our line. We lost not only the fire of one-third of our guns, but the resulting cross-fire, which would have doubled its value."

This, it will be seen, constitutes a very severe impeachment.

I have had much correspondence and conversation with General Hancock on the subject; and, as the heroic leader of the Second Corps can no longer reply for himself, I beg leave to speak on his behalf.

In the first place, two antagonistic theories of authority are advanced. General Hancock claimed that he commanded *the line of battle* along Cemetery Ridge. General Hunt, in substance, alleges that General Hancock commanded the infantry of that line; and that he himself commanded the artillery.

Winfield S. Hancock did not read his commission as constituting him a major-general of infantry; nor did he believe that a line of battle was to be ordered by military specialists. He knew that by both law and reason the defense of Cemetery Ridge was intrusted to him, subject to the actual, authentic orders of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, but not subject to the discretion of one of General Meade's staff-officers. General Meade could, under the President's order, have placed a junior at the head of the Second Corps; but whomever he did place over the corps became thereby invested with the whole undiminished substance, and with all the proper and ordinary incidents of command.

So much for the question of authority. On the question of policy there is only to be said that a difference of opinion appears between two highly meritorious officers — one, the best artillerist of the army; the other, one of the best, if not the best, commander of troops in the army — as to what was most expedient in a given emergency. Unquestionably it would have been a strong point for us if, other things equal, the limber chests of the artillery had been full when Pickett's and Pettigrew's divisions began their great charge. But would other things have been equal? Would the advantage so obtained have compensated for the loss of *morale* in the infantry which might have resulted from allowing them to be scourged, at will, by the hostile artillery? Every soldier knows how trying and often demoralizing it is to endure artillery fire without reply.

Now, on the question thus raised, who was the better judge, General Hunt or General Hancock? Had Henry J. Hunt taken command of a brigade of infantry in 1861, had he for nearly two years lived with the infantry, marching with them, camping among them, commanding them in numerous actions, keeping close watch of their temper and spirit, observing their behavior under varying conditions and trials, I believe that he would, by the 3d of July, 1863, have become one of the most capable and judicious corps commanders of the army. But in so doing he would necessarily have forfeited nearly all of that special experience which combined with his high intelligence and great spirit to make him one of the best artillerists whom the history of war has known. Certainly a service almost wholly in the artillery could not yield that intimate knowledge of the temper of troops which should qualify him, equally with Hancock, to judge what was required to keep them in heart and courage, under the Confederate cannonade at Gettysburg, and to bring them up to the final struggle, prepared in spirit to meet the fearful ordeal of Longstreet's charge. Hancock had full authority over that line of battle; he used that authority according to his own best judgment, and he beat off the enemy. That is the substance of it.

BOSTON, Jan 12, 1887. *Francis A. Walker.*

General Warren on Little Round Top.

A LETTER FROM HIS WIDOW.

IN General Hunt's paper in the December CENTURY, the account of the occupation of Little Round Top is introduced in the following words:

"As soon as Longstreet's attack commenced, General Warren was sent by General Meade to see to Little Round Top," etc.

Truth and history require me to say that when General Warren, at the action of the 2d of July, was sent, at his own suggestion, to the left, it was with no specific reference on General Meade's part to Little Round Top. As bearing on this point, I transcribe from a letter dated July 13, 1872, from General Warren, the following extract:

"Just before the action began in earnest on July 2d, I was with General Meade, near General Sickles, whose troops seemed very badly disposed on that part of the

field. At my suggestion, General Meade sent me to the left to examine the condition of affairs, and I continued on till I reached Little Round Top. There were no troops on it, and it was used as a signal station. I saw that this was the key of the whole position, and that our troops in the woods in front of it could not see the ground in front of them, so that the enemy would come upon them before they would be aware of it. The long line of woods on the west side of the Emmettsburg road (which road was along a ridge) furnished an excellent place for the enemy to form out of sight, so I requested the captain of a rifle battery just in front of Little Round Top to fire a shot into these woods. He did so, and as the shot went whistling through the air the sound of it reached the enemy's troops and caused every one to look in the direction of it. This motion revealed to me the glistening of gun-barrels and bayonets of the enemy's line of battle, already formed and far outflanking the position of any of our troops; so that the line of his advance from his right to Little Round Top was unopposed. I have been particular in telling this, as the discovery was intensely thrilling to my feelings, and almost appalling. I immediately sent a hastily written dispatch to General Meade to send a division at least to me, and General Meade directed the Fifth Army Corps to take position there. The battle was already beginning to rage at the Peach Orchard, and before a single man reached Round Top the whole line of the enemy moved on us in splendid array, shouting in the most confident tones. While I was still all alone with the signal officer, the musket-balls began to fly around us, and he was about to fold up his flags and withdraw, but remained, at my request, and kept waving them in defiance. Seeing troops going out on the Peach Orchard road, I rode down the hill, and fortunately met my old brigade. General Weed, commanding it, had already passed the point, and I took the responsibility to detach Colonel O'Rorke, the head of whose regiment I struck, who, on hearing my few words of explanation about the position, moved at once to the hill-top. About this time First Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett of the Fifth Artillery, with his battery of rifled cannon, arrived. He comprehended the situation instantly and planted a gun on the summit of the hill. He spoke to the effect that though he could do little execution on the enemy with his guns, he could aid in giving confidence to the infantry, and that his battery was of no consequence whatever compared with holding the position. He staid there till he was killed. I was wounded with a musket-ball while talking with Lieutenant Hazlett on the hill, but not seriously; and, seeing the position saved while the whole line to the right and front of us was yielding and melting away under the enemy's fire and advance, I left the hill to rejoin General Meade near the center of the field, where a new crisis was at hand."

I would not claim for General Warren that he did more than his duty, but that he should have whatever of credit is due for the heroic resolution to accept so grave a responsibility, and an appreciation of the inspiration or genius which recognized this to be a turning-point of that supreme battle. This is conceded to General Warren by Swinton, General Abbot, Comte de Paris, General F. A. Walker, and other historians.

Emily F. Warren.

More Light on "The Reserve at Antietam."

AFTER reading the article of Colonel Thomas M. Anderson on the above subject in the September (1886) number of THE CENTURY and the reply of General Porter in the January (1887) number, I feel as if a word or two on the subject might clear up a little of the obscurity connected therewith. The note in question may have been delivered as stated, but that Captain Dryer did not reach the enemy's lines by three hundred or four hundred yards, I know personally, for I had to go to him at the farthest point of his advance. In this, therefore, some one seems to have been mistaken, as well as in the object for which the Second, Fourth, and a battalion of the Twelfth United States regiments were sent across Antietam Creek. As Adjutant-General of the First Brigade of Regulars, I was ordered to detail a regiment to support (I think it was) Tidball's battery, which had been ordered, and was about to take position on the Boonsboro' pike, on the Sharpsburg side of the bridge over Antietam Creek, near J. Meyer's house. The roster decided that the Twelfth should be the regiment, and Captain (now Colonel) M. M. Blunt, who was in command, was ordered to do the work.

Tidball went into position, and I believe had eight or ten horses killed before he could fire a shot — even if he did fire one. It was madness to stay there, however, for the little good to be accomplished, and he withdrew. At the first onslaught I was ordered to send another regiment, and the lot fell to the Fourth Infantry, commanded by Captain Hiram Dryer, who was senior to all the other officers on that side of the creek. When he obtained the position where Tidball was supposed to be, the battery was not there; but the location for the regiments was a good one, and being less subject to the enemy's fire where they were than where they had been, no order was given for their withdrawal, General Sykes supposing that in the absence of proper orders to advance the troops would remain quiet. Gallant and impetuous as Dryer always was, he could not remain idle, and it was soon observed that he was pushing his men forward on each side of the pike towards the crest occupied by the enemy, with a view, as it was afterwards understood, to charge and take a battery there.

Having observed this, and knowing it was not the intention, nor could we afford, at that particular time, to make any forward movement on the center, I reported this to Generals Sykes and Buchanan, who were together at the time, and I was directed by General Sykes to proceed at once to the advanced position which Captain Dryer had obtained (being within three hundred or four hundred yards of the enemy's batteries) and direct him to withdraw his troops immediately to the original position at the head of the bridge, and then to report in person to General Sykes. During my absence at the front, I believe, the note in question was received. When Dryer reported, those who were present know that the interview was in no wise a subject of consultation.

Had Captain Dryer been permitted to make the charge he was contemplating, his regiments, which we from our position could (but he could not) see, would have found, instead of a single battery, some eighteen guns covering their front, and he would never have been able to reach them; and he could never have returned, after an unsuccessful charge, because he was nearly a mile away from any support whatever. His men would have been annihilated by the concentrated fire that the enemy could have poured upon his small force. It was confidently believed, however, by the two brigades of regular infantry that if they had been thrown forward at any time towards the close of the day of the 17th, supported by Morell's division, they could have carried the center, and thus could have enabled General Burnside to drive the enemy from the field on the left.

Wm. H. Powell,
Captain Fourth U. S. Infantry.

BOISE BARRACKS, IDAHO, January 4, 1887.

"Life on the *Alabama*."

SINCE the February number of the magazine went to press we have learned, for the first time, from his own admission, that "P. D. Haywood," the author of the article "Life on the *Alabama* — By one of the Crew," which appeared in THE CENTURY for April, 1886, was not a seaman on the Confederate cruiser, though at the time the article was accepted he assured us he was, and furnished references which seemed to be satisfactory. He now claims that he had the incidents of his paper from a member of the *Alabama's* crew, but we are unable to attach any importance to that statement, and shall omit his article from the war papers when they are republished in book form.— EDITOR.

The Rebel Yell.

THE thirsty rays of the July sun
Drank the breath of the summer morning
Over Utah fitfully blown
From ponderous mountain lips of stone
That seemed in grim prophetic warning
Curled in a vast and massive scorning,
As if the roar of the morning gun,
The faint far crackle of distant rifles,
Were part of a sum of mortal trifles.

Then woke Deseret's mountain men
At sound of an old familiar thunder,
Woke with a quick heart-leap, again,
Drew their brows in listening wonder,
With eyes of warriors gleaming under;
For these were the soldiers of the South
Drifted away on the wreck of battle
To this far mountain isle of drouth —
Listening now to the pulsing rattle
Of rifle volleys, while memory taxing
In half-awakening explanation,—
"Ha!" they said, their brows relaxing,
"This is the birthday of our Nation!
The common day of American glory!
How will the Mormon render the story?"

Then some from Stonewall's old brigade,
And some from the noted Hampton Legion,
And some from the Black Horse cavalcade,
And more from a far less famous region,—
The men that followed Old Pap Price
From early trials of Cow Skin Prairie
In and out of Missouri, twice,—
Followed their leader bold and wary
On to the final and sure disaster,
As men have never followed a master,
As men go anywhere, hand and glove,
Even to death, with the leader they love: —
These men questioning thus, and replying,
Looked from their cityward windows all,
Beheld the dome of the city hall
And the Stars and Stripes at *half-mast* flying!

As with one impulse, down to the street
From many a window disappearing,
Every obstacle leaping and clearing,
With old-time rush of the charging feet,
Toward the town-hall, they thundering hurried
Where Mormon chiefs sat flushed and flurried.
"Run up the flag!" the foremost cried
With voice like the roar of a joining battle.
"Up to the top!" And those at his side
Echoed his cry as the pattering rattle
Of a full brigade when it "orders arms";
Or a regiment firing a single volley.

The Mormons answered: "What wild folly,
Men of the South — and after the harms
That came to you from this striped rag,
Tainting you still with the smell of treason!
This is never your blue-crossed flag!
How flies your courage! How fails your reason!"
And then the soldier spokesman rose
As if he rose in a ringing stirrup,
Over the cowering heads of foes
The while his strong steed sprang at a chirrup:
"Not yet was it treason when *we* flew
To arms for a question vexed and nettled
From times of the Colonies on and through
To Appomattox — *but there it was settled.*"
Pausing, he knitted his grizzled brow,
And with a glance that seemed to sever
The hearts of the men at the lowered bunting
Whilst he for the strongest phrases hunting
Shouted: "To *us* it is treason NOW!
From Appomattox on and forever!
Run up *our* flag! We give you one minute,
Not to consider it, but to begin it!"

Then, when a dozen of shaking hands
Swiftly drew on the rising pulley,
Till, soaring up on its sea-grass strands,
The bright silk flag unfolding fully
Floated high in a sun-flood gleaming,
There sprang from hundreds of soldier throats
A shrill fierce cry like eagles screaming.
Out on the morning breeze it floats,
On, to the cabined sides of the mountains
Hushing the murmurs of winds and fountains:
Men leaped up wherever it fell,
Catching it up like a song forgotten,
Filled the air with the rebel yell,
The lost war-cry of the land of the cotton,
Till all the resonant fibers of pines
Every power of sound enlarging
Rang with the thrill of a shout that never
Sprang from aught but the terrible lines
Of the dauntless Gray-men fiercely charging,
Echoed it back from the mountain's brow
From tallest pines and stunted sages,
A shout that shall echo through future ages—
"To lower the flag is treason *now*,
"From Appomattox on and forever!"

TERRE HAUTE, IND. *H. W. Taylor.*

In the Ranks at Fredericksburg.

GENERAL W. F. SMITH, in his article on "Franklin's Left Grand Division," makes mention of a "round shot that ripped open a soldier's knapsack and distributed his clothing and cards." It was not a round shot, but the second shot that came from the Whitworth gun that the "Johnnies" ran in on our flank. And although we were surprised and dumfounded at this attack from a new arm that appeared to take in about five miles of our line, the boys could not forego their little joke; so when that column of cards was thrown some twenty feet in the air, on all sides could be heard the cry, "Oh, deal me a hand!"

Three other shots in that battle did queer work. Ours was the last brigade (the "Iron Brigade") to cross on the pontoons, and we came to a halt upon the river bank, for a few moments, before going into position among the big cotton-wood trees at the Bernard House. We had been paid off that day, and the gamblers began to play at cards the moment we halted. A man who was about to "straddle" a "fifty-cent blind"

had his knapsack knocked from under him by a solid shot, and he "straddled" half a dozen soldiers, who were covered with a cart-load of dirt. This was the first shot from the "Johnnies" on our left. Their second shot passed over the river and struck a paymaster's tent. The struggle between that paymaster and the stragglers for possession of the flying greenbacks was both exciting and ridiculous.

The next day, December 13th, our officers and the enemy's batteries kept us on the jump. During a moment's halt, behind a slight rise of ground, we lay down. A soldier facing to the rear was in earnest conversation with a comrade. Suddenly he made a terrific leap in air, and from the spot of ground on which he had been sitting a solid shot scooped a wheelbarrow load of dirt. It was a clear case of premonition, for the man could give no reason for having jumped.

General Smith also speaks of "the Veterans' ridicule of the bounty men." The Twenty-fourth Michigan became part of our brigade shortly after Antietam, and we soon learned they were mostly bounty men. We made unmerciful sport of them, but never a word of joke or abuse did I hear after the Twenty-fourth had shown its mettle in this battle of which General Smith writes.

On the evening of December 14th, General Doubleday wanted our regiment (the Second Wisconsin) to go on picket and make an effort to stop the firing upon the picket line, for the shots of the Confederates covered the whole field and no one could get any rest. We had not been in the picket line more than twenty minutes before we made a bargain with the "Rebs," and the firing ceased, and neither they nor ourselves pretended to keep under cover. But at daylight the Twenty-fourth Michigan came to relieve us. Before they were fairly in line they opened fire upon the Confederates without the warning we had agreed to give. We yelled lustily, but the rattle of musketry drowned the sound, and many a confiding enemy was hit. This irritated the Confederates, who opened a savage fire, and the Twenty-fourth Michigan (the bounty men) were put upon their good behavior; so it was with difficulty a general engagement was prevented. All that day, until about four o'clock, the picket-firing was intense, but was abruptly ended by a Confederate challenging a Sixth Wisconsin man to a fist encounter in the middle of the turnpike. The combatants got the attention of both picket lines, who declared the fight "a draw." They ended the matter with a coffee and tobacco trade and an agreement to do no more firing at picket lines, unless an advance was ordered. It was this agreement that enabled Lieutenant Rogers to save a long picket line that was to have been sacrificed when we fell back.

George E. Smith,
Late Private Co. E, Second Wisconsin Vols.
RACINE, WIS., Oct. 3, 1886.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Voting Power of Ignorance.

ILLITERACY in the United States has been the subject of frequent newspaper and magazine articles since the Census of 1870 brought the matter into plain view. It has generally been treated, however, rather from the standpoint of national pride than from that of national danger; and when danger has been referred to, it has been rather the undefined danger of an ignorant vote than any specific risk. Further, there has always been a general feeling that the bulk of the illiteracy, after all, was among the negroes, and that time and hard work would alleviate most of the evils arising from an inevitable consequence of the Civil War.

That column of the Census reports which defines the illiteracy of white males of twenty-one years old and upwards, that is, of white voters, should be enough to destroy any complacency as to the future. Out of 11,343,005 white voters, 886,659, or 7.8 % were unable to write. If we take this as the illiterate vote, and compare it with the pluralities and majorities in the Presidential election of 1884, a still more noteworthy result comes out to view. Thus, Cleveland's plurality in Connecticut was 1284, while the illiterate vote was 9501; Blaine's plurality in Massachusetts was 24,372, while the illiterate vote was 30,951; Cleveland's plurality in Kentucky was 34,839, while the illiterate vote was 54,956; Blaine's plurality in Illinois was 24,827, while the illiterate vote was 44,536. Thus one might go on through State after State, in which the illiterate vote was larger than the plurality which decided the electoral vote of the State, and, if united, might have been the controlling factor in the election. It will be enough to give the general result; there are eighteen such States, and they cast 243 out of 369 electoral votes. So large is the possible field for the voting power of ignorance.

It is undoubtedly true, and it has been one of the advantages of universal suffrage, that this illiterate vote has been nullified to a certain extent hitherto by its division, and that the more intelligent vote, which changes on occasion from one side to the other, has been a percentage large enough to decide elections. Nevertheless, there must be a constant pressure, as the steady descent of parties shows, to deal tenderly with the prejudices of the ignorant vote. The pressure is not so strong as it would be if the ignorant vote were united into a party, holding the balance of power in eighteen States, with 243 electoral votes; but it is strong enough to exert a steady influence toward the degradation of parties and party politics. Massachusetts tries, and fails in practice, to disfranchise those who cannot read and write, just as Connecticut fails to disfranchise those who have not a good moral character.

The ignorant vote, being the residuum of universal suffrage, is the most helpless element of a democracy. It is the first to be bought up, the first to be deceived, the first to be assailed by any form of coercion or terror. Election laws, and every variety of protection for the ballot, have been primarily compelled by the existence of this class, and are designed for its protection. It is a necessity for a democracy to see to it that vote-buying is prevented; otherwise the power of money might consolidate this ignorant vote into an instrument of dangerous, perhaps fatal, effect. The

case has been exactly parallel with all the forms of coercion which have thus far come to the surface; the State has attacked them in self-defense, in order to prevent them from consolidating the ignorant vote into a dangerous power. It is regrettable that the efforts of the State have failed so often; but it must be admitted that they have at least served their principal purpose until now, for the ignorant vote has not yet assumed the place of a balance of power.

Boycotting, in one or another of its shades and varieties, promises to change all this. Of what avail is it that the law has forbidden the purchase of votes, when the pressure of sheer terror is so much cheaper and more effective? Why should one pay two dollars for a vote, when the threat of a boycott will give him a hundred votes at a time? The threat is enough; for the more ignorant, the more helpless the voter, the more effective is the new political force. The man who is unable to write his own name may yet be too conscientious to sell his vote. Threaten him with loss of work, and he is far less able to resist the pressure than the more highly educated voter: it is impossible that he should not yield. Such cases are not new. They were bad enough when an employer or corporation used this threat to coerce employees into voting as they did not wish to vote; but such a coercing power must of necessity do its work more or less imperfectly. It must use agents; and no agents will work perfectly. It must contend with the possibilities of the secret ballot. It must feel some fear of the force of public opinion. But the labor organization is a far more effective force than any individual or corporate employer, for it is under no such restrictions. Its watchers are its own members, all eager to prove their own usefulness and loyalty by the detection of traitors. It is Argus-eyed as well as merciless. Above all, it is almost freed from consideration for public opinion, for it is governed by a public opinion of its own. The weaker classes of voters are helpless when its full power assails them. Its little finger is more powerful in its effects on the ballot than the loins of the individual or corporate employer.

We have, and are likely to have, two great political parties in this country. If the new system is to be allowed its natural effect, both parties must bid for the support of the new power; right or wrong, neither can afford to let its opponent have the controlling vote in so many States, with so large a portion of the electoral vote. The party which secures success through this ally in one election must do so by large concessions to its ally's demands; and the defeated party, in its bids for future assistance, must inevitably raise the market value of the new political factor. Nor will it be possible to restrict the coercive force of the boycott to labor organizations in politics, and to give them a monopoly of the punishment of political "scabs": equality of privilege in respect to this must be a claim of every political organization, and each will exercise the privilege to just the extent that its opportunities enable it to go. Degradation of political purposes is bad; but degradation of political methods is in many points even worse, and is more fatal in a democracy. The former can be met by argument, by instruction, by influence; to the latter there is no answer, in the last resort, but money or force. And when both of these two evil remedies have failed, the "Savior of Society" enters.

So far as State elections are concerned, the remedy must be left to the States; and Presidential elections are legally no more than State elections. Congressional elections are a different matter; it is here that the evil would have its clearest field, and it is here that the application of the remedy is easiest, though it is not yet a familiar idea. Congress is empowered to make rules and regulations for "the time, place and manner" of choosing Representatives and to alter the rules and regulations which any of the States may have made. English political thinkers are studying American methods in order to find a way out of their difficulties: is it not wise for us to borrow a leaf out of English experience in the conduct of our elections? Parliament has not found it difficult to prescribe by statute the manner of nomination, to enforce a limit to the amount of money to be spent at the election, to furnish ballots at public expense, and to provide rooms where the voter may prepare his ballot for deposit, without the possibility of the knowledge or interference of any other person. All these safeguards, the latter being particularly important as excluding all forms of boycotting, are quite certainly included under the "manner" of elections for Representatives, for which Congress is empowered to make rules and regulations. All that is necessary is that an Act of Congress shall apply to these elections the safeguards which have been evolved by similar experiences across the water.

If our Congress were a wise political body, with proper methods of procedure, its first step would be the application of something like the English system to our elections for Representatives. We can only hope that our rulers may have the foresight, in spite of their limitations, to begin the work at once, even though it should involve leaving the decision of disputed election cases to the courts, instead of resting them on the decision of a partisan majority in the House. But it is much to be feared that Congress will, as usual, do nothing until the mischief has been done, and then it will be too late.

The New North.

PROFESSOR TILLETT of Nashville, in his article in the present CENTURY on "The White Man of the New South" takes a new view of an old subject, but a view so similar to that of Mr. Grady of Atlanta in his recent speech before the New England Society of New York that it may be as well to state that Professor Tillett's paper was in our possession some time before the delivery of Mr. Grady's address. In fact, this phase of Southern opinion is not unfamiliar to the readers of THE CENTURY ever since the publication (in 1873 and onward) of Mr. Edward King's Great South series of illustrated articles.

The eloquence of Mr. Grady still reverberates throughout the country. The brilliant young journalist turned a pleasant social occasion into a national event. The scene was indeed a notable one. Near President Russell on one side sat the Union conqueror of Georgia, on the other stood the young orator from Georgia—the first representative of the South to address the Society since the close of the civil war. Mr. Grady had just that sense of anxiety and that necessity for daring which gives the orator his opportunity for failure or for distinguished success. In his manly statement of the

present relations of the two sections, as he conceives them to be, he staked his standing at home upon the intelligence and patriotism of his own people; and he threw himself fearlessly at the same time upon the generosity and good faith of an untried Northern audience, an audience of hereditary adherents to ideas once the most inimical to those of his own section. The enthusiastic reception of his sentiments by his Northern audience and the warm indorsement of them by his Southern fellow-citizens prove that he made no mistake in either direction.

When Mr. Grady heard the New England Society cheering his allusions to the Cavalier, and to the beaten but not crushed or disheartened Confederate soldier who turned his charger into a plow-horse and went to work to create a prosperity more firm and desirable than that which was based upon human slavery, and when he heard from Delmonico's gallery the familiar and inspiring strains of "Dixie," his surprise at the New North may have been quite as great as that of any of his audience at the New South pictured in his own fervent and patriotic oratory.

One of the most striking points in Mr. Grady's speech was his tribute to Lincoln — a tribute which, as coming from a Southerner, could surprise no one who has watched the growth of the national feeling of late in our Southern States. Rather for its typical value as the expression of a rapidly growing sentiment, than as an exceptional and individual view, we reprint it here:

"Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic — Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government, charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine."

The Shop-Council.

WHO can estimate the evil influence of secrecy on the labor difficulties? The employer is trained to secrecy as he is trained to business. He must learn to keep the conduct of his business in his own hands and head, to guard his trade secrets, to confine each employee's knowledge to his own department, and general knowledge to partners; to "let things out" is to tempt bankruptcy. The trades-union is, in its turn, as secretive as the employer, for it feels that secrecy is essential to the successful struggle which is to prove its reason for existence. In its secret debates, petty grievances are swollen into unnatural proportions through the desire to maintain the "dignity of labor" by showing that "an injury to one is the concern of all." On both sides that first blow which is to be half the battle is to come like a thunder-clap from a cloud of secrecy.

Two men, taking such an attitude toward each other, would not be far from a conflict; the first motion, perhaps unconscious or instinctive, by one would be met by more effective movement by the other. The present attitude of employer and employee toward each other is too often that of the frontier ethics of the Far West, where a well-furnished pistol-pocket and the ability to "draw" most promptly are the supreme tests of the better man; and where, consequently, the first motion toward the pistol-pocket is the signal for decisive action by the other. Could the employee get into the secrets of the employer, he might be surprised to find that the supposed millionaire was really "shinning" around the street in the desperate effort to make one note take the place of another; and that an attack upon him at the juncture, resulting in suspension of work, would be suicide rather than victory. Could the employer get at the secrets of his employee, he might be surprised to find that the supposed loud-mouthed demagogue was really borne down by a double burden of anxiety for his family, by fear of the direct consequences of a strike or lock-out and of the indirect consequences of any apparent treachery to "the cause of labor" on his part. Could the two parties know each other better, how many struggles would be averted, and how many others would never rise to the dignity of a strike or lock-out.

Mr. James C. Bayles, the editor of "The Iron Age," has suggested in a pamphlet the institution of "shop-councils," in which employer and employee are to be equally represented — the decisions not to be binding on either party unless approved by both, and all functions to be purely conciliatory. As a means of eliminating something of the element of secrecy from the relations of the two parties, of keeping petty matters out of secret discussion and decision, it seems all that can be desired. It is the antipode of compulsory arbitration; and it avoids that suspicion which often attaches even to voluntary arbitration. It is rather symptomatic than remedial, just as a general disuse of the pistol-pocket would be an excellent accessory to a law against street-combats. It is a modest proposition; but, even in the din of high-sounding schemes and associations, is it too much to hope for a fair trial of it somewhere?

Art in Our Coinage.

IT must indeed remain a dream, as Mr. Stillman expresses it, that modern coinage can ever become, like that of ancient Hellas, a chief vehicle of the expression of art. It is not, however, too much to hope that it may come at least to reflect the contemporaneous attainment of art. Greek medalists were untrammeled by the requirements of regularity of contour, and thickness, and excessive flatness of relief, which are in this practical age demanded in money for the greater convenience of its use as a medium of exchange. Our

power-presses, too, are, in truth, necessary to secure swiftness and economy of manufacture; but they can never produce the artistic effect of the blow struck by the hammer of the ancient coiner, deftly modulated and directed, as it always was by experienced workmen, so as to bring out the full value of any particular die. Moreover, perhaps we cannot expect the designer of to-day, whose mind is free from all mist of mythological illusion, to work with quite the inspiration of Evainetos and Kimon and their great unknown brother-artists. But after every allowance has been made, the fact remains that, with a few exceptions, the coinage of the modern world is unnecessarily inartistic. And none will gainsay Mr. Stillman that, among all, the products of the United States mint are the most barbarous — the most contemptible in the weakly grotesque design of their eagles, in their ill-drawn and commonplace Liberties, and in the vulgarly staring lettering of their legends.

Modern coinage must, of course, always conform to modern conditions of evenness and regularity. But living art — and to see that art is not yet dead, we need look no further than to the work of French sculptors and to that of some that we have among ourselves — makes light of such restrictions. The Parthenon frieze proclaims for all time what can be done within fixed lines and in the extreme of low relief. It rests simply with the Treasury Department to consign to oblivion when it will our gawky fowls and disjointed goddesses, and to set an example to the world by the issue of a series of coins bearing for each denomination independent designs — the most meritorious attainable. Such series, renewed at fitting intervals and presenting, within the possible range, the best contemporary conceptions of personified civic virtues and the best portraits of our great men, would surely exert a potent educating influence upon the eyes and thought of our people, and would emulate, even if from afar, the interest of ancient coinages as an enduring record of history and art. The Administration which is the first to adopt this reform will win for itself high and deserved honor, and will at the same time give to the medalist's art an impetus greater than it has enjoyed since the day of its generous patrons of the Renaissance.

A Breach in the Chinese Wall.

THERE is a provision in our tariff law concerning which it would seem that all educated Americans should be of one mind. We refer to the duty of thirty per cent. imposed on the works of foreign artists. An opportune occasion for bringing this subject once more to public attention is afforded by the recent gratifying Treasury decision secured by Mr. Henry G. Marquand, followed by the judgment of the United States Circuit Court in favor of Mr. H. H. Arnot, that pictures painted before 1700 are entitled to admission free of duty, as "antiquities." It is humiliating to American pride that such a question could ever have been raised. But the Treasury Department must execute the laws as it finds them; and we should be grateful that its interpretation of the law is liberal-minded, and grateful above all to Mr. Marquand for the service which he has rendered to American culture and American reputation by establishing the fact that the masterpieces of Renaissance art, to obtain which all other nations will make almost any sacrifice, will not, at least when the rare opportunities to secure them come, be kept from landing here by our custom-house. But, though the splendor of the names of many of the old masters renders their case, now happily decided, the more conspicuous,— that of living foreign painters and sculptors whose productions are still subject to our almost prohibitive duty, should, for obvious reasons, concern us hardly less. The great majority and best of our native artists protest against this art tax. The most materialistic of them know well that, in this case, "protection" cannot "protect." The duty may prevent the connoisseur from buying the foreign picture which he fancies, but it cannot make him buy any native picture which he does not fancy — as he might buy a home-made hat or umbrella. He will have in art what he likes or nothing. Again, the artist knows that the more good pictures and statues the public sees, the more its taste for such things grows, and the wider becomes his market — not to speak of the advantage to himself of having in this country as many as possible of the works of genius which, otherwise, he must, to perfect himself, go abroad to study.

And here, again, is a consideration which for the very shame of it should impel Congress without delay to set art free. Scores of Americans go to Europe yearly to improve themselves in their high gift. To these young men and women, rich generally only in talent and in hope, the doors of the great French national schools are open wide; the *ateliers* of world-famous masters extend their welcome; the hospitable museums and galleries of Italy offer without stint their priceless treasures. Yet if the teachers to whom these Americans owe much of the success which life may give them desire to send here their own beautiful creations, they are stopped by a customs officer! Could a nation claiming to be enlightened place itself in a position more ignoble?

Our artists, as a class, have done what they could to protest against the tariff on art; our President has more than once recommended officially the repeal of this duty. Let Protectionists and Free-Traders join hands for once in Congress, and prove to the rest of the world that the American Republic has attained, even if tardily, a civilization advanced enough to rank works of art, æsthetically and practically, upon a higher plane than whisky and pig-iron.

OPEN LETTERS.

Lincoln's Ancestors in Virginia.

THIS brief notice of the ancestors of Lincoln who lived in Virginia is designed to throw, if possible, some additional light upon the history of the fathers of that great man, and perhaps correct some errors of fact growing out of the unsettled — almost illiterate — condition of affairs during the period of time involved.

That the early ancestors of Lincoln lived in Berks county, Pennsylvania, and moved thence to Virginia, as Messrs. Nicolay and Hay state, there is no reason to doubt. It is confirmed by the statements of the President himself. It may be accepted, too, as correct that the great-grandfather of Lincoln, whose name was John Lincoln, lived in that county and State and emigrated from there to Virginia. The precise date of his settlement in Virginia has not as yet been definitely ascertained.

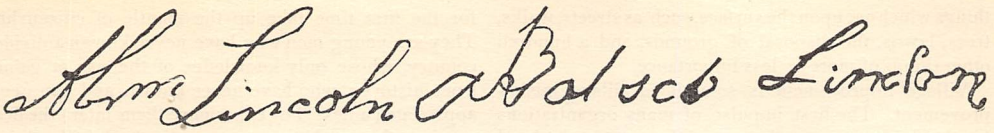
It is true, as stated in THE CENTURY, that the records belonging to the Lincoln family during their residence in Rockingham county, Virginia, were destroyed by the Federal army during the civil war, but fortunately there are yet in existence certain official and indisputably authenticated documents, only discovered upon a recent search, which the torch of war did not touch and which disclose some interesting information on these subjects. In the year 1768 that portion of the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, now contained within the county of Rockingham constituted a part of the county of Augusta, from which county Rockingham was detached and organized in 1777. Prior to this date — 1777 — all transfers of real estate in the country now comprising Rockingham county were recorded in the clerk's office of Augusta county at Staunton, the county seat. The records of this office disclose the fact that on the 16th day of August, 1768, there was recorded a deed from the heirs of Robert McKay to John Lincoln, conveying a tract of six hundred acres situate on Linvill's Creek in the county of Augusta, now in the county of Rockingham. This tract of six hundred acres was a portion of a very extensive body of land patented to McKay and others as early as 1739, and was doubtless regarded then, as it unquestionably is now, as among the finest tracts of land in the fertile Shenandoah Valley. The consideration that passed from John Lincoln to McKay's heirs as set forth in the deed is merely a nominal one, "the sum of five shillings, current money of Virginia." In view of this purchase of land in Virginia by John Lincoln, it may certainly be regarded as settled that he — the great-grandfather of the President — located in what now constitutes Rockingham county, Virginia, as early as 1768.

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay intimate in the Lincoln history, and Mr. Nicolay states in his article on Lincoln in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Thomas, and John, sons of John Lincoln, were born in Virginia. Unless it can be shown that John Lincoln located in Virginia a considerable time prior to the year 1768, it may be fairly assumed that his sons just named were all born in Pennsylvania and accompanied their father to Virginia upon his settlement in that State. This idea receives corroboration from certain conveyances to his sons made by John Lincoln. On the 11th of August, 1773, only five years after the date of the conveyance from the McKays to John Lincoln, he with his wife, "Rebeckah R.," transferred to their son Isaac two hundred and fifteen acres of the original six-hundred-acre tract, and on the 17th day of August, 1773, they also conveyed to their son Abraham — the grandfather of the President — two hundred and ten acres of this same tract, each conveyance being made for a nominal consideration only,—"five shillings current money of Virginia."* It may be noted that the elder John Lincoln, as well as his sons, all spelt and wrote their name "Lincoln," and in no instance do these documents disclose any other method of spelling.

At what time did Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of the President, remove from Virginia to Kentucky? Messrs. Nicolay and Hay fix the date as 1780. The date of the land warrants to Abraham Lincoln, the 4th of March, 1780, and the subsequent entries of the land in Kentucky thereunder certainly confirm the time of his leaving Virginia as being as early as 1780, but the statement by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay "that he took his wife and five children with him" at this time is not borne out by record evidence in Rockingham county. There is still in existence the original deed from Abraham Lincoln and Bersheba,† his wife, to one Michael Shanks, dated the 18th of February, 1780, whereby, "in consideration of the sum of five thousand pounds current money of Virginia in hand paid," they granted and conveyed to Shanks a tract of two hundred and fifty acres, consisting of the two hundred acres received from John Lincoln, his father, and another tract of about forty acres obtained from one Munsey. There can scarcely be any reasonable doubt that this was the sale of Abraham Lincoln's real estate preparatory to his emigration to Kentucky. The deed was recorded on the 17th of June, 1780, but without the privy examination of "Bersheba," his wife, attached to the transfer. Consequently, in order to remedy this defect in the conveyance, there was issued on the 8th of September, 1781, by the county court of Rockingham, a commission of privy examination of his wife "Bersheba," "she being unable to travel to our said county court of Rockingham to be privily examined apart from her husband whether she is willing to relinquish her right of dower in the land in the said deed mentioned, as the law in that case directs." This commission was executed by the commissioners named therein

* The rest of the original six hundred acres remained vested in John Lincoln until the date of his death in 1792, when it was conveyed by his executor to his son Jacob Lincoln. The executor's deed as well as the will of John Lincoln were destroyed during the war by the burning of the records of the county.

† It appears from these documents that Lincoln's great-grandmother was named "Rebeckah" and his grandmother "Bersheba."



SIGNATURES OF THE GRANDPARENTS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

on the 24th of September, 1781, returned to the county court, and recorded the same day; and the acknowledgment of "Bersheba Lincoln," grandmother of Abraham Lincoln, that she "had signed the said deed of her own free will, without any threats, force, or compulsion of her said husband, was complete," and with it, doubtless, passed all remaining material interest of the President's grandparents in Virginia. Lincoln himself states that his grandfather settled in Kentucky about 1782, and this privy examination certainly shows that his grandmother was still in Virginia as late as September 24, 1781.

If Abraham Lincoln the pioneer removed to Kentucky prior to this date — September, 1781 — his wife did not accompany him, and it may be reasonably supposed, considering the difficulties and dangers attending travel at that time, that his wife and children did not migrate until the spring following. Nor is it improbable that Abraham Lincoln, having already visited Kentucky on a prospecting trip, and selected his new home, returned to Virginia to carry back with him his wife and children.

John T. Harris, Jr.

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA.

The following letters from Lincoln on the subject of his family, which Mr. Lamon refers to in his life of Lincoln as having been destroyed during the war, have been since discovered, and for the first time are given to the public. They are addressed to David Lincoln, the son of Jacob Lincoln, a brother of Lincoln's grandfather, who remained in Virginia, and the originals are now owned and highly prized by Abraham Lincoln, a son of David Lincoln, a much-respected citizen of Rockingham county, Virginia, to whose courtesy we are indebted for their publication.

J. T. H., Jr.

WASHINGTON, March 24, 1848.

MR. DAVID LINCOLN.

DEAR SIR: Your very worthy representative, Governor McDowell, has given me your name and address, and as my father was born in Rockingham, from whence his father, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated to Kentucky about the year 1782, I have concluded to address you to ascertain whether we are not of the same family. I shall be much obliged, if you will write me, telling me whether you, in any way, know anything of my grandfather, what relation you are to him, and so on. Also if you know where your family came from, when they settled in Virginia, tracing them back as far as your knowledge extends. Very respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Last evening I was much gratified by receiving and reading your letter of the 30th of March. There is no longer any doubt that your uncle Abraham and my grandfather was the same man. His family did reside in Washington county, Kentucky, just as you say you found them in 1801 or 2. The oldest son, Uncle Mordecai, near twenty years ago removed from Kentucky to Hancock county, Illinois, where, within a year or two afterwards, he died, and where his surviving children now live. His two sons there now are Abraham and Mordecai; and their post-office is "La Harp." Uncle Josiah, farther back than my recollection, went from Kentucky to Blue River in Indiana. I have not heard from him in a great many years, and whether he is still living I cannot say. My recollection of what I have heard is, that he has several daughters and only one son — Thomas. Their post-office is Corydon, Harrison county, Indiana.

My father, Thomas, is still living, in Coles county, Illinois, being in the seventy-first year of his age. His post-office is Charleston, Coles county, Illinois. I am his only child. I am now in my fortieth year; and I live in Springfield, Sangamon county, Illinois. This is the outline of my grandfather's family in the West.

I think my father has told me that grandfather had four brothers, Isaac, Jacob, John, and Thomas. Is that correct? and which of them was your father? Are any of them alive? I am quite sure that Isaac resided on Wataga, near a point where Virginia and Tennessee join; and that he has been dead more than twenty, perhaps thirty, years. Also, that Thomas removed to Kentucky, near Lexington, where he died a good while ago.

What was your grandfather's Christian name? Was he, or not, a Quaker? About what *time* did he emigrate from Berks county, Pa., to Virginia? Do you know anything of your family (or rather, I may now say, *our* family) farther back than your grandfather?

If it be not too much trouble to you, I shall be much pleased to hear from you again. Be assured I will call on you, should anything ever bring me near you. I shall give your respects to Governor McDowell, as you desire. Very truly yours,

A. LINCOLN.

[Since the November number of THE CENTURY was printed, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay have become possessed of information which goes to show that John Lincoln, the President's great-grandfather, sold his property in Pennsylvania in 1748, and moved to Virginia about 1750.—EDITOR.]

Notes on Village Improvement.

THE first step in village improvement should be to promote its healthfulness. It is a very poor sort of improvement which occupies itself with laying out walks and smoothing door-yards and lawns, and planting trees and preparing flower-beds, while it leaves the air around the dwellings to be polluted by the noxious effluvia arising from a neighboring drain or from foul substances left upon the surface of the ground for lack of any proper provision for their disposal, or which leaves households to depend for the water which they use upon wells situated so near to barn-yards or cess-pools that they may be contaminated by them. It is a cleansing of the outside of the cup and platter, while within it may be full of all uncleanness.

A committee should be appointed, composed of energetic and capable persons who shall examine the entire village or town district, to see where the laws of health are infringed, and then to institute the proper correctives and safeguards, remembering that what endangers the health and life of one household threatens to some extent the health and life of the whole community. Having attended to what lie deeper than the surface, health and life itself, heed may then properly be given to those

things which are upon the surface, such as streets, walks, trees, lawns, the disposal of grounds, and a hundred other things of more or less importance.

Village improvement is sometimes village misimprovement. The first impulse of many organizations for the former purpose is to straighten streets, to level elevations, to plant in rigid lines, to cut everything after a geometrical pattern, to make the architecture of buildings follow, so far as possible, one model, and this they call improvement. When their taste has become further developed, it begins to dawn upon them that in proportion as they have made their paths straight they have lost the peculiar charm of the village without gaining the advantages of the town.

Many of our villages are threaded by sparkling streams which necessitate bridges for their passage; but this is no reason why these bridges should be the positive disfigurements of the landscape which they so often are.

In regard to the planting of trees in village streets much might be said. This is, probably, one of the first things thought of and undertaken by Village Improvement Societies. This is well. And perhaps it may be said that every tree thus planted is a positive gain both in regard to appearance and comfort. But there is often so little care taken in planting trees or in their subsequent management, that we get many sickly and imperfect specimens where we should have noble and stately growths. Here it is emphatically true that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Then we make the mistake of limiting ourselves to a very few species of trees, when we have an almost countless variety from which to choose. No other country is so rich in the variety and beauty of its trees as ours. Yet we have restricted ourselves in street-planting for the most part to the elms and maples. Why should we not make use of the ash, the birches, the beech, the basswood or linden, the locust, the chestnut, the hickory, the sycamore, the magnificent tulip-tree, the cypress, the larch, with the cedars and other evergreens, not to speak of the many other trees by a wise selection from which we may secure endlessly varied effects of form and color?

In planting about our dwellings, care should be taken not to plant many trees, nor so near our houses as to overshadow them or prevent light and air from having free access to them. Trees are good and greatly to be desired, but we must not allow them to shut away from us the sunlight. The fountain of light is also the fountain of life. Sunshine is absolutely essential to healthy life and growth, whether animal or vegetable. Bright green turf with a few low-growing trees or shrubs are better near a dwelling than a growth of forest trees.

N. H. Egleston.

Young Men and the War Issues.

THE growing disposition on the part of political orators and on the part of the press to be careful not to give offense in their references to the war partly explains why so liberal and patriotic a feeling is gradually spreading. One reason why politicians have changed their course, outside of the result of the many essays, etc., calling for a burial of dead issues, is the fact that each succeeding year brings to the front a host of young men who for the first time take up the mantle of citizenship. They are young men who have never known a divided country, whose only knowledge of the war is gained from history; who have never known and can never appreciate (unless they experience them later) the deep passions that could sever even the ties of blood, and place brother against brother, father against son, on the dreaded battle-field. These young men in studying history read of Washington and his band, and the spirit that actuated them, before they reached the story of the Civil War. The story of the original struggle for independence is just as fresh to them as is the incomplete narrative of the Civil War. When they turned the first page of history they found the States a Union, and when they reached the last page they found that Union still intact. These young men know only one country, without sections; they are looking forward, not back; they demand that the "bloody shirt" and all it once covered shall be buried, and that at once, or they will renounce the party that waves it as an enemy of its country. Political leaders realize this, and in catering to the young vote, which though still in the minority will soon be the majority, are obliged to resort to new themes, and abandon the planks that have served them so long at the country's expense. The men whose passionate fires of sectional hate will only be extinguished by death itself will soon be in a hopeless minority, if they are not so already, and the story that has fanned the flame in their hearts for so long will not suffice for coming voters, North or South; and consequently, is it not reasonable to expect that with the absence of the so-called issues from their accustomed places the spirit that seems to exist, slight though it may be, in consequence of their presence, will soon entirely die out? The social evils of the South arising from the unsettled state of the country at the close of the war and from the process of reconstruction we have ample evidences are fast giving way before the earnest appeals of gifted writers, and to them let all credit be given. But give to the young men of the country, North and South, credit for forcing from our politics many, and soon all, of the issues arising from the war.

A Young Voter.

The Poetic Outlook in America.

THERE seems to be a wider diffusion of the literary art in America than of any other. The number of good if not of great story-writers yearly increases, and so does the number of writers of good if not of great poetry. When Heaven gives us our next great poet, we may be slow to recognize his Pegasus, and will probably waste no little time in looking the gift-horse in the mouth. With so much good poetry being written all the time, the great poet runs, perhaps, more danger than ever of being snugly tucked into his last bed before the day of his "recognition."

Until a poet has become a convention the official critic will surely misprize him. Keats while alive forms no part of England's conventional literary glory. A reviewer, unless through personal acquaintance or some such chance, would not think of mentioning the living Keats as a name belonging to the roll of England's greatest men. The poor boy dies; Shelley and others take up his memory; generations of com

parison and appreciation do their work, and then, "the great poets of that time were Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats; — when will England again possess such a galaxy!" The despisal of the living goes on, till one day, thanks to longevity, the living Browning and Tennyson are fully acknowledged. We look backward or forward for the great novelist, poet, artist,— he who dares to find contemporary greatness is regarded as partisan or fool. And yet just fame has not always waited upon dissolution, and a little over-rating of the living is less dangerous than the cynical tone which discourages and robs of the necessary opportunity.

We are no friends of indiscriminate adulation and misplaced encouragement. But think for a moment of the deadening indifference which in these days the poet has to overcome. The modern rush for gold is remorseless; drawn on with it are many minds who think themselves outside the pressure. The poetical mood and accomplishment are apt to be looked upon in modern society as an impertinence or a weakness. Plastic art, though often ill rewarded, is fashionable in at least some of its forms; but poetry — we mean the essential thing, not the pretty printed books which contain it — will not decorate a wall; therefore the æsthetic discussions of our day turn largely on the relative merits of etchings, rugs, or vases, on the latest prize picture or newest statue, but much more rarely on the merits of the latest poem. The only form of literary art which society cares to discuss is the novel. We do not begrudge the novel the attention it attracts; we merely note the fact that while poetry is praised as perhaps the highest form of art, its serious votary is very apt to be regarded by the world at large, just so far as he is able to be entirely faithful to his calling and ideal,— giving up everything else for that one thing,— as a being of inferior character and intelligence.

We blame the world at large for its indifference; but what example is set in this regard by those who really are lovers of poetry and sincere devotees of the beautiful?

Are these last alert for the evidences of literary talent among the men and women of their own day? In fiction, yes; but we are pleading now for poetry. Are we not, all of us, the public and the literary classes as well, apt to be indifferent, ungrateful, cynical? The "genius," when he comes, you say, will need no coddling. But have we no duties? no desire to be "right on the record"? Is it not too much to expect that a poet should be forever "mouthing toward the waste"? Joseph Jefferson says that an actor actually gets some real emanation from an audience which enables him to sustain the nervous strain of acting. Is it not so with every artist? Do we want to be among those who let slip out of the world a Keats and a Lanier, without the meed of appreciation to which they were most justly entitled?

To our thinking the poetic outlook in America is encouraging. There are scores of men and women who are capable of writing now and then poems far above the average. Almost too many, indeed, write verses well,— too many only because attention is thus distracted from the lesser number who are destined to pursue the art to the furthest limit of their capacity. We do not speak now merely of those who have published books and attained reputations within a short time past, such as Edith Thomas, Egan, Thompson, Riley, Sill, Bunner, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Cone, Abbey, Boyle O'Reilley, Lathrop, Miss Bates, Fawcett, Miss Lazarus, DeKay, Miss Guiney, Arlo Bates, but of still others who have not yet printed a single volume. Magazine readers have had the opportunity of becoming familiar with the lyrics of John Vance Cheney which have lately passed into a more serious tone; with the deeply imaginative and growingly artistic verses of Robert Burns Wilson; with the sonnets of W. P. Foster, which for grandeur of thought and language compare not disastrously with the best written in this century; with the musical and often profound note of James T. McKay. All that we have named — and it would not be difficult to extend the catalogue — (Montgomery, Henderson, Tooker, Sherman, etc.) are poem-writers of proved capacity. Some of them assuredly have "the makings" of as genuine poets as America has yet produced; whether they will attain to the height of their hopes and capabilities rests largely with their own consciences, but partly depends also upon their opportunities and the sympathy they shall receive from their fellow-countrymen,— from their contemporaries rather than from posterity.

We are confirmed in our opinion as to the wide distribution of poetic capacity in America by the large number of poetic books recently published, and by the excellence of much of the work. To one who for the first time should meet with the poems of their respective authors, in the latest volumes recently issued, bearing the names of Julia C. R. Dorr, Elizabeth Akers, Celia Thaxter, Mary Bradley, Margaret J. Preston, Nora Perry, and H. H., we can imagine how strong would be the general impression of lyrical ability, propriety of diction, and dignity and sincerity of thought, —with here and there a note of startling intensity and beauty. Each volume would, of course, show a separate individuality,— traits that we need not dwell upon here, so well are they known to students of recent American literature. In the books just mentioned, how little is there of triviality,— how just and pure is the view of life; how much there is of freshly told, homely human experience; how much of spirituality. The unforgettable "Birthday" poem of Mrs. Akers on the dead child who still grows yearly by its mother's side; the late H. H.'s calm, heroic outlook into eternity,— such poems as these lift themselves from a level which is far from being uniformly commonplace.

In a volume as unpretending as Henry Abbey's "Poems" (containing all his works), where one may not always, though he will sometimes, be interested in the versified story, one comes upon such a notable piece of mixed sentiment and description as "Recompense," and such a perfect lyric as "Donald"; while in a first book, half prose, half verse, "The Saunterer," by Charles Goodrich Whiting, the reader finds, here and there, a vigorous and imaginative lyric, like that on "The Eagle's Fall," and as tender a lament as that "For Ronald in his Grave." Whoever reads "The Saunterer," let him not omit "The Girls of Bethany," "Summer Thefts," "Home," "What More"— poems as true in feeling as in form.

Among other recent first books of poetry is James Herbert Morse's "Summer Haven Songs," a title singularly descriptive of the subject and tone of the collection: here we find the reflection, as in a country

brook, of a refined, scholarly, cheerful, nature-loving mind. Another first book, with an accurately descriptive title, is Margaret Deland's "The Old Garden," a book to which the generally misapplied term of "quaint" may fitly and with praise be applied. Like the old shawls in the poet's attic, there is here

> "The scent of cedern chest . . .
> And ling'ring sweetness of dried lavender,
> Or pale pressed rose-leaves."

If this were a review of all the recent American books of poetry which deserve attention, something should be said of the lighter touch, often most happily successful, of Clinton Scollard, Oscar Fay Adams, and Samuel Minturn Peck. But without further reference to these, or anything more than a reference to the latest volumes of the veteran Whittier and the younger veteran Cranch, we prefer to close this sketch with especial mention of two anonymous books of verse which have recently appeared, so far as we are aware, with little or no heralding. The author of "The Heart of the Weed" writes sonnets that are not dull: that itself is something; but to write sonnets so genuine in feeling and with such firmness and purity of expression, that tell the impersonal story of a woman's heart so freshly, so poetically,— this is to make a real addition to the literature of the emotions. (Read "Grief," "I'd Give Release," "A Prisoned Bird," "Song," p. 34, "I give Thee Naught," "A Year," "Return," "To ——," p. 56.) Entirely different, more imitative, more immature in its grasp of life, but with a marvelous lyrical sense and at times an astounding imagination and passion, is the poetry of the anonymous author of "Sylvian and other Poems." Surely the author, among the "other poems," of "To One having a Talent for Music," "Love Unspoken," "Written at the End of a Book," and "Mary, the Mother, sits on a Hill," has already done enough to win the gratitude of all who have the *flair* for the real thing in poetry. But the chief interest in "John Philip Varley" (the name that goes with "Sylvian") is his promise. If we may assume that the author is young, then all his volatility and imitativeness may be forgiven, for the virility and music of his verse.

We have not attempted to criticise, but rather to furnish data in proof of the statement as to the present extraordinary diffusion of the poetic talent in this country.

Many books of verse issue from the press in which there is scarce a notable stanza from cover to cover. But though all the writers noted here are by no means on a plane of ability, though some of the collections mentioned are extremely unequal in quality, we have named not a single writer whose work does not somewhere show an artistic sense. It is not, of course, necessary that poetry should be great in order to be good; there is, we hold, a vast amount of good at this time. How much, if any, of current verse is likely ever to be ranked as a permanent part of our literature it is not possible to determine. But the sentiment and workmanship of casual verse is improving; certain individuals among the younger writers rise into a high region of thought and expression; and a smaller number, still, give unusual promise of distinguished future performance.

* * *

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Applied Astronomy.

HE took me out to see the stars,
That astronomic bore;
He said there were two moons near Mars,
While Jupiter had four.

I thought of course he'd whisper soon
What fourfold bliss 'twould be
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,
I was convinced he'd say
That was the very kind of thing
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went
To double stars. Now that
Was most suggestive, so content
And quite absorbed I sat.

But no, he talked a dreary mess,
Of which the only fraction
That caught my fancy, I confess,
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer
And stupid altogether,
For stars to keep so very near,
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled, and turned his head;
I thought he'd caught the notion.
He merely bowed good-night and said,
Their safety lay in motion.

Esther B. Tiffany.

An Epitaph.

A LADY (who will doubt her home?)
Whose blood was Bay State's bluest,
Once near St. Botolph's town did roam
Among its suburbs newest.

Beside the way she saw a stone—
Small, neat, of plainest granite;
And on one side, with moss o'ergrown,
A lettering: thus ran it—

"I M FROM BOSTON"—"Ah!" she cried,
"What more could he desire
When, after Boston's joys, he died
And went up one step higher.

"A traveler lies here at rest
Who life's rough ocean tossed on;
His many virtues all expressed
Thus simply—'I'M FROM BOSTON.'"

Charles E. Whittemore.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

GRAVITY is a weak imposture; wise men never use it, fools don't know how to.

A WISE man believes as much as he can, a fool as little.

RADICALISM is the beginning of decay, Conservatism is the end of it.

WE stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.

IT is the little things that are the most wonderful and difficult; it is possible for human enterprise to make a mountain, but impossible for it to make an oyster.

THERE is nothing so necessary as necessity; without it, mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.

THE heart gets weary, but never gets old.

IF a man is right, he can't be too radical; if wrong, he can't be too conservative.

THE silent man may be overlooked now, but he will get a hearing by and by.

METHOD and dispatch govern the world.

YOU can outlive a slander in half the time you can outargue it.

Uncle Esek.

On a Hymn Book.

OLD hymn book, sure I thought I'd lost you
In the days now long gone by;
I'd forgotten where I tossed you:
Gracious! how I sigh.

In the church a thin partition
Stood between her pew and mine;
And her pious, sweet contrition
Struck me as divine.

Yes, remarkably entrancing
Was she in her sable furs;
And my eyes were always glancing
Up, old book, to hers.

Bless you, very well she knew it,
And I'm sure she liked it too;
Once she whispered, "Please don't do it,"
But her eyes said, "Do."

How to speak — to tell my passion?
How to make her think me true?
Love soon found a curious fashion,
For he spoke through you.

How I used to search your pages
For the words I wished to say;
And received my labor's wages
Every Sabbath day.

Ah, how sweet it was to hand her
You, with lines I'd marked when found!
And how well I'd understand her
When she blushed and frowned.

And one day, old book, you wriggled
From my hand and, rattling, fell
Upon the floor; and she — she giggled,
Did Miss Isabel.

Then when next we met out walking,
I was told in tearful tones
How she'd got a dreadful talking
From the Reverend Jones.

Ah me! *No* man could resist her
In those sweet and buried years,
So I think — I think I kissed her,
Just to stop her tears.

Jones I gave a good, sound chaffing;
Called his sermons dry as bones;
Soon fair Isabel was laughing —
Said she hated Jones.

It was after that I lost you,
For I needed you no more;
Somewhere — anywhere I tossed you
On a closet floor.

Reverend Samuel still preaches;
Isabel her past atones:
In his Sunday-school she teaches —
Mrs. Samuel Jones.

W. J. Henderson.

Adele aus der Ohe.

DECEMBER 23, 1886. (LISZT.)

I.

WHAT is her playing like?
'Tis like the wind in wintry northern valleys.
A dream-pause,— then it rallies
And once more bends the pine-tops, shatters
The ice-crags, whitely scatters
The spray along the paths of avalanches;
Startles the blood, and every visage blanches.

II.

Half-sleeps the wind above a swirling pool
That holds the trembling shadow of the trees;
Where waves too wildly rush to freeze
Though all the air is cool;
And hear, oh hear, while musically call
With nearer tinkling sounds, or distant roar,
Voices of fall on fall;
And now a swelling blast, that dies; and now —
no more, no more.

JANUARY 8, 1887. (CHOPIN.)

I.

Ah, what celestial art!
And can sweet thoughts become pure tone and float,
All music, into the trancèd mind and heart!
Her hand scarce stirs the singing, wiry metal,—
Hear from the wild-rose fall each perfect petal!

II.

And can we have, on earth, of heaven the whole!
Heard thoughts — the soul of inexpressible thought;
Roses of sound
That strew melodious leaves upon the silent ground;
And music that is music's very soul,
Without one touch of earth,—
Too tender, even, for sorrow, too bright for mirth.

R. W. Gilder.

To Betsey Prig.

DEAR Betsey, who with courage stout,
And attitude of firm resistance,
Expressed, erewhile, that famous doubt
Of "Mrs. Harris's" existence,—

We have our "Mrs. Harris" too.
We court her, shun her, praise her, flout her,
But oh! we are not brave like you,
We will not, cannot, dare not *doubt* her!

She's had a score of names almost.
In "teacup times" of cards and tattle
She was "the *Mode*" to Belle and Toast,
"The *Ton*" to Messrs. Froth and Rattle.

She's "Fashion," now to Beauty's eyes,
"The World" to some, to some "Propriety";
And in her most appalling guise
She boasts that awful name, "Society."

Time was, her elder lieges say,
She dwelt (or seemed to dwell) in Paris;
She "hails" from Albion's shores to-day,
Our tutelary "Mrs. Harris."

What mortal can escape her thrall?
Nurse Sairey o'er our cradle dozing
Mumbles her hated name, on all
Our helpless necks her yoke imposing.

For her we toil and plot and spend;
For her we barter health and treasure:
What does she give us at the end—
What smallest good, what poorest pleasure?

What do we gain for weary bones?
What do we get for all our giving?—
Tinsel for solid gold, and stones
For bread of wholesome human living!

Join hands, dear Betsey! Slave too long
To other men's beliefs about her,
I'll pluck up heart of grace, and strong,
Like you, I'll nobly dare to doubt her!

See! Here all fears away I fling—
I take your name to hang my verse on:
I doubt her power, her—everything!
"*I don't believe there's no sich person!*"

Robertson Trowbridge.

To a Watch-Hand.

LIKE a leaf by breezes set a-tremble,
Like a wave reflecting sparks of fire—
Little needle, your quick throbs resemble
Those that hope and fear in me inspire.

Light and fleet as lissom Atalanta,
You, swift runner, hold the winning race,
Since you never pause nor go askant a
Moment, for the golden apple's grace.

Yet I rather, seeing every second
Marked so gaily on your courier-track,
Feel myself by you drawn on and beckoned
Towards the goal of love, and turn not back.

I will follow your elastic sprinting;
Lilt away! Wherever you may lead,
There the world a disk of gold seems glinting,
Over which we course with airy speed.

So, my watch-hand, circling round the dial,
When the moment and the maid you meet,
Tell her I am near, nor can denial
Keep me longer from her presence sweet.

Tell her for me, little interceder,
Never can my heart range far away;
Back it comes to her, with you for leader,
True to her each minute of the day.

George Parsons Lathrop.

Beautiful Spring.

"A TENDER veil of green adorns the willows;
The grass is springing up in sunny places;
The ice no longer holds in chains the billows;
The violets soon will show their modest faces.
Oh Spring, fair Spring, we hasten forth to greet thee,
Our frost-bound hearts throb with fresh joy to meet thee."

Thus wrote the Poet, and he read it over—
Being quite young—with modest approbation,
Gazing across a field of (last year's) clover,
And exercising his imagination.
And being caught by several April showers,
He only murmured something of "May flowers."

But the next morning, with a north wind blowing,
And leaden skies above, he changed his ditty.
"No!" growled he, "I will *not* look how it's snowing!
Pull down the blind, if you've a spark of pity.
Stir up the fire, and make it kindle faster;
And *will* you mix me that red-pepper plaster?

"If anything could start my circulation,
'Twould be that Pilgrim Father's business, surely.
To think they undertook to found a nation,
And counted on its future so securely,
After they'd seen—no, it was *not* sublime—it
Was idiotic, settling in this climate!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

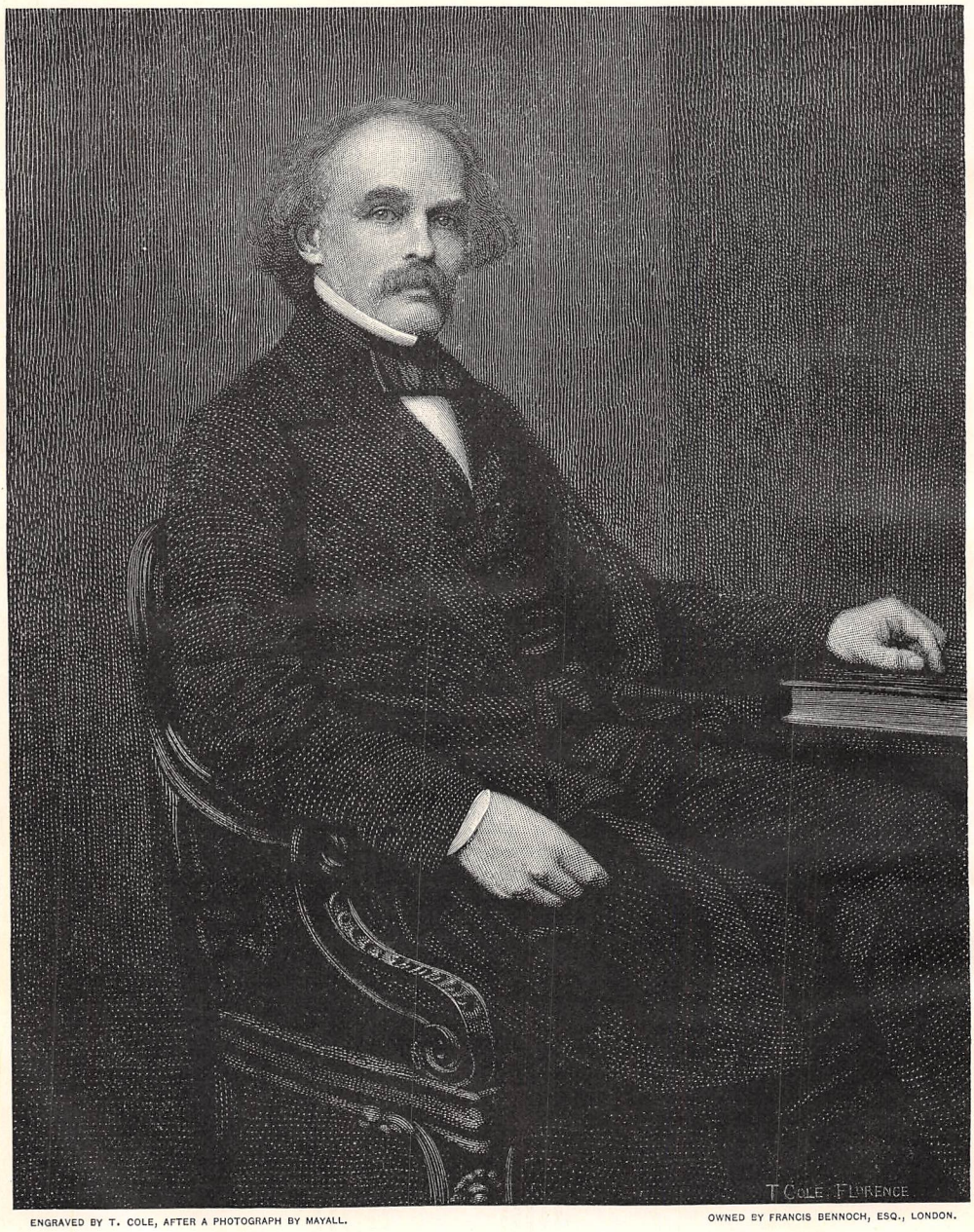
A Sign of Spring.

THE frozen brooks refuse to flow;
The air is filled with flying snow,
In sudden showers:
Yet something tells me Spring is near,
Sweet Spring, who brings the waiting year
Its birds and flowers.

'Tis not that I have faintly heard
An echo from some singing bird,
Adown the gale;
Nor in the leafless woods have found,
Half hidden in the icy ground,
One blossom pale:

No, something fairer proves the birth
Of sunny days, a sign that's worth
A Herrick's sonnet.
'Tis Delia with a charming frown,
In doubt just how to trim the crown
Of her Spring bonnet.

Dudley C. Hasbrouck.



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Nath' Hawthorne

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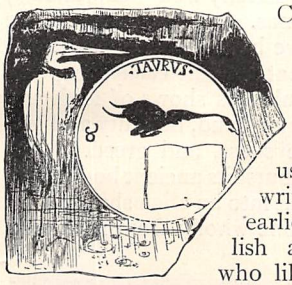
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



CANTERBURY'S cathedral church has known much rebuilding, and to-day it is not one of those which give us our most broadly written lessons in the earlier history of English art. The student who likes to understand as well as see will be wise if he looks at it only after he has looked elsewhere — at Durham, for example, at Ely, Peterborough, Norwich. But the existing fabric of a cathedral which has a history of some dozen centuries is not its only claim upon our retrospective thought; and when we weigh all claims together, it is impossible not to speak first of that cathedral which is the mother church of England by a double title,— by the right of earliest birth and by that of constant rule.

I.

CHAUCER'S merry company, intent "the holy blisful martir for to seeke," made their start in that month of April whose delights their poet never tired of singing. But the modern pilgrim, thinking less than they of winter's mud or summer's dust, is most fortunate upon an August day; for it is always worth while to see the best of anything terrestrial, and a Kentish hop-garden in full growth is the fairest thing in the way of a useful crop that the earth produces.

A London start is made by the Victoria Station and the train "for Chatham and Dover"— prosaic words, suggestive less of Canterbury than of Calais and the Channel's woes. Yet for a long distance the modern path of iron lies practically parallel with the old white high-road. We only make an intermediate stop at Chatham, and if its name has no ancient savor and its importance is in truth bound up with that of modern naval warfare, yet it soon shows as but a suburb of hoary episcopal Rochester, and the eye embraces almost in a single glance the cathedral founded in the seventh century, the castle built for the men-at-arms of Henry II., and the dockyards where Queen Victoria's iron-clads are at home.

It is always so in this delectably little land. Everywhere the same *mise-en-scène* has served for the playing out of various dramas and is still in use to-day. The soil is everywhere rich with buried history and set thick with the artistic relics of all eras, and the air is never free from puissant memories. Britain among the lands is as Rome among the cities: the story of any one of her districts is as difficult to tell in brief as the story of any Roman site. Rarely indeed can we say: For *this* reason is this spot of interest. There are usually a score of reasons, a dozen interests of successive date. And we often come upon historic repetitions of so happy a sort that they seem to have been planned by some great cosmic playwright in the interests of artistic unity, dramatic point, and concentration. There were, for instance, many spots along the coast where St. Augustine might have landed when he was on his way to Canterbury and the court of Ethelbert. But the spot where he did land chanced to be at the mouth of the Thames, on the Isle of Thanet — coming to convert the heathen English and following by a picturesque coincidence in the steps of their earliest band of settlers.

II.

VERY charming to the outer eye, Canterbury is no less pleasing to the eye of sentiment; for sentiment, as I conceive it (at least where the tourist is in question), means some-

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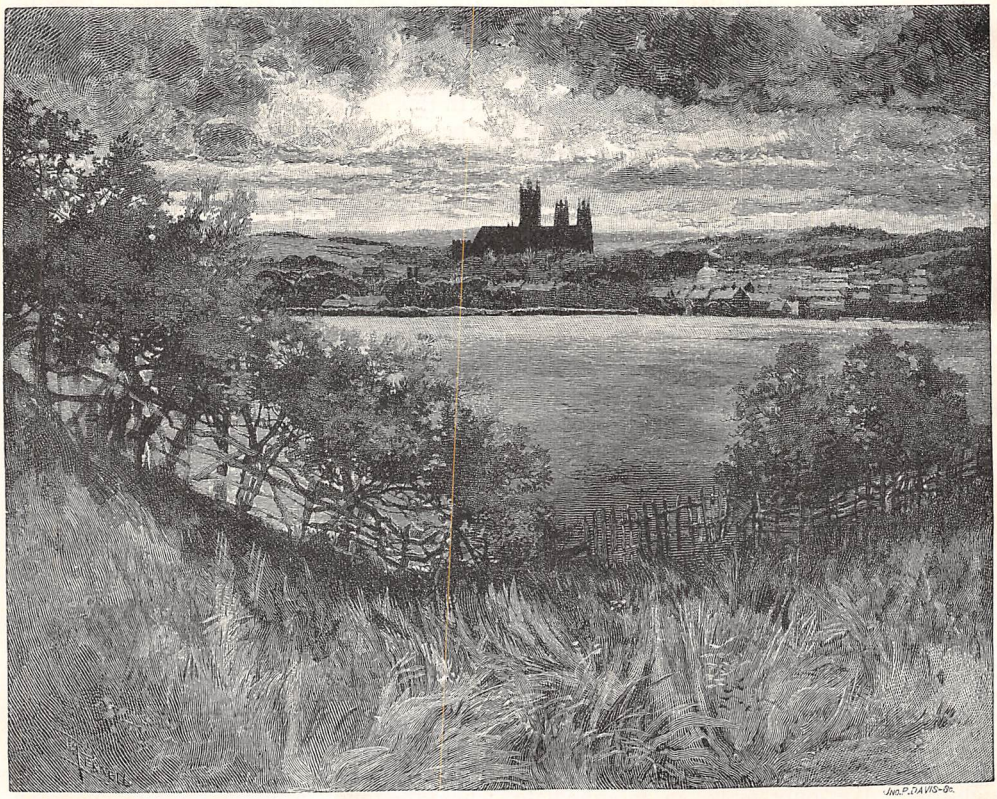
thing close akin to the love of symbolism. What it asks is correspondence between body and spirit — between things tangible and visible and things dictated by memory and imagination. If a town does not look as it looked of old, and if its aspect fails to tally with that special aspect the fancy has been led to lend it, we are sentimentally outraged — alas, how often! — as by the breaking of a tacit promise. But Canterbury keeps all its tacit promises with singular fidelity.

From a distance it seems scarce a town at all — rather a great solitary church standing on a slight elevation and backed by higher hills. And a modest town it is in fact, low-roofed and narrow-bordered, with no touch of municipal dignity and no evidence of private wealth; breathing a breath of almost country air, and basking sleepily in a mood of almost rural quiet, resting meekly at the foot of its mighty church, guarding tenderly the ruins of its great monastic houses.

But all this is no disappointment; for the greatness of Canterbury was not material but spiritual — or, if I were to seek the truest word, I might say *emblematic*. Her fame is the fame of the great men who, taking their title from her, went out of her gates to help or hinder kings and parliaments in their rule of the land. And the authority delegated to them stood not upon wealth or arms or civic strength but upon ecclesiastical might. So it is fitting she should have been small and modest in street and square — great and beautiful only in the body of that splendid temple which expresses all there ever was of her truest self.

In mediæval days her walls were complete, of course; the Conqueror's castle, now a wreck, was haughtily conspicuous; and sleepiness was certainly not her mood — what with the sumptuous living and parading of bishop and abbot and priest and knight, and the bloody wranglings of each with the others; what with the pulsing of that vast pilgrim-tide which from every English shire and every Christian country brought its motley myriads to the wonder-working (and wonderfully well "exploited") shrine of St. Thomas. But nevertheless the city itself must have been so nearly the same in general effect that we can easily people it anew with its tumultuous shows of faith and superstition, force and fraud, humility and luxury, pride, licentiousness, and greed. Modern growth has not burst its ancient body asunder and re-worked it into an alien shape. Nor has modern life gone wholly from its streets



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

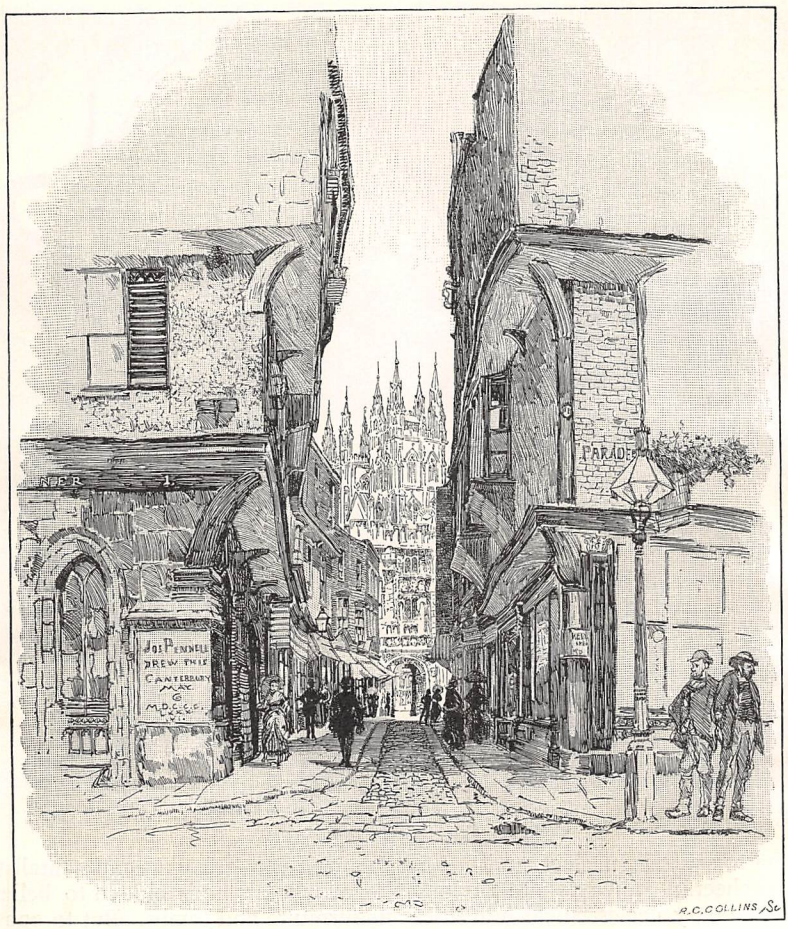
THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, AT SUNSET.

and left them to solitude, neglect, and death. Canterbury is cheerfully alive despite the long cessation of the busy ecclesiastical industries of old; not dead but merely dozing in a peace unbroken by the rushing traffic of to-day.

III.

I HAVE called the cathedral the mother church of England, but in one sense the term is still better deserved by little St. Martin's on the eastward hill. Look narrowly at these ancient walls and you will see embedded in their substance fragments more ancient still, fragments of Roman bricks, which tell that at the close of the sixth century, when the first missionaries to the English landed, there stood on this same site a tiny British church. Somehow it had weathered the storms of pagan years and now was the private oratory of Ethelbert's queen — that Bertha who was already a Christian when she left her Paris home. Here St. Augustine held his first service beneath an island roof, and here he baptized his first convert, King Ethelbert himself.

The church, though very old, has certainly been rebuilt since the sixth century; and only the most easy-going of sentimentalists will believe quite all he is bidden to believe about its furniture and tombs. But to one disinherited of gray memorials by the accident of birth across the sea, it is interesting enough merely to stand upon a spot where such tales can be told with such color of likelihood. And then little St. Martin's, which represents the first tiny rootlet of English Christianity, gives him from beneath its low ivied tower and dusky churchyard yews his best first point of outlook toward that greater church which typifies the full-grown tree. Hence he may gaze over the whole beautiful green valley of the Stour to its far-off western hills; may trace the path where from this first tentative station the first missionary passed, as consecrated primate, with banner and silver cross and pomp of singing down to the royal town; and may see this town in the center of the picture, on its outskirts the remains of the great suburban monastery founded by St. Augustine and named for him, and in the midst of the town the cathedral which he called "Christ Church" uplifting its gigantic tower and showing in the mere spread of its transepts a length so great that one is easily cheated into thinking it the



MERCERY LANE.

spread of nave and choir instead. If we could see but a single English landscape we might well choose this; and if we could select but a single hour it might best be from one of those summer afternoons when the witchery of sloping light enhances the charms of color and form, and shines through the perforations of far-off pinnacle and parapet until their stone looks like lace against the sky and their outlines seem to waver in harmony with the lines of cloud above.

IV.

BUT when we come back to earth again, descend to the valley level, and go to take nearer survey of the church itself, then we had best approach it through that narrow Mercery Lane which Mr. Pennell pictures.* It took its title from the arcades of booths where mementos of pilgrimage were bartered for such pounds or pence as might remain when St. Thomas had secured his tribute, and was always, as to-day, the chief path to the church. Since the early sixteenth century it opens out beneath the beautiful Perpendicular Christ Church Gateway, gives access to a broad green space that is still called the Churchyard and was once the resting-place of pilgrims claimed by death, and shows the western front and long south side of the cathedral in a perspective of lordly picturesqueness.

On this spot too as well as on the eastern hill St Augustine found a surviving British church which could be consecrated, repaired, and used anew. Practically the same as in earliest days,— a basilica imitated from old St. Peter's at Rome, without transepts, but with an apse at either end,— it seems to have done England's archbishops service until the tenth century. And thereafter — largely rebuilt and with heightened walls but still essentially the

* The house to the left stands on the spot where stood the Chequers Inn of Chaucer's time, and the old vaulted cellars still exist beneath it.

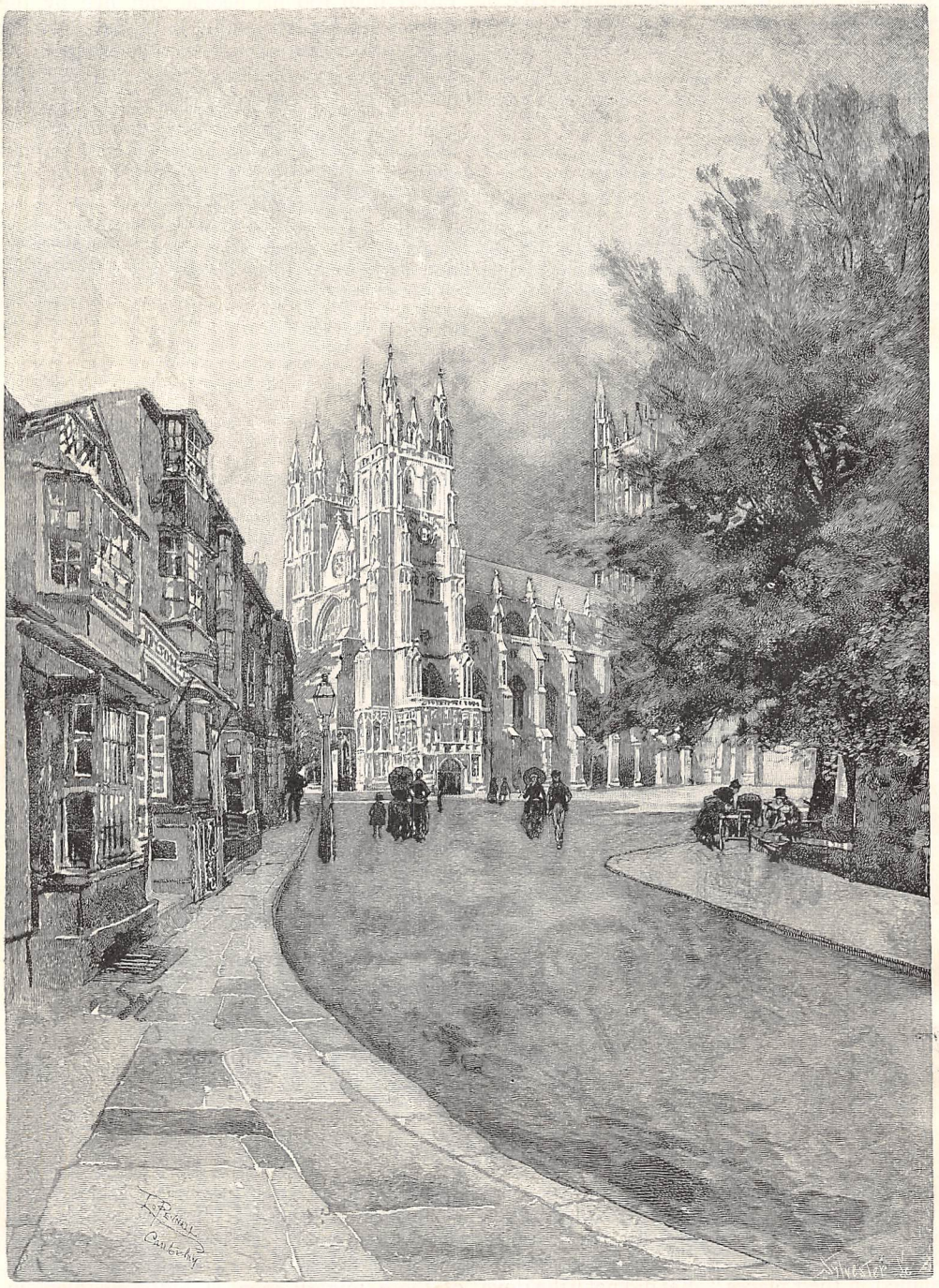
same—it housed the whole mighty race of pre-Norman primates. Hither, one chiefly cares to think, came Dunstan to begin his rule of the Church and to persist none the less in his efforts to rule the State. Here he warred alike against the princes and powers of this world and of the other, and with quite peculiar vigor against the secular clergy.

The story of all such ecclesiastical struggles is brilliantly picturesque just by virtue of its departure from what seem to us ecclesiastical modes of warfare. There is a world of suggestiveness in Dean Milman's phrase: "It was not by law but by the armed invasion of cathedral after cathedral that the married clergy were ejected and the Benedictines installed in their places." Yet did not "the dove that erst was seen of John in Jordan" hover over Dunstan in a burst of celestial light at the hour which made him primate? Was he not a visible child of heaven and a miracle-worker while alive, and a saint and a still greater miracle-worker after death? Archbishop Alphege, accepting murder from the Danes rather than rob his people and live by the gold which he knew would but bribe to further rapine and a more profuse shedding of blood—he too was canonized and wrought marvels with his bones. But the unsaintlier kind of saint seems in those days to have been thought the better advocate on high, and Dunstan ruled supreme in the local storehouse of relics till St. Thomas came to oust him from his rank.

Saint or not, however, Dunstan was a mighty artist before the Lord, working with pen and brush, in gold and silver and brass and iron, in the casting of bells, in the making of musical instruments and the making of music thereupon. Richer clay than modern Nature uses must have gone to the substance of these mighty men of old—meddlers in every department of human effort and easily masters in all. Every land seems once to have had its own deposit—was the last handful used when Michael Angelo was molded?

CHRIST CHURCH GATEWAY, FROM MERCERY LANE.

Twenty-three years after Dunstan's death happened the murder of Alphege and the sacking of the cathedral by the Danes. Ca-



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM CHRIST CHURCH GATEWAY.

nute repaired the structure as best he might, and hung up his golden crown as vicarious atonement for his countrymen's sacrilege. But the last archbishop to stand within its shattered, patched-up walls was that Stigand whose figure shows so vividly on the striking page where Mr. Freeman paints Harold struggling with the Conqueror. When William came to Harold's throne and Archbishop Lanfranc to Stigand's, Norman fires had completed what

Danish torches had begun. Lanfranc was compelled to build an entirely new church, and naturally he built it in the "new Norman manner," closely according to the pattern of St. Stephen's Church at Caen on the Norman mainland.

Only a few years later, during the primacy of Anselm, Lanfranc's choir was itself pulled down and reconstructed upon a larger scale. Ernulph (of whom we shall hear again at Peterborough) and Conrad were priors of the convent in Anselm's day and seemingly the actual architects of his choir, which was dedicated in the year 1130, Henry of England being present with David of Scotland and every bishop of the realm, and "the ceremony the most famous that had ever been heard of on earth since that of the temple of Solomon."

This was the church — Lanfranc's nave and transepts, and Anselm's choir — in which Becket was murdered. But only four years later it was damaged by a great catastrophe described by Gervase the monk in words incomparably graphic. The "glorious choir of Conrad" caught fire in the night, cinders and sparks blowing up from certain burning dwellings near at hand and getting unperceived a fatal headway between "the well-painted ceiling below and the sheet-lead covering above." But the flames at last beginning to show themselves, "a cry arose in the churchyard, '*See, see, the church is burning!*'" Valiantly worked monks and people together to save it. The nave was rescued, but the whole choir perished, and "the house of God, hitherto delightful as a paradise of pleasures, was now made a despicable heap of ashes."

Small wonder that monks and people then addressed themselves to lamentation with true mediæval fervor. They "were astonished that the Almighty should suffer such things, and maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and his saints, the patrons of the church. Neither can mind conceive or words express or writing teach their grief and anguish. Truly, that they might alleviate their miseries and anguish with a little consolation, they put together as well as they could an altar and station in the nave of the church, where they might wail and howl rather than sing the nocturnal services."

Is not the value men set upon the work of their hands but a reflex of the measure of enthusiasm they put into its making? Should we not know without further witness that an age which could lament like this must have been an age of mighty builders? And truly these Canterbury folk went mightily to work when the first spasm of rage and grief and fear was over. A French architect, William of Sens, was their first builder, and in the four years ere he was disabled by falling from a scaffold, had completed the walls of choir and presbytery and was preparing to turn their vaults. His successor — also "William by name," though "English by nation, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest" — constructed the retro-choir for Becket's shrine and the apse-like terminal chapel now known as "Becket's Crown."

The goodly work of these two Williams still stands as when they wrought it to the glory, one cannot but confess, rather of St. Thomas than of God. Lanfranc's nave and transepts, grown ruinous, were rebuilt in the fourteenth century in the earliest version of the Perpendicular manner. One of his western towers, that at the southern angle of the façade, was replaced in the middle of the fifteenth century, and some years later was built the great central tower above the crossing. As for the north tower of the west front, it survived as Lanfranc had left it until the second quarter of our own century, when, alas! it was pulled down and made to "match" its brother.

V.

To understand the cathedral as we see it now we must understand St. Thomas's posthumous part therein, and to conceive of this, the rôle that relic-worship played, more or less through many centuries and in every part of Christendom, but with especial architectural emphasis in the twelfth century and on English soil.

It is not too much to say that then and there the fame and frequentation of a church, and consequently a large part of its wealth and power, depended chiefly upon the relics it possessed or could lay plausible claim to owning. From the armed hand to the bribing ducat and the lying mouth and the secret theft, there was no device which the saintliest of ecclesiastics scorned or feared to use in his great task of enriching his church with the blood and bones and heterogeneous remains of departed sainthood. For generations St. Augustine's monastery outranked the cathedral church of Canterbury in every way save name alone, largely because, in deference to an ancient law forbidding intramural interments, the bodies of St. Augustine and his first successors had been placed in its suburban keeping. The ninth archbishop named the cathedral as his own place of sepulture confessedly on this account. His purpose was compassed by a fraud dictated from his deathbed, and was secured by his chapter's vigorous resistance when the disappointed brethren of

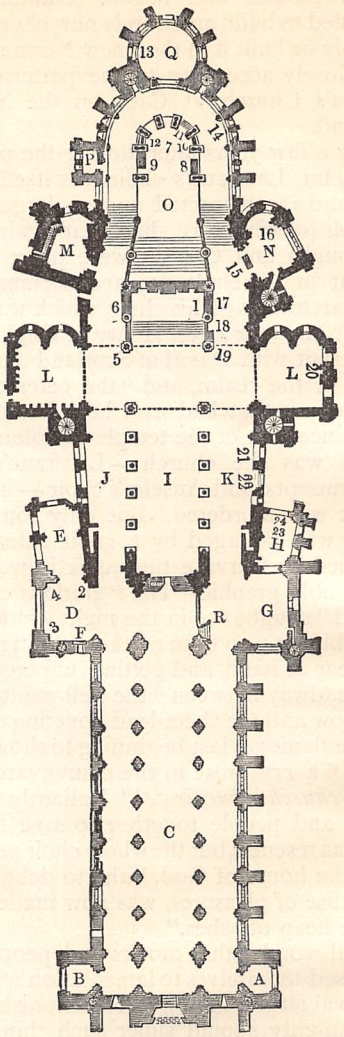
St. Augustine's came in arms to claim the corpse. But the precedent thus established held valid for the future, and with what immense profit was seen clearly when Becket went bleeding to his tomb and straightway became the most famous intercessor in all Europe.

In the earliest ages the crypt beneath the choir had been the usual place of saintly sepulture. But long before Becket's death, relic-worship had so developed that the throngs it drew together and the stately ceremonies it involved demanded statelier housing. Place was made for the saints in the choir itself, behind the high altar to the eastward. When Anselm pulled down Lanfranc's new choir simply that he might build a larger, it was undoubtedly in deference to these growing needs.

Becket himself was first buried in the crypt; but the reason and the manner of his death, and the haste, terror, and intimidation which immediately followed, were the choosers of his grave. When Anselm's choir was burned he was already canonized and world-renowned; and when it came to be rebuilt his due enshrinement was the main concern. Often hereafter we shall see how the choir of a cathedral grew to its enormous size through its ownership of some saint's dust. But nowhere is the saint's dominion so clearly petrified as at Canterbury. Nowhere does a cathedral speak so strongly of his paramount local importance or so distinctly perpetuate the peculiar details of his fate.

Rarely has so honorable a monument been decreed a mortal; and rarely has a mortal who stands so well within the borders of authentic history been so diversely judged as worthy or unworthy honor. Pure and vile he has been called — nay, is still called — with equal sincerity of emphasis; wise and foolhardy, self-immolating and self-seeking. Saint and bigot have been his names, martyr and criminal, hero and traitor, champion of liberty and would-be enslaver of king and people. Unfortunately most of our earliest ideas about him came to us as part of our Puritanical inheritance, dictated in utter oblivion of the unlikeness of his time to ours. And, still more unfortunately, the most brilliant and accessible biography which appeals to adult eyes is Mr. Froude's — one that is marked not by the somewhat excusable ignorance of the school-book but by the blindness or partisan distortions of a pen that brings to the task of the historian the methods of the prosecuting attorney.

Of course the most obvious thing to say of Becket is that he was warring against the Crown and for the Church and a foreign head of the Church; and Church against State in the England of to-day would of course mean menace to men's liberties. An archbishop who should



PLAN OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

A. South porch. C. Nave. D. Transept of the martyrdom. E. Dean's (formerly Lady) Chapel. I. Choir. L L. Minor, or eastern, transepts. M. St. Andrew's Tower. N. St. Anselm's Tower. O. Trinity Chapel. Q. The corona. 2. The spot where Becket fell. 7. Position of Becket's shrine (destroyed). 8. Monument of the Black Prince 9. Monument of Henry IV. 13. Monument of Cardinal Pole. 24. Monument of Archbishop Stephen Langton.

to-day defy the civil executive would indeed be well branded traitor. But the twelfth century was not the nineteenth nor even the sixteenth; and when its own perspective is understood it shows us Becket in a very different light. It shows that he was no saint as we count saints to-day, no churchman, or statesman of the pattern we should ask to-day, and perchance not even consciously a champion of the people while an opponent of the king; but nevertheless a great, almost an heroic, Englishman; in every way a brave man; in many things a wise man, and after current

lights a conscientious one; and, whether designedly or not, a mighty agent toward winning the long fight for English liberty. It is here his name should be enrolled, in the narrative of that long battle which began with the very birth of the English people — before the actual birth of the English nation — and by no means closed upon the scaffold of King Charles. With all its faults the Church of Becket's day was the only possible helper of the people. With all his tyrannous intentions the Bishop of Rome was just then a less dangerous shepherd than Henry the Angevin king. When we read the signature of a later archbishop on the Great Charter of freedom — when we find Stephen Langton heading the list of those who compelled King John to do the nation's will and defying at once the despotism of royalty and of Rome — it is but just to remember that Becket, defying royalty in the name of Rome, combating an adversary far more dangerous than John, had taken the first step which made Langton's step secure. A later Henry saw this truth. "Reforming" the Church less with the wish to purify religion than with the desire to extend the royal power, Henry the Eighth had St. Thomas's shrine destroyed and his body burned and his pictures obliterated and his name stricken from calendar and mass-book, more because he was a "traitor" in his eyes than because he had become a wonder-worker in the eyes of superstition. The blood of a martyr was in Becket's case the seed of power and wealth and honor to the Church, and possibly also of some more or less pious kind of piety, as well as of that frightful dissoluteness which the old poets paint as the outcome of the pilgrimages. But its greatest interest for us is as one of the germs of that splendid stock of English freedom to which Americans as well as Englishmen are the fortunate heirs. The archbishop who gave his life to uphold the standard of the Church against the standard of the king, and the Puritan who beat down king and Church together beneath the flag of liberty, had more in common than either in his day could possibly have understood.

VI.

It may be a surprise to one coming from the continent when he finds but a single little unused doorway in the west façade at Canterbury and sees the main entrance in a great porch projecting from the *southern* side of the south-western tower. In truth, however, this is its most characteristically national, most typically English station — as is proved by very many of those rural churches which, more wholly than their vaster sisters, were the outcome of local tastes and old traditions. In a great church like Canterbury great western portals are indisputably better from an architectural point of view. Yet for once we are glad to find so English a feature as the southern porch, if only because it is the single voice which speaks of the original cathedral. All that survives of a time anterior to Norman reconstruction, all that suggests the church of the British Christians, of St. Augustine and Dunstan and Alphege and Stigand, is this single witness to its plan, this perpetuator of its great "Suthdure."

Passing through it into the extreme west end, we see the great bare nave as it stood when Chaucer's pilgrims saw it clothed. The difference in effect that has been wrought by the five centuries is very great but merely superficial — a decorative, not an architectural change. I need hardly try to tell how and why all beauty save that of the stones themselves has vanished — the chartered havoc of King Henry's delegates and the lawless and thrice-ruinous destruction of Cromwell's are among the most familiar tales of history; and almost any tourist will be wise enough to take account as well of post-Reformation neglect and whitewash, and of modern "restorations." In the old days an interior like this was covered in every inch of floor and wall and ceiling with color and gold in tints that charmed the eye and figures that touched emotion, and was lighted by windows like colossal gems and tapers like innumerable stars — color and light and incense-smoke mingling together to work a tone of radiant depth and harmony. It was furnished with altars and tombs and chantries and trophies and statues and embroidered hangings, trodden by troops of gaudily clothed ecclesiastics, and filled with a never-lessening crowd of worshipers. To-day it is cold and bare and glaring, scraped to the very bone, stripped of all save the architect's first result, and empty even of facilities for occasional prayer; for at Canterbury, as in many another English church of largest size, the screened-off choir is alone put to use and the nave abandoned to the sight-seer's undevoutness. Protestantism, from an artistic point of view, is not a very successful guardian of cathedrals.

Not that the pure and strict architectural beauty which alone is left amounts to little. Tremendous indeed and exceedingly beautiful is the effect of Christ Church Cathedral when we enter, although we see on the floor level but the nave alone with a dim vista of long upper arcades and reaches of choir-ceiling over high barriers of central screen and iron aisle-gates. In certain other cathedrals these barriers to foot and eye have recently been swept away. The change is usually considered happy. But it is a question whether the immediate reali-

zation of magnitudes thus afforded is not too dearly bought. There is a mystery, an impressiveness about the old arrangement,— a mystery as of holier holies beyond the first, an impressiveness as of endless spaces extending from this space already so enormous,— a suggestion not of magnitude but of infinitude which has a potent charm. Moreover, it *is* the old arrangement. These great churches were meant to be divided, were built *not* to be seen from end to end, but part by part in slow succession. They were not parish-churches meant first of all for laymen's worship, but special places of worship for the cathedral chapter. The people were given free access to the nave and were admitted within the choir at proper times and in duly ordered streams, to gaze upon its crowning grandeurs and pay reverence to its holy sleepers. But they did not belong there, and the old screens typify the fact.

VII.

THE great peculiarity at Canterbury is not that the choir is thus protected, but that the central screen is raised on a high flight of steps which leads up from the nave and transepts. If from the balustrade of the platform thus created we look down into the north transept, we see the very spot where Becket fell and even some of the very stones that saw his fall. A piece of the pavement where his brains were scattered by the point of Hugh de Horsea's sword remained undisturbed in the fourteenth-century reconstruction, and a fragment of the eastern wall of the transept, close by the entrance to the crypt beneath the choir, against which he braced himself when the fierce hand-to-hand fight was nearly over. Opposite this is the door, also keeping some of its old stones through which he entered from the cloisters. All else of the Norman transept is gone, including the pillar supporting an upper chapel to which he clung for a moment, and the stairs by which he sought to reach the altar. But the exact situation of these last is shown by a corresponding flight that still exists in the south transept, and altogether it needs scarcely an effort to bring the whole tragedy back to mind exactly as it passed in that dim December twilight.

Few tragedies in all history or all story have been so dramatic, thrilling, grandiosely mournful as this which shows us the death if not of a saint, if not of a martyr, yet of a great leader ensnared by overconfidence, pursued by naked swords, a cursing band of royal sleuth-hounds at his throat and all his monkish friends save three in howling flight; retreating step by step and growing prouder and sterner with each, not for a moment demoralized into flight himself; fighting with voice and hand till fight showed itself in vain, and then accepting the end with noble composure and meek words of prayer, falling beneath the cruel blows so calmly that the very folds of his clothing were undisturbed. At the last it *was* almost the death of a saint and martyr, certainly the death of a brave Englishman who believed he was dying for a great and holy cause. So dramatic is the scene, so impressively and appropriately picturesque the setting, and so full the contemporary accounts which tell of it,— so accurate in description, so minute in detail, and so rich in rhetorical comment,— that while we are at Canterbury its memory almost swallows up the interest of all memories alien to it.

It has not even yet gone quite out of the popular mind, usually filled with such different matters. A shabby, grimy personage — a tramping artisan, by his bag of tools — spoke to me one morning when we found ourselves alone in the deserted nave while service went on in the choir, and after a somewhat confused preamble asked whether I could tell him the spot where Becket died —"the place where they beat him down on his knees and dashed his brains out on the stones." And he shifted his bundle as he spoke and punctuated his phrase with a sweep of the arm as impassioned and expressive if not as graceful or as purposeful as could have been De Tracy's own.

VIII.

IN almost every English cathedral it will cost you a sixpence and the writing of your name in a big book like a hotel register to penetrate within the choir; but nowhere else, save in Westminster Abbey, will your subsequent steps be so hampered as in Canterbury. Nowhere does the verger shepherd his tourist-flock so sternly or so immediately turn it out into the nave again when his poor, parrot-like, peregrinating recitative is finished. Some sort of safe-conduct — preferably a written permit from the Dean — is quite essential if you would see Canterbury's choir with aught of pleasure or of profit.

The first thing that strikes even a slightly practiced eye is the unlikeness of the choir to the usual English type either of its own date or of any other. The second pair of transepts, far to the eastward of the first, is paralleled in three or four large churches elsewhere. But instead of a long level floor, broken only by a few steps before the altar, here is a floor divided into different levels by broad successive flights, giving an unwonted air of majesty and pomp. Then the line of the great arcades and of the

THE WEST FRONT, FROM THE PATH TO HARBLEDOWN.

aisles-walls is not straight, but takes an inward trend eastward of the second transepts. An almost straight-sided space again succeeds; and then the far-off termination is neither the simple semicircular Norman apse nor the flat east end of later days. It sweeps inward as though to form the typical apse, but in the center of the curve opens out into a slender lofty chapel almost circular in plan. All these peculiarities give an individual accent and a special beauty to the work; and all have a curious historic interest.

The Norman choir so nearly perished in the great conflagration of 1174 that almost the whole interior now shows, as I have said, the work of the two Williams. But the lower portions of its outer walls survived together with two chapels, finished as stunted towers, which had projected from the curvature of the apse on either hand. The preservation of these walls and chapels necessitated that inward trend which, seeming at first a beautiful but willful device, thus really perpetuates the extent and outline of the old "glorious choir of Conrad." Then from the center of the old apse-line had projected a square chapel, dedicated to the Trinity and regarded as the church's holy of holies. On the site of this and above his first tomb in the crypt, it was thought fitting that St. Thomas should be given final sepulture. But a mere small isolated chapel would by no means serve his turn. A wide dignified open space was needed and circumambient aisles to receive a thousand feet at once. And so the church was again extended at full breadth.

There is more doubt as to the exact reason which dictated the final circular chapel. Its rightful name is *the corona;* and this name has been popularly translated to mean "Becket's Crown," in the belief that the chapel was built as a separate shrine for the scalp which was severed from his head by De Brut's fierce final blow. One cannot but believe Professor Willis — the church's great expounder — when he says there is no real authority for such an explanation, not even though one knows that the scalp was long exhibited by itself in a jeweled golden box. But it is a picturesque explanation, and if we must reject it there seems no other save that mere desire for an unusual kind of beauty which seldom swayed an architect in the days when ecclesiastical art was logically devoted to the service of definite rituals and the meeting of definite special needs.

Were this corona omitted, the termination would show the common type of post-Norman times — but as France, not England, was developing it. Here, as everywhere in the choir in fact, we see the impress of French fashions, the sign-manual of that William of Sens who must have planned the whole, though, as Gervase says, "the vengeance of God or the spite of the devil" permitted him to complete only the choir proper and the presbytery, and forced him to leave all that lay eastward of the high altar to the hand of English William. The cathedral in his own town of Sens evidently served him as a model. The style is neither Norman nor fully developed Gothic, but intermediate between the two — Transitional. But veritably English Transitional work has a very

CANTERBURY, FROM THE ROAD TO WHITSTABLE.

different accent, especially when so "advanced" as this.

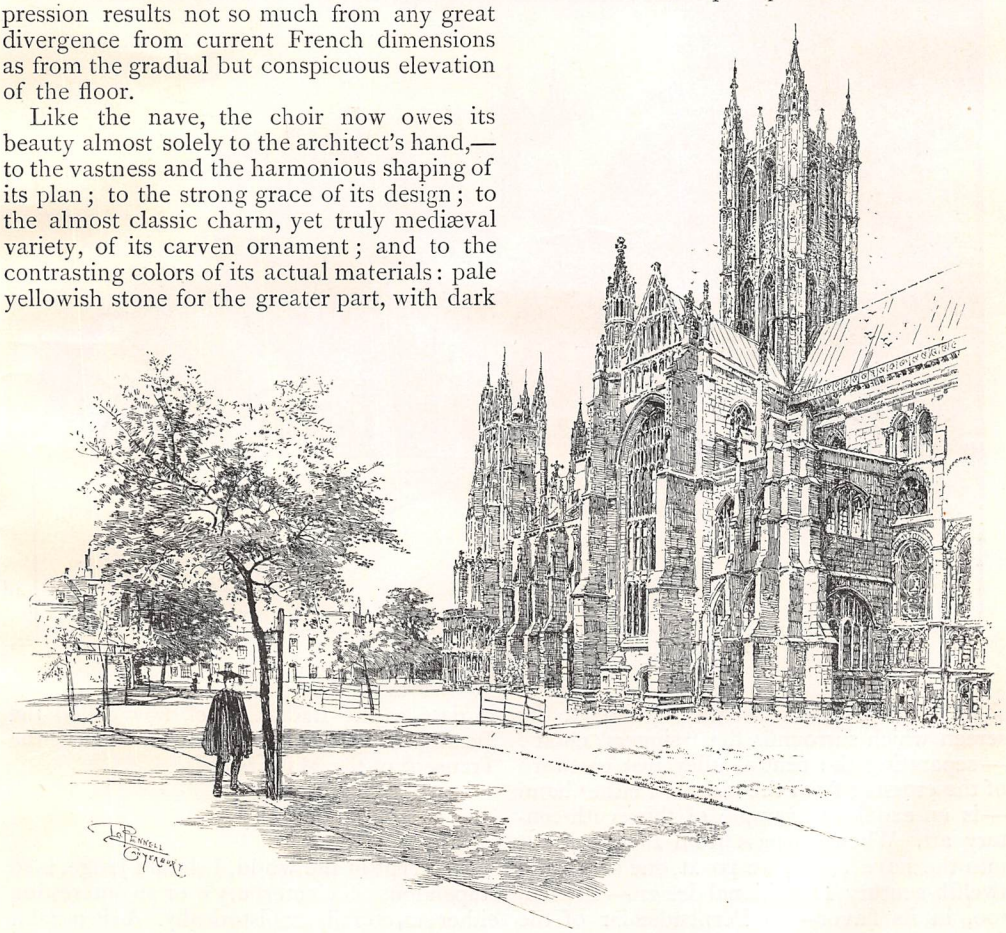
There are many conspicuous points of unlikeness, but the most conspicuous — one which influences the whole effect of the interior far more forcibly than might be thought — lies in the character of the capitals on the great piers and on all the lesser shafts that flank the windows or support the vaulting-ribs. As soon as in truly English work a capital loses its Norman form and feeling, it gets an elongated cup-like shape finished with a *round* abacus above, and is ornamented (if at all) with a peculiar blunt, curly, knotted kind of foliage. But while these Canterbury capitals are as unlike as possible to Norman types, they show no suggestion whatsoever of the new English type. They are low and broad rather than elongated; the abacus is always *rectangular;* and the beautifully rich and varied and delicate ornamentation shows forms that are distinctly continental, often palpably classic in suggestion, sometimes definitely Corinthianesque. In short, these are *French* capitals in the full sense of the word. One seldom sees their like elsewhere in England; never so profusely and consistently used as here. Even English William did not diverge in this particular from the example of his predecessor, though in certain other ways (especially when he reached the corona) his details were different — lighter and richer and more insular in accent. But the general effect of the work throughout the choir remains distinctly French. It is a work to be set in comparison with Sens and other Gallic churches of the time, and simply in contrast with those that show a similar stage of development in England. And its early date, together with its free and accomplished use of the pointed arch, are decisive proof of French precedence in the working-out of those fashions we call Gothic.

Few better examples can be found in any land of the use of the pointed arch ere it had finally driven its rival from the field. The presence of the old Norman outer walls meant the existence in the aisles of round-headed windows and arcades; and though the scheme of the two Williams relies in general upon the new device, it retains sufficient semicircles to bring the whole into perfect keeping. The great pier-arches are pointed almost throughout their line, but varied (curiously enough, far to the eastward, in the work of the second William) by two round openings on either

hand, one wider and one narrower in span. The lights of the triforium-arcade are pointed also, but grouped in twos beneath comprising semicircles; the clere-story windows are pointed once again; and the vaulting shows a wise and charming mixture of both forms. Nowhere is there any disharmony; nowhere does contrast become conflict. Even the singular break in the great main arcade between central and side alleys contents the eye more wholly than might be thought.

Two things however do strike us as characteristically English in this choir. One is its immense length and the other is the comparative lowness of its roof. But the latter impression results not so much from any great divergence from current French dimensions as from the gradual but conspicuous elevation of the floor.

Like the nave, the choir now owes its beauty almost solely to the architect's hand,—to the vastness and the harmonious shaping of its plan; to the strong grace of its design; to the almost classic charm, yet truly mediæval variety, of its carven ornament; and to the contrasting colors of its actual materials: pale yellowish stone for the greater part, with dark



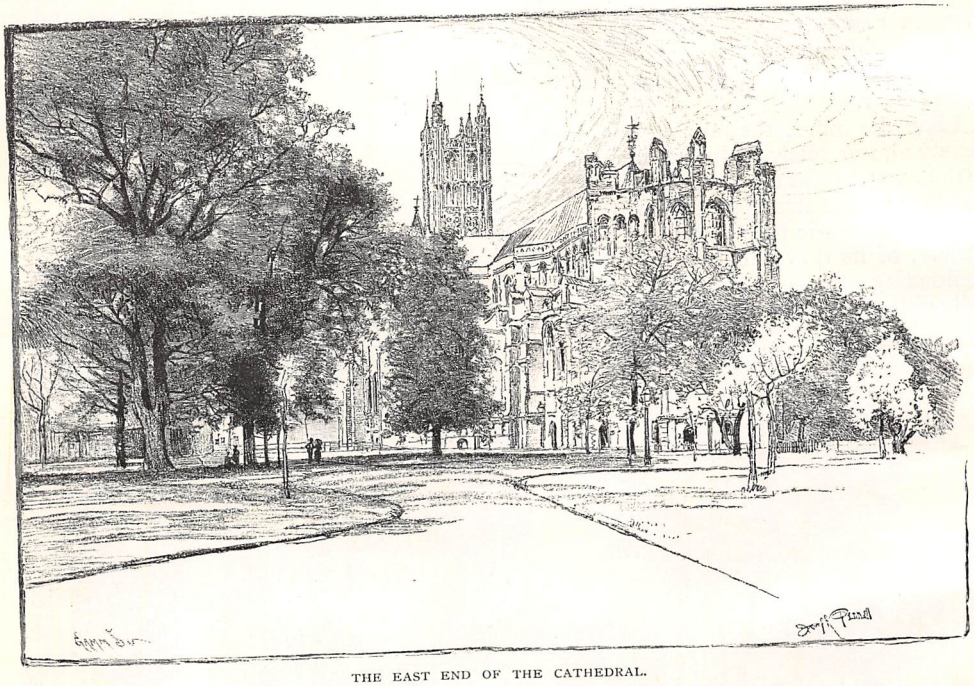
THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

marble for the slenderer shafts. A few of its tall windows still keep their gorgeous figured glass, and its endless array of tombs, rivaling once the Westminster of to-day, is still represented by a noble if fragmentary sequence. One may still see the sepulcher of Henry IV., of Cardinal Pole, and many another famous primate; and, touching vague retrospective sentiment more nearly than them all, that where lies the effigy and where hangs the armor of Edward the Black Prince. But none the less it is difficult to conceive what must once have been the crowded pictorial glamour, the eloquent story-telling of the place. Nor is the tramping verger with his apathetic Philistine band a very suggestive substitute for that enormous throng which once ascended the aisle-stairways on its knees; paused by the various chapels to pay homage to the arm of St. George, to a piece of the clay from which Adam was molded, to the bloody pocket-handkerchief of Becket, and to four hundred other relics of equal preciousness and authenticity; and knelt around the lofty shrine of St. Thomas in awed awaiting of the moment when its wooden cover should be raised and all its blaze of gold and jewels shown—scintillating in the midst of them that priceless gem, the "Regale of France," which had leaped from the ring of the seventh Louis and fixed itself in the sepulcher when he had re-

fused it as a gift. The wealth, the dazzle, the incomparable pomp of such a show and the proud self-complacency of the ecclesiastical showmen may well have impressed the average mortal, even at that late day when Erasmus and Colet made their visit and were disgusted to the point of audible outbreak alike by show and showmen and popular abasement.

IX.

THERE is no pure Early English work in this cathedral; and Decorated work has no most insensibly into the vaulting ribs above, their capitals being insignificant indeed. The triforium has lost its old height, its old character, almost its existence — is but the continuation over an unpierced wall of the tracery of the great window which fills the whole width of the clere-story space above; and all horizontal accentuation disappears in the preponderance of vertical. But so much work of the wonderfully prolific Perpendicular period will meet us elsewhere, that at Canterbury it may be passed over more quickly than the rest. In the same style, but nearly a century later



THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL.

share in its actual construction, though the screen which surrounds the "singers' choir" — separating the central alley just eastward of the crossing from the aisles on either hand — is an exquisite example of thirteenth-century art. When we pass from the choir out into the nave again, we go at one step from twelfth-century Transitional design — French, too, in its flavor — to Perpendicular of the fourteenth century. The change is great indeed. There we had strong piers, winning grace at times from slender flanking shafts of marble; square capitals, conspicuous and elaborate; a high and open triforium-arcade; a clere-story with tall simple lights; and repeated string-courses to emphasize each division. Here the pier-arches are much loftier and of course the aisles beyond are higher too. The pillars are almost like vast bundles of reeds, and pass al- in date, is the Lady-Chapel, now called the Dean's, which projects eastward from the Transept of the Martyrdom.

X.

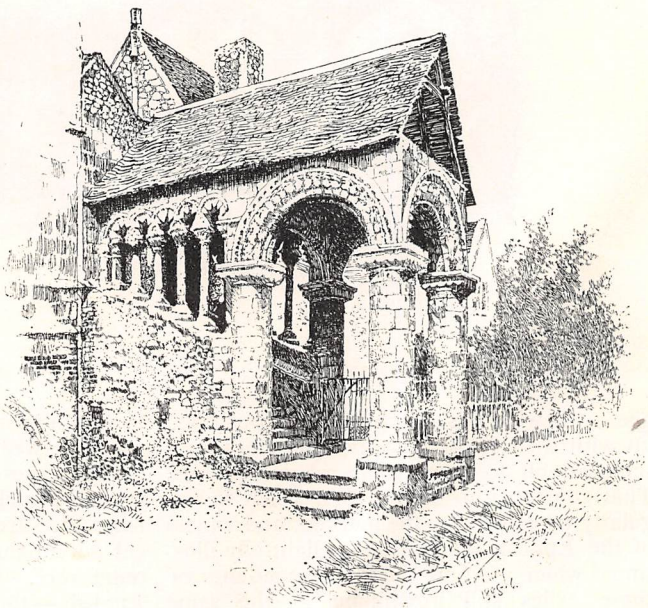
No crypt in the world, I should judge, is so stupendous as Canterbury's or so interesting either structurally or historically. As is usual it begins just eastward of the crossing, leaving the four great piers which support the tower to be assisted by the solid earth; and thence it extends to the east as far as the great choir reaches, following the same outlines with transepts and chapels of its own. All the western part under the choir proper — the "choir of the singers" and the presbytery and high altar — and under the second transepts was built by Ernulph, Anselm's first architect, doubtless

THE TOWER, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

with the concealed use of portions of the ancient pre-Norman crypt. Norman architecture shows of course at its sternest and heaviest in such subterranean constructions, which allowed of no great height, demanded little ornamenting of their darkness, and were forced to carry so huge a superincumbent weight. Ernulph's work (which shows the exact extent and outline of the choir that he and Conrad built above) has stumpy colossal columns, plain cubical capitals, and broad gigantic semicircular arches. But between and under these the eye looks into what seems an endless labyrinth where they merge into a lighter, loftier space, growing higher and higher with the gradual rise of the choir-floor above, having sharply pointed arches and slenderer columns, the shafts and capitals of which show richly decorative intentions that were never fully executed.

All this newer portion in the Transitional style lies beneath that part of the choir which was built by William the Englishman. Its design is doubtless his, and not his predecessor's; and its execution is evidently all his own, for it is much more English than what stands above. Here, where he was quite unfettered, he used the national round abacus on all his columns, to the exclusion of that rectangular type which, in the upper structure, French beginnings had imposed on his artistic conscience. From the dark, low, heavy, tomb-like Norman crypt it is a change indeed to pass to this eastern end with its high ceiling, and its many windows open to the light and air — scarce to be called a crypt at all, rather an undercroft or lower church. The rising levels of Canterbury's choir are as fortunate in effect below as above the ground.

The Norman crypt was dedicated to the Virgin, and her chapel still remains, inclosed by rich late-Gothic screens. Not far off is the chantry endowed by the Black Prince on his wedding-day. And just where the Norman work meets English William's, under the former termination of the Norman choir, is the spot where Becket was first interred. Here lay King Henry through his abject night of penance; here he bared his body to the monkish lash; and hither came the early pilgrims until, in the year 1220, the body was "translated" to its new tomb overhead. Stephen Langton was then at home again from exile, and worked with the young son of his adversary John to organize a spectacle of inimitable pomp and uncalculating hospitality. Princes bore the pall, bishops followed by scores, and the Archbishop of Rheims performed the mass at a temporary altar in the



NORMAN STAIRWAY IN THE CLOSE.

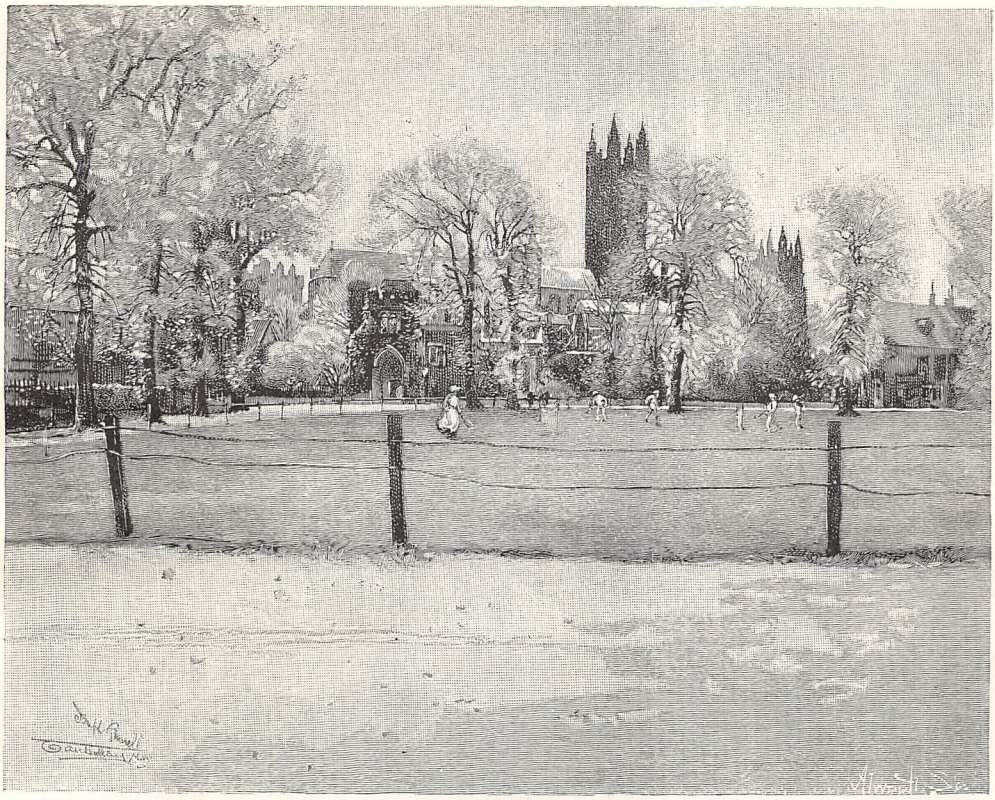
nave where the vast concourse could be accommodated best. So magnificent a pageant had never been seen before, even in that age of shows; and the debt with which it saddled the diocese could not be wholly paid off until the time of Langton's fourth successor!

But passing years brought very different scenes. In the sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth gave the whole crypt for the use of Canterbury's colony of French and Flemish refugees; the wide dusky central space was filled up with their silk-looms, and the south aisle screened off to serve their religious needs. That constancy to the by-gone which so singularly co-exists with the marked modernness of the English land seems delightfully illustrated when we find the far descendants of these exiles still worshiping in the same strange subterranean place.

XI.

SIGNS of foreign influence are also to be traced on the outside of the church, though far less conspicuously than within. A west front, we know, was but rarely treated in England with the honor it invariably received abroad. Here it shows little evidence of well-thought-out design. Its flanking towers have not been made to harmonize with the huge Perpendicular window that fills the whole space between them, and the poverty which always comes when doorways are unduly small is exceptionally apparent. The east end speaks more decidedly of France, but gets a local accent through the very low pitch of its outer roof. And almost everything else is English,—the tremendous length of the choir, the comparatively modest elevation of the

THE CENTRAL ("BELL HARRY") TOWER, FROM THE "DARK ENTRY" IN THE CLOSE.



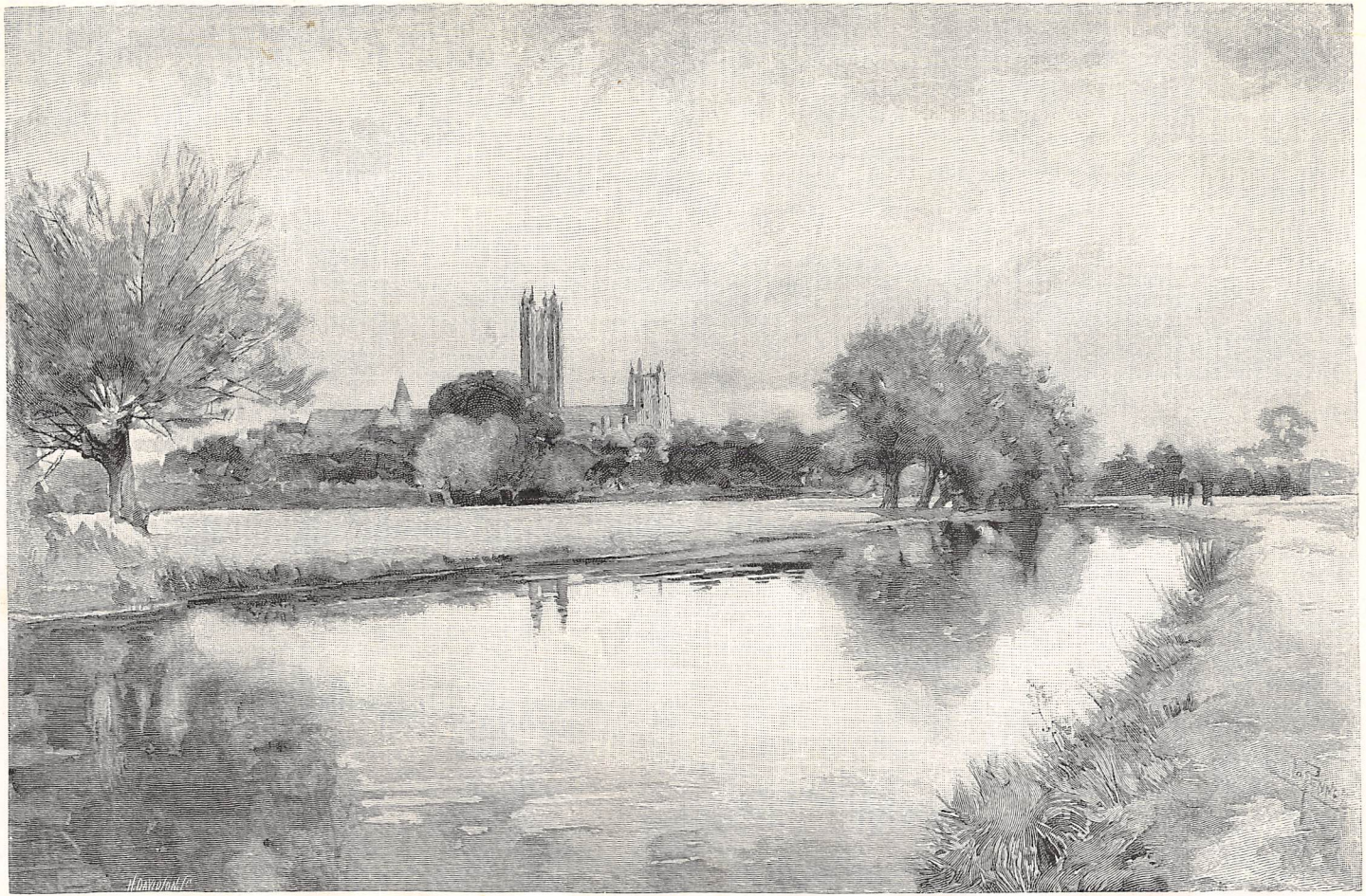
THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE GREEN COURT IN THE CLOSE.

walls throughout, the two pairs of transepts, the size of the central tower, and the design of this and of the western ones as well.

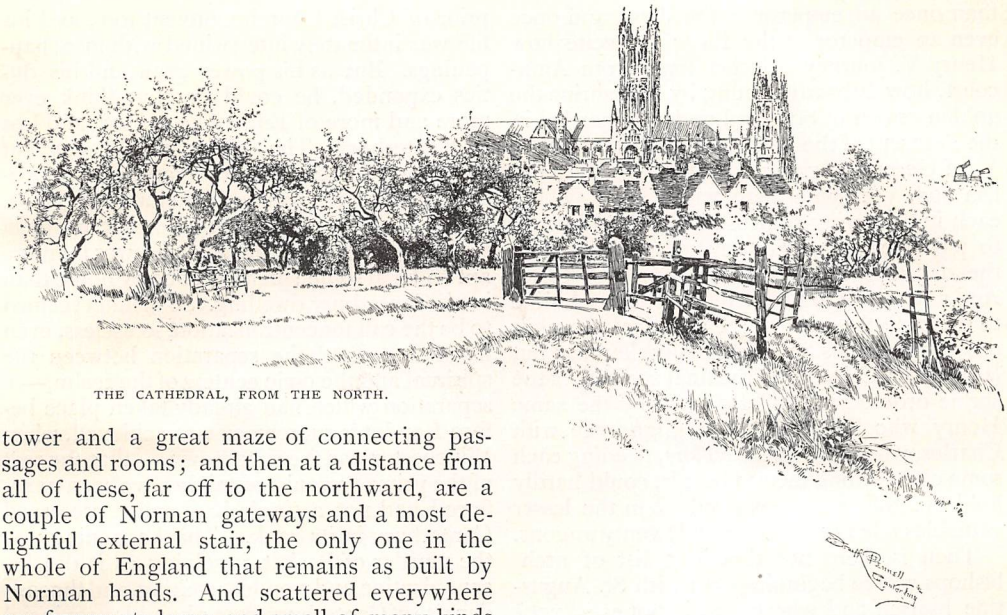
Yet it is only when we have followed along the whole south side (noting on our way that rich Norman work of the eastward transept and of St. Anselm's Chapel which recalls the memory and explains the style of the burned interior), when we have rounded the east end and found the extraordinary picturesqueness of the northern aspect,—it is only then we realize how truly English Canterbury is.

To the south the Close was narrowed by the nearness of the city's streets, and there was no room to give the dependent structures this, their customary station. But on the north the domain of the monastery extended to the far-off city-wall, and here Lanfranc and many a later prior and bishop made a marvelously great and splendid sequence of green quadrangles and conventual buildings. Henry the Eighth suppressed the convent, deposed the prior, scattered the hundred and fifty monks, and replaced them with the Dean and dozen canons whose representatives still bear rule. The buildings were somewhat damaged at this time, were left for years to neglect and isolation, and then beaten into pieces by Puritanic hands.

To-day it needs careful study to trace out what they must all have been,—the two immense dormitories; the great infirmary with its nave and aisles and traceried windows and its chapel to complete the resemblance with an imposing church; the vast guest-houses, here for noble, there for more plebeian, and there again for wandering pauper visitors; the tall water-tower; the library, the treasury, the refectory; the stables, granaries, bake-houses, breweries; and all the minor architectural belongings of so numerous a brotherhood devoted to such comfortable living and such lavish hospitality. To-day the great square of the cloisters still stands contiguous to the church itself, chiefly as rebuilt in Perpendicular days but the same in plan and in occasional stones as when Becket passed along it to his death. The adjoining chapter-house is also preserved, but is also a reconstruction — a rectangular apartment of Decorated and of Perpendicular days; beautiful, but much less individual in its interest than the polygonal rooms we shall find elsewhere. Near by, again, is the old water-



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE RIVER STOUR.



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTH.

tower and a great maze of connecting passages and rooms; and then at a distance from all of these, far off to the northward, are a couple of Norman gateways and a most delightful external stair, the only one in the whole of England that remains as built by Norman hands. And scattered everywhere are fragments large and small of many kinds and dates, sometimes rebuilt to meet some alien purpose, sometimes ruins merely.

But ruin in an English spot like this does not mean desolation and abandonment and the lessening of charm. It means a consummate pictorial beauty which to all eyes save the serious student's well replaces architectural perfection. The casual-seeming columns, the isolated tall arcades, the unglazed windows and enigmatical lines of wall — all alike are ivy-covered and flower-beset and embowered in massive foliage and based on broad floors of an emerald turf such as England alone can grow. And above and beyond, as background to the exquisite wide picture, rises the pale-gray mass of the cathedral crowned by its stupendous yet thrice-graceful tower, telling that all is not dead of what was once so living, speaking of the England of our day as in happy harmony again with the England of St. Thomas. If within the church we protest a little against Protestant guardianship, without we are entirely pleased. Ruined or rebuilt though they are, the surroundings of Canterbury seem far more alive as well as far more lovely than do the undisturbed accompaniments of many a continental church where a lingering Catholicism has better kept the interior in its mediæval state. For nature is always young; and whatever his shortcomings in other artistic paths, the Englishman is master in the art of using her materials. Even the modernized dwellings in which Dean and canons dwell — partly formed of very ancient fragments, partly dating from intermediate periods — have a homely, pleasant, "livable" charm one rarely finds elsewhere. And if there is tennis on the old monks' turf or a tea-party beneath the venerable trees, one is glad as of another item that delights the eye and another link that binds actual life to the life of vanished years.

But, architecturally speaking, we get our best proof of the English character of the church itself from some point of view a little further off. Its vast length and the triumphant domination of its central tower are then first fully comprehended. Nowhere but in England could we see a Gothic central tower in such supremacy; and nowhere one of the same fashion — four-square in outline through all its two hundred and forty-five feet, finished with a parapet and tall angle-pinnacles, and never destined to receive a spire. Such a tower, matched by consonant lower brethren to the westward, overtopping so long and low a church set amidst such great conventual structures and above such leafy masses, apart and distinct enough from the dwellings of laymen for dignity but not for isolation of effect — all these are things one only sees in England, and nowhere in England more perfectly revealed than here.

XII.

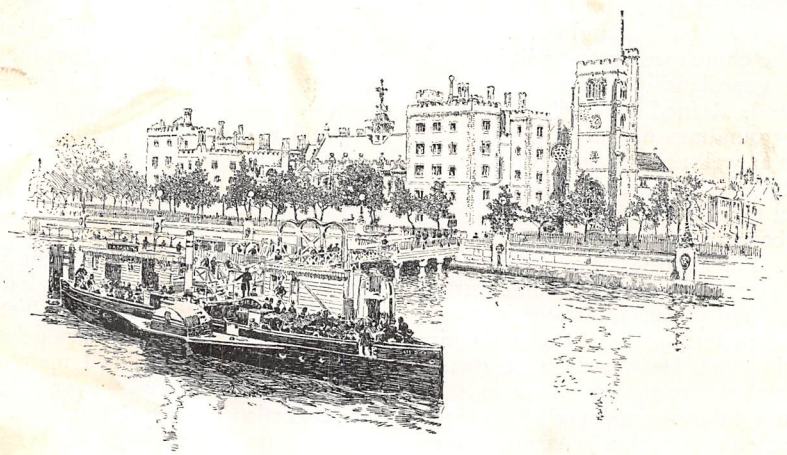
A HUNDRED other points might be noted as of peculiar interest in Canterbury's church, and a hundred other facts of curious historic flavor might be quoted from its chronicles. One is especially tempted to dwell upon the proofs of Becket's marvelous renown; to tell how for generations no royal Englishman omitted homage, and how royal strangers came to pay it too — kings and princes many times, more

than once an emperor of the West, and once even an emperor of the East; to recite how Henry V. journeyed hither fresh from Agincourt, how Edward I. hung by the shrine the golden crown of Scotland and was married in the Transept of the Martyrdom, or how Charles V. of Germany, going nowhere else on English soil, yet came here with Henry VIII., each in the spring-time of his youth and pride, to pay the king-defier reverence just before the day of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. And as a set-off to such tributes one would like to describe the visit of the skeptical but philosophic Erasmus and the equally skeptical but far franker Colet; and the final spoiling of the shrine ordered in his later years by the same Henry who had made the pilgrimage with Charles, when two great coffers, needing each some eight strong men to bear it, could hardly hold the gold and gems, and when the lesser valuables filled a train of six and twenty wagons.

Then is there not that long list of archbishops whose beginning was with St. Augustine himself and whose end is not even yet? Were not its representatives for many ages not only first in the rule of the Church, but scarcely second to the king in the ruling of the State — treasurers, chancellors, vice-regents, guardians of princely children, or leaders of the people, or cardinals of Rome, or teachers or martyrs of the new anti-Roman faith? It is a relief to the imagination to recollect, however, that in later mediæval and still more in modern days the name of Canterbury, when coupled with the archiepiscopal title, has often little local bearing.

At the beginning the tie between the archbishop and his titular church and town was close indeed. He was not only primate of all England but bishop of the Kentish land and prior of Christ Church Convent too; and his life was intimately intertwined with local happenings. But as his power grew and his duties expanded, he could not but think ever more and more of England, ever less and less of Canterbury. The affairs of the convent were passed over to another, and even diocesan matters were practically in humbler hands. Lambeth Palace in London became his chief residence, and when not there he was far more apt to be in some splendid country home than in his Canterbury dwelling. So distinct seemed to be the call for centralization, so useless, even harmful, seemed the separation between the spiritual and the civic centers of the realm,— a separation which had already taken place before London's supremacy was achieved, when Winchester was the royal town,— that the seat of the primacy would certainly have been transferred had not a single happening preserved Canterbury in its rank. This happening was the murder of Becket, involving as it did his canonization and wonder-working, and the sudden rise of Canterbury from a humble provincial town to a place of world-wide fame and quite peculiar sanctity. When Henry the Eighth made his new arrangements its title was too well established to be taken from it. Since the Puritans leveled the old palace with the ground there has in truth been no archiepiscopal residence at Canterbury. But this is an unimportant detail. As the Kentish capital was from the first, so it remains, and so very surely it will remain as long as there is an England and a Christian faith — the city of the mother church. Had all other monuments of Becket perished as utterly as Henry meant they should, this greatest monument, carved from the very constitution of the English state, would still bear him its conspicuous witness.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



LAMBETH PALACE, LONDON.

LOVE SONG.

THE moon shines pale in the Western sky,
Like a pearl set over a brow that blushes;
There is many a homeward bird in the air,
And the hedges thrill with the thrushes.

Though my love be further away from me
Than the East from the West, or the Day from the Night,
I have turned my face to his dwelling-place,
And I bid him "good-night," "good-night."

Though he less can feel my hurrying breath
Than the tree the bird that lilts on its bough,
Yet since the winds Love's messengers be,
They will bear him my kisses, I trow!—

O moon! shine first on my lips and then
Go shine on the forehead of him I love!
He will dream perchance that an angel's wing
Has quivered his brow above!—

And sing, ye birds, in his ears the song
My heart is singing within my breast:
It will thrill his heartstrings with ecstasy,
And possess his soul with rest.

Ye too, O fragrance of earth and flower,
And voices of night in May!
Watch near him until in the Eastern field
Blossom the roses of day.

But thou, O wind! lay close on his lips
The kisses thou hast in thy flight,
And he will stir in his sleep, and wake
And whisper—"My heart—good-night."

Amélie Rives.

LITTLE COMPTON.

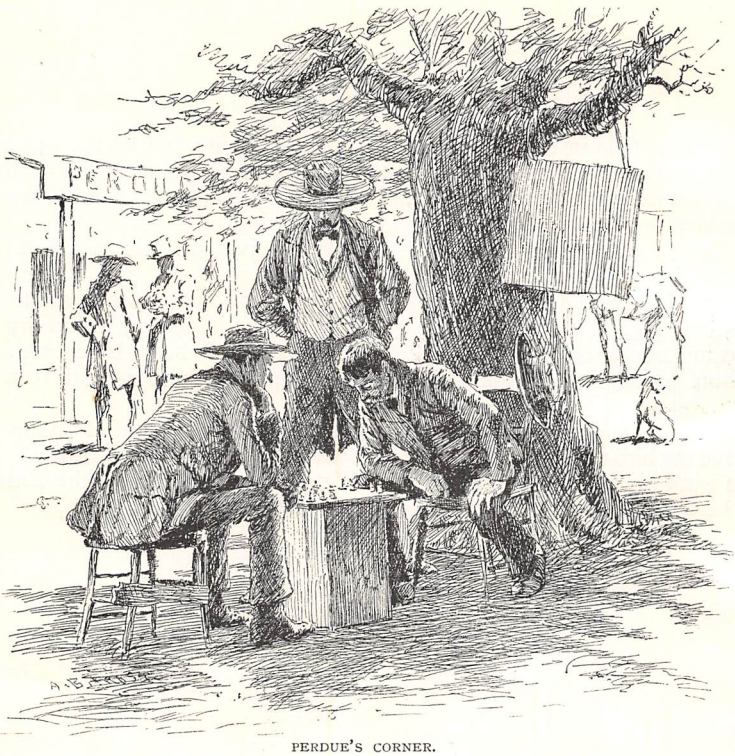
BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS," "FREE JOE AND THE REST OF THE WORLD," ETC.

VERY few Southern country towns have been more profitably influenced by the new order of things than Hillsborough in middle Georgia. At various intervals since the war it has had what the local weekly calls "a business boom." The old tavern has been torn down, and in its place stands a new three-story brick hotel, managed by a very brisk young man, who is shrewd enough to advertise in the newspapers of the neighboring towns that he has "special accommodations and special rates for commercial travelers." Although Hillsborough is comparatively a small town, it is the center of a very productive region, and its trade is somewhat important. Consequently, the commercial travelers, with characteristic energy, lose no opportunity of taking advantage of the hospitable invitation of the landlord of the Hillsborough hotel.

Not many years ago a representative of this class visited the old town. He was from the North, and, being much interested in what he saw, was duly inquisitive. Among other things that attracted his attention was a little one-armed man who seemed to be the life of the place. He was here, there, and everywhere, and wherever he went the atmosphere seemed to lighten and brighten. Sometimes he was flying around town in a buggy. At such times he was driven by a sweet-faced lady whose smiling air of proprietorship proclaimed her to be his wife; but more often he was on foot. His cheerfulness and good humor were infectious. The old men sitting at Perdue's Corner, where they had been gathering for forty years and more, looked up and laughed as he passed; the ladies shopping in the streets paused to chat with him; and even the dry-goods clerks and lawyers, playing chess or draughts under the China-trees that shaded the sidewalks, were willing to be interrupted long enough to exchange jokes with him.

"Rather a lively chap that," said the observant commercial traveler.

"Well, I reckon you won't find no livelier in these diggin's," replied the landlord, to whom the remark was addressed. There was a suggestion of suppressed local pride in his tones. "He's a little chunk of a man, but he's monst'us peart."



PERDUE'S CORNER.

"A colonel, I guess," said the stranger, smiling.

"Oh, no," the other rejoined. "He ain't no colonel, but he'd 'a' made a prime one. It's mighty curious to me," he went on, "that them Yankees up there didn't make him one."

"The Yankees?" inquired the commercial traveler.

"Why, yes," said the landlord. "He's a Yankee, and that lady you seen drivin' him around, she's a Yankee. He courted her here and he married her here. Major Jimmy Bass wanted him to marry her in his house, but Captain Jack Walthall put his foot down and said the weddin' had to be in *his* house; and there's where it was, in that big white house over yander with the hip roof. Yes, sir."

"Oh," said the commercial traveler, with a cynical smile, "he staid down here to keep out of the army. He was a lucky fellow."

"Well, I reckon he was lucky not to get killed," said the landlord, laughing. "He fought with the Yankees, and they do say that Little Compton was a rattler."

The commercial traveler gave a long, low whistle expressive of his profound astonishment. And yet, under all the circumstances, there was nothing to create astonishment. The lively little man had a history.

Among the genial and popular citizens of Hillsborough, in the days before the war, none were more genial or more popular than Little Compton. He was popular with all classes, with old and with young, with whites and with blacks. He was sober, discreet, sympathetic, and generous. He was neither handsome nor magnetic. He was awkward and somewhat bashful, but his manners and his conversation had the rare merit of spontaneity. His sallow face was unrelieved by either mustache or whiskers, and his eyes were black and very small, but they glistened with good-humor and sociability. He was somewhat small in stature, and for that reason the young men about Hillsborough had given him the name of Little Compton.

Little Compton's introduction to Hillsborough was not wholly without suggestive incidents. He made his appearance there in 1850, and opened a small grocery store; thereupon, the young men of the town, with nothing better to do than to seek such amusement as they could find in so small a community, promptly proceeded to make him the victim of their pranks and practical jokes. Little Compton's forbearance was wonderful. He laughed heartily when he found his modest signboard hanging over an adjacent bar-room, and smiled good-humoredly when he found the sidewalk

in front of his door barricaded with barrels and dry-goods boxes. An impatient man would have looked on these things as in the nature of indignities, but Little Compton was not an impatient man.

This went on at odd intervals, until at last the fun-loving young men began to appreciate Little Compton's admirable temper, and then for a season they played their jokes on other citizens, leaving Little Compton entirely unmolested. These young men were boisterous, but good-natured, and they had their own ideas of what constituted fair play. They were ready to fight or to have fun, but in neither case would they willingly take what they considered a mean advantage of a man.

By degrees they warmed to Little Compton. His gentleness won upon them; his patient good-humor attracted them. Without taking account of the matter, the most of them became his friends. This was demonstrated one day when one of the Pulliam boys from Jasper county made some slurring remark about "the little Yankee." As Pulliam was somewhat in his cups, no attention was paid to his remark; whereupon he followed it up with others of a more seriously abusive character. Little Compton was waiting on a customer, but Pulliam was standing in front of his door, and he could not fail to hear the abuse. Young Jack Walthall was sitting in a chair near the door, whittling a piece of white pine. He put his knife in his pocket, and, whistling softly, looked at Little Compton curiously. Then he walked to where Pulliam was standing.

"If I were you, Pulliam," he said, "and wanted to abuse anybody, I'd pick out a bigger man than that."

"I don't see anybody," said Pulliam.

"Well, d—— you!" exclaimed Walthall, "if you are that blind, I'll open your eyes for you!"

Whereupon he knocked Pulliam down. At this Little Compton ran out excitedly, and it was the impression of the spectators that he intended to attack the man who had been abusing him; but, instead of that, he knelt over the prostrate bully, wiped the blood from his eyes, and finally succeeded in getting him to his feet. Then Little Compton assisted him into the store, placed him in a chair, and proceeded to bandage his wounded eye. Walthall, looking on with an air of supreme indifference, uttered an exclamation of astonishment and sauntered carelessly away.

Sauntering back an hour or so afterward, he found that Pulliam was still in Little Compton's store. He would have passed on, but Little Compton called to him. He went in, prepared to be attacked, for he knew Pulliam to be one of the most dangerous men in that region and the most revengeful. But, instead of making an attack, Pulliam offered his hand.

"Let's call it square, Jack. Your mother and my father are blood cousins, and I don't want any bad feelings to grow out of this racket. I've apologized to Mr. Compton here, and now I'm ready to apologize to you."

Walthall looked at Pulliam and at his proffered hand, and then looked at Little Compton. The latter was smiling pleasantly. This appeared to be satisfactory, and Walthall seized his kinsman's hand and exclaimed:

"Well, by George, Miles Pulliam! if you've apologized to Little Compton, then it's my turn to apologize to you. Maybe I was too quick with my hands, but that chap there is such a d—— clever little rascal that it works me up to see anybody pester him."

"Why, Jack," said Compton, his little eyes glistening, "I'm not such a scrap as you make out. It's just your temper, Jack; your temper runs clean away with your judgment."

"My temper! Why, good Lord, man! don't I just sit right down and let folks run over me whenever they want to? Would I have done anything if Miles Pulliam had abused *me?*"

"Why, the gilded Queen of Sheba!" exclaimed Miles Pulliam, laughing loudly, in spite of his bruises; "only last sale-day you mighty nigh jolted the life out of Bill-Tom Saunders with the big end of a hickory stick."

"That's so," said Walthall, reflectively; "but did I follow him up to do it? Wasn't he dogging after me all day and strutting around bragging about what he was going to do? Didn't I play the little stray lamb till he rubbed his fist in my face?"

The others laughed. They knew that Jack Walthall wasn't at all lamb-like in his disposition. He was tall and strong and handsome, with pale, classic features, jet-black curling hair, and beautiful white hands that never knew what labor was. He was something of a dandy in Hillsborough, but in a large, manly, generous way. With his perfect manners, stately and stiff, or genial and engaging, as occasion might demand, Mr. Walthall was just such a romantic figure as one reads about in books, or as one expects to see step from behind the wings of the stage with a guitar or a long dagger. Indeed, he was the veritable original of Cyrille Brandon, the hero of Miss Amelia Baxter's elegant novel entitled "The Haunted Manor; or, Souvenirs of the Sunny Southland." If those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of this graphic book, which was printed in Charleston for the author, will turn to the description of Cyrille Brandon, they will get a much better idea of Mr. Walthall than they can hope to get in this brief and imperfect chronicle. It is true, the picture there drawn

is somewhat exaggerated to suit the purposes of fictive art, but it shows perfectly the serious impression Mr. Walthall made on the ladies who were his contemporaries.

It is only fair to say, however, that the real Mr. Walthall was altogether different from the ideal Cyrille Brandon of Miss Baxter's powerfully written book. He was by no means ignorant of the impression he made on the fair sex, and he was somewhat proud of it, but he had no romantic ideas of his own. He was, in fact, a very practical young man. When the Walthall estate, composed of thousands of acres of land and several hundred healthy, well-fed negroes, was divided up, he chose to take his portion in money, and this he loaned out at a fair interest to those who were in need of ready cash. This gave him large leisure, and, as was the custom among the young men of leisure, he gambled a little when the humor was on him, having the judgment and the nerve to make the game of poker exceedingly interesting to those who sat with him at table.

No one could ever explain why the handsome and gallant Jack Walthall should go so far as to stand between his own cousin and Little Compton. Indeed, no one tried to explain it. The fact was accepted for what it was worth, and it was a great deal to Little Compton in a social and business way. After the row which has just been described, Mr. Walthall was usually to be found at Compton's store,— in the summer sitting in front of the door under the grateful shade of the China-trees, and in the winter sitting by the comfortable fire that Compton kept burning in his back room. As Mr. Walthall was the recognized leader of the young men, Little Compton's store soon became the headquarters for all of them. They met there and they made themselves at home there, introducing their affable host to many queer antics and capers peculiar to the youth of that day and time, and to the social organism of which that youth was the outcome.

That Little Compton enjoyed their company is unquestionable, but it is doubtful if he entered heartily into the plans of their escapades, which they freely discussed around his hearth. Perhaps it was because he had outlived the folly of youth. Though his face was smooth and round and his eye bright, Little Compton bore the marks of maturity and experience. He used to laugh and say that he was born in New Jersey, and died there when he was young. What significance this statement possessed no one ever knew — probably no one in Hillsborough cared to know. The people of that town had their own notions and their own opinions. They were not unduly inquisitive, save when their inquisitiveness seemed to take a political shape, and then it was somewhat aggressive.

There were a great many things in Hillsborough likely to puzzle a stranger. Little Compton observed that the young men, no matter how young they might be, were absorbed in politics. They had the political history of the country at their tongues' ends, and the discussions they carried on were interminable. This interest extended to all classes; the planters discussed politics with their overseers, and lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, and gentlemen of elegant leisure discussed politics with each other. School-boys knew all about the Missouri Compromise, the fugitive-slave law, and States rights. Sometimes the arguments used were more substantial than mere words, but this was only when some old feud was back of the discussion. There was one question, as Little Compton discovered, in regard to which there was no discussion; that question was slavery. It loomed up everywhere and in everything, and was the basis of all the arguments; and yet it was not discussed,— there was no room for discussion. There was but one idea, and that was that slavery must be defended at all hazards and against all enemies. That was the temper of the time, and Little Compton was not long in discovering that of all dangerous issues slavery was the most dangerous.

The young men in their free and easy way told him the story of a wayfarer who once came through that region preaching abolitionism to the negroes. The negroes themselves betrayed him, and he was promptly taken in charge. His body was found afterward hanging in the woods, and he was buried at the expense of the county. Even his name had been forgotten, and his grave was all but obliterated. All these things made an impression on Little Compton's mind. The tragedy itself was recalled by one of the pranks of the young men that was conceived and carried out under his eyes. It happened after he had become well used to the ways of Hillsborough. There came a stranger to the town whose queer acts excited the suspicions of a naturally suspicious community. Professedly he was a colporteur, but, instead of trying to dispose of books and tracts, of which he had a visible supply, he devoted himself to arguing with the village politicians under the shade of the trees. It was observed, also, that he would frequently note down observations in a memorandum-book. Just about that time the controversy between the slave-holders and the abolitionists was at its height. John Brown had made his raid on Harper's Ferry, and there was a good deal of excitement throughout the South. It was rumored that Brown had emissaries

traveling from State to State preparing the negroes for insurrection, and every community, even Hillsborough, was on the alert,—watching, waiting, suspecting.

The time assuredly was not auspicious for the stranger with the ready memorandum-book. Sitting in front of Compton's store, he fell into conversation one day with Uncle Abner Lazenberry, a patriarch who lived in the country, and who had a habit of coming to Hillsborough at least once a week to "talk with the boys." Uncle Abner belonged to the poorer class of planters; that is to say, he had a small farm and not more than half a dozen negroes. But he was decidedly popular, and his conversation — somewhat caustic a times — was thoroughly enjoyed by the younger generation. On this occasion he had been talking to Jack Walthall, when the stranger drew a chair within hearing distance.

"You take all your men," Uncle Abner was saying — "take all un 'em, but gimme Hennery Clay. Them abolishioners, they may come an' git all six er my niggers, if they'll jess but lemme keep the ginnywine ole Whig docterin'. That's me up an' down — that's wher' your Uncle Abner Lazenberry stan's, boys." By this time the stranger had taken out his inevitable note-book, and Uncle Abner went on: "Yes, siree! You may jess mark me down that away. 'Come,' sez I, 'an' take all my niggers an' the ole gray mar',' sez I, 'but lemme keep my Whig docterin',' sez I. Lord, I've seed sights wi' them niggers. They hain't no manner account. They won't work, an' I'm ablidge to feed 'em, else they'd whirl in an' steal from the neighbors. Hit's about broke me for to maintain 'em in the'r laziness. Bless your soul, little childern! I'm in a turrible fix — a turrible fix. I'm that bankruptured that when I come to town, ef I fine a thrip in my britches-pocket for to buy me a dram I'm the happiest mortal in the county. Yes, siree! hit's got down to that."

Here Uncle Abner Lazenberry paused and eyed the stranger shrewdly, to whom, presently, he addressed himself in a very insinuating tone:

"What mought be your name, mister?"

"Oh," said the stranger, taken somewhat aback by the suddenness of the question, "my name might be Jones, but it happens to be Davies."

Uncle Abner Lazenberry stared at Davies a moment as if amazed, and then exclaimed:

"Jesso! Well, dog my cats ef times hain't a-changin' an' a-changin' tell bimeby the natchul world an' all the hummysp'eres 'll make the'r disappearance een'-uppermost. Yit, whiles they er changin' an' a-disappearin', I hope they'll leave me my ole Whig docterin', an' my name, which the fust an' last un it is Abner Lazenberry. An' more'n that," the old man went on, with severe emphasis,—"an' more'n that, they hain't never been a day sence the creation of the world an' the hummysp'eres when my name mought er been anything else under the shinin' sun but Abner Lazenberry; an' ef the time's done come when any mortal name mought er been anything but what hit reely is, then we jess better turn the nation an' the federation over to demockeracy an' giner'l damnation. Now that's me, right pine-plank."

By way of emphasizing his remarks Uncle Abner brought the end of his hickory cane down upon the ground with a tremendous thump. The stranger reddened a little at the unexpected criticism, and was evidently ill at ease, but he remarked politely:

"This is just a saying I've picked up somewhere in my travels. My name is Davies, and I am traveling through the country selling a few choice books and picking up information as I go."

"I know a mighty heap of Davises," said Uncle Abner, "but I disremember of anybody name Davies."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Davies, "the name is not uncommon in my part of the country. I am from Vermont."

"Well, well!" said Uncle Abner, tapping the ground thoughtfully with his cane. "A mighty fur ways Vermont is, tooby shore. In my day an' time I've seed as many as three men folks from Vermont, an' one un 'em, he wuz a wheelwright, an' one wuz a tin-peddler, an' the yuther one wuz a clock-maker. But that wuz a long time ago. How is the abolishioners gittin' on up that away, an' when in the name er patience is they a-comin' arter my niggers? Lord! if them niggers wuz free, I wouldn't have to slave for 'em."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Davies, "I take little or no interest in those things. I have to make a humble living, and I leave political questions to the politicians."

The conversation was carried on at some length, the younger men joining in occasionally to ask questions, and nothing could have been friendlier than their attitude toward Mr. Davies. They treated him with the greatest consideration. His manner and speech were those of an educated man, and he seemed to make himself thoroughly agreeable. But that night, as Mr. Jack Walthall was about to go to bed, his body-servant, a negro named Jake, began to question him about the abolitionists.

"What do you know about abolitionists?" Mr. Walthall asked with some degree of severity.

"Nothin' 'tall, Marse Jack, 'cep'in' w'at dish

yer new w'ite man down dar at de tavern say."

"And what did he say?" Mr. Walthall inquired.

"I ax 'im, I say, 'Marse Boss, is dese yer bobolitionists got horns en huffs?' en he 'low, he did, dat dey ain't no bobolitionists, kaze dey er babolitionists, an' dey ain't got needer horns ner huffs."

"What else did he say?"

Jake laughed. It was a hearty and humorous laugh.

"Well, sir," he replied, "dat man des preached. He sholy did. He ax me ef de niggers 'roun' yer wouldn' all like ter be free, en I tole 'im I don't speck dey would, kaze all de free niggers w'at I ever seed is de mos' no-'countes' niggers in de lan'."

Mr. Walthall dismissed the negro somewhat curtly. He had prepared to retire for the night, but apparently thought better of it, for he resumed his coat and vest and went out into the cool moonlight. He walked around the public square, and finally perched himself on the stile that led over the court-house inclosure. He sat there a long time. Little Compton passed by, escorting Miss Lizzie Fairleigh, the schoolmistress, home from some sociable gathering, and finally the lights in the village went out one by one — all save the one that shone in the window of the room occupied by Mr. Davies. Watching this window somewhat closely, Mr. Jack Walthall observed that there was movement in the room. Shadows played on the white window-curtains — human shadows passing to and fro. The curtains, quivering in the night wind, distorted these shadows and made confusion of them, but the wind died away for a moment, and, outlined on the curtains, the patient watcher saw a silhouette of Jake, his body-servant. Mr. Walthall beheld the spectacle with amazement. It never occurred to him that the picture he saw was part — the beginning, indeed — of a tremendous panorama which would shortly engage the attention of the civilized world, but he gazed at it with a feeling of vague uneasiness.

The next morning Little Compton was somewhat surprised at the absence of the young men who were in the habit of gathering in front of his store. Even Mr. Jack Walthall, who could be depended on to tilt his chair against the China-tree and sit there for an hour or more after breakfast, failed to put in an appearance. After putting his store to rights and posting up some accounts left over from the day before, Little Compton came out on the sidewalk and walked up and down in front of the door. He was in excellent humor, and as he walked he hummed a tune. He did not lack for companionship, for his cat, Tommy Tinktums, an extraordinarily large one, followed him back and forth, rubbing against him and running between his legs; but somehow he felt lonely. The town was very quiet. It was quiet at all times, but on this particular morning it seemed to Little Compton that there was less stir than usual. There was no sign of life anywhere around the public square save at Perdue's Corner. Shading his eyes with his hand, Little Compton observed a group of citizens apparently engaged in a very interesting discussion. Among them he recognized the tall form of Mr. Jack Walthall and the somewhat ponderous presence of Major Jimmy Bass. Little Compton watched the group because he had nothing better to do. He saw Major Jimmy Bass bring the end of his cane down upon the ground with a tremendous thump, and gesticulate like a man laboring under strong excitement, but this was nothing out of the ordinary, for Major Jimmy had been known to get excited over the most trivial discussion; on one occasion, indeed, he had even mounted a dry-goods box, and, as the boys expressed it, "cussed out the town."

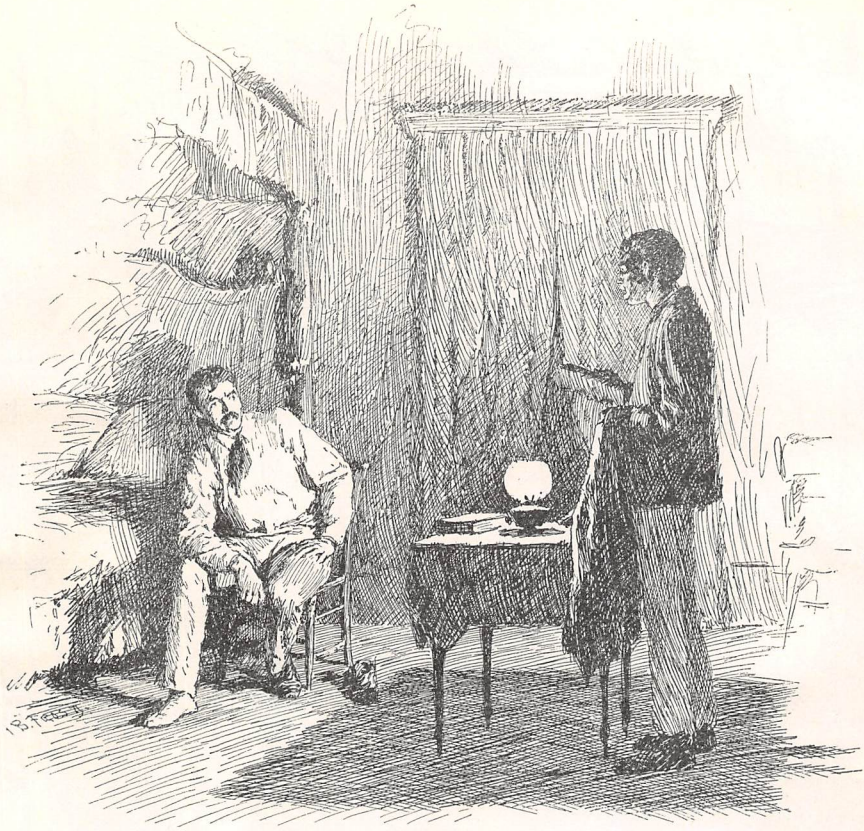
Still watching the group, Little Compton saw Mr. Jack Walthall take Buck Ransome by the arm and walk across the public square in the direction of the court-house. They were followed by Mr. Alvin Cozart, Major Jimmy Bass, and young Rowan Wornum. They went to the court-house stile and formed a little group, while Mr. Walthall appeared to be explaining something, pointing frequently in the direction of the tavern. In a little while they returned to those they had left at Perdue's Corner, where they were presently joined by a number of other citizens. Once Little Compton thought he would lock his door and join them, but by the time he had made up his mind the group had dispersed.

A little later on Compton's curiosity was more than satisfied. One of the young men, Buck Ransome, came into Compton's store, bringing a queer-looking bundle. Unwrapping it, Mr. Ransome brought to view two large pillows. Whistling a gay tune, he ran his keen knife into one of these, and felt of the feathers. His manner was that of an expert. The examination seemed to satisfy him, for he rolled the pillows into a bundle again and deposited them in the back part of the store.

"You'd be a nice housekeeper, Buck, if you did all your pillows that way," said Compton.

"Why, bless your great big soul, Compy," said Mr. Ransome, striking an attitude, "I'm the finest in the land."

Just then Mr. Alvin Cozart came in, bearing a small bucket, which he handled very carefully. Little Compton thought he detected the odor of tar.



"IS DESE YER BOBOLITIONISTS GOT HORNS EN HUFFS?"

"Stick her in the back room there," said Mr. Ransome; "she'll keep."

Compton was somewhat mystified by these proceedings, but everything was made clear when, an hour later, the young men of the town, reënforced by Major Jimmy Bass, marched into his store, bringing with them Mr. Davies, the Vermont colporteur who had been flourishing his note-book in the faces of the inhabitants. Jake, Mr. Walthall's body-servant, was prominent in the crowd by reason of his color and his frightened appearance. The colporteur was very pale, but he seemed to be cool. As the last one filed in, Mr. Walthall stepped to the front door and shut and locked it. Compton was too amazed to say anything. The faces before him, always so full of humor and fun, were serious enough now. As the key turned in the lock the colporteur found his voice.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed with some show of indignation, "what is the meaning of this? What would you do?"

"You know mighty well, sir, what we ought to do," cried Major Bass. "We ought to hang you, you imperdent scounderl! A-comin' down here a-pesterin' an' a-meddlin' with tother people's business."

"Why, gentlemen," said Davies, "I'm a peaceable citizen; I trouble nobody. I am simply traveling through the country selling books to those who are able to buy, and give ing them away to those who are not."

"Mr. Davies," said Mr. Jack Walthall, leaning gracefully against the counter, "what kind of books are you selling?"

"Religious books, sir."

"Jake!" exclaimed Mr. Walthall somewhat sharply, so sharply, indeed, that the negro jumped as though he had been shot. "Jake! stand out there. Hold up your head, sir! Mr. Davies, how many religious books did you sell to that nigger there last night?"

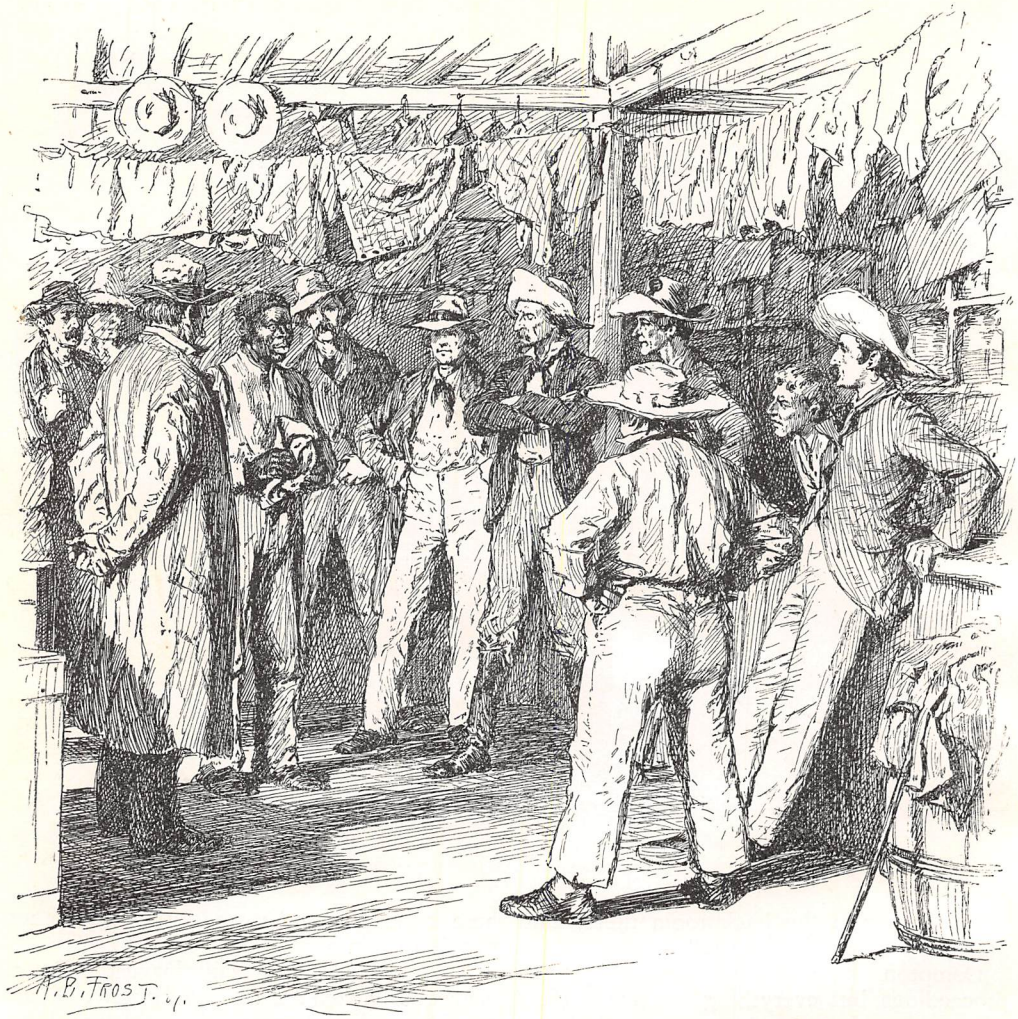
"I sold him none, sir; I—"

"How many did you *try* to sell him?"

"I made no attempt to sell him any books; I knew he couldn't read. I merely asked him to give me some information."

Major Jimmy Bass scowled dreadfully, but Mr. Jack Walthall smiled pleasantly, and turned to the negro.

"Jake! do you know this man?"



"W'AT AIL' YOU ALL W'ITE FOLKS NOW?"

"I seed 'im, Marse Jack; I des seed 'im; dat's all I know 'bout 'im."

"What were you doing sasshaying around in his room last night?"

Jake scratched his head, dropped his eyes, and shuffled about on the floor with his feet. All eyes were turned on him. He made so long a pause that Alvin Cozart remarked in his drawling tone:

"Jack, hadn't we better take this nigger over to the calaboose?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Walthall, pleasantly. "If I have to take him over there I'll not bring him back in a hurry."

"I wuz des up in his room kaze he tole me fer ter come back en see 'im. Name er God, Marse Jack, w'at ail' you all w'ite folks now?"

"What did he say to you?" asked Mr. Walthall.

"He ax me w'at make de niggers stay in slave'y," said the frightened negro; "he ax me w'at de reason dey don't git free deyse'f."

"He was warm after information," Mr. Walthall suggested.

"Call it what you please," said the Vermont colporteur. "I asked him those questions and more." He was pale, but he no longer acted like a man troubled with fear.

"Oh, we know that, mister," said Buck Ransome. "We know what you come for, and we know what you're goin' away for. We'll excuse you if you'll excuse us, and then there'll be no hard feelin's — that is, not many; none to growl about. Jake, hand me that bundle there on the barrel, and fetch that tar-bucket. You've got the makin' of a mighty fine bird in you, mister," Ransome went on, addressing the colporteur; "all you lack's the feathers, and we've got oodles of 'em right here. Now, will you shuck them duds?"

For the first time the fact dawned on Little Compton's mind that the young men were about to administer a coat of tar and feathers to the stranger from Vermont, and he immediately began to protest.

"Why, Jack," said he, "what has the man done?"

"Well," replied Mr. Walthall, "you heard what the nigger said. We can't afford to have these abolitionists preaching insurrection right in our back yards. We just can't afford it, that's the long and short of it. Maybe you don't understand it; maybe you don't feel as we do; but that's the way the matter stands. We are in a sort of a corner, and we are compelled to protect ourselves."

"I don't believe in no tar and feathers for this chap," remarked Major Jimmy Bass, assuming a judicial air. "He'll just go out here to the town branch and wash 'em off, and then he'll go on through the plantations raising h—— among the niggers. That'll be the upshot of it—now, you mark my words. He ought to be hung."

"Now, boys," said Little Compton, still protesting, "what is the use? This man hasn't done any real harm. He might preach insurrection around here for a thousand years, and the niggers wouldn't listen to him. Now, you know that yourselves. Turn the poor devil loose, and let him get out of town. Why, haven't you got any confidence in the niggers you've raised yourselves?"

"My dear sir," said Rowan Wornum, in his most insinuating tone, "we've got all the confidence in the world in the niggers, but we can't afford to take any risks. Why, my dear sir," he went on, "if we let this chap go, it won't be six months before the whole country 'll be full of this kind. Look at that Harper's Ferry business."

"Well," said Compton somewhat hotly, "look at it. What harm has been done? Has there been any nigger insurrection?"

Jack Walthall laughed good-naturedly. "Little Compton is a quick talker, boys. Let's give the man the benefit of all the arguments."

"Great God! You don't mean to let this d—— rascal go, do you, Jack?" exclaimed Major Jimmy Bass.

"No, no, sweet uncle; but I've got a nicer dose than tar and feathers."

The result was that the stranger's face and hands were given a coat of lampblack, his arms were tied to his body, and a large placard was fastened to his back. The placard bore this inscription:

ABOLITIONIST!
PASS HIM ON,
BOYS.

Mr. Davies was a pitiful-looking object after the young men had plastered his face and hands with lampblack and oil, and yet his appearance bore a certain queer relation to the humorous exhibitions one sees on the negro minstrel stage. Particularly was this the case when he smiled at Compton.

"By George, boys!" exclaimed Mr. Buck Ransome, "this chap could play Old Bob Ridley at the circus."

When everything was arranged to suit them, the young men formed a procession and marched the blackened stranger from Little Compton's door into the public street. Little Compton seemed to be very much interested in the proceeding. It was remarked afterward that he seemed to be very much agitated, and that he took a position very near the placarded abolitionist. The procession, as it moved up the street, attracted considerable attention. Rumors that an abolitionist was to be dealt with had apparently been circulated, and a majority of the male inhabitants of the town were out to view the spectacle. The procession passed entirely around the public square, of which the court-house was the center, and then across the square to the park-like inclosure that surrounded the temple of justice.

As the young men and their prisoner crossed this open space, Major Jimmy Bass, fat as he was, grew so hilarious that he straddled his cane, as children do broomsticks, and pretended that he had as much as he could do to hold his fiery wooden steed. He waddled and pranced out in front of the abolitionist, and turned and faced him, whereat his steed showed the most violent symptoms of running away. The young men roared with laughter, and the spectators roared with them, and even the abolitionist laughed. All laughed but Little Compton. The procession was marched to the court-house inclosure, and there the prisoner was made to stand on the sale-block so that all might have a fair view of him. He was kept there until the stage was ready to go, and then he was given a seat on that swaying vehicle and forwarded to Rockville, where, presumably, the "boys" placed him on the train and "passed him on" to the "boys" in other towns.

For months thereafter there was peace in Hillsborough, so far as the abolitionists were concerned, and then came the secession movement. A majority of the citizens of the little town were strong Union men, but the secession movement seemed to take even the oldest off their feet, and by the time the Republican President was inaugurated, the Union sentiment that had marked Hillsborough had practically disappeared. In South Carolina companies of minute-men had been formed, and the

entire white male population was wearing blue cockades. With some modifications, these symptoms were reproduced in Hillsborough. The modifications were that a few of the old men still stood up for the Union and that some of the young men, though they wore the blue cockade, did not align themselves with the minute-men.

Little Compton took no part in these proceedings. He was discreetly quiet. He tended his store and smoked his pipe and watched events. One morning he was aroused from his slumbers by a tremendous crash — a crash that rattled the windows of his store and shook its very walls. He lay quiet awhile, thinking that a small earthquake had been turned loose on the town. Then the crash was repeated, and he knew that Hillsborough was firing a salute from its little six-pounder, a relic of the Revolution that had often served the purpose of celebrating the nation's birthday in a noisily becoming manner.

LITTLE COMPTON.

Little Compton arose and dressed himself, and prepared to put his store in order. Issuing forth into the street, he saw that the town was in considerable commotion. A citizen who had been in attendance on the convention at Milledgeville had arrived during the night bringing the information that the ordinance of secession had been adopted and that Georgia was now a sovereign and independent government. The original secessionists were in high feather, and their hilarious enthusiasm had its effect on all save a few of the Union men.

Early as it was, Little Compton saw two flags floating from an improvised flagstaff on top of the court-house. One was the flag of the State, with its pillars, its sentinel, and its legend of "Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation." The design of the other was entirely new to Little Compton. It was a pine-tree on a field of white, with a rattlesnake coiled at its roots, and the inscription, "DON'T TREAD ON ME!" A few hours later Uncle Abner Lazenberry made his appearance in front of Compton's store. He had just hitched his horse to the rack near the court-house.

"Merciful heavens!" he exclaimed, wiping his red face with a red handkerchief, "is the Ole Boy done gone an' turned hisself loose? I hearn the racket, an' I sez to the ole woman, sez I, 'I'll fling the saddle on the gray mar' an' canter to town an' see what in the dingnation the matter is. An' ef the worl's about to fetch a lurch, I'll git me another dram an' die happy,' sez I. Whar's Jack Walthall? He can tell his Uncle Abner all about it."

"Well, sir," said Little Compton, "the State has seceded, and the boys are celebrating."

"I know'd it," cried the old man angrily. "My min' tole me so." Then he turned and looked at the flags flying from the top of the court-house. "Is them rags the things they er gwine to fly out'n the Union with?" he exclaimed scornfully. "Why, bless your soul an' body, hit'll take bigger wings than them! Well, sir, I'm sick; I am that away. I wuz born in the Union, an' I'd like mighty well to die thar. Ain't it mine? ain't it our'n? Jess as shore as you're born, thar's trouble ahead — big trouble. You're from the North, ain't you?" Uncle Abner asked, looking curiously at Little Compton.

"Yes, sir, I am," Compton replied; "that is, I am from New Jersey, but they say New Jersey is out of the Union."

Uncle Abner did not respond to Compton's smile. He continued to gaze at him significantly.

"Well," the old man remarked somewhat bluntly, "you better go back where you come

from. You ain't got nothin' in the roun' worl' to do with all this hellabaloo. When the pinch comes, as come it must, I'm jess gwine to swap a nigger for a sack er flour an' settle down; but you had better go back where you come from."

Little Compton knew the old man was friendly, but his words, so solemnly and significantly uttered, made a deep impression. The words recalled to Compton's mind the spectacle of the man from Vermont who had been paraded through the streets of Hillsborough, with his face blackened and a placard on his back. The little Jerseyman also recalled other incidents, some of them trifling enough, but all of them together going to show the hot temper of the people around him, and for a day or two he brooded rather seriously over the situation. He knew that the times were critical.

For several weeks the excitement in Hillsborough, as elsewhere in the South, continued to run high. The blood of the people was at fever heat. The air was full of the portents and premonitions of war. Drums were beating, flags were flying, and military companies were parading. Jack Walthall had raised a company, and it had gone into camp in an old field near the town. The tents shone snowy white in the sun, the uniforms of the men were bright and gay, and the boys thought this was war. But, instead of that, they were merely enjoying a holiday. The ladies of the town sent them wagon loads of provisions every day, and the occasion was a veritable picnic—a picnic that some of the young men remembered a year or two later when they were trudging, ragged, barefooted, and hungry, through the snow and slush of a Virginia winter.

But, with all their drilling and parading in the peaceful camp at Hillsborough, the young men had many idle hours, and they devoted these to various forms of amusements. On one occasion, after they had exhausted their ingenuity in search of entertainment, one of them, Lieutenant Buck Ransome, suggested that it might be interesting to get up a joke on Little Compton.

"But how?" asked Lieutenant Cozart.

"Why, the easiest in the world," said Lieutenant Ransome. "Write him a note, and tell him that the time has come for an English-speaking people to take sides, and fling in a kind of side-wiper about New Jersey."

Captain Jack Walthall, leaning comfortably against a huge box that was supposed to bear some relation to a camp-chest, blew a cloud of smoke through his sensitive nostrils and laughed. "Why, stuff, boys!" he exclaimed somewhat impatiently, "you can't scare Little Compton. He's got grit and it's the right kind of grit. Why, I'll tell you what's a fact,—the sand in that man's gizzard would make enough mortar to build a fort."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said Lieutenant Ransome. "We'll sling him a line or two, and if it don't stir him up, all right; but if it does, we'll have some tall fun."

Whereupon, Lieutenant Ransome fished around in the chest and drew forth pen and ink and paper. With some aid from his brother officers he managed to compose the following:

"LITTLE MR. COMPTON — Dear Sir: The time has arrived when every man should show his colors. Those who are not for us are against us. Your best friends, when asked where you stand, do not know what to say. If you are for the North in this struggle, your place is at the North. If you are for the South, your place is with those who are preparing to defend the rights and liberties of the South. A word to the wise is sufficient. You will hear from me again in due time.

"NEMESIS."

This was duly sealed and dropped in the Hillsborough post-office, and Little Compton received it the same afternoon. He smiled as he broke the seal, but ceased to smile when he read the note. It happened to fit a certain vague feeling of uneasiness that possessed him. He laid it down on his desk, walked up and down behind his counter, and then returned and read it again. The sprawling words seemed to possess a fascination for him. He read them again and again, and turned them over and over in his mind. It was characteristic of his simple nature that he never once attributed the origin of the note to the humor of the young men with whom he was so familiar. He regarded it seriously. Looking up from the note, he could see in the corner of his store the brush and pot that had been used as arguments on the Vermont abolitionist. He vividly recalled the time when that unfortunate person was brought up before the self-constituted tribunal that assembled in his store.

Little Compton thought he had gauged accurately the temper of the people about him, and he had, but his modesty prevented him from accurately gauging, or even thinking about, the impression he had made on them. The note troubled him a good deal more than he would at first confess to himself. He seated himself on a low box behind his counter to think it over, resting his face in his hands. A little boy who wanted to buy a thrip's worth of candy went slowly out again after trying in vain to attract the attention of the hitherto prompt and friendly store-keeper. Tommy Tinktums, the cat, seeing that his master was sitting down, came forward with the expectation of being told to perform his famous "bouncing" trick, a feat that was at once the wonder and delight of the youngsters around Hillsborough. But Tommy Tinktums was not commanded to bounce, and so he contented himself with wash-

ing his face, pausing every now and then to watch his master with half-closed eyes.

While sitting thus reflecting, it suddenly occurred to Little Compton that he had had very few customers during the past several days, and it seemed to him, as he continued to think the matter over, that the people, especially the young men, had been less cordial lately than they had ever been before. It never occurred to him that the threatened war and the excitement of the period occupied their entire attention. He simply remembered that the young men who had made his modest little store their headquarters met there no more. Little Compton sat behind his counter a long time thinking. The sun went down and the dusk fell and the night came on and found him there.

After a while he lit a candle, spread the communication out on his desk, and read it again. To his mind there was no mistaking its meaning. It meant that he must either fight against the Union or array against himself all the bitter and aggressive suspicion of the period. He sighed heavily, closed his store, and went out into the darkness. He made his way to the residence of Major Jimmy Bass, where Miss Lizzie Fairleigh boarded. The major himself was sitting on the veranda, and he welcomed Little Compton with effusive hospitality — a hospitality that possessed an old-fashioned flavor.

"I'm mighty glad you come — yes, sir, I am. It looks like the whole world's out at the camps, and it makes me feel sorter lonesome. Yes, sir; it does that. If I wasn't so plump I'd be out there too. It's a mighty good place to be about this time of the year. I tell you what, sir, them boys is got the devil in 'em. Yes, sir; there ain't no two ways about that. When they turn themselves loose, somebody or something will git hurt. Now, you mark what I tell you. It's a tough lot — a mighty tough lot. Lord! wouldn't I hate to be a Yankee and fall in their hands! I'd be glad if I had time for to say my prayers. Yes, sir; I would that."

Thus spoke the cheerful Major Bass, and every word he said seemed to rhyme with Little Compton's own thoughts and to confirm the fears that had been aroused by the note. After he had listened to the major awhile Little Compton asked for Miss Fairleigh.

"Oho!" said the major. Then he called to a negro who happened to be passing through the hall, "Jesse, tell Miss Lizzie that Mr. Compton is in the parlor." Then he turned to Compton. "I tell you what, sir, that gal looks mighty puny. She's from the North, and I reckon she's homesick. And then there's all this talk about war. She knows our boys'll eat the Yankees plum up, and I don't blame her for being sorter downhearted. I wish you'd try to cheer her up. She's a good gal if there ever was one on the face of the earth."

Little Compton went into the parlor, where he was presently joined by Miss Fairleigh. They talked a long time together, but what they said no one ever knew. They conversed in low tones, and once or twice the hospitable major, sitting on the veranda, detected himself trying to hear what they said. He could see them from where he sat, and he observed that both appeared to be profoundly dejected. Not once did they laugh, or, so far as the major could see, even smile. Occasionally Little Compton arose and walked the length of the parlor, but Miss Fairleigh sat with bowed head. It may have been a trick of the lamp, but it seemed to the major that they were both very pale.

Finally, Little Compton rose to go. The major observed with a chuckle that he held Miss Fairleigh's hand a little longer than was strictly necessary under the circumstances. He held it so long, indeed, that Miss Fairleigh half averted her face, but the major noted that she was still pale. "We shall have a wedding in this house before the war opens," he thought to himself, and his mind was dwelling on such a contingency when Little Compton came out on the veranda.

"Don't tear yourself away in the heat of the day," said Major Bass, jocularly.

"I must go," replied Compton. "Good-bye!" He seized the major's hand and wrung it.

"Good-night," said the major, "and God bless you!"

The next day was Sunday. But on Monday it was observed that Compton's store was closed. Nothing was said and little thought of it. People's minds were busy with other matters. The drums were beating, the flags flying and the citizen soldiery parading. It was a noisy and exciting time, and a larger store than Little Compton's might have remained closed for several days without attracting attention. But one day, when the young men from the camp were in the village, it occurred to them to inquire what effect the anonymous note had had on Little Compton. Whereupon they went in a body to his store, but the door was closed, and they found it had been closed a week or more. They also discovered that Compton had disappeared.

This had a very peculiar effect upon Captain Jack Walthall. He took off his uniform, put on his citizen's clothes, and proceeded to investigate Compton's disappearance. He sought in vain for a clew. He interested others to such an extent that a great many people in Hillsborough forgot all about the military situation. But there was no trace of Little Compton. His store was entered from a rear window,

and everything found to be intact. Nothing had been removed. The jars of striped candy that had proved so attractive to the youngsters of Hillsborough stood in long rows on the shelves, flanked by the thousand and one notions that make up the stock of a country grocery store. Little Compton's disappearance was a mysterious one, and under ordinary circumstances would have created intense excitement in the community, but at that particular time the most sensational event would have seemed tame and commonplace alongside the preparations for war.

Owing probably to a lack of the faculty of organization at Richmond — a lack which, if we are to believe the various historians who have tried to describe and account for some of the results of that period, was the cause of many bitter controversies, and of many disastrous failures in the field — a month or more passed away before the Hillsborough company received orders to go to the front. Fort Sumter had been fired on, troops from all parts of the South had gathered in Virginia, and the war was beginning in earnest. Captain Jack Walthall, of the Hillsborough Guards, chafed at the delay that kept his men resting on their arms, so to speak, but he had ample opportunity, meanwhile, to wonder what had become of Little Compton. In his leisure moments he often found himself sitting on the dry-goods boxes in the neighborhood of Little Compton's store. Sitting thus one day, he was approached by his body-servant. Jake had his hat in his hand and showed by his manner that he had something to say. He shuffled around, looked first one way and then another, and scratched his head.

"Marse Jack," he began.

"Well, what is it?" said the other, somewhat sharply.

"Marse Jack, I hope ter de Lord you ain't gwine ter git mad wid me; yit I mos' knows you is, kaze I oughter done tole you a long time ago."

"You ought to have told me what?"

"'Bout my drivin' yo' hoss en buggy over ter Rockville dat time — dat time what I ain't never tole you 'bout. But I 'uz mos' 'blige' ter do it. I 'low ter myse'f, I did, dat I oughter come tell you right den, but I 'uz skeer'd you mought git mad, en den you wuz out dar at de camps, 'long wid dem milliumterry folks."

"What have you got to tell?"

"Well, Marse Jack, des 'bout takin' yo' hoss en buggy. Marse Compton 'lowed you wouldn't keer, en w'en he say dat, I des went en hitch up de hoss en kyar'd 'im over ter Rockville."

"What under heaven did you want to go to Rockville for?"

"Who? me, Marse Jack? 'Twa'n't me wanter go. Hit 'uz Marse Compton."

"Little Compton?" exclaimed Walthall.

"Yes, sir — dat ve'y same man."

"What did you carry Little Compton to Rockville for?"

"Fo' de Lord, Marse Jack, I dunno w'at Marse Compton wanter go fer. I des know'd I'uz doin' wrong, but he tuck'n 'low' dat hit'd be all right wid you, kaze you bin knowin' him so monst'us well. En den he up'n ax me not to tell you twell he done plum out'n yearin'."

"Didn't he say anything? Didn't he tell you where he was going? Didn't he send any word back?"

This seemed to remind Jake of something. He clapped his hand to his head and exclaimed:

"Well, de Lord he'p my soul! Ef I ain't de beatenest nigger on de top side er de yeth! Marse Compton gun me a letter, en I tuck'n shove it un' de buggy seat, en it's right dar yit ef somebody ain't tored it up."

By certain well-known signs Jake knew that his Marse Jack was very mad, and he was hurrying out. But Walthall called him.

"Come here, sir!" The tone made Jake tremble. "Do you stand up there, sir, and tell me all this, and think I am going to put up with it?"

"I'm gwine after dat note, Marse Jack, des ez hard ez ever I kin."

Jake managed to find the note after some little search, and carried it to Jack Walthall. It was crumpled and soiled. It had evidently seen rough service under the buggy seat. Walthall took it from the negro, turned it over and looked at it. It was sealed, and addressed to Miss Lizzie Fairleigh.

Jack Walthall arrayed himself in his best and made his way to Major Jimmy Bass's, where he inquired for Miss Fairleigh. That young lady promptly made her appearance. She was pale and seemed to be troubled. Walthall explained his errand and handed her the note. He thought her hand trembled, but he may have been mistaken, as he afterward confessed. She read it, and handed it to Captain Walthall with a vague little smile that would have told him volumes if he had been able to read the feminine mind.

Major Jimmy Bass was a wiser man than Walthall, and he remarked long afterward that he knew by the way the poor girl looked that she was in trouble, and it is not to be denied — at least, it is not to be denied in Hillsborough, where he was known and respected — that Major Bass's impressions were as important as the average man's convictions. This is what Captain Jack Walthall read:

"DEAR MISS FAIRLEIGH: When you see this I shall be on my way home. My eyes have recently been opened to the fact that there is to be a war for and

against the Union. I have strong friendships here, but I feel that I owe a duty to the old flag. When I bade you good-bye last night, it was good-bye forever. I had hoped — I had desired — to say more than I did; but perhaps it is better so. Perhaps it is better that I should carry with me a fond dream of what might have been, than to have been told by you that such a dream could never come true. I had intended to give you the highest evidence of my respect and esteem that man can give to woman, but I have been overruled by fate or circumstance. I shall love you as long as I live. One thing more: should you ever find yourself in need of the services of a friend,— a friend in whom you may place the most implicit confidence,— send for Mr. Jack Walthall. Say to him that Little Compton commended you to his care and attention, and give him my love."

Walthall drew a long breath and threw his head back as he finished reading this. Whatever emotion he may have felt he managed to conceal, but there was a little color in his usually pale face, and his dark eyes shone with a new light.

"This is a very unfortunate mistake," he exclaimed. "What is to be done?"

Miss Fairleigh smiled.

"There is no mistake, Mr. Walthall," she replied. "Mr. Compton is a Northern man, and he has gone to join the Northern army. I think he is right."

"Well," said Walthall, "he will do what he thinks is right, but I wish he was here to-night."

"Oh, so do I!" exclaimed Miss Fairleigh, and then she blushed; seeing which, Mr. Jack Walthall drew his own conclusions.

"If I could get through the lines," she went on, "I would go home." Whereupon Walthall offered her all the assistance in his power, and offered to escort her to the Potomac. But before arrangements for the journey could be made there came the news of the first battle of Manassas, and the conflict was begun in earnest; so earnest, indeed, that it changed the course of a great many lives, and gave even a new direction to American history.

Miss Fairleigh's friends in Hillsborough would not permit her to risk the journey through the lines, and Captain Walthall's company was ordered to the front, where the young men composing it entered headlong into the hurly-burly that goes by the name of war.

There was one little episode growing out of Jack Walthall's visit to Miss Fairleigh that ought to be told. When that young gentleman bade her good evening, and passed out of the parlor, Miss Fairleigh placed her hands to her face and fell to weeping, as women will.

Major Bass, sitting on the veranda, had been an interested spectator of the conference in the parlor, but it was in the nature of a pantomime. He could hear nothing that was said, but he could see that Miss Fairleigh and Walthall were both laboring under some strong excitement. When, therefore, he saw Walthall pass hurriedly out, leaving Miss Fairleigh in tears in the parlor, it occurred to him that, as the head of the household and the natural protector of the women under his roof, he was bound to take some action. He called Jesse, the negro house-servant, who was on duty in the dining-room.

"Jess! Jess! Oh, Jess!" There was an insinuating sweetness in his voice, as it echoed through the hall. Jesse, doubtless recognizing the velvety quality of the tone, made his appearance promptly. "Jess," said the major, softly, "I wish you'd please fetch me my shot-gun. Make 'aste, Jess, and don't make no furse."

Jesse went after the shot-gun, and the major waddled into the parlor. He cleared his throat at the door, and Miss Fairleigh looked up.

"Miss Lizzie, did Jack Walthall insult you here in my house?"

"Insult me, sir! Why, he's the noblest gentleman alive."

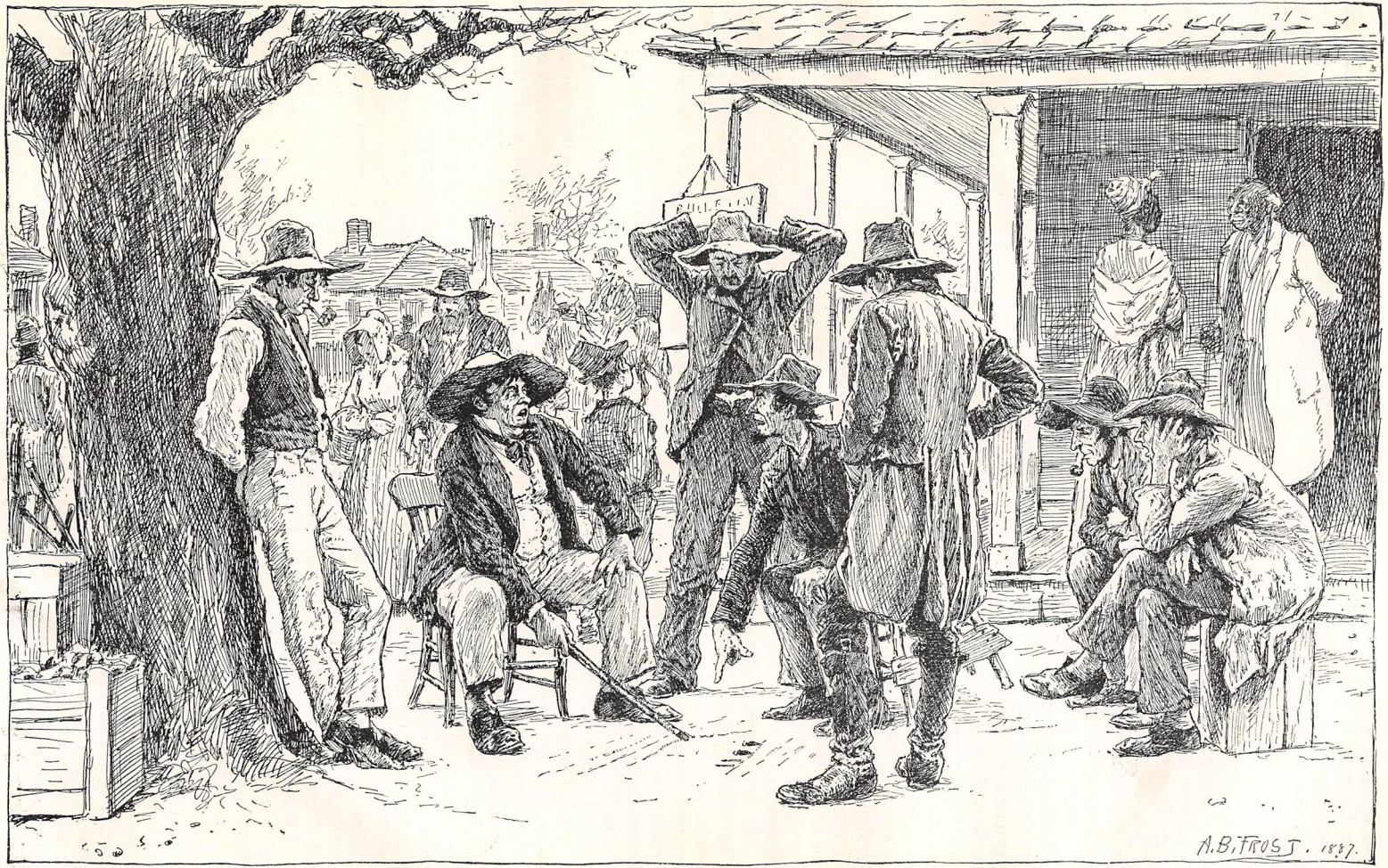
The major drew a deep breath of relief, and smiled.

"Well, I'm mighty glad to hear you say so!" he exclaimed. "I couldn't tell, to save my life, what put it into my mind. Why, I might 'a' know'd that Jack Walthall ain't that kind of a chap. Lord! I reckon I must be getting old and weak-minded. Don't cry no more, honey. Go right along and go to bed." As he turned to go out of the parlor he was confronted by Jesse with the shot-gun. "Oh, go put her up, Jess," he said apologetically; "go put her up, boy. I wanted to blaze away at a dog out there trying to scratch under the palings; but the dog's done gone. Go put her up, Jess."

When Jess carried the gun back, he remarked casually to his mistress:

"Miss Sa'h, you better keep yo' eye on Marse Maje. He talkin' mighty funny, en he doin' mighty quare."

Thereafter, for many a long day, the genial major sat in his cool veranda and thought of Jack Walthall and the boys in Virginia. Sometimes between dozes he would make his way to Perdue's Corner, and discuss the various campaigns. How many desperate campaigns were fought on that Corner! All the older citizens, who found it convenient or necessary to stay at home, had in them the instinct and emotions of great commanders. They knew how defeat could be wrung from victory, and how success could be made more overwhelming. At Perdue's Corner Washington City was taken not less than a dozen times a week, and occasionally both New York and Boston were captured and sacked.



MAJOR JIMMY BASS "SURROUNDERING" THE ENEMY.

Of all the generals who fought their battles at the Corner, Major Jimmy Bass was the most energetic, the most daring, and the most skillful. As a strategist he had no superior. He had a way of illustrating the feasibility of his plans by drawing them in the sand with his cane. Fat as he was, the major had a way of "surroundering" the enemy so that no avenue was left for his escape. At Perdue's Corner he captured Scott, and McClellan, and Joe Hooker, and John Pope, and held their entire forces as prisoners of war.

In spite of all this, however, the war went on. Sometimes word would come that one of the Hillsborough boys had been shot to death. Now and then one would come home with an arm or a leg missing, so that, before many months had passed, even the generals conducting their campaigns at Perdue's Corner managed to discover that war was a very serious business.

It happened that one day in July Captain Jack Walthall and his men, together with quite an imposing array of comrades, were called upon to breast the sultry thunder of Gettysburg. They bore themselves like men. They went forward with a shout and a rush, facing the deadly slaughter of the guns. They ran up the hill and to the rock wall. With others, Captain Walthall leaped over the wall. They were met by a murderous fire that mowed down the men like grass. The line in the rear wavered, fell back, and went forward again. Captain Walthall heard his name called in his front, and then some one cried, "Don't shoot!" and Little Compton, his face blackened with powder, and his eyes glistening with excitement, rushed into Walthall's arms. The order not to shoot — if it was an order — came too late. There was another volley. As the Confederates rushed forward, the Federal line retreated a little way; and Walthall found himself surrounded by the small remnant of his men. The Confederates made one more effort to advance, but it was useless. The line was borne back, and finally retreated; but when it went down the slope, Walthall and Lieutenant Ransome had Little Compton between them. He was a prisoner. Just how it all happened, no one of the three could describe, but Little Compton was carried into the Confederate lines. He was wounded in the shoulder and in the arm, and the ball that shattered his arm shattered Walthall's arm.

They were carried to the field hospital, where Walthall insisted that Little Compton's wounds should be looked after first. The result was that Walthall lost his left arm and Compton his right, and then, when by some special interposition of Providence they escaped gangrene and other results of imperfect surgery and bad nursing, they went to Richmond, where Walthall's money and influence secured them comfortable quarters.

Hillsborough had heard of all this in a vague way,— indeed, a rumor of it had been printed in the Rockville *Vade Mecum*,— but the generals and commanders in consultation at Perdue's Corner were astonished one day when the stage-coach set down at the door of the tavern a tall, one-armed gentleman in gray, and a short, one-armed gentleman in blue.

"By the livin' Lord!" exclaimed Major Jimmy Bass, "if that ain't Jack Walthall! And you may put out my two eyes if that ain't Little Compton! Why, shucks, boys!" he exclaimed, as he waddled across the street, "I'd 'a' know'd you anywheres. I'm a little short-sighted, and I'm mighty nigh took off wi' the dropsy, but I'd 'a' know'd you anywheres."

There were handshakings and congratulations from everybody in the town. The clerks and merchants deserted their stores to greet the new-comers, and there seemed to be a general jubilee. For weeks Captain Jack Walthall was compelled to tell his Gettysburg story over and over again, frequently to the same hearers, and, curiously enough, there was never a murmur of dissent when he told how Little Compton had insisted on wearing his Federal uniform.

"Great Jiminy Craminy!" Major Jimmy Bass would exclaim; "don't we all know Little Compton like a book? And ain't he got a right to wear his own duds?"

Rockville, like every other railroad town in the South at that period, had become the site of a Confederate hospital, and sometimes the hangers-on and convalescents paid brief visits of inspection to the neighboring villages. On one occasion a little squad of them made their appearance on the streets of Hillsborough, and made a good-natured attempt to fraternize with the honest citizens who gathered daily at Perdue's Corner. While they were thus engaged, Little Compton, arrayed in his blue uniform, passed down the street. The visitors made some inquiries, and Major Bass gave them a very sympathetic history of Little Compton. Evidently they failed to appreciate the situation, for one of them, a tall Mississippian, stretched himself and remarked to his companions:

"Boys, when we go, we'll just about lift that feller and take him along. He belongs in Andersonville — that's where he belongs."

Major Bass looked at the tall Mississippian and smiled.

"I reckon you must 'a' been mighty sick over yander," said the major, indicating Rockville.

"Well, yes," said the Mississippian; "I've had a pretty tough time."

"And you ain't strong yet," the Major went on.

"Well, I'm able to get about right lively," said the other.

"Strong enough to go to war?"

"Oh, well, not — not just yet."

"Well, then," said the major, in his bluntest tone, "you better be mighty keerful of yourself in this town. If you ain't strong enough to go to war, you better let Little Compton alone."

The tall Mississippian and his friends took the hint, and Little Compton continued to wear his blue uniform unmolested. About this time Atlanta fell, and there were vague rumors in the air, chiefly among the negroes, that Sherman's army would march down and capture Hillsborough, which, by the assembly of generals at Perdue's Corner, was regarded as a strategic point. These vague rumors proved to be correct; and by the time the first frosts fell, Perdue's Corner had reason to believe that General Sherman was marching down on Hillsborough. Dire rumors of fire, rapine, and pillage preceded the approach of the Federal army, and it may well be supposed that these rumors spread consternation in the air. Major Bass professed to believe that General Sherman would be "surroundered" and captured before his troops reached middle Georgia, but the three columns, miles apart, continued their march unopposed.

It was observed that during this period of doubt, anxiety, and terror Little Compton was on the alert. He appeared to be nervous and restless. His conduct was so peculiar that some of the more suspicious citizens of the region predicted that he had been playing the part of a spy, and that he was merely waiting for the advent of Sherman's army in order to point out where his acquaintances had concealed their treasures.

One fine morning a company of Federal troopers rode into Hillsborough. They were met by Little Compton, who had borrowed one of Jack Walthall's horses for just such an occasion. The cavalcade paused in the public square, and, after a somewhat prolonged consultation with Little Compton, rode on in the direction of Rockville. During the day small parties of foragers made their appearance. Little Compton had some trouble with these, but, by hurrying hither and thither, he managed to prevent any depredations. He even succeeded in convincing the majority of them that they owed some sort of respect to that small town. There was one obstinate fellow, however, who seemed determined to prosecute his search for valuables. He was a German who evidently did not understand English.

In the confusion Little Compton lost sight of the German, though he had determined to keep an eye on him. It was not long before he heard of him again, for one of the Walthall negroes came running across the public square, showing by voice and gesture that he was very much alarmed.

"Marse Compton! Marse Compton!" he cried, "you better run up ter Marse Jack's, kaze one er dem mens is gwine in dar whar ole Miss is, en ef he do dat, he gwine ter git hurted!"

Little Compton hurried to the Walthall place, and he was just in time to see Jack rushing the German down the wide flight of steps that led to the veranda. What might have happened no one can say; what did happen may be briefly told. The German, his face inflamed with passion, had seized his gun, which had been left outside, and was aiming at Jack Walthall, who stood on the steps, cool and erect. An exclamation of mingled horror and indignation from Little Compton attracted the German's attention and caused him to turn his head. This delay probably saved Jack Walthall's life, for the German, thinking that a comrade was coming to his aid, leveled his gun again and fired. But Little Compton had seized the weapon near the muzzle and wrested it around. The bullet, instead of reaching its target, tore its way through Compton's empty sleeve. In another instant the German was covered by Compton's revolver. The hand that held it was steady, and the eyes that glanced along its shining barrel fairly blazed. The German dropped his gun. All trace of passion disappeared from his face; and presently, seeing that the crisis had passed, so far as he was concerned, he wheeled in his tracks, gravely saluted Little Compton, and made off at a double-quick.

"You mustn't think hard of the boys, Jack, on account of that chap. They understand the whole business, and they are going to take care of this town."

And they did. The army came marching along presently, and the stragglers found Hillsborough patrolled by a detachment of cavalry. Walthall and Little Compton stood on the wide steps and reviewed this imposing array as it passed before them. The tall Confederate, in his uniform of gray, rested his one hand affectionately on the shoulder of the stout little man in blue, and on the bosom of each was pinned an empty sleeve. Unconsciously, they made an impressive picture. The Commander, grim, gray, and resolute, observed it with sparkling eyes. The spectacle was so unusual — so utterly opposed to the logic of events — that he stopped with his staff long enough to hear Little Compton tell his story. He was a grizzled, aggressive

man, this Commander, but his face lighted up wonderfully at the recital.

"Well, you know this sort of thing doesn't end the war, boys," he said, as he shook hands with Walthall and Little Compton; "but I shall sleep better to-night."

Perhaps he did. Perhaps he dreamed that what he had seen and heard was prophetic of the days to come, when peace and fraternity should seize upon the land, and bring unity, happiness, and prosperity to the people.

Joel Chandler Harris.

"FOR I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

SHALL the mole, from his night underground, call the beasts from the day-glare to flee;
Shall the owl charge the birds: "I am wise. Go to! Seek the shadows with me!"
Shall a man bind his eyes and exclaim: "It is vain that men weary to see"?

Let him walk in the gloom, whoso will. Peace be with him! But whence is his right
To assert that the world is in darkness, because he has turned from the light?
Or to seek to o'ershadow my day with the pall of his self-chosen night?

I have listened, like David's great son, to the voice of the beast and the bird;
To the voice of the trees and the grass,— yea, a voice from the stones I have heard;
And the sun and the moon, and the stars in their courses, reëcho the word!

And one word speak the bird and the beast, and the hyssop that springs in the wall,
And the cedar that lifts its proud head upon Lebanon, stately and tall,
And the rocks, and the sea, and the stars:—and "Know!" is the message of all.

For the answer has ever been nigh unto him who would question and learn;—
How to bring the stars near to his gaze;—in what orbits the planets must turn;—
Why the apple must fall from the bough;—what the fuel that sun-fires burn.

Whence came life? In the rocks is it writ, and no Finger hath graven it there?
Whence came light? Did its motions arise without bidding? Will science declare
That the law ruling all hath upsprung from Nomind, that abideth Nowhere?

"Yea, I know!" cried the true man of old. And whosoe'er wills it may know.
"My Redeemer existeth!" I seek for a sign of his presence, and lo,
As he spoke to the light, and it was,— so he speaks to my soul, and I know!

Solomon Solis-Cohen.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE TERRITORIAL EXPERIMENT.

N. B. JUDD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ROCHER.

LINCOLN AND TRUMBULL.

THE repeal of the Missouri Compromise at Douglas's instigation, and the consequent loss of the Democratic majority in Congress, have been described. To follow closely the chain of events, we must now examine its effect upon the political fortunes of that powerful leader in his own State of Illinois. In this the reader will be materially aided by a preliminary glance at some of the characteristics and sentiments of the people of that State.

The extreme length of Illinois from north to south is three hundred and eighty-five miles; in geographical situation it extends from the latitude of Massachusetts and New York to that of Kentucky and Virginia. The great westward stream of emigration in the United States has generally followed the parallels of latitude. The pioneers planted their new homes as nearly as might be in a climate like the one they had left. In process of time, therefore, northern Illinois became peopled with settlers from northern or free States, bringing their antislavery traditions and feelings; southern Illinois, with those from southern or slave States, who were as naturally proslavery. The Virginians and Kentuckians readily became converts to the thrift and order of free society; but as a class they never gave up or conquered their intense hatred of antislavery convictions based on merely moral grounds, and which they comprehensively and somewhat indiscriminately stigmatized as "abolitionism." Impelled by this hatred the lawless elements of the community were often guilty of persecution and violence in minor forms, and in 1837, as already related, it prompted the murder of Lovejoy in the city of Alton by a mob, for persisting in his right to publish his antislavery convictions. This is its gravest crime. But a narrow spirit of intolerance extending even down to the Rebellion kept on the statute books a series of acts prohibiting the settlement of free blacks in the State.

It was upon this field of radically diverse sentiment that in the year 1854 Douglas's sudden project of repeal fell like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. A Democratic governor had been chosen two years before; a Democratic Legislature, called together to consider merely local and economic questions, was sitting in extra session at Springfield. There was doubt and consternation over the new issue. The governor and other prudent partisans avoided a public committal. But the silence could not be long maintained. Douglas was a despotic party leader, and President Pierce had made the Nebraska bill an administration question. Above all, in Illinois, as elsewhere, the people at once took up the discussion, and reluctant politicians were compelled to avow themselves. The Nebraska bill with its repealing clause had been before the country some three weeks and was yet pending in Congress when a member of the Illinois Legislature introduced resolutions indorsing it. Three Democratic State senators, two from northern and one from central Illinois, had the courage to rise and oppose the resolutions in vigorous and startling speeches. They were N. B. Judd of Chicago, B. C. Cook of La Salle, and John M. Palmer of Macoupin. This was an unusual party phenomenon and had its share in hastening the general agitation throughout the State. Only two or three other members took

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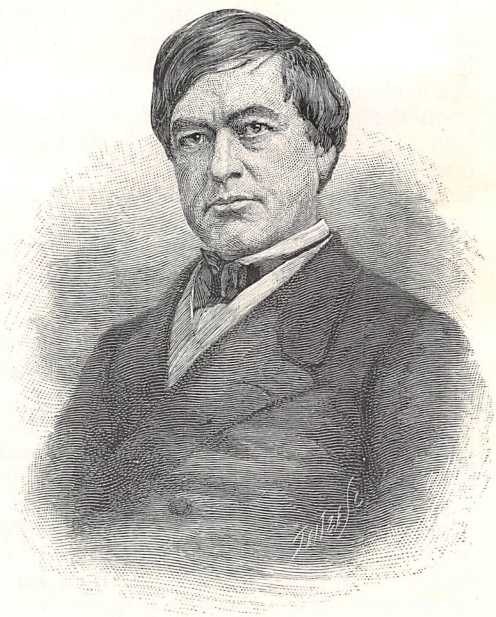
B. C. COOK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER.

part in the discussion; the Democrats avoided the issue; the Whigs hoped to profit by the dissension. There was the usual rush of amendments and of parliamentary strategy, and the indorsing resolutions which finally passed in both Houses in ambiguous language and by diminished vote were therefore shorn of much of their political significance.

Party organization was strong in Illinois, and for the greater part, as the popular discussion proceeded, the Democrats sustained and the Whigs opposed the new measure. In the northern counties, where the antislavery sentiment was general, there were a few successful efforts to disband the old parties and create a combined opposition under the new name of Republicans. This, it was soon apparent, would make serious inroads on the existing Democratic majority. But an alarming counter-movement in the central counties, which formed the Whig stronghold, soon began to show itself. Douglas's violent denunciation of "abolitionists" and "abolitionism" appealed with singular power to Whigs from slave States. The party was without a national leader; Clay had died two years before, and Douglas made skillful quotations from the great statesman's speeches to bolster up his new propagandism. In Congress only a little handful of Southern Whigs opposed the repeal, and even these did not dare place their opposition on antislavery grounds. And especially the familiar voice and example of the neighboring Missouri Whigs were given unhesitatingly to the support of the Douglas scheme. Under these combined influences one or two erratic but rather prominent Whigs in central Illinois declared their adherence to Nebraskaism, and raised the hope that the Democrats would regain in the center and south all they might lose in the northern half of the State.

One additional circumstance had its effect on public opinion. As has been stated, in the opposition to Douglas's repeal the few avowed abolitionists and the many pronounced Free-soilers, displaying unwonted activity, came suddenly into the foreground to rouse and organize public opinion, making it seem for the moment that they had really assumed leadership and control in politics. This class of men had long been held up to public odium. Some of them had, indeed, on previous occasions used intemperate and offensive language; but more generally they were denounced upon a gross misrepresentation of their utterance and purpose. It so happened that they were mostly of Democratic antecedents, which gave them great influence among antislavery Democrats, but made their advice and argument exceedingly distasteful in strong Whig counties and communities. The fact that they now became more prudent, conciliatory, and practical in their speeches and platforms did not immediately remove existing prejudice against them. A few of these appeared in Illinois. Cassius M. Clay published a letter in which he advocated the fusion of anti-Nebraska voters upon "Benton, Seward, Hale, or any other good citizen," and afterwards made a series of speeches in Illinois. When he came to Springfield, the Democratic officers in charge refused him the



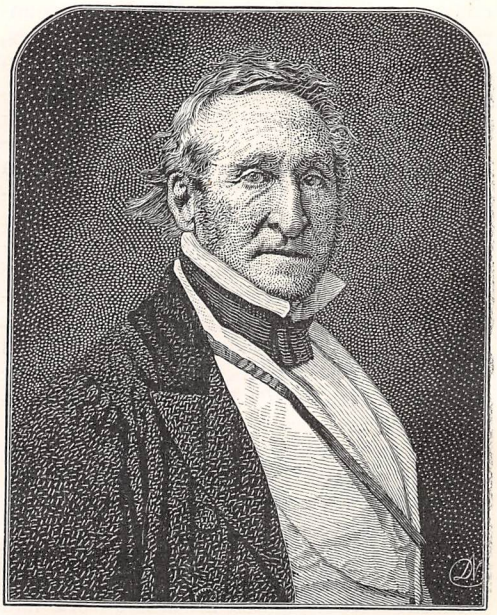
CASSIUS M. CLAY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

use of the rotunda of the State House, a circumstance, however, which only served to draw him a larger audience in a neighboring grove. Later in the summer Giddings and Chase of Ohio made a political tour through the State, and at Springfield the future Secretary and Chief-Justice addressed an unsympathetic audience of a few hundreds in the dingy little court-house, almost unheralded, save by the epithets of the Democratic newspapers. A few local speakers of this class, of superior address and force, now also began to signalize themselves by a new-born zeal and an attractive eloquence. Conspicuous among these was Owen Lovejoy of northern Illinois, brother of the man who for opinion's sake had been so shamefully murdered at Alton.

While thus in the northern half of Illinois the public condemnation of Douglas's repeal was immediate and sweeping, the formation of opposition to it was tentative and slow in the central and southern counties, where among Whigs of southern birth it proceeded rather upon party feeling than upon moral conviction. The new question struck through party lines in such a manner as to confuse and perplex the masses. But the issue would not be postponed. This was the year for electing Congressmen, and the succession of events rather than the leadership of politicians gradually shaped the campaign.

After a most exciting parliamentary struggle the repeal was carried through Congress in May. Encouraged by this successful domination over Representatives and Senators, Douglas prepared to force its unquestioned acceptance by the people. "I hear men now say," said he, "that they are willing to acquiesce in it. . . . It is not sufficient that they shall not seek to disturb Nebraska and Kansas; but they must acquiesce also in the principle."* In the slave States this was an easy task. The most prominent Democrat who had voted against the Nebraska bill was Thomas H. Benton. The election in Missouri was held in August, and Benton was easily beaten by a Whig who was as fierce for repeal as Douglas himself. In the free States the case was altogether different. In Illinois the Democrats gradually, but at last with a degree of boldness, shouldered the dangerous dogma. The main body of the party rallied under Douglas, excepting a serious defection in the north; on the other hand, the Whigs in a body declared against him, but were weakened by a scattering desertion in the center and south. Meanwhile both retained their distinctive party names and organizations.

Congress adjourned early in August, but Douglas delayed his return to Illinois. The first of September had come, when it was announced he would return to his home in Chicago. This was an antislavery city, and the current of popular condemnation and exasperation was running strongly against him. Public meetings of his own former party friends had denounced him. Street rowdies had burned him in effigy. The opposition papers charged him with skulking and being afraid to meet his constituents. On the afternoon of his coming many flags in the city and on the shipping in the river and harbor were hung at half-mast. At sunset sundry city bells were tolled for an hour to signify the public mourning at his downfall. When he mounted the platform at night to address a crowd of some five thousand listeners he was surrounded by a little knot of personal friends, but the audience before him was evidently cold if not actively hostile.



THOMAS H. BENTON.

He began his speech, defending his course as well as he could. He claimed that the slavery question was forever settled by his great principle of popular sovereignty, which took it out of Congress and gave it to the people of the territories to decide as they pleased. The crowd heard him in sullen silence for three-quarters of an hour, when their patience gave out, and they began to ply him with questions. He endured their fire of interrogatory for a little while till he lost his own temper. Excited outcry followed angry repartee. Thrust and rejoinder were mingled

* Douglas's speech before the Union Democratic Club of New York, June 3d, 1854. New York "Herald," June 5th, 1854.

with cheers and hisses. The mayor, who presided, tried to calm the assemblage, but the passions of the crowd would brook no control. Douglas, of short, sturdy build and imperious and controversial nature, stood his ground courageously, with flushed and lowering countenance hurling defiance at his interrupters, calling them a mob, and shaking his fist in their faces; in reply the crowd groaned, hooted, yelled, and made the din of Pandemonium. The tumultuous proceeding continued until half-past ten o'clock at night, when the baffled orator was finally but very reluctantly persuaded by his friends to give up the contest and leave the stand. It was trumpeted abroad by the Democratic newspapers that "in the order-loving, law-abiding abolition-ridden city of Chicago, Illinois's great statesman and representative in the United States Senate was cried down and refused the privilege of speaking"; * and as usual the indecent intolerance produced its natural reaction.

But now a new actor came forward on the political stage in central Illinois; or rather, an old favorite reappeared. This was Abraham Lincoln. Since his return to Springfield from his single term of service in Congress, 1847 to 1849, though by no means entirely withdrawn from politics, his active work had been greatly diminished. His congressional life had largely increased the horizon of his observation. Perhaps it had also extended the bounds of his ambition. He had doubtless discovered many of his own defects, and not unlikely had diligently sought to remedy them. The period following had for him been years of work, study, and reflection. His profession of law had become a deeper science

* "State Register," Sept. 4th, 1854.

LYMAN TRUMBULL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

OWEN LOVEJOY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF HIS WIFE.

and a higher responsibility. His practice, receiving his undivided attention, brought him more important and more remunerative cases. Losing nothing of his genial humor, his character took on the dignity of a graver manhood. He was still the center and the idol of every social group he encountered, whether on the street or in the parlor. Serene and buoyant of temper, cordial and winning of language, charitable and tolerant of opinion, his very presence diffused a glow of confidence and kindness. Wherever he went he left an ever-widening ripple of smiles, jests, and laughter. His radiant good fellowship was beloved and sought alike by political opponents and partisan friends. His sturdy and delicate integrity, recognized far and wide, had long since won him the blunt but hearty sobriquet of "Honest Old Abe." But it became noticeable that of late years he was less among the crowd and more in the solitude of his office or his study, and that he seemed ever in haste to leave the eager circle he was entertaining.

It was in the midsummer of 1854 that we find him reappearing upon the stump in central Illinois. The rural population always welcomed his oratory, made up of ready wit, apt illustration, simple statement, forcible logic. His diction was familiar to the ear, his stories were racy of the soil. He never lacked for invitations to address the public. His first speeches on the new and all-absorbing topic were made in the neighboring towns, and in the counties adjoining his own. Towards the end of August the candidates for Congress in that district were, in Western phrase, "on the track." Yates, afterwards one of the famous "war governors," sought a reëlection as a

Whig. Harris as a Douglas-Democrat strove to supplant him. Local politics became active, and Lincoln was sent for in all directions to address the people. When he went, however, he distinctly announced that he did not purpose to take up his time with this personal and congressional controversy. His intention was to discuss the principles of the Nebraska bill.

Once launched upon this theme, men were surprised to find him imbued with a new and unwonted seriousness. They heard from his lips fewer anecdotes and more history. Careless listeners who came to laugh at his jokes sat spell-bound by the strong current of his reasoning and the flashes of his earnest eloquence, and were lifted up by the range and tenor of his argument into a fresher and purer political atmosphere. The new discussion was fraught with deeper questions than the improvement of the Sangamon, protective tariffs, or the origin of the Mexican war. Down through incidents of legislation, through history of government, even underlying cardinal maxims of political philosophy, it touched the very bed-rock of primary human rights. Such a subject furnished material for the inborn gifts of the speaker, his intuitive logic, his impulsive patriotism, his pure and poetical conception of legal and moral justice.

Douglas, since his popular rebuff at Chicago on September 1st, had begun, after a few days of delay and rest, a tour of speech-making southward through the State. At these meetings he had at least a respectful hearing, and as he neared central Illinois the reception accorded him became more enthusiastic. The chief interest of the campaign finally centered in a sort of political tournament which took place at the capital, Springfield, during the first week of October; the State Agricultural Fair having called together great crowds, and among them the principal politicians of Illinois. This was Lincoln's home, in a strong Whig county, and in a part of the State where that party had hitherto found its most compact and trustworthy forces. As yet Lincoln had made but a single speech here on the Nebraska question. Of the Federal appointments under the Nebraska bill, Douglas secured two for Illinois, one of which, the office of surveyor-general, he had caused to be given to John Calhoun, the same man who, in the pioneer days twenty years before, was county surveyor in Sangamon and had employed Abraham Lincoln as his deputy. He was also the same who three years later received the sobriquet of "John Candlebox Calhoun," having acquired unenviable notoriety from his reputed connection with the "Cincinnati Directory" and "Candlebox" election frauds in Kansas, and with the famous Lecompton Constitution. Calhoun was still in Illinois doing campaign work in propagating the Nebraska faith. He was recognized as a man of considerable professional and political talent, and had made a speech in Springfield to which Lincoln had replied. It was, however, merely a casual and local affair and was not described or reported by the newspapers.

The meetings at the State Fair were of a different character. The audiences were composed of leading active men from nearly all the counties of the State. Though the discussion of party questions had been going on all the summer with more or less briskness, yet such was the general confusion in politics that many honest and intelligent voters and even leaders were still undecided in their opinions. The fair continued nearly a whole week. Douglas made a speech on the first day, Tuesday, October 3d. Lincoln replied to him on the following day, October 4th. Douglas made a rejoinder, and on that night and the succeeding day and night a running fire of debate ensued, in which John Calhoun, Judge Trumbull, Judge Sidney Breese, Colonel E. D. Taylor, and perhaps others took part.

Douglas's speech was doubtless intended by him and expected by his friends to be the principal and the conclusive argument of the occasion. But by this time the Whig party of the central counties, though shaken by the disturbing features of the Nebraska question, had nevertheless re-formed its lines, and assumed the offensive to which its preponderant numbers entitled it, and resolved not to surrender either its name or organization. In Sangamon county, its strongest men, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen T. Logan, were made candidates for the Legislature. The term of Douglas's colleague in the United States Senate, General James Shields, was about to expire, and the new Legislature would choose his successor. To the war of party principles was therefore added the incentive of a brilliant official prize. The Whigs were keenly alive to this chance and its influence upon their possible ascendency in the State.

Lincoln's Whig friends had therefore seen his reappearance in active discussion with unfeigned pleasure. Of old they knew his peculiar hold and influence upon the people and his party. His few speeches in the adjoining counties had once more shown them his maturing intellect, his expanding power in debate. Acting upon himself, this renewed practice on the stump crystallized his thoughts and brought method to his argument. The opposition newspapers had accused him of

"mousing about the libraries in the State House." The charge was true. Where others were content to take statements at second hand, he preferred to verify citations as well as to find new ones. His treatment of his theme was therefore not only bold but original.

By a sort of common consent he was looked to, to answer Douglas's speech. This was no light task, and no one knew it better than Lincoln. Douglas's real ability was, and remains, unquestioned. In many qualities of intellect he was truly the "Little Giant" which popular fancy nicknamed him. It was no mere chance that raised the Vermont cabinet-maker's apprentice from a penniless stranger in Illinois in 1833 to a formidable competitor for supreme leadership in the great Democratic party of the nation in 1852. When after the lapse of a quarter of a century we measure him with the veteran chiefs whom he aspired to supplant, we see the substantial basis of his confidence and ambition. His great error of statesmanship aside, he stands forth more than the peer of associates who underrated his power and looked askance at his pretensions. In the six years of perilous party conflict which followed, every conspicuous party rival disappeared in obscurity, disgrace, or rebellion. Battling while others feasted, sowing where others reaped, abandoned by his allies and persecuted by his friends, Douglas alone emerged from the fight with loyal faith and unshaken courage, bringing with him through treachery, defeat, and disaster the unflinching allegiance and enthusiastic admiration of nearly three-fifths of the rank and file of the once victorious army of Democratic voters. He had not only proved himself its most trustworthy guide and most gallant chief, but as a final crown of merit he led his still powerful contingent of followers to a patriotic defense of the Constitution and government which some of his unworthy compeers put into such mortal jeopardy.

We find him here at the beginning of this severe conflict in the full flush of hope and ambition. He was winning in personal manner, brilliant in debate, aggressive in party strategy. To this he added an adroitness in evasion and false logic perhaps never equaled, and in his defense of the Nebraska measure this questionable but convenient gift was ever his main reliance. Besides, his long official career gave to his utterances the stamp and glitter of oracular statesmanship. But while Lincoln knew all Douglas's strong points he was no less familiar with his weak ones. They had come to central Illinois about the same time, and had in a measure grown up together. Socially they were on friendly terms; politically they had been opponents for twenty years. At the bar, in the Legislature, and on the stump they had often met and measured strength. Each therefore knew the temper of the other's steel no less than every joint in his armor.

It was a peculiarity of the early West — perhaps it pertains to all primitive communities — that the people retained a certain fragment of the chivalric sentiment, a remnant of the instinct of hero-worship. As the ruder athletic sports faded out, as shooting-matches, wrestling-matches, horse-races, and kindred games fell into disuse, political debate became, in a certain degree, their substitute. But the principle of championship, while it yielded high honor and consideration to the victor, imposed upon him the corresponding obligation to recognize every opponent and accept every challenge. To refuse any contest, to plead any privilege, would be instant loss of prestige. This supreme moment in Lincoln's career, this fateful turning of the political tide, found him fully prepared for the new battle, equipped by reflection and research to permit himself to be pitted against the champion of Democracy — against the very author of the raging storm of parties; and it displays his rare self-confidence and consciousness of high ability to venture to attack such an antagonist at such a time.

Douglas made his speech, according to notice, on the first day of the fair, Tuesday October 3d. "I will mention," said he in his opening remarks, "that it is understood by some gentlemen that Mr. Lincoln, of this city, is expected to answer me. If this is the understanding, I wish that Mr. Lincoln would step forward and let us arrange some plan upon which to carry out this discussion." Mr. Lincoln was not there at the moment, and the arrangement could not then be made. Unpropitious weather had brought the meeting to the Representative's Hall in the State House, which was densely packed. The next day found the same hall filled as before to hear Mr. Lincoln. Douglas occupied a seat just in front of him and in his rejoinder he explained that "my friend Mr. Lincoln expressly invited me to stay and hear him speak to-day, as he heard me yesterday, and to answer and defend myself as best I could. I here thank him for his courteous offer." The occasion greatly equalized the relative standing of the champions. The familiar surroundings, the presence and hearty encouragement of his friends, put Lincoln in his best vein. His bubbling humor, his perfect temper, and above all the overwhelming current of his historical arraignment extorted the admiration of even his political enemies. "His speech was four hours

in length," wrote one of these,* "and was conceived and expressed in a most happy and pleasant style, and was received with abundant applause. At times he made statements which brought Senator Douglas to his feet, and then good-humored passages of wit created much interest and enthusiasm." All reports plainly indicate that Douglas was astonished and disconcerted at this unexpected display of oratorical power, and that he struggled vainly through a two hours' rejoinder to break the force of Lincoln's victory in the debate. Lincoln had hitherto been the foremost man in his district. That single effort made him the leader in his State.

The fame of this success brought Lincoln urgent calls from all the places where Douglas was advertised or expected to make a speech. Accordingly, twelve days afterwards, October 16th, they once more met in debate, at Peoria. Lincoln, as before, gave Douglas the opening and closing speech, explaining that he was willing to yield this advantage in order to secure a hearing from the Democratic portion of his listeners. The audience was a large one, but not so representative in its character as that at Springfield. The occasion is made memorable, however, by the fact that when Lincoln returned home he wrote out and published his speech. We have therefore the exact and revised text of his argument, and are able to estimate its character and value. Marking as it does with unmistakable precision a step in the second period of his intellectual development, it deserves the careful attention of the student of his life.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century the critical reader still finds it a model of brevity, directness, terse diction, exact and lucid historical statement, and full of logical propositions so short and so strong as to resemble mathematical axioms. Above all it is pervaded by an elevation of thought and aim that lifts it out of the commonplace of mere party controversy. Comparing it with his later speeches, we find it to contain not only the argument of the hour, but the premonition of the broader issues into which the new struggle was destined soon to expand.

The main, broad current of his reasoning was to vindicate and restore the policy of the fathers of the country in the restriction of slavery; but running through this like a thread of gold was the demonstration of the essential injustice and immorality of the system.

"This declared indifference," said he, "but, as I must think, covert zeal for the spread of slavery, I cannot but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our republican example of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions with plausibility to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; and especially because it forces so many really good men among ourselves into an open war with the very fundamental principles of civil liberty, criticising the Declaration of Independence and insisting that there is no right principle of action but self-interest.

. . . . . .

"The doctrine of self-government is right,—absolutely and eternally right,— but it has no just application as here attempted. Or perhaps I should rather say that whether it has such just application, depends upon whether a negro is not, or is, a man. If he is not a man, in that case he who is a man may as a matter of self-government do just what he pleases with him. But if the negro is a man, is it not to that extent a total destruction of self-government to say that he too shall not govern himself? When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government — that is despotism.

. . . . . .

"What I do say is, that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

. . . . . .

"The master not only governs the slave without his consent, but he governs him by a set of rules altogether different from those which he prescribes for himself. Allow all the governed an equal voice in the government; that, and that only, is self-government.

. . . . . .

"Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature — opposition to it in his love of justice. These principles are an eternal antagonism; and when brought into collision so fiercely as slavery extension brings them, shocks and throes and convulsions must ceaselessly follow. Repeal the Missouri Compromise — repeal all compromise — repeal the Declaration of Independence — repeal all past history — still you cannot repeal human nature.

. . . . . .

"I particularly object to the new position which the avowed principle of this Nebraska law gives to slavery in the body politic. I object to it because it assumes that there can be moral right in the enslaving of one man by another. I object to it as a dangerous dalliance for a free people,— a sad evidence that feeling prosperity, we forget right,— that liberty as a principle we have ceased to revere.

. . . . . .

"Little by little, but steadily as man's march to the grave, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Near eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men are created equal; but now from that beginning we have run down to the other declaration that for some men to enslave others is a 'sacred right of self-government.' These principles cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and mammon.

. . . . . .

"Our Republican robe is soiled and trailed in the dust. Let us repurify it. Let us turn and wash it white, in the spirit if not the blood of the Revolution. Let us turn slavery from its claims of 'moral right' back upon its existing legal rights, and its arguments of 'necessity.' Let us return it to the position our fathers gave it, and there let it rest in peace. Let us readopt the Declaration of Independence, and the practices and policy which harmonize with it. Let North and South — let all Americans — let all lovers of liberty everywhere — join in the great and good work. If we do this, we shall not only have saved the Union, but we shall have so saved it, so as to make and to keep it forever worthy of the saving. We shall have so saved it that the succeeding millions of free, happy people, the world over, shall rise up and call us blessed to the latest generations."

* Correspondence "Missouri Republican," October 6th, 1854.

The election which occurred November 7th resulted disastrously for Douglas. It was soon found that the Legislature on joint ballot would probably give a majority for Senator against Shields, the incumbent, or any other Democrat who had supported the Nebraska bill. Who might become his successor was more problematical. The opposition majority was made up of anti-Nebraska Democrats, of what were then called "abolitionists" (Lovejoy had been elected among these), and finally of Whigs, who numbered by far the largest portion. But these elements, except on one single issue, were somewhat irreconcilable. In this condition of uncertainty a host of candidates sprang up. There was scarcely a member of Congress from Illinois — indeed, scarcely a prominent man in the State of any party — who did not conceive the flattering dream that he himself might become the lucky medium of compromise and harmony.

Among the Whigs, though there were other aspirants, Lincoln, whose speeches had contributed so much to win the election, was the natural and most prominent candidate. According to Western custom, he addressed a short note to most of the Whig members elect and to other influential members of the party asking their support. Generally the replies were not only affirmative but cordial and even enthusiastic. But a dilemma now arose. Lincoln had been chosen one of the members from Sangamon county by some six hundred and fifty majority. The Constitution of Illinois contained a clause disqualifying members of the Legislature and certain other designated officials from being elected to the Senate. Good lawyers generally believed this provision repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, and that the qualifications of Senators and Representatives therein prescribed could be neither increased nor diminished by a State. But the opposition had only a majority of one or two. If Lincoln resigned his membership in the Legislature this might destroy the majority. If he refused to resign, such refusal might carry some member to the Democrats.

At last, upon full deliberation, Lincoln resigned his seat, relying upon the six or seven hundred majority in Sangamon county to elect another Whig. It was a delusive trust. A reaction in the Whig ranks against "abolitionism" suddenly set in. A listless apathy succeeded the intense excitement and strain of the summer's canvass. Local rivalries forced the selection of an unpopular candidate. Shrewdly noting all these signs the Democrats of Sangamon now organized what is known in Western politics as a "still-hunt." They made a feint of allowing the special election to go by default. They made no nomination. They permitted an independent Democrat, known under the sobriquet of "Steamboat Smith," to parade his own name. Up to the very day of election they gave no public sign, although they had in the utmost secrecy instructed and drilled their precinct squads. On the morning of election the working Democrats appeared at every poll, distributing tickets bearing the name of a single candidate not before mentioned by any one. They were busy all day long spurring up the lagging and indifferent, and bringing the aged, the infirm, and the distant voters in vehicles. Their ruse succeeded. The Whigs were taken completely by surprise, and in a remarkably small total vote, McDaniels, Democrat, was chosen by some sixty majority. The Whigs in other parts of the State were furious at the unlooked-for result, and the incident served greatly to complicate the senatorial canvass.

Nevertheless it turned out that even after this loss the opposition to Douglas would have a majority on joint ballot. But how unite this opposition made up of Whigs, of Democrats, and of so-called abolitionists? It was just at that moment in the impending revolution of parties when everything was doubt, distrust, uncertainty. Only these abolitionists, ever aggressive on all slavery issues, were ready to lead off in new combinations, but nobody was willing to encounter the odium of acting with them. They, too, were present at the State Fair, and heard Lincoln reply to Douglas. At the close of that reply, and just before Douglas's rejoinder, Lovejoy had announced to the audience that a Republican State Convention would be immediately held in the Senate Chamber, extending an invitation to delegates to join in it. But the appeal fell upon unwilling ears. Scarcely a corporal's guard left the discussion. The Senate Chamber presented a discouraging array of empty benches. Only some twenty-six delegates were there to represent the great State of Illinois. Nothing daunted, they made their speeches and read their platform to each other.* Particularly, however, in their addresses they praised Lincoln's great speech

* Their resolutions were radical for that day but not so extreme as was generally feared. On the slavery question they declared their purpose: to restore Kansas and Nebraska to the position of free territories; that as the Constitution of the United States vests in the States and not in Congress the power to legislate for the rendition of fugitives from labor, to repeal and entirely abrogate the fugitive slave law; to restrict slavery to those States in which it exists; to prohibit the admission of any more slave States; to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; to exclude slavery from all territories over which the General Government has exclusive jurisdiction, and finally to resist the acquirement of any more territories unless slavery shall have been therein forever prohibited.

which they had just heard, notwithstanding his declarations differed so essentially from their new-made creed. "Ichabod raved," said the Democratic organ in derision, "and Lovejoy swelled, and all indorsed the sentiments of that speech." Not content with this, without consent or consultation, they placed Lincoln's name in the list of their State Central Committee.

Matters remained in this attitude until their chairman called a meeting and notified Lincoln to attend. In reply he sent the following letter of inquiry:

"While I have pen in hand allow me to say that I have been perplexed some to understand why my name was placed on that committee. I was not consulted on the subject, nor was I apprised of the appointment until I discovered it by accident two or three weeks afterwards. I suppose my opposition to the principle of slavery is as strong as that of any member of the Republican party; but I had also supposed that the extent to which I feel authorized to carry that opposition practically was not at all satisfactory to that party. The leading men who organized that party were present on the 4th of October at the discussion between Douglas and myself at Springfield and had full opportunity to not misunderstand my position. Do I misunderstand them?" *

Whether this letter was ever replied to is uncertain, though improbable. No doubt it led to conferences during the meeting of the Legislature, early in the year 1855, when the senatorial question came on for decision. It has been suggested that Lincoln made dishonorable concessions of principle to get the votes of Lovejoy and his friends. The statement is too absurd to merit serious contradiction. The real fact is that Mr. Giddings, then in Congress, wrote to Lovejoy and others to support Lincoln. Various causes delayed the event, but finally, on February 8th, 1855, the Legislature went into joint ballot. A number of candidates were put in nomination, but the contest narrowed itself down to three. Abraham Lincoln was supported by the Whigs and Free-soilers; James Shields by the Douglas-Democrats. As between these two, Lincoln would have easily succeeded, had not five anti-Nebraska Democrats refused under any circumstances to vote for him or any other Whig,† and steadily voted during six ballots for Lyman Trumbull. The first vote stood: Lincoln, forty-five; Shields, forty-one; Trumbull, five; scattering, eight. Two or three Whigs had thrown away their votes on this first ballot, and though they now returned and adhered to him, the demoralizing example was imitated by various members of the coalition. On the sixth ballot the vote stood: Lincoln, thirty-six; Shields, forty-one; Trumbull, eight; scattering, thirteen.

At this stage of the proceedings the Douglas-Democrats executed a change of front, and, dropping Shields, threw nearly their full strength, forty-four votes, for Governor Joel A. Matteson. The maneuver was not unexpected, for though the governor and the party newspapers had hitherto vehemently asserted he was no candidate, the political signs plainly contradicted such statement. Matteson had assumed a quasi-independent position; kept himself non-committal on Nebraska, and opposed Douglas's scheme of tonnage duties to improve Western rivers and harbors. Like the great majority of Western men he had risen from humble beginnings, and from being a gold-hunter, emigrant, farmer, contractor, and speculator had become governor. In office he had devoted himself specially to the economical and material questions of Illinois, and in this rôle had a certain popularity with all classes and parties.

The substitution of his name proved a shrewd and promising device. The ninth ballot gave him forty-seven votes. The opposition under the excitement of non-partisan appeals began to break up. Of the remaining votes Lincoln received fifteen, Trumbull thirty-five, scattering one. In this critical moment Lincoln exhibited a generosity and a sagacity above the range of the mere politician's vision. He urged upon his Whig friends and supporters to drop his own name and join without hesitation or conditions in the election of Trumbull.‡ This was putting their fidelity to a bitter trial. Upon every issue but the Nebraska bill Trumbull still avowed himself an uncompromising Democrat. The faction

* Lincoln to Codding, Nov. 27th, 1854. MS.

† "All that remained of the anti-Nebraska force, excepting Judd, Cook, Palmer, Baker, and Allen of Madison, and two or three of the secret Matteson men, would go into caucus, and I could get the nomination of that caucus. But the three Senators and one of the two Representatives above named 'could never vote for a Whig,' and this incensed some twenty Whigs to 'think' they would never vote for the man of the five." —[Lincoln to Hon. E. B. Washburne, February 9th, 1855. MS.]

‡ "In the mean time our friends, with a view of detaining our expected bolters, had been turning from me to Trumbull till he had risen to thirty-five and I had been reduced to fifteen. These would never desert me except by my direction; but I became satisfied that if we could prevent Matteson's election one or two ballots more, we could not possibly do so a single ballot after my friends should begin to return to me from Trumbull. So I determined to strike at once; and accordingly advised my remaining friends to go for him, which they did, and elected him on that, the tenth ballot. Such is the way the thing was done. I think you would have done the same under the circumstances, though Judge Davis, who came down this morning, declares he never would have consented to the forty-seven [opposition] men being controlled by the five. I regret my defeat moderately, but am not nervous about it."—[Lincoln to Washburne, February 9th, 1855. MS.]

of five had been stubborn to defiance and disaster. They would compel the mountain to go to Mahomet. It seemed an unconditional surrender of the Whig party. But such was Lincoln's influence upon his adherents that at his request they made the sweeping sacrifice, though with the lingering sorrow of men at the burial of a near and dear friend. The proceedings had wasted away a long afternoon of most tedious suspense. Evening had come; the gas was lighted in the hall, the galleries were filled with beautiful and eager women, the lobbies were packed with restless and nervously anxious men. All had forgotten the lapse of hours, their fatigue and their hunger, in the absorption of the fluctuating contest. The roll-call of the tenth ballot still showed fifteen votes for Lincoln, thirty-six for Trumbull, forty-seven for Matteson. Amid an excitement which was becoming painful, and in a silence where spectators scarcely breathed, Judge Stephen T. Logan, Lincoln's nearest and warmest friend, arose and announced the purpose of the remaining Whigs to decide the contest, whereupon the entire fifteen changed their votes to Trumbull. This gave him the necessary number of fifty-one, and elected him a Senator of the United States.

At that early day an election to the United States Senate must have seemed to Lincoln a most brilliant political prize, the highest, perhaps, to which he then had any hopes of ever attaining. To school himself to its loss with becoming resignation, to wait hopefully during four years for another opportunity, to engage in the dangerous and difficult task of persuading his friends to leave their old and join a new political party only yet dimly foreshadowed, to study the chances of maintaining his party leadership, furnished sufficient occupation for the leisure afforded by the necessities of his law practice. It is interesting to know that he did more; that amid the consideration of mere personal interests, he was vigilantly pursuing a study of the higher phases of the great moral and political struggle on which the nation was just entering. A letter of his written to a friend in Kentucky in the following year shows us that he had nearly reached a maturity of conviction on the nature of the slavery conflict — his belief that the nation could not permanently endure half slave and half free — which he did not publicly express until the beginning of his famous senatorial campaign of 1858:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., August 15, 1855.

"HON. GEO. ROBERTSON, Lexington, Ky.

"MY DEAR SIR: The volume you left for me has been received. I am really grateful for the honor of your kind remembrance, as well as for the book. The partial reading I have already given it has afforded me much of both pleasure and instruction. It was new to me that the exact question which led to the Missouri Compromise had arisen before it arose in regard to Missouri, and that you had taken so prominent a part in it. Your short but able and patriotic speech on that occasion has not been improved upon since by those holding the same views; and, with all the lights you then had, the views you took appear to me as very reasonable.

"You are not a friend of slavery in the abstract. In that speech you spoke of 'the peaceful extinction of slavery' and used other expressions indicating your belief that the thing was, at some time, to have an end. Since then we have had thirty-six years of experience; and this experience has demonstrated, I think, that there is no peaceful extinction of slavery in prospect for us. The signal failure of Henry Clay and other good and great men, in 1849, to effect anything in favor of gradual emancipation in Kentucky, together with a thousand other signs, extinguishes that hope utterly. On the question of liberty, as a principle, we are not what we have been. When we were the political slaves of King George, and wanted to be free, we called the maxim that 'all men are created equal' a self-evident truth; but now when we have grown fat, and have lost all dread of being slaves ourselves, we have become so greedy to be *masters* that we call the same maxim 'a self-evident lie.' The Fourth of July has not quite dwindled away; it is still a great day for burning *fire-crackers!*

"That spirit which desired the peaceful extinction of slavery has itself become extinct with the *occasion* and the *men* of the Revolution. Under the impulse of that occasion, nearly half the States adopted systems of emancipation at once; and it is a significant fact that not a single State has done the like since. So far as peaceful, voluntary emancipation is concerned, the condition of the negro slave in America, scarcely less terrible to the contemplation of a free mind, is now so fixed and hopeless of change for the better as that of the lost souls of the finally impenitent. The Autocrat of all the Russias will resign his crown and proclaim his subjects free republicans, sooner than will our American masters voluntarily give up their slaves.

"Our political problem now is, 'Can we as a nation continue together *permanently* — *forever* — half slaves, and half free?' The problem is too mighty for me. May God in his mercy superintend the solution. Your much obliged friend, and humble servant,

"A. LINCOLN."

The reader has doubtless already noted in his mind the curious historical coincidence which so soon followed the foregoing speculative affirmation. On the day before Lincoln's first inauguration as President of the United States, the "Autocrat of all the Russias," Alexander II., by imperial decree emancipated his serfs; while six weeks after the inauguration, the "American masters," headed by Jefferson Davis, began the greatest war of modern times, to perpetuate and spread the institution of slavery.

THE BORDER RUFFIANS.

THE passage of the Nebraska bill and the hurried extinction of the Indian title opened nearly fifteen million acres of public lands to settlement and purchase. The whole of this vast area was yet practically tenantless. In

all of Kansas there were only three military posts, eight or ten missions or schools attached to Indian reservations, and some scores of roving hunters and traders or squatters in the vicinity of a few well-known camping stations on the two principal emigrant and trading routes, one leading southward to New Mexico, the other northward toward Oregon. But such had been the interest created by the political excitement, and so favorable were the newspaper reports of the location, soil, and climate of the new country, that a few months sufficed to change Kansas from a closed and prohibited Indian reserve to the emigrant's land of promise.

Douglas's oracular "stump speech" in the Nebraska bill transferred the struggle for slavery extension from Congress to the newly organized territories. "Come on, then, gentlemen of the slave States," said Seward in a Senate discussion; "since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of Freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers as it is in right." With fifteen millions in the North against ten millions in the South, the result could not be in doubt.

Feeling secure in the evident advantage, the North, in general, trusted implicity to the ordinary and natural movement of emigration. To the rule, however, there were a few exceptions. Some members of Congress, incensed at the tactics of the Nebraska leaders, formed a Kansas Aid Society in Washington City and contributed money to assist emigrants.* Beyond this initiatory step they do not seem to have had any personal participation in it, and its office and working operations were soon transferred to New York. Sundry similar organizations were also formed by private individuals. The most notable of these was a Boston company chartered in March, named "The Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company." The charter was soon abandoned, and the company reorganized June 13th, under private articles of association; † and in this condition it became virtually the working agency of philanthropic citizens of New England, headed by Hon. Eli Thayer. There were several auxiliary societies and a few independent associations.‡ But from what then and afterwards came to light, it appears that Mr. Thayer's society was the only one whose operations reached any degree of success deserving historical notice. This company gave publicity, through newspaper advertisements and pamphlets, of its willingness to organize emigrants into companies, to send them to Kansas in charge of trustworthy agents, and to obtain transportation for them at reduced rates. It also sent the machinery for a few saw-mills, and the types and presses for two or three newspapers, and erected a hotel or boarding-house to accommodate new-comers. It purchased and held only the land necessary to locate these business enterprises. It engaged in no speculation, paid no fare of any emigrants, and expressly disavowed the requirement of any oath or pledge of political sentiment or conduct. All these transactions were open, honest, and lawful, carefully avoiding even the implication of moral or political wrong.

Under the auspices of this society a pioneer company of about thirty persons arrived in Kansas in July, 1854, and founded the town of Lawrence.§ Other parties followed from time to time, sending out offshoots, but mainly increasing the parent settlement, until next to Fort Leavenworth, the principal military post, Lawrence became the leading town of the territory. The erection of the society hotel, the society saw-mills, and the establishment of a newspaper also gave it leadership in business and politics as well as population. This humane and praiseworthy enterprise has been gravely charged with the origin and responsibility of the political disorders which followed in Kansas. Nothing could be further from the truth. Before it had assisted five hundred persons to their new homes, the territory had by regular and individual immigration, mainly from the Western States, acquired a population of 8501 souls, as disclosed by the official census taken after the first summer's arrivals, and before those of the second had begun. It needs only this mere statement to refute the political slander so industriously repeated in high places against the Lawrence immigrants.

Deeper causes than the philanthropy or zeal of a few Boston enthusiasts were actively at work. The balance of power between the free and the slave States had been destroyed by the admission of California. To restore that balance the South had consummated the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as a first and indispensable step. The second equally indispensable step was to seize the political control of the new territory.

Kansas lay directly west of the State of Missouri. For a frontier State, the pro-slavery sentiment of Missouri was very pronounced and ultra, especially along the Kansas border. The establishment of slavery in this new region had formed the subject of public and local discussion before the Nebraska bill, and Senator Atchison had promised his western Missouri constituents to labor for such a result.

* Testimony of Hon. Daniel Mace.

† Hale's "Kansas and Nebraska," p. 229.

‡ "Tribune" Almanac, 1856, p. 28.

§ Phillips's "Conquest of Kansas," p. 27.

From the time the unlooked-for course of Senator Douglas made it a practical possibility, Atchison was all zeal and devotion to this object, which he declared was almost as dear to him as his hope of heaven. When it finally became a question to be decided perhaps by a single frontier election, his zeal and work in that behalf were many times multiplied.

Current reports and subsequent developments leave no doubt that this Senator, being then acting Vice-President of the United States,* immediately after the August adjournment of Congress hurried away to his home in Platte county, Missouri, and from that favorable situation personally organized a vast conspiracy, running through nearly all the counties of his State adjoining the Kansas border, to decide the slavery question for Kansas by Missouri votes. Secret societies under various names, such as "Blue Lodges," "Friends Society," "Social Band," "Sons of the South," were organized and affiliated, with all the necessary machinery of oaths, grips, signs, passwords, and badges. The plan and object of the movement were in general kept well concealed. Such publicity as could not be avoided served rather to fan the excitement, strengthen the hesitating, and frown down all dissent and opposition. Long before the time for action arrived, the idea that Kansas must be a slave State had grown into a fixed and determined public sentiment.

The fact is not singular if we remember the peculiar situation of that locality. It was before the great expansion of railroads, and western Missouri could only be conveniently approached by the single commercial link of steamboat travel on the turbid and dangerous Missouri River. Covering the rich alluvial lands along that majestic but erratic stream lay the heavy slave counties of the State, wealthy from the valuable slave products of hemp and tobacco. Slave tenure and slavery traditions in Missouri dated back a full century, to the remote days when the American Bottom opposite St. Louis was one of the chief bread and meat producing settlements of New France, sending supplies northward to Mackinaw, southward to New Orleans, and eastward to Fort Duquesne. When in 1763 "the Illinois" country passed by treaty under the British flag, the old French colonists, with their slaves, almost in a body crossed the Mississippi into then Spanish territory, and with fresh additions from New Orleans founded St. Louis and its outlying settlements; and these, growing with a steady thrift, extended themselves up the Missouri River. Slavery was thus identified with the whole history and also with the apparent prosperity of the State; and it had in recent times made many of these Western counties rich. The free State of Iowa lay a hundred miles to the north, and the free State of Illinois two hundred to the east; a wall of Indian tribes guarded the west. Should all this security be suddenly swept away, and their runaways find a free route to Canada by simply crossing the county line? Should the price of their personal "chattels" suddenly fall one-half for want of a new market? With nearly fifteen million acres of fresh land to choose from for the present outlay of a trifling preëmption fee, should not the poor white compel his single "black boy" to follow him a few miles west, and hoe his tobacco for him on the new fat bottom-lands of the Kaw River? Even such off-hand reasoning was probably confined to the more intelligent. For the greater part these ignorant but stubborn and strong-willed frontiersmen were moved by a bitter hatred of "abolitionism," because the word had now been used for half a century by partisans high and low,—Governors, Senators, Presidents,—as a term of opprobrium and a synonym of crime. With these as fathers of the faith and the Vice-President of the United States as an apostle to preach a new crusade, is it astonishing that there was no lack of listeners, converts, and volunteers? Senator Atchison spoke in no ambiguous words.

"When you reside in one day's journey of the territory," said he, "and when your peace, your quiet, and your property depend upon your action, you can without an exertion send five hundred of your young men who will vote in favor of your institutions. Should each county in the State of Missouri only do its duty, the question will be decided quietly and peaceably at the ballot-box. If we are defeated, then Missouri and the other Southern States will have shown themselves recreant to their interests and will deserve their fate."†

Western water transportation found its natural terminus where the Kaw or Kansas river empties itself into the Missouri. From this circumstance that locality had for years been the starting-point for the overland caravans or wagon-trains. Fort Leavenworth was the point of rendezvous for those going to California and Oregon; Independence the place of outfit for those destined to Santa Fe. Grouped about these two points were half a dozen heavy slaveholding counties of Missouri,—Platte, Clay, Ray, Jackson, Lafayette, Saline, and others. Platte county, the home of Senator Atchison, was their western outpost, and lay like an outspread fan in the great bend

* By virtue of his office as President *pro tempore* of the United States Senate. The Vice-Presidency was vacant; Mr. King, chosen with President Pierce, had died.

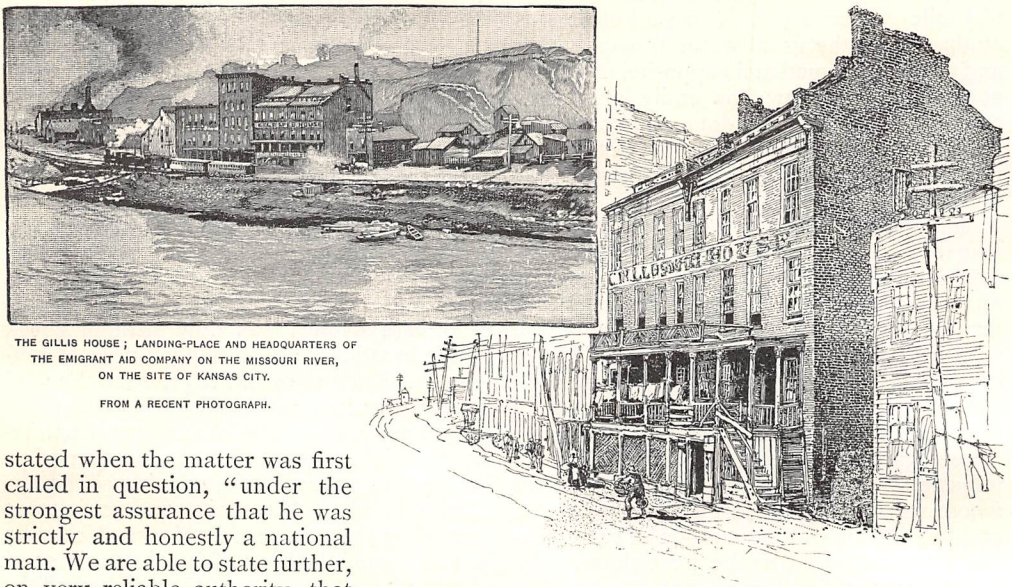
† Speech in Platte county. Phillips's "Conquest of Kansas," p. 43.

of the Missouri, commanding from thirty to fifty miles of river front. Nearly all of Kansas attainable by the usual water transportation and travel lay immediately opposite. A glance at the map will show how easily local sentiment could influence or dominate commerce and travel on the Missouri River. In this connection the character of the population must be taken into account.

The spirit of intolerance which once pervaded all slaveholding communities, in whatever State of the Union, was here rampant to an unusual degree. The rural inhabitants were marked by the strong characteristics of the frontier,—fondness of adventure, recklessness of exposure or danger to life, a boastful assertion of personal right, privilege, or prowess, a daily and hourly familiarity with the use of fire-arms. These again were heightened by two special influences,—the presence of Indian tribes whose reservations lay just across the border, and the advent and preparation of each summer's emigration across the great plains. The "Argonauts of '49" were not all gamblers and cut-throats of border song and story. Generally, however, they were men of decision and will, all mere drift-wood in the great current of gold-seekers being soon washed ashore and left behind. Until they finished their last dinner at the Planter's House in St. Louis, the fledgelings of cities, the lawyers, doctors, merchants, and speculators, were in or of civilization. Perhaps they even resisted the contamination of cards and drink, profanity and revolver salutations, while the gilded and tinseled Missouri River steamboat bore them for three days against its muddy current and boiling eddies to meet their company and their outfit. But once landed at Independence or Leavenworth, they were of the frontier, of the wilderness, of the desert. Here they donned their garments of red flannel and coarse cloth or buckskin, thrust the legs of their trousers inside the tops of their heavy boots, and wore their bowie-knife or revolver in their outside belt. From this departure all were subject to the inexorable equality of the camp. Eating, sleeping, standing guard, tugging at the wheel or defending life and property,—there was no rank between captain or cook, employer or employed, savant or ignoramus, but the distribution of duty and the assignment of responsibility. Toil and exposure, hunger and thirst, wind and storm, danger in camp quarrel or Indian ambush, were the familiar and ordinary vicissitudes of a three months' journey in a caravan of the plains. To the common hazards of the frontier was thus added the recklessness of a doubtful, often a desperate, throw in the game of life.

All this movement created business for these Missouri River towns. Their few inhabitants drove a brisk trade in shirts and blankets, guns and powder, hard-bread and bacon, wagons and live stock. Petty commerce busies itself with the art of gain rather than with the labor of reform. Indian and emigrant traders did not too closely scan their sources of profit. The precepts of the divine and the penalties of the human law sat lightly upon them. As yet many of these frontier towns were small hamlets, without even a pretext of police regulations. Passion, therefore, ran comparatively a free course, and the personal redress of private wrongs was only held in check by the broad and acknowledged right of self-defense. Since 1849 and 1850, when the gold fever was at its height, emigration across the plains had slackened, and the eagerness for a revival of this local traffic undoubtedly exerted its influence in procuring the opening of the territories in 1854. The noise and excitement created by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act awakened the hope of frontier traders and speculators, who now greedily watched all the budding opportunities of gain. Under such circumstances these opportunities to the shrewd, to the bold, and especially to the unscrupulous, are many. Cheap lands, unlimited town lots, eligible trading sites, the multitude of franchises and privileges within the control of a territorial legislature, the offices to be distributed under party favoritism, offer an abundant lure to enterprise and far more to craft. It was to such a population and undersuch a condition of things that Senator Atchison went to his home in Platte county in the summer of 1854 to preach his pro-slavery crusade against Kansas. His personal convictions, his party faith, his senatorial reëlection, and his financial fortunes, were all involved in the scheme. With the help of the Stringfellows and other zealous co-workers, the town of Atchison was founded and named in his honor, and the "Squatter Sovereign" newspaper established, which displayed his name as a candidate for the Presidency. The good-will of the Administration was manifested by making one of the editors postmaster at the new town.

President Pierce appointed as Governor of Kansas territory Andrew H. Reeder, a member of his own party, from the free State of Pennsylvania. He had neither prominent reputation nor conspicuous ability, though under trying circumstances he afterwards showed diligence, judgment, integrity, and more than ordinary firmness and independence. It is to be presumed that his fitness in a partisan light had been thoroughly scrutinized by both President and Senate. Upon the vital point the investigation was deemed conclusive. "He was appointed," the "Washington Union" naïvely



THE GILLIS HOUSE; LANDING-PLACE AND HEADQUARTERS OF THE EMIGRANT AID COMPANY ON THE MISSOURI RIVER, ON THE SITE OF KANSAS CITY.

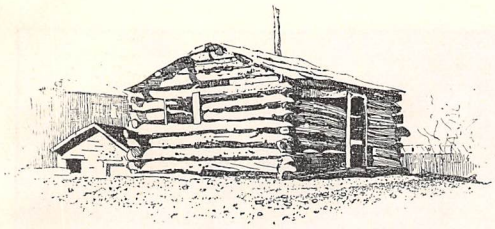
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

stated when the matter was first called in question, "under the strongest assurance that he was strictly and honestly a national man. We are able to state further, on very reliable authority, that whilst Governor Reeder was in Washington, at the time of his appointment, he conversed with Southern gentlemen on the subject of slavery, and assured them that he had no more scruples in buying a slave than a horse, and regretted that he had not money to purchase a number to carry with him to Kansas." With him were appointed three Federal judges, a secretary, a marshal, and an attorney for the territory, all doubtless considered equally trustworthy on the slavery question. The organic act invested the governor with very comprehensive powers to initiate the organization of the new territory. Until the first legislature should be duly constituted, he had authority to fix election days, define election districts, direct the mode of returns, take a census, locate the temporary seat of government, declare vacancies, order new elections to fill them, beside other usual and permanent powers of an executive.

ELI THAYER (1860).

Arriving at Leavenworth in October, 1854, Governor Reeder was not long in discovering the designs of the Missourians. He was urged to order the immediate election of a territorial legislature.* The conspirators had already spent some months in organizing their "Blue Lodges," and now desired to be promptly put in possession of the political power of the territory. But the Governor had too much manliness to become the mere pliant tool they wished to make him. He resented their dictatorship; made a tour of inspection through the new settlements; and acting on his own proper judgment, on his return issued a proclamation for a simple election of a delegate to Congress. At the appearance of this proclamation Platte county took the alarm, and held a meeting on the Kansas side of the river, to intimidate him with violent speeches and a significant memorial. The governor retorted in a letter that the meeting was composed of Missourians, and that he should resist outside interference from friend,

*Reports of Committee H. R. 1st and 2d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II. Reeder Deposition, "Howard Report," pp. 933–935.



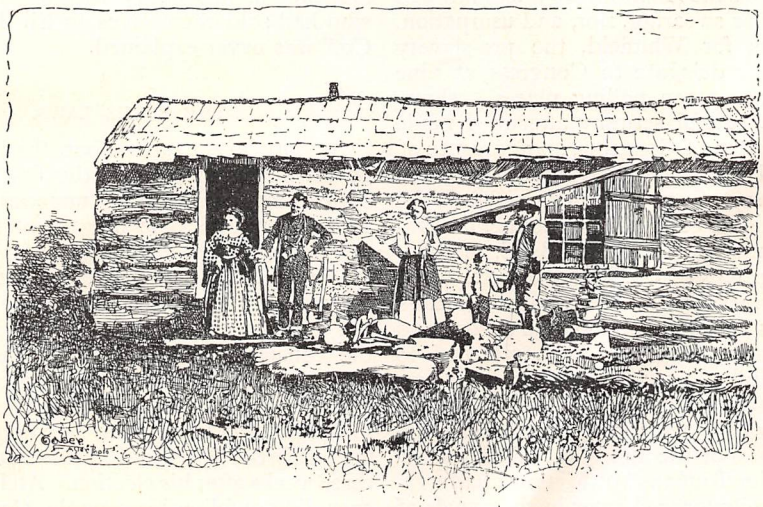
PREËMPTION HOUSE BUILT ON THE TOWN SITE OF LAWRENCE IN 1854.
FROM PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

foe, or faction.* Pocketing this rebuff as best they might, Senator Atchison and his "Blue Lodges" nevertheless held fast to their purpose. Paper proclamation and lectures on abstract rights counted but little against the practical measures they had matured. November 29th, the day of election for delegate, finally arrived, and with it a formidable invasion of Missouri voters at more than half the polling places appointed in the governor's proclamation.

In frontier life it was an every-day experience to make excursions for business or pleasure, singly or in parties, requiring two or three consecutive days, perhaps a night or two of camping out, and for which saddle-horses and farm-wagons furnished ready transportation; and nothing was more common than concerted neighborhood efforts for improvement, protection, or amusement. On such occasions neighborly sentiment and comity required every man to drop his axe, or unhitch from the plow in the furrow, to further the real or imaginary weal of the community. In urgent instances non-compliance was fatal to the peace and comfort and sometimes to the personal safety of the settler. The movement described above had been in active preparation for weeks, controlled by strong and secret combinations, and many unwilling participants were doubtless swept into it by an excited public opinion they dared not resist.

A day or two before the election the whole Missouri border was astir. Horses were saddled, teams harnessed, wagons loaded with tents, forage, and provisions, bowie-knives buckled on, revolvers and rifles loaded, and flags and inscriptions flung to the breeze by the more demonstrative and daring. Crossing the river-ferries from the upper counties, and passing unobstructed over the State line by the prairie-roads and trails from the lower, many of them camped that night at the nearest polls, while others pushed on fifty or a hundred miles to the sparsely settled election districts of the interior. As they passed along, the more scrupulous went through the empty form of an imaginary settlement, by nailing a card to a tree, driving a stake into the ground, or inscribing their names in a claim register, prepared in haste by the invading party. The more indifferent satisfied themselves with a mere mental resolve to become a settler. The utterly reckless silenced all scruples in profanity and drunkenness. On election morning the few real squatters of Kansas, endowed with Douglas's delusive boon of "popular sovereignty," witnessed with mixed indignation and terror acts of summary usurpation. Judges of election were dispossessed and set aside by intimidation or stratagem, and pro-slavery judges substituted without the slightest regard to regularity or law; judges' and voters' oaths were declared unnec-

*Reeder to Gwiner and others, Nov. 21, 1854; copied into "National Era," Jan. 4, 1855.



PREËMPTION HOUSE BUILT BY W. R. LYKINS, LAWRENCE, 1854.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
IN MARCH, 1855, THIS HOUSE WAS THE POLLING-PLACE AT THE ELECTION OF THE FIRST TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE, WHEN A THOUSAND ARMED MISSOURIANS VOTED.

FERRYING MISSOURI VOTERS TO THE KANSAS SHORE.

essary, or explained away upon newly-invented phrases and absurd subtleties. "Where there's a will, there's a way," in wrong and crime, as well as in honest purpose and deed; and by more dishonest devices than history can stop fully to record the ballot-boxes were filled, through invasion, false swearing, riot, and usurpation, with ballots for Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate for delegate to Congress, at nine out of the seventeen polling places — showing, upon a careful scrutiny afterward made by a committee of Congress, an aggregate of 1729 illegal votes, and only 1114 legal ones. This mockery of an election completed, the valiant Knights of the Blue Lodge, the fraternal members of the Social Band, the philanthropic groups of the Friends Society, and the chivalric Sons of the South mounted their horses and wagons, and with cheers, and salvos from revolver and rifle, returned to their axe and plow, society lodge and bar-room haunt, to exult in a victory for Missouri and slavery over the "Abolition hordes and nigger thieves of the Emigrant Aid Society." The "Border Ruffians" of Missouri had written their preliminary chapter in the annals of Kansas. The published statements of the Emigrant Aid Society show that up to the date of election it had sent only a few hundred men, women, and children to the territory. Why such a prodigious effort was deemed necessary to control the votes and influence of this paltry handful of "paupers who had sold themselves to Eli Thayer and Co." was never explained.

THE BOGUS LAWS.

As the event turned out, the invasion of border ruffians to decide the first election in Kansas had been entirely unnecessary. Even without counting the illegal votes, the pro-slavery candidate for delegate was chosen by a plurality. He had held the office of Indian Agent, and his acquaintance, experience, and the principal fact that he was the favorite of the conspirators gave him an easy victory. Governor Reeder issued his certificate of election without delay, and Whitfield hurried away to Washington to enjoy his new honors, taking his seat in the House of Representatives within three weeks after his election. Atchison, however, did not follow his example. Congress met on the first Monday of December, and the ser-

vices of the Acting Vice-President were needed in the Senate Chamber. But of such importance did he deem the success of the conspircy in which he was the leader, that a few weeks before the session he wrote a short letter to the Senate, giving notice of his probable absence and advising the appointment of a new presiding officer.

As a necessary preliminary to organizing the government of the territory, Governor Reeder, under the authority of the organic "popular sovereignty." But his short experience with Atchison's Border Ruffians had already rudely shaken his partisanship. The events of the November election exposed the designs of the pro-slavery conspiracy beyond all doubt or concealment, and no course was left him but to become either its ally or its enemy. In behalf of justice, as well as to preserve what he still fondly cherished as a vital party principle, he determined by every

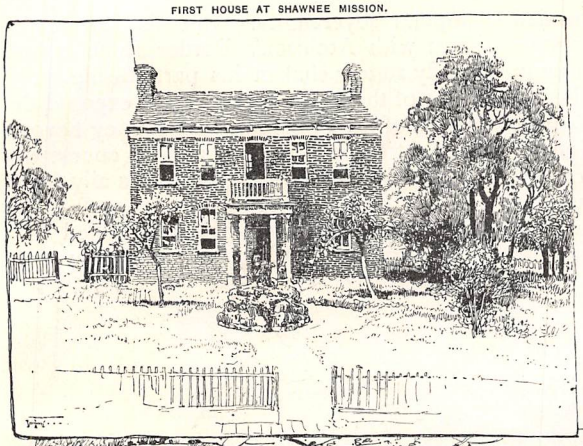
ANDREW H. REEDER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. KNECHT.

act, proceeded to take a census of its inhabitants.* This work, carried on and completed in the months of January and February, 1855, disclosed a total population of 8601 souls, of whom 2905 were voters. With this enumeration as a definite guide, the governor made an apportionment, established election districts, and, appointing the necessary officers to conduct it, fixed upon the 30th of March, 1855, as the day for electing the territorial legislature. Governor Reeder had come to Kansas an ardent Democrat, a firm friend of the Pierce administration, and an enthusiastic disciple of the new Democratic dogma of means in his power to secure a fair election. Party lines in the territory had become sharply defined upon the single issue of "free State" and "slave State." In his appointment of election officers, census-takers, justices of the peace, and constables, he was careful to make his selections from both factions as fairly as possible, excepting that, as a greater and necessary safeguard against another invasion, he designated in the several election districts along the Missouri border two "free-State" men and one pro-slavery man to act as judges at each poll. † He prescribed distinct and rigid rules for the conduct of the election; ordering

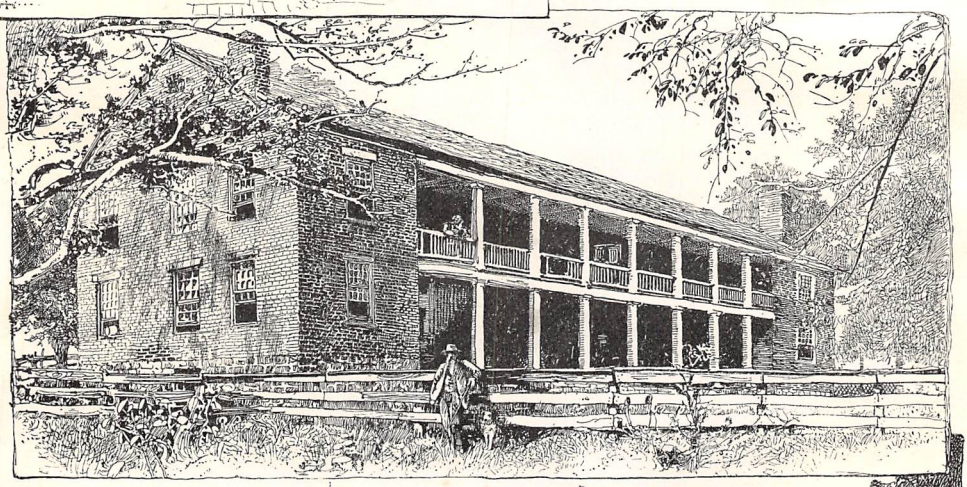
* Reeder Testimony, "Howard Report," p. 934.

† Reeder Instructions, "Howard Report," pp. 107, 935.

FIRST HOUSE AT SHAWNEE MISSION.

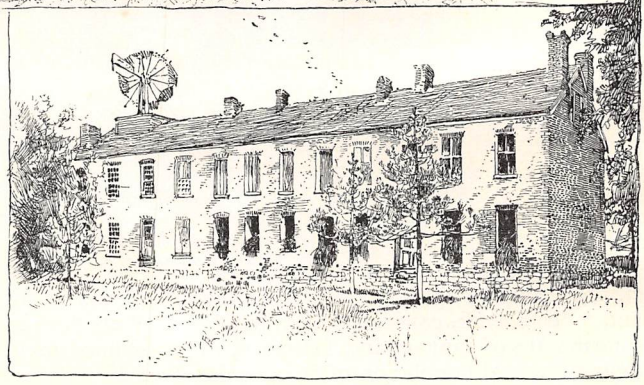


strong to control the election; and by these misrepresentations the whole border was wrought up into the fervor of a pro-slavery crusade. When the 30th of March, election day, finally arrived, the conspiracy had once more mustered its organized army of invasion, and five thousand Missouri Border Ruffians, in different camps, bands, and squads, held practical possession of nearly every election district in the territory.* Riot, violence, intimidation, destruction of ballot-boxes, expulsion and substitution of judges, neglect or refusal



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR REEDER AND STAFF, 1855.

among other things that the judges should be sworn, that constables should attend and preserve order, and that voters must be actual inhabitants to the exclusion of any other home.

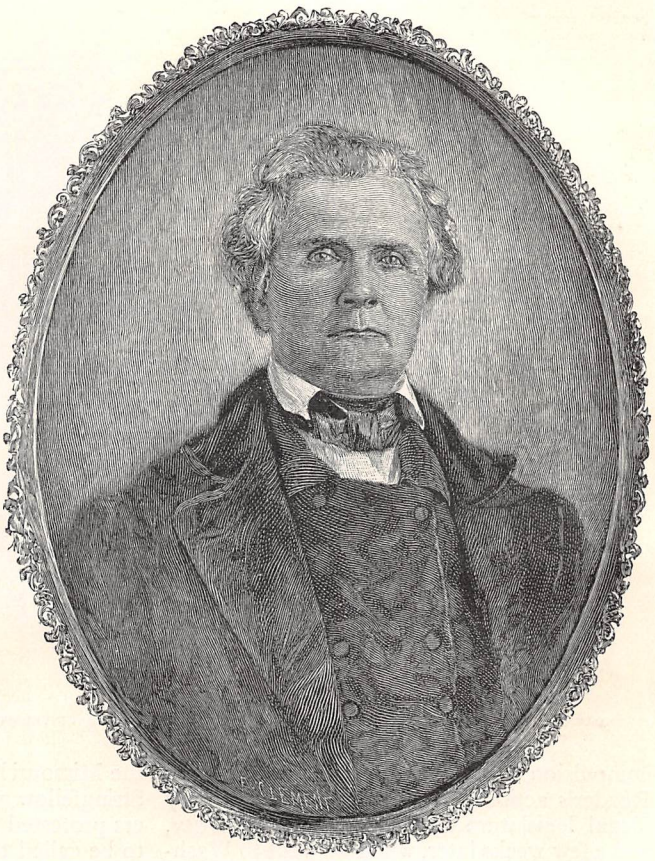


OLD SCHOOL BUILDING OCCUPIED BY FIRST TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE.

All his precautions came to nought. This election of a territorial legislature, which, as then popularly believed, might determine by the enactment of laws whether Kansas should become a free or a slave State, was precisely the coveted opportunity for which the Border Ruffian conspiracy had been organized. Its interference in the November election served as a practical experiment to demonstrate its efficiency and to perfect its plans. The alleged doings of the Emigrant Aid Societies furnished a convenient and plausible pretext; wild and extravagant assertions were now circulated as to the plans and numbers of the Eastern emigrants; it was industriously reported that they were coming twenty thousand to administer the prescribed oaths, *vivâ voce* voting, repeated voting on one side, and obstruction and dispersion of voters on the other, were common incidents; no one dared to resist the assertions or acts of the invaders, since they were armed and equipped and commanded in frontier if not in military fashion, in many cases by men whose names then or afterwards were prominent or notorious. Of the votes cast, 1410 were upon a subse-

*"Howard Report," pp. 9 to 44.

quent examination found to have been legal, while 4908 were illegal.* Of the total number, 5427 votes were given to the pro-slavery and only 791 to the free-State candidates. At such an election the candidates of the conspiracy claimed to have been chosen a legislature for the territory of Kansas. Upon a careful collation of evidence the investigating committee of Congress was of the opinion that the vote would have returned a free-State legislature if the election had been confined to the actual settlers;† as conducted, however, it showed a nominal majority for every pro-slavery candidate but one.



REV. THOMAS JOHNSON (1860, AGED 59).
FROM AN AMBROTYPE IN POSSESSION OF HIS SON, A. MONROE JOHNSON.

Governor Reeder had feared a repetition of the November frauds; but it is evident that he had no conception of so extensive an invasion. It is probable, too, that information of its full enormity did not immediately reach him. Meanwhile the five days prescribed in his proclamation for receiving notices of contest elapsed. The governor had removed his executive office to Shawnee Mission. At this place, and at the neighboring town of Westport, Missouri, only four miles distant, a majority of the persons claiming to have been elected now assembled and became clamorous for their certificates.‡ A committee of their number presented a formal written demand for the same; they strenuously denied his right to question the legality of the election, and threats against the governor's life in case of his refusal to issue them became alarmingly frequent. Their regular consultations, their open denunciations, and their hints at violence, while they did not entirely overawe the governor, so far produced their intended effect upon him that he assembled a band of his personal friends for his own protection. On the 6th of April, one week after election, the governor announced his decision upon the returns. On one side of the room were himself and his armed adherents; on the other side the would-be members in superior numbers, with their pistols and bowie-knives equally ready. Under this virtual duress the governor issued certificates of election to all but about one-third of the claimants; and the returns in these cases he rejected, not because of alleged force or fraud, but on account of palpable defects in the papers.§

This issue of certificates under a virtual

* Ibid, p. 30.

† Ibid, p. 34.

‡ Reeder's testimony, "Howard Report," pp. 935–9; also Stringfellow's testimony, p. 355.

§ Namely, because of a *viva voce* vote certified instead of a ballot, and because the prescribed oath and the words "lawful resident voters" had been openly erased from the printed forms. In six districts the governor ordered a supplementary election, which was duly held on the 22d of May following. When that day arrived, the Border Ruffians, proclaiming the election to be illegal, by their default allowed free-State men to be chosen in all the districts except that of Leavenworth, where the invasion and tactics of the March election were repeated now for the third time and the same candidates voted for. "Howard Report," pp. 35–36. Indeed, the Border Ruffian habit of voting in Kansas had become chronic, and did not cease for some years, and sometimes developed the grimmest humors. In the autumn of that same year an election for county-seat took place in Leavenworth county by the accidental failure of the legislature to designate one. Leavenworth city aspired to this honor and polled six hundred votes to obtain it; but it had an enterprising rival in Kickapoo city, ten miles up the river, and another, Delaware city, eight miles down stream. Both

FOUNDATION OF THE OLD TERRITORIAL CAPITAL, LECOMPTON — LANE UNIVERSITY IN THE BACKGROUND. (SEE PAGE 880.)

compulsion was a fatal error in Governor Reeder's action. It endowed the notoriously illegal legislature with a technical authority, and a few weeks later, when he went to Washington City to invoke the help of the Pierce administration against the usurpation, it enabled Attorney-General Cushing (if current report was true) to taunt him with the reply, "You state that this legislature is the creature of force and fraud; which shall we believe —your official certificate under seal, or your subsequent declarations to us in private conversation?"

The question of the certificates disposed of, the next point of interest was to determine at what place the legislature should assemble. Under the organic act the governor had authority to appoint the first meeting, and it soon became known that his mind was fixed upon the embryo town of Pawnee, adjoining the military post of Fort Riley, situated on Kansas River, a hundred and ten miles from the Missouri line. Against this exile, however, Stringfellow and his Border Ruffian law-makers protested in an energetic memorial, asking to be called together at the Shawnee Mission, supplemented by the private threat that even if they convened at Pawnee, they would adjourn and come back the day after.* If the governor harbored any remaining doubt that this bogus legislature intended to assume and maintain the mastery, it speedily vanished. Their hostility grew open and defiant; they classed him as a free-State man, an "abolitionist," and it became only too evident that he would gradually be shorn of power and degraded from the position of territorial executive to that of a mere puppet. Having nothing to gain by further concession, he adhered to his original plan, issued his proclamation† convening the legislature at Pawnee on the first Monday in July, and immediately started for Washington to make a direct appeal to President Pierce.

were paper towns — "cottonwood towns," in border slang — of great expectations; and both having more unscrupulous enterprise than voters, appealed to Platte county to "come over." This was an appeal Platte county could never resist, and accordingly a chartered ferry-boat brought voters all election day from the Missouri side, until the Kickapoo tally-lists scored eight hundred and fifty. Delaware city, however, was not to be thus easily crushed. She too not only had her chartered ferry-boat, but kept her polls open for three days in succession, and not until her boxes contained nine hundred ballots (of which only fifty were probably legal) did the steam whistle scream victory! When the "returning board" had sufficiently weighed this complicated electoral contest, it gravely decided that keeping the polls open for three days was "an unheard of irregularity." (Holloway's "History of Kansas," pp. 192–4). This was exquisite irony; but a local court on appeal seriously giving a final verdict for Delaware, the transaction became a perennial burlesque on "Squatter Sovereignty."

* "Squatter Sovereign," June 5th, 1855.

† April 16th, 1855.

How Governor Reeder failed in this last hope of redress and support, how he found the Kansas conspiracy as strong at Washington as on the Missouri border, will appear further along. On the second of July the governor and the legislature met at the town of Pawnee, where he had convoked them — a magnificent prairie site, but containing as yet only three buildings, one to hold sessions in, and two to furnish food and lodging. The governor's friends declared the accommodations ample; the Missourians on the contrary made affidavit that they were compelled to camp out and cook their own rations. The actual facts had little to do with the predetermination of the members. Stringfellow had written in his paper, the "Squatter Sovereign," three weeks before, "We hope no one will be silly enough to suppose the governor has power to compel us to stay at Pawnee during the entire session. We will, of course, have to 'trot' out at the bidding of his Excellency,— but we will trot him back next day at our bidding." *

The prediction was literally fulfilled. Both branches organized without delay, the House choosing John H. Stringfellow its Speaker. Before the governor's message was delivered on the following day, the House had already passed, under suspended rules, "An act to remove the seat of government temporarily to the Shawnee Manual Labor School," † which act the council as promptly concurred in. ‡ The governor vetoed the bill, but it was at once passed over his veto. § By the end of the week the legislature had departed from the budding capital, to return no more. ||

The governor was perforce obliged to follow his migratory Solons, who adhered to their purpose despite his public or private protests, and who reassembled at Shawnee Mission, or more correctly the Shawnee Manual Labor School, on the 16th of July. Shawnee Mission was one of our many national experiments in civilizing Indian tribes. This philanthropic institution, nourished by the Federal treasury, was presided over by the Rev. Thomas Johnson. The town of Westport, which could boast of a post-office, lay only four miles to the eastward, on the Missouri side of the State line, and was a noted pro-slavery stronghold. There were several large brick buildings at the Mission capable of accommodating the legislature with halls and lodging rooms; its nearness to an established post-office and its contiguity to Missouri pro-slavery sentiment were elements probably not lost sight of. Mr. Johnson, who had formerly been a Missouri slaveholder, was at the March election chosen a member of the Territorial Council, which in due time made him its presiding officer; and the bogus legislature at Shawnee Mission was therefore in a certain sense under its own "vine and fig-tree."

The two branches of the legislature, the Council with the Rev. Thomas Johnson as President, and the House with Stringfellow of the "Squatter Sovereign" as Speaker, now turned their attention seriously to the pro-slavery work before them. The conspirators were shrewd enough to realize their victory. "To have intimated one year ago," said the Speaker in his address of thanks, "that such a result would be wrought out, one would have been thought a visionary; to have predicted that to-day a legislature would assemble, almost unanimously pro-slavery, and with myself for Speaker, I would have been thought mad." ¶ The programme had already been announced in the "Squatter Sovereign" some weeks before. "The South must and will prevail. If the Southern people but half do their duty, in less than nine months from this day Kansas will have formed a constitution and be knocking at the door for admission. . . . In the session of the United States Senate in 1856, two Senators from the slaveholding State of Kansas will take their seats, and abolitionism will be forever driven from our halls of legislation." ** Against this triumphant attitude Governor Reeder was despondent and powerless. The language of his message †† plainly betrayed the political dilemma in which he found himself caught. He strove as best he might to couple together the prevailing cant of office-holders against "the destructive spirit of abolitionism" and a comparatively mild rebuke of the Missouri usurpation. ‡‡

Nevertheless, the governor stood reasonably firm. He persisted in declaring that the legislature could pass no valid laws at any other place than Pawnee, and returned the first bill sent him with a veto message to that effect. To this the legislature replied by passing the bill over his veto, and in addition formally

* "Squatter Sovereign," June 5th, 1855.
† "Kansas Territory House Journal," 1855, p. 12.
‡ "Journal of Council," p. 12.
§ "Kansas House Journal," 1855, p. 29.
|| Ibid, p. 30.
¶ "Squatter Sovereign," July 17th, 1855.
** Ibid, June 19th, 1855.
†† "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855, p. 12.
‡‡ Its phraseology was adroit enough to call forth a sneering compliment from Speaker Stringfellow, who wrote to the "Squatter Sovereign": "On Tuesday the governor sent in his message, which you will find is very well calculated to have its effect with the Pennsylvania Democracy. If he was trustworthy I would be disposed to compliment the most of it, but knowing how corrupt the author is, and that it is only designed for political effect in Pennsylvania, he not expecting to remain long with us, I will pass it by." — "Squatter Sovereign," July 17th, 1855.

raising a joint committee "to draw up a memorial to the President of the United States respectfully demanding the removal of A. H. Reeder from the office of governor";* and, as if this indignity were not enough, holding a joint session for publicly signing it. The memorial was promptly dispatched to Washington by special messenger; but on the way this envoy read the news of the governor's dismissal by the President.

This event appeared definitely to sweep away the last obstacle in the path of the conspirators. The office of acting governor now devolved upon the Secretary of the Territory, Daniel Woodson, a man who shared their views and was allied in their schemes. With him to approve their enactments, the parliamentary machinery of the "bogus" legislature was complete and effective. They had at the very beginning summarily ousted the free-State members chosen at the supplementary election of May 22d, and seated the pro-slavery claimants of March 30th; and the only two remaining free-State members resigned in utter disgust and despair, and to avoid giving countenance to the flagrant usurpation by their presence. No one was left even to enter a protest.

This, then, was the perfect flower of Douglas's vaunted experiment of "popular sovereignty,"—a result they professed fully to appreciate. "Hitherto," said the Judiciary Committee of the House in a long and grandiloquent report,† "Congress have retained to themselves the power to mold and shape all the territorial governments according to their own peculiar notions, and to restrict within very limited and contracted bounds both the natural as well as the political rights of the bold and daring pioneer and the noble, hardfisted squatter." But by this course, the argument of the committee continued, "the pillars which uphold this glorious union of States were shaken until the whole world was threatened with a political earthquake," and "the principle that the people are capable of self-government would have been forever swallowed up by anarchy and confusion," had not the Kansas-Nebraska bill "delegated to the people of these territories the right to frame and establish their own form of government."

What might not be expected of law-makers who begin with so ambitious an exordium, and who lay the corner-stone of their edifice upon the solid rock of political principle? The anti-climax of performance which followed this philosophical promise would be laughably absurd, indeed, were it not marked by the cunning of a well-matured political plot. Their first step was to recommend the repeal of "all laws whatsoever, which may have been considered to have been in force" in this territory on the 1st day of July, 1855, thus forever quieting any doubt "as to what is and what is not law in this territory";‡ secondly, to substitute a code about which there should be no question, by the equally ingenious expedient of copying and adopting the Revised Statutes of Missouri.§

These enactments were made in due form; but the "bogus" legislature did not seem content to let its fame rest on this single monument of self-government. Casting their eyes once more upon the broad expanse of American politics, the Judiciary Committee reported:

> "The question of slavery is one that convulses the whole country, from the boisterous Atlantic to the shores of the mild Pacific. This state of things has been brought about by the fanaticism of the North and East, while up to this time the people of the South, and those of the North who desire the perpetuation of this Union and are devoted to the laws, have been entirely conservative. But the time is coming—yea, it has already arrived—for the latter to take a bold and decided stand that the Union and law may not be trampled in the dust,"‖ etc., etc.

The "Revised Statutes of Missouri," recommended in bulk, and adopted with hasty clerical modifications,¶ already contained the usual slave-code peculiar to Southern States. But in the plans and hopes of the conspirators, this of itself was insufficient. In order to "take a bold stand that the Union and law might not be trampled in the dust," they with great painstaking devised and passed "an act to punish offenses against slave property."**

It prescribed the penalty of death, not merely for the grave crime of inciting or aiding an insurrection of slaves, free negroes, or mulattoes, or circulating printed matter for such an object, but also the same extreme punishment for the comparatively mild offense of enticing or decoying away a slave

* "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 10.

† Report Judiciary Com., "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 14.

‡ Report Judiciary Com., "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 18.

§ Report Judiciary Com., "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 18.

‖ Report Judiciary Com., "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 14.

¶ To guard more effectually against clerical errors, the legislature enacted: "Sec. 1. Wherever the word 'State' occurs in any act of the present legislative assembly, or any law of this territory, in such construction as to indicate the locality of the operation of such act or laws, the same shall in every instance be taken and understood to mean 'territory,' and shall apply to the territory of Kansas."—"Statutes of Kansas," 1855, p. 718.]

** "Statutes Territory of Kansas," 1855, p. 715.

or assisting him to escape; for harboring or concealing a fugitive slave, ten years' imprisonment; for resisting an officer arresting a fugitive slave, two years' imprisonment.

If such inflictions as the foregoing might perhaps be tolerated upon the plea that a barbarous institution required barbarous safeguards, what ought to be said of the last three sections of the act which, in contempt of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, annulled the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press, and invaded even the private sanctity of individual conscience?

To write, print, or circulate "any statements, arguments, opinions, sentiment, doctrine, advice, or innuendo, calculated to produce a disorderly, dangerous, or rebellious disaffection among the slaves of the territory, or to induce such slaves to escape from the service of their masters, or to resist their authority," was pronounced a felony and punishable by five years' imprisonment. To deny the right of holding slaves in the territory, by speaking, writing, printing, or circulating books or papers, was likewise made a felony, punishable by two years' imprisonment. Finally it was enacted that "no person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any of the sections of this act." Also, all officers were, in addition to their usual oath, required to swear to support and sustain the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the Fugitive-Slave Law.*

The spirit which produced these despotic laws also governed the methods devised to enforce them. The legislature proceeded to elect the principal officers of each county, who in turn were empowered by the laws to appoint the subordinate officials. All administration, therefore, emanated from that body, reflected its will, and followed its behest. Finally, the usual skeleton organization of a territorial militia was devised, whose general officers were in due time appointed by the acting governor from prominent and serviceable pro-slavery members of the Legislature.†

Having made their present domination secure, they did not omit to provide as well as lay in their power to perpetuate their political ascendency in the territory. They ingeniously prolonged the tenure of their various appointees, and to render their success at future elections easy and certain they provided that candidates to be eligible, and judges of election, and voters when challenged, must swear to support the Fugitive-Slave Law.‡ This they knew would virtually disfranchise many conscientious antislavery men; while, on the other hand, they enacted that each inhabitant who had paid his territorial tax should be a qualified voter for all elective officers. Under so lax a provision Missouri invaders could in the future, as they had done in the past, easily give an apparent majority at the ballot-box for all their necessary agents and ulterior schemes.

In a technical sense the establishment of slavery in Kansas was complete. There were by the census of the previous February already some two hundred slaves in the territory. Under the sanction of these laws, and before they could by any possibility be repealed, some thousands might be expected, especially by such an organized and united effort as the South could make to maintain the vantage ground already gained. Once there, the aggressiveness of the institution might be relied on to protect itself, since all experience had shown that under similar conditions it was almost ineradicable.

After so much patriotic endeavor on the part of these Border Ruffian legislators "that the Union and law may not be trampled in the dust," it cannot perhaps be wondered at that they began to look around for their personal rewards. These they readily found in the rich harvest of local monopolies and franchises which lay scattered in profusion on this virgin field of legislation, ready to be seized and appropriated without dispute by the first occupants. There were charters for railroads, insurance companies, toll-bridges, ferries, coal mines, plank roads, and numberless privileges and honors of present or prospective value out of which, together with the county, district and military offices, the ambitious members might give and take with generous liberality. One-sixth of the printed laws of the first session attest their modest attention to this incidental squatter's dowry.§ One of the many favorable opportunities in this category was the establishment of the permanent territorial capital, authorized by the organic act, where the liberal Federal appropriation for public buildings should be expended. For this purpose, competition from the older towns yielding gracefully after the first ballot, an entirely new site on the open prairie overlooking the Kansas River some miles west of Lawrence was agreed upon. The proceedings do not show any unseemly scramble over the selection, and no tangible record remains of the whispered distribution of corner lots and

* Ibid, 1855, p. 516.

† "Kansas Territory Journal of Council," 1855, p. 248.

‡ "Statutes Territory of Kansas," 1855, p. 332.

§ Colfax, Speech in H. R. June 21st, 1856.

contracts. It is only the name which rises into historical notice.

One of the actors in the political drama of Kansas was Samuel Dexter Lecompte, Chief-Justice of the territory. He had been appointed from the border State of Maryland, and is represented to have been a diligent student, a respectable lawyer, a prominent Democratic politician, and possessed of the personal instincts and demeanor of a gentleman. Moved by a pro-slavery sympathy none the less objectionable that it may have been sincere, Judge Lecompte lent his high authority to the interests of the conspiracy against Kansas. He had already rendered the bogus legislature the important service of publishing an extra-judicial opinion, sustaining their adjournment from Pawnee to Shawnee Mission.* Probably because they valued his official championship and recognized in him a powerful ally in politics, they made him a member of several of their private corporations, and gave him the conspicuous honor of naming their newly-founded capital Lecompton. But the intended distinction was transitory. Before the lapse of a single decade, the town for which he stood sponsor was no longer the capital of Kansas.

THE TOPEKA CONSTITUTION.

THE bogus legislature adjourned late on the night of the 30th of August, 1855. They had elaborately built up their legal despotism, commissioned trusty adherents to administer it, and provided their principal and undoubted partisans with military authority to see that it was duly executed. Going still a step further, they proposed so to mold and control public opinion as to prevent the organization of any party or faction to oppose their plans. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, it was the fashion in the States for Democrats to style themselves "National Democrats"; and a few newspapers and speakers in Kansas had adopted the prevailing political name. To stifle any such movement, both houses of the legislature on the last night of their session adopted a concurrent resolution declaring that the proposition to organize a National Democratic party, having already misled some of their friends, would divide pro-slavery Whigs from Democrats and weaken their party one-half; that it was the duty of the pro-slavery, Union-loving men of Kansas "to know but one issue, slavery; and that any party making or attempting to make any other should be held as an ally of abolitionism and disunion." †

Had the conspiracy been content to prosecute its designs through moderate measures, it would have inevitably fastened slavery upon Kansas. The organization of the invasion in western Missouri, carried on under pre-acknowledged leadership, in populous counties, among established homes, amid well-matured confidence growing out of long personal and political relationship, would have been easy even without the powerful bond of secret association. On the other hand, the union of the actual inhabitants of Kansas, scattered in sparse settlements, personal strangers to each other, coming from widely separated States, and comprising radically different manners, sentiments, and traditions, and burdened with the prime and unyielding necessity of protecting themselves and their families against cold and hunger, was in the very nature of the case slow and difficult. But the course of the Border Ruffians created a powerful and determined opposition, which now became united in support of what is known to history as the Topeka Constitution; or, in other words, the free-State party of Kansas.

It is a noteworthy historic incident that this free-State movement originated in Democratic circles, under Democratic auspices. The Republican party did not yet exist. The opponents of the Kansas-Nebraska Act were demoralized and scattered among the Whigs, Know-Nothings, and Free-soilers in the States, and had no national affiliation, although they had won overwhelming triumphs in a majority of the Congressional districts in the fall elections of 1854. It so happened that nearly if not quite all the free-State leaders originally went to Kansas as friends of President Pierce, and as believers in the dogma of "popular sovereignty."

Now that this usurping legislature had met, contemptuously expelled the free-State members, defied the governor's veto, set up its ingeniously contrived legal despotism, and commissioned its partisan followers to execute and administer it, the situation became sufficiently grave to demand defensive action. The real settlers were Democrats, it was true; they had voted for Pierce, shouted for the platform of '52, applauded the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and emigrated to the territory to enjoy the new political gospel of popular sovereignty. But the practical Democratic beatitudes of Kansas were not calculated to strengthen the saints or confirm them in the faith. A Democratic invasion had elected a Democratic legislature, which enacted Democratic laws, under whose practical "non-intervention" a

* "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855. Appendix, p. 3.

† "House Journal Kansas Territory," 1855, p. 380; "Council Journal," 1855, p. 253.

Democratic marshal bringing a writ from a Democratic judge might fasten a ball and chain to their ankles if they should happen to read the Declaration of Independence to a negro, or carry Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia" in their carpet-bags. Neither Kansas Democrats nor Northern State Democrats could tolerate or defend such open outrages upon right and decency.

The official resolution which the bogus legislature now proclaimed as a final political test left no middle ground between those who were for slavery and those who were against slavery — those who were for the bogus laws in all their enormity, and those who were against them. Before this pressure, doubt, hesitation, party bias, and personal jealousy gradually melted away, and all who were not willing to become active co-workers with the conspiracy were forced to combine in self-defense.

It was in the town of Lawrence that the free-State movement naturally found its beginning. The settlers of the Emigrant Aid Society were comparatively few in number; but supported by money, saw-mills, printing-presses, boarding-houses, they became from the very first a compact, self-reliant governing force. A few preliminary meetings, instigated by the disfranchised free-State members of the legislature, brought together a large mass convention. The result of its two days' deliberations was a regularly chosen delegate convention held at Big Springs, a few miles west of Lawrence, on the 5th of September, 1855. All doubt and hesitation on the part of the leaders had by this time vanished. More important than all, perhaps, was the presence and active participation of Ex-Governor Reeder himself, who wrote the resolutions, addressed the convention in a stirring and defiant speech, and received by acclamation their nomination for territorial delegate. The platform adopted repudiated in strong terms the bogus legislature and its tyrannical enactments, and declared "that we will endure and submit to these laws no longer than the best interests of the territory require, as the least of two evils, and will resist them to a bloody issue as soon as we ascertain that peaceable remedies shall fail," etc. It also recommended the formation of volunteer companies and the procurement of arms. The progressive and radical spirit of the convention is illustrated in its indorsement of the free-State movement, against the report of its own committee. The strongest point, however, made by the convention was a determination, strictly adhered to for more than two years, to take no part in any election under the bogus territorial laws. As a result Whitfield received, without competition, the combined pro-slavery and Border Ruffian vote for delegate on the first of October, a total of 2721 ballots. Measures had meanwhile been perfected by the free-State men to elect delegates to a constitutional convention. On the 9th of October, at a separate election, held by the free-State party alone, under self-prescribed formalities and regulations, these were duly chosen by an aggregate vote of 2710, Ex-Governor Reeder receiving at the same polls 2849 votes for delegate.

By this series of political movements, carried out in quiet and orderly proceedings, the free-State party was not only fully constituted and organized, but was demonstrated to possess a decided majority in the territory. Still following out the policy agreed upon, the delegates chosen met at Topeka on the 23d of October, and with proper deliberation and decorum framed a State Constitution, which was in turn submitted to a vote of the people. Although this election was held near midwinter (Dec. 15th, 1855), and in the midst of serious disturbances of the peace arising from other causes, it received an affirmative vote of 1731, showing a hearty popular indorsement of it. Of the document itself no extended criticism is necessary. It prohibited slavery, but made reasonable provision for existing property-rights in slaves actually in the territory. In no sense a radical, subversive, or "abolition" production, the Topeka Constitution was remarkable only as being the indignant protest of the people of the territory against the Missouri usurpation.* The new constitution was transmitted to Congress and was formally presented as a petition to the Senate † by General Cass, on March 24, 1856, ‡ and to the House some days later.

The Republican Senators in Congress (the

* Still another election was held by the free-State party on January 15th, 1856, to choose State officers to act under the new organization, at which Charles Robinson received 1296 votes for governor, out of a total of 1706, and Mark W. Delahay for Representative in Congress, 1628. A legislature elected at the same time, met, according to the terms of the newly framed constitution, on the 4th of March, organized, and elected A. H. Reeder and Jas. H. Lane United States Senators.

† "Congressional Globe," 1856, March 24th, p. 698.

‡ Later, on April 7th, General Cass presented to the Senate another petition, purporting to be the Topeka Constitution, which had been handed him by J. H. Lane, president of the convention which framed it and Senator-elect under it ("Cong. Globe," 1856, April 7, p. 826). This paper proved to be a clerk's copy, with erasures and interlineations and signatures in one handwriting, which being questioned as probably spurious, Lane afterward supplied the original draft prepared by the committee and adopted by the convention, though without signatures; also adding his

Republican party had been definitely organized a few weeks before at Pittsburg)* now urged the immediate reception of the Topeka Constitution and the admission of Kansas as a free State, citing the cases of Michigan, Arkansas, Florida, and California as justifying precedents.† For the present, however, there was no hope of admission to the Union with the Topeka Constitution. The Pierce administration, under the domination of the Southern States, had deposed Governor Reeder. Both in his annual message and again in a special message, the President denounced the Topeka movement as insurrectionary. In the Senate, too, the application was already prejudged; the Committee on Territories through Douglas himself as chairman, in a long partisan report, dismissed it with the assertion "that it was the movement of a political party instead of the whole body of the people of Kansas, conducted without the sanction of law, and in defiance of the constituted authorities, for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the territorial government established by Congress."‡ In the mouth of a consistent advocate of "popular sovereignty" this argument might have had some force; but it came with a bad grace from Douglas, who in the same report indorsed the bogus legislature and sustained the bogus laws upon purely technical assumptions. Congress was irreconcilably divided in politics. The Democrats had an overwhelming majority in the Senate; the opposition, through the election of Speaker Banks, possessed a working control of the House. Some months later, after prolonged debate, the House passed a bill for the admission of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution; but as the Senate had already rejected it, the movement remained without practical result.§

The staple argument against the Topeka free-State movement, that it was a rebellion against constitutional authority, though perhaps correct as a mere theory was utterly refuted by the practical facts of the case. The Big Springs resolutions, indeed, counseled resistance to a "bloody issue"; but this was only to be made after "peaceable remedies shall fail." History must credit the free-State leaders with the high renown of pursuing their peaceable remedies and forbearing to exercise their asserted right to resistance with a patience unexampled in American annals. The bogus territorial laws were defied by the newspapers and treated as a dead letter by the mass of the free-State men; as much as possible they stood aloof from the civil officers appointed by and through the bogus legislature, recorded no title papers, began no lawsuits, abstained from elections, and denied themselves privileges which required any open recognition of the alien Missouri statutes. Lane and others refused the test oath, and were excluded from practice as attorneys in the courts; free-State newspapers were thrown out of the mails as incendiary publications; sundry petty persecutions were evaded or submitted to as special circumstances dictated. But throughout their long and persistent non-conformity, for more than two years, they constantly and cheerfully acknowledged the authority of the organic act, and of the laws of Congress, and even counseled and endured every forced submission to the bogus laws. Though they had defiant and turbulent spirits in their own ranks, who often accused them of imbecility and cowardice, they maintained a steady policy of non-resistance, and, under every show of Federal authority in support of the bogus laws, they submitted to obnoxious searches and seizures, to capricious arrest and painful imprisonment, rather than by resistance to place themselves in the attitude of deliberate outlaws.‖

They were destined to have no lack of

explanatory affidavit ("Cong. Globe," App., 1856, pp. 378–9), to the effect that the committee had devolved upon him the preparation of the formal copy, but that the original signatures had been mislaid. The official action of the Senate appears to have concerned itself exclusively with the copy presented by General Cass on March 24th. Lane's copies served only as texts for angry debate. As the Topeka Constitution had no legal origin or quality, technical defects were of little consequence, especially in view of the action by the free-State voters of Kansas at their voluntary elections for delegates on October 9th, and to ratify it on December 15th, 1856.

* February 22d, 1856.

† They based their appeal specially upon the opinion of the Attorney-General in the case of Arkansas, that citizens of territories possess the constitutional right to assemble and petition Congress for the redress of grievances; that the form of the petition is immaterial; and that 'as the power of Congress over the whole subject is plenary, they may accept any constitution, however framed, which in their judgment meets the sense of the people to be affected by it."

‡ Douglas, Senate Report of March 12th, 1856, p. 32.

§ Nevertheless, the efforts of the free-State party under this combination were not wholly barren. The contest between Whitfield and Reeder for a seat in the House as territorial delegate not only provoked searching discussion, but furnished the occasion for sending an investigating committee to Kansas, attended by the contestants in person. This committee with a fearless diligence collected in the territory, as well as from the border counties of Missouri, a mass of sworn testimony amounting to some twelve hundred printed pages, and which exposed the Border Ruffian invasions and the Missouri usurpation in all their monstrous iniquity, and officially revealed to the astounded North, for the first time and nearly two years after its beginning, the full proportions of the conspiracy.

‖ See Governor Robinson's message to free-State Legislature, March 4th, 1856. Mrs. Robinson's "Kansas," pp. 352 and 364.

provocation. Since the removal of Reeder, all the Federal officials of the territory were affiliated with the pro-slavery Missouri cabal. Both to secure the permanent establishment of slavery in Kansas, as well as to gratify the personal pride of their triumph, they were determined to make these recusant free-State voters "bow down to the cap of Gessler." Despotism is never more arrogant than in resenting all insults to its personal vanity. As a first and necessary step, the cabal had procured, through its powerful influence at Washington, a proclamation from the President commanding "all persons engaged in unlawful combinations against the constituted authority of the territory of Kansas or of the United States to disperse," etc.* The language of the proclamation was sufficiently comprehensive to include Border Ruffians and emigrant aid societies, as well as the Topeka movement, and thus presented a show of impartiality; but under dominant political influences the latter was its evident and certain object.

With this proclamation as a sort of official fulcrum, Chief-Justice Lecompte delivered at the May term of his court a most extraordinary charge to the grand jury. He instructed them that the bogus legislature, being an instrument of Congress, and having passed laws, "those laws are of United States authority and making." Persons resisting these laws must be indicted for high treason. If no resistance has been made, but combinations formed for the purpose of resisting them, "then must you still find bills for constructive treason, as the courts have decided that the blow need not be struck, but only the intention be made evident."† Indictments, writs, and the arrest of many prominent free-State leaders followed as a matter of course. All these proceedings, too, seem to have been a part of the conspiracy. Before the indictments were found, and in anticipation of the writs, Robinson, the free-State governor-elect, then on his way to the East, was arrested while traveling on a Missouri River steamboat, at Lexington in that State, detained, and finally sent back to Kansas under the governor's requisition. Upon this frivolous charge of constructive treason he and others were held in military custody nearly four months, and finally, at the end of that period, discharged upon bail, the farce of longer imprisonment having become useless through other events.

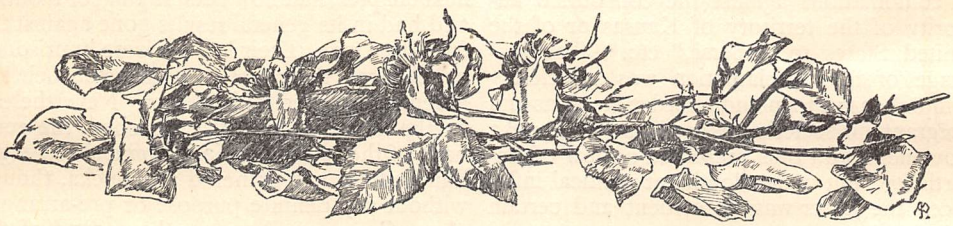
Apprehending fully that the Topeka movement was the only really serious obstacle to their success, the pro-slavery cabal, watching its opportunity, matured a still more formidable demonstration to suppress and destroy it. The provisional free-State legislature had, after organizing on the 4th of March, adjourned, to reassemble on the 4th of July, 1856, in order to await in the mean time the result of their application to Congress. As the national holiday approached, it was determined to call together a mass meeting at the same time and place, to give both moral support and personal protection to the members. Civil war, of which further mention will be made in the next chapter, had now been raging for months, and had in its general results gone against the free-State men. Their leaders were imprisoned or scattered, their presses destroyed, their adherents dispirited with defeat. Nevertheless, as the day of meeting approached, the remnant of the legislature and some six to eight hundred citizens gathered at Topeka, though without any definite purpose or pre-arranged plan. Governor Shannon, the second of the Kansas executives, had by this time resigned his office, and Secretary Woodson was again acting governor. Here was a chance to put the free-State movement pointedly under the ban of federal authority which the cabal determined not to neglect. Reciting the President's proclamation of February, Secretary Woodson now issued his own proclamation forbidding all persons claiming legislative power and authority as aforesaid from assembling, organizing, or acting in any legislative capacity whatever. At the hour of noon on the 4th of July several companies of United States dragoons, which were brought into camp near town in anticipation of the event, entered Topeka in military array, under command of Colonel Sumner. A line of battle was formed in the street; cannon were planted, and the machinery of war prepared for instant action. Colonel Sumner, a most careful and conscientious officer and a free-State man at heart, with due formality, with decision and firmness, but at the same time openly expressing the painful nature of his duty, commanded the legislature, then about to assemble, to disperse. The members, not yet organized, immediately obeyed the order, having neither the will nor the means to resist it. There was no tumult, no violence, but little protest even in words. It might have been, instead of a real event, merely a holiday parade enacting a travesty of the Declaration of Independence. There were cheers for Sumner, cheers for Robinson, cheers for liberty, from the free-State men assembled; but the despotic purpose, clothed in forms of law, made a none the less profound impression upon the assem-

* February 11th, 1856. "Statutes at Large," Vol. XI., p. 791.

† "Governor Geary's Administration," Gihon, p. 77; also compare copies of indictments, Phillips's "Conquest of Kansas," pp. 351–4.

bled citizens, and later, when the newspapers spread the report of the act, upon the indignant public mind of the Northern States of the Union.

From this time onward, other events of paramount historical importance supervene to crowd the Topeka Constitution out of view. In a feeble way the organization still held together for a considerable length of time. About a year later the legislature again went through the forms of assembling, and although Governor Walker was present in Topeka, there were no proclamations, no dragoons, no cannon, because the cabal was for the moment defeated and disconcerted and bent upon other and still more desperate schemes. The Topeka Constitution was never received nor legalized; its officers never became clothed with official authority; its scrip was never redeemed; yet in the fate of Kansas and in the annals of the Union at large it was a vital and pivotal transaction, without which the great conflict between freedom and slavery, though perhaps neither avoided nor delayed, might have assumed altogether different phases of development.



THE ENCHANTRESS.

IN a land beyond the ocean,
In the ages long ago,
Lived a lady like a lily,
With a breast and brow of snow.
From far countries, kings and princes
To behold her beauty came;
And it pleased her that they loved her,
To whom love was but a name.

Gallant knights with plumes and pennons,
Pallid beggars at the door —
On whomever fell her glances
They were lost forevermore.
And they died of hopeless passion,
Or they lived her abject slaves;
So the air was full of sighing,
And the hilltops thick with graves.

But one day unto the gateway
Of her palace came a youth,
With a length of golden tresses
And a face as fair as truth.
Not to pay her beauty homage,
And to fall beneath its spell,
Did he come; but he was weary,
So he rested by the well.

Riding forth that summer morning
With a merry cavalcade,
The enchantress saw him sleeping
By the fountain, in the shade.
As she passed with tinkling harness,
She looked down in sweet surprise,
And he lifted silken lashes
From his blue and starry eyes.

All that day with knights and maidens,
Through the forest arches dim,
Rode she in a happy silence
And a blissful dream of him.
And at eve returning, eager
Leaning forward from her place,
Sought the gleam of golden tresses
At the crystal fountain's base.

But its waters sparkled coldly
In the moonbeams, chill and wan,
And a nightingale sung near it,
But the youth — the youth was gone!
Yet upon his stony pillow
He had carved in letters deep
"Love" — his name — and to her chamber
The enchantress passed to weep.

Nevermore beneath the eagles
O'er the gateway carven bold,
Rode she forth to pain or pleasure,
Rode she forth in heat or cold.
But she paced the narrow limits
Of her marble courts by day,
And upon a restless pillow
Wept the weary night away.

Travelers passing by the portal
Used to tell in after years
Of a wan and white-haired woman
Wasted with a life of tears.
Aged crones would wisely whisper:
"Through the land her praises rung,
And men called her the enchantress,
In the days when we were young."

Minna Irving.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XV.

IT was deeply exasperating to the soul of J. Weatherby Stull to find that his tact and cunning had been overmatched, and his important secret discovered by that wily-souled old farmer, Enoch Bullripple. To many men this defeat would have been humiliating, but Mr. Stull could not be humiliated; he was simply enraged and filled with a desire for vengeance.

The advantage which Mr. Bullripple had gained over him with regard to the future prospects of John People troubled Mr. Stull not at all. In fact he was glad to make John a partner with a very small interest in the Vatoldi concern, and probably would have done so some day of his own accord. This position secured John's secrecy concerning the identity of the principal owner, for the young man had been made to understand thoroughly that in case of bad faith on his part the business would be brought to a sudden close. Regarding the old man's possession of the secret Mr. Stull felt perfectly safe. Enoch Bullripple had promised him before the agreement with John had been concluded that he would never divulge the fact that Mr. Stull owned Vatoldi's; and when Enoch Bullripple had given his word, Mr. Stull knew that it would be kept. In fact the secret was much safer when Enoch knew it and promised to keep it than when unknown to him and the subject of his prying curiosity.

But his satisfaction in regard to this phase of the affair made no difference in Stull's feelings towards the old scoundrel who, with unparalleled effrontery, had laid his sacrilegious hands upon that thing of inestimable worth, the product of years of thought and experience, the Vatoldi system. In his vandalic operations Enoch had shown such fiendish ingenuity that Mr. Stull felt sure he must for some time have suspected the identity of the man against whose peace of mind his machinations were directed, and that he was thus endeavoring, in some degree, to take a spiteful vengeance on Mr. Stull for that gentleman's acquisition, perfectly legal and proper, of his sister's farm.

That Enoch Bullripple should suffer for his malicious wrong-doing, Mr. Stull was fully determined, and he believed he had tact enough to ruin the old farmer, and yet give him no reason to believe that he had anything to do with it.

With all this arranged and ordered in his very orderly mind, Mr. Stull found himself once more in buoyant and cheerful spirits. He had work before him, and he was glad to do it. With regard to Vatoldi's his action would be prompt and vigorous. The place had been desecrated, and the most radical measures would be necessary to place it again upon its former footing. The boycotters, who had been much disheartened by the changes that had taken place under the Bullripple administration, were encouraged to fresh efforts by the return of John People to his post. They imagined that his absence had been a ruse to make them suppose that the business had passed into other hands, and they determined to show Mr. People that they were not to be deterred by such tricks as that.

But little Mr. Stull cared now for the boycotters. With his faithful manager again at his command, and with Vatoldi's, such as it used to be, absolutely gone and vanished, so that no thought of interference with its orderly system and its prosperity need prevent his making any change he might choose, he decided upon a bold step. He would close up the place, renovate, beautify, and enlarge it, and reopen it as the old Vatoldi's invigorated with fresh youth. All the circumstances of the case were in his favor. It was the season when the patrons he most cared for were out of town. A large adjoining store on which he had for years cast longing eyes was now at his disposal, and, above all, there was no better way to cleanse the establishment from its recent contaminations than to blot it out of existence for a time, and then re-create it in its old form.

Accordingly the firemen-waiters were discharged, the business was closed up, and when some boycotters arrived with a quantity of new circulars printed on bright red paper, they found the shutters up, and the door locked, and a notice posted, which stated that in

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consequence of extensive alterations and enlargements the establishment would be closed for some weeks. This put an end to the boycotting business. The body of former waiters, who for some time had been regretting that they had not been willing to stick to their aprons and jackets, had been lately assured by their leader that John People's running away and coming back was a sign of weakness, and that a fresh attack upon him would surely be successful. They now lost all hope. Their strike had brought a great deal of privation upon them. Even supposing their action had been the real cause of the closing of the establishment, it had not been of the least benefit to themselves. Having now nothing to fight against, they determined to go to work as soon as they could; but, before doing so, they took the man who had led them into all their troubles into a lonely back yard, and after giving him a most unanimous beating, they emptied upon him two barrels of ashes, and would have provided him with sackcloth if they had supposed it would add to the gloominess of his reflections.

Through John People, Mr. Stull now arranged with contractors for his intended improvements; and when all the plans had been made, and everything prepared for the beginning of the work, Mr. Stull thought it a suitable time to give John the holiday for which his uncle had stipulated. During the preliminary demolitions of partitions, and tearing up of floors, and carting away of rubbish, the contractors would need no supervision. But when the new work was actually begun, Mr. Stull would wish his managing partner to be on hand to make daily reports, and receive daily instructions.

The usually serene John had been very angry during his brief sojourn in the South, and when he returned he had not hesitated to tell his uncle what he thought of the trick which had been played upon him. But old Enoch had received his nephew's reproaches with such imperturbability, and had taken such immediate and decided steps for the furtherance of the young man's business prosperity, that the latter could not but forgive him. With nothing, therefore, to cast a cloud upon the radiant skies of his holiday, John repaired to the scenes of his boyhood.

Mr. Stull's family usually went into the country as early in the season as any other fashionable people, but this year the domestic economies had been very much interfered with by the Vatoldi disturbances, and the family was still in town. For reasons of his own Mr. Stull determined not to go to a watering-place but to the farm which he owned in the pleasant region of Cherry Bridge. His wife and daughters were ready to leave town much sooner than he himself desired to go, and they were therefore dispatched in company with their voluminous baggage, to take possession of the apartments that had been prepared for the family in the house of the tenant of the farm, with whom they were to board.

It might have appeared to an ordinary observer, cognizant of Mr. Stull's designs against the financial prosperity of Enoch Bullripple, that it was a rash and imprudent step for Stull, if he wished to remain unknown as the author of the intended injuries to the old farmer, to come into the neighorhood at the time when the injuries were about to be inflicted. But Mr. Stull had his wits about him. He had resolved that under no circumstances would he show in this affair, and when his working operations had been finally decided upon, he found that his occasional presence at Cherry Bridge would be a great aid in the preservation of his secret. This, therefore, was the principal reason for selecting this long-unvisited farm as a suitable place for his summer sojourn.

Mrs. Stull, whose tastes were rather domestic than otherwise, was very willing, after a winter of a somewhat goaded social activity, to retire into an uneventful country life; the two younger girls, both in short dresses, were delighted at the prospect of field rambles and mountain scrambles; and even Miss Matilda thought she might find a good deal to amuse and interest her independent and practical mind at Cherry Bridge.

During the first week of their stay on the farm Mr. Stull's family found their anticipations of pleasure fully realized; but towards the end of that period Miss Matilda was obliged to admit to herself that things were getting a little dull. She had taken all the drives she cared to take with her mother and sisters; she had taken all the walks she cared to take by herself, for her mother never walked, and the two girls always ran; and she began to see that nature had not designed her to be happy under any circumstances in which she had nobody to talk to.

It was in this mood that she sauntered one day across a broad pasture-field through which a narrow path meanderingly ran. With one small and tightly gloved hand she held a bright red parasol over her head, and with the other hand she raised the skirt of her fashionably modeled dress just enough to show her tightly fitting boots. To those who were acquainted with this small but very pretty young woman, everything about her seemed to partake of the characteristics of her gloves and boots. Even her ideas, although they were not very far-reaching, were admirably adapted and shaped to their objects.

Raising her eyes as she daintily trod the narrow path, she saw, approaching her, a young man of rotund and sturdy proportions, an upright carriage, and a strong, energetic, though rather rolling gait. His rounded cheeks were somewhat flushed, perhaps from exercise, and on his brow there was an air of gentle resignation, mingled now with some other feeling which might be embarrassment, uncertain anticipation, or some form of indeterminate anxiety. The moment the eyes of Miss Matilda fell upon this young man she recognized him by the resigned brow which she had frequently noticed while taking refreshments at Vatoldi's.

John had seen Miss Matilda long before she had noticed him. He was not altogether surprised at the vision of this being, who for many months had been so prominent in his thoughts; for he knew the family were coming to their farm, and it was very natural that Miss Matilda should give herself the pleasure of a walk abroad. His soul was rejoiced to look upon her again, but his ideas of propriety and exact social conduct were in a sad tremble. He did not know what he ought to do when he met her. Strictly speaking he was not acquainted with her, although some slight conversation had once taken place between them at the cashier's desk at Vatoldi's. It might be that she would not resent a bow from him, should she but remember that she had spoken with him, notwithstanding a collateral recollection of having very often paid him for her luncheons. Moreover the two were now in the country, upon a narrow path through a field, and under such circumstances it was certainly proper for a man to raise his hat when he passed a lady, no matter whether she recognized him or not. But, more powerful than these motives impelling him to bow to Miss Matilda, was the remembrance that he was now her father's partner. To be sure she did not know this, but he was very conscious of it, and this consciousness had already begun to have a stiffening effect upon his character. Miss Matilda might not deign even to look at him, but a rebuff of this kind would not have the effect upon him it would have had a few weeks before. "Therefore," said John to himself, "I will take off my hat as I pass her." And as this act, look upon it as he might, had in it a gentle flavor of acquaintanceship, it was quite natural his heart should flutter and his cheeks increase their healthful glow.

But, to the great surprise of the young man, Miss Stull stopped before he reached her, and stood, looking pleasantly at him as if she were awaiting his approach. This was indeed the case, for the heart of Miss Matilda was cheered by the sight of a young man whose appearance was familiar to her, and to whom she had a very fair excuse for speaking.

"Good-morning," she said, when he was near enough.

John, his whole being thoroughly moved by this salutation, stopped, took off his hat, put it on again, ejaculated "Good-morning," and without any volition on his part was about to pass on. But Miss Matilda had no intention of allowing this.

"Are you not the gentleman who attended to the desk at Vatoldi's restaurant?" she said. "I have seen you there so often that I recognized you immediately, although it appears very odd to meet you out here in this far-away country place."

John indistinctly murmured something to the effect that it was rather odd.

"But now I come to think of it," she continued, "you once told me you were born here. In that case of course it isn't odd that you should sometimes come here."

The fact that she remembered the little conversation gave John such a rush of delight to the head that he was incapable of making an immediate remark suitable to the occasion, and stammered out instead some words which seemed to indicate that he thought it was rather odd that he should have been born here.

"Everything must seem very familiar to you," said Miss Matilda, "and things ought to be very familiar to me too, for I used to live here when I was a girl. But, somehow or other, they are not. These fields are not so large as I remember them, and the mountains and woods seem a great deal nearer than they used to be. I wonder if this is the field where that old gentleman who told me in the restaurant that he was your uncle used to keep a savage bull for the sole purpose, as I believed, of frightening children off the grass."

John's tumultuous emotion was now subsiding into an astonished delight at the friendly words and manner of Miss Stull. "Yes, ma'am," said he, "this is the field, but there is no bull here now."

"Oh, I am not in the slightest degree afraid of it," said Miss Matilda, "with some one here to drive him away."

John smiled and glowed, and, emboldened by his pleasure, made an independent remark. "You couldn't have been very much afraid of it, ma'am," he said, "when you came into the field with your red parasol."

"I did think of the bull," said Miss Matilda, twirling the parasol in front of her as she spoke, "and I thought if he should come at me it would be a very good thing to have this red parasol. I should have thrown it right down

in the way he was coming and then, while he was horning it, I should have run away."

"That would have been a tip-top thing to do," said John, admiringly. "I don't believe anybody could have done better than that."

"Except keep out of the field altogether," she said. "And now can you tell me which way I ought to go to find a path which will lead me to some place where I can get into the road that runs by my father's farm. You know where that is?"

"Oh, yes," said John, "that was the place I was born on. If you just walk across the grass to the fence corner over there, you will come to bars which can be let down, and then on the other side of the next field is a gate which opens into the road."

"How do you let down bars?" asked Miss Matilda.

"Oh, I'll go over and do it for you," said John.

Miss Matilda smiled and thanked him, and the two walked together over the grass to the fence corner.

"It seems strange," said Miss Stull, "that, being born on a farm, you did not stay there and become a farmer instead of going to the city and keeping a restaurant."

"I didn't have any choice in the matter," said John. And in his heart he thought that he was rejoiced that his mother's home had been snatched from her, and that he had been cast forth upon the world; for, otherwise, he would never have come in contact with the Stulls, and this enrapturing walk across the fields could never have been a reality.

"After all," continued the lady, "it isn't such a very bad arrangement, for I suppose your uncle can raise bulls here and send them down to be used in your restaurant."

John smiled vigorously. "Uncle does sometimes sell us things from the farm, but we never had any call for the kind of meat you speak of. All that we buy is the tenderest and best."

"That is very true," said Miss Matilda, "for I remember that I often used to get there the nicest kinds of lamb chops, and, sometimes, sweetbreads."

Had the heavens opened? Was it possible that the memory of those carefully reserved chops and sweetbreads still lingered in her soul? Could it be that they had made an impression thereon? Dared he to believe that she saw in these delicacies something more than the lamb or the calf could offer? Be the truth what it might, it was enough now to know that she remembered those choice bits which he had so carefully preserved for her in the corner of his ice-box, and which represented the feelings that filled, not a corner, but the whole of his heart.

"If ever again," he said to himself, as he strode proudly beside her, "she doesn't come for two or three days, and any of those cuts are left over, no soul on earth shall eat them but myself!"

The bars were taken down with great alacrity. Then John offered to accompany the lady to the gate, for, as he remarked, it was more than likely that it was fastened up in some way that would make it hard for her to open it. Miss Stull had no desire to lose John's company at that point, and, accepting his offer, the two continued their walk.

When they had passed through a gate, which really did require the hand of a man to open it, John said, pointing to a farm-house which stood some little distance back from the road: "That is the house of my uncle, Mr. Bullripple. My mother lives with him, and I am spending my holiday there. Wouldn't you like to step in and rest? My mother will be very glad to see you, and it is a good mile to your father's farm along this road."

Miss Matilda hesitated a moment. "Do you think your mother could give me a glass of milk?" she said.

"Milk!" exclaimed John, "gallons of it! Rich as cream, and right out of the cool spring-house."

"That sounds nice," said Miss Matilda, "although I don't want gallons. I think I will stop and rest."

With more of a roll, and more of a swell, and more of a vigorous step than he had ever shown before, John crossed the road and threw open the Bullripple gate. Up the short lane shaded by cherry-trees he proudly escorted Miss Stull. The young lady declared she did not care to go into the house, but would rather rest in the shade outside, so John led her to a chair under the great oak-tree where stood the table at which Mr. Stratford frequently wrote his letters.

"I will tell mother you are here," said John, "and you shall have some milk in a moment."

When Mrs. People heard who was sitting under the tree, she knitted her brows. Her opinion of Mr. Stull was one of the strongest reprobation, and, years ago, had been personally stated to him. She had never changed this opinion, nor did she know of any reason why she should like anything belonging to him. If his daughter stopped in her yard and asked for a drink of milk she would give it to her just as she would give it to a needy tramp, but she did not want to go out and see her. Besides she was busy in the kitchen, and was not in a condition to see folks.

"Mother," said John, "I'll go to the spring-house and get a pitcher of milk, and will you

please put some of those big raspberries that were picked to-day into something, and I will take them out to her."

The chin of Mrs. People went up into the air, and she made no answer. She was not accustomed to refuse any request made by her dear boy, but this was going very far. Why should John put himself to so much trouble to refresh old Stull's daughter? She stepped to a window of the kitchen which was in the end of the house and commanded a view of the oak-tree. That girl out there was certainly very pretty, and wore as stylish clothes as ever had been seen in this part of the country. Mrs. People did not affect such things herself, but she knew them when she saw them.

As she stood and gazed on Miss Matilda, a brilliant idea flashed into Mrs. People's mind. "Suppose," she thought, "just suppose that should happen!" and she rubbed together her floury hands. She knew that Miss Stull, as well as her father, frequently came to Vatoldi's, and she supposed it was there John had made the young lady's acquaintance, and nothing could be more natural than that they should like each other. She was truly a pretty little piece of goods; and as for John, a manlier figure and an honester face were never created for the delight of womankind. Yes, indeed, if that should come about, the family would get back more than they had lost; and if old Stull didn't like it, he could lump it. And to know that he lumped it would be a rare joy to Mrs. People.

Quickly now the good woman washed her hands. A handsome glass dish was heaped with bright red raspberries, several slices of her nicest cake were put upon a pretty china plate, a bowl of white sugar was brought out, and when John appeared with the milk she sent him back for a pitcher of cream. And while he was gone she glanced along her pantry shelves, and added some guava jelly to the other refreshments. When John came, he covered a waiter with a large napkin, and with much celerity arranged upon it the articles mentioned, together with the necessary spoons, saucers, napkin, and tumbler, and a glass of water. Throwing a small table-cloth over his left arm John took up the waiter, and stepped briskly into the yard; his mother assuring him that she would go out and speak to the young lady as soon as she had put on something fit to be seen.

Arrived at the tree, the waiter was daintily placed upon the grass, the cloth was swiftly but correctly spread upon the table, and then, with the skill of the head-man at Vatoldi's, John placed dishes, glasses, pitchers, and saucers upon the fine white cloth.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Stull, when John appeared. "You've brought me a regular meal! But I must say this seems quite natural! Why, I could almost imagine myself at Vatoldi's, and you, or one of your waiters, fixing up everything in such a tempting way!"

And Miss Matilda, not at all loath to enjoy what was set before her, drew off her gloves, and began her repast; while John poured out the milk, served the berries, handed the cream and sugar, proffered the cake, and performed every service with the grace and foresight of an accomplished knight of the restaurant.

Now appeared, at the front door of the house, Mr. Stratford prepared for an afternoon drive. Somewhat surprised at the scene under the oak-tree, he stood and gazed at it with considerable interest. "Are the business instincts of that young man so strong," he thought, "that he has started a restaurant in the yard? He has certainly a very nice-looking customer."

It was plain to a man of observation that John's attentions to the lady who was refreshing herself were much more assiduous than those paid by the ordinary waiter; and Stratford smiled as he noticed the alacrity and readiness with which the young man anticipated and provided for the desires of the lady.

Having put on his gloves, Mr. Stratford walked across an opposite corner of the yard toward a hitching-post where his horse and buggy awaited him. Miss Stull now first noticed him, and immediately inquired of John who was that gentleman. John gave her the necessary information, and, while expressing her surprise that a gentleman like that should be willing to shut himself up here in a farm-house, she watched Mr. Stratford as he prepared to drive away. She admired his straight and well-proportioned figure; she appreciated to the full the correct and handsome fashion of the clothes he wore; and although his face was somewhat embrowned, it met with her entire approval. Instantly she began to think that this neighborhood, which that morning had seemed to her so dull, might yet prove quite interesting.

Stratford drove away, and almost immediately afterward Mrs. People appeared under the oak-tree, attired in a pink and white striped frock, very much washed and starched. She offered Miss Stull a very friendly greeting which that young lady received with suitable moderation. John placed a chair for his mother, and, the repast having been concluded, he carried away the dishes, the table-cloth, and napkin.

"I'm very much obliged to you for your milk," said Miss Matilda, "and the berries were really delicious." She said nothing about the cake, which Mrs. People had made herself,

and praise of which she anxiously awaited, but proceeded to ask Mrs. People if there were many persons from the cities now staying in this part of the country.

"No," said Mrs. People, generously refraining from any hints in regard to the quality of the cake. "There's Mr. Stratford, who, perhaps, you noticed just goin' away in his buggy. He's been spendin' the summers with us for a good many years, and no President of the United States ever came near him for bein' an out and out gentleman from his hat to his boots. He's goin' now to see Mrs. Justin, who lives about three miles from here, and she might, perhaps, be called city folks too, because she has a house in town, although this one is her real home, bein' where her husband died, and where she comes every year just as certain as the Spring lambs. Besides these, there's no city folks except a gentleman who comes every Saturday to Mrs. Justin's to see a young lady who is stayin' there, who is just about as pretty as any pictur' that ever was painted, though John has said to me two or three times, and when I first heard him speak of it I could n't for the life of me think why he made such a p'int of her looks, that she's not the kind of a girl he fancies, there bein' somethin' too much of her, and an air about her which he calls 'too larky,' havin' seen her once or twice walkin' over the fields, and goin' along in a way which I suppose reminded him of a lark bird; and says he to me: 'Mother,' and I declare I didn't understand what he meant when he first said it—'Mother,' said he, 'the kind of a girl I fancy is more like a wren'; one of these Jenny wrens, ma'am, that build in a box. You don't see 'em in the city, perhaps, but there's plenty of 'em here. And John says he fancies a girl that's more like them, bein' littler than a lark, and more natty and smarter; an' I am sure no one would ever be offended if they could once see a wren settin' on the top of her box, just as neat as a new pin, and always there when wanted, at least I suppose so, though never havin' wanted a wren I can't say for certain, though I know very well that a lark is a different kind of a bird, and not to be depended upon."

About larks and wrens Miss Stull cared nothing at all, and she perceived none of the delicate allusions in Mrs. People's remarks. But she took great interest in Mrs. Justin, and asked many questions about her. The Justins had always kept aloof from the Stulls, and Miss Matilda had never heard the name mentioned. Now, however, she determined that she would make it a point to become acquainted with Mrs. Justin. If the neighborhood was to be made interesting she must know her neighbors.

Miss Matilda soon took her leave, and although John offered to walk with her as far as her father's farm, she declined his services. The road would lead her directly home, she said, and there was ever so much of the afternoon left.

Mrs. People and John accompanied their visitor to the gate, and as she went out she turned to the latter and said with a smile: "If I thought there was any chance of meeting a bull in the road perhaps I might let you go with me."

If John had read her expression he would have seen that it indicated a desire not to drop wholly the acquaintance of one who might yet be useful to her. But he could find no immediate answer to this remark, and merely allowed himself a melancholy smile. But his mother did not hesitate an instant.

"Now, Miss Stull," said she, "just let me tell you this. Old Mr. Barclay, who lives, himself, down at the Bridge, has got a field just at the turn of the road there, where he most commonly pastur's some cattle, and sometimes he does have a bull among 'em, which it may be cross and it may be not, which is not for you nor me to say, Miss Stull, not havin' seen him. And though Mr. Barclay always does keep up his fences, like a good neighbor as he is, he hasn't been along this way for more'n a week — yes, I guess it's a good two weeks — and I've found out in the course of my life that no farm hand is to be depended on in the matter of top rails bein' up, like the master himself. And now, you see, Miss Stull, if there is a bull in that field, and he happens to be a cross one, and some of the top rails has been knocked down, or been left not put up, and none of us not knowin' can say that none of them things isn't, why then it would be a great sight safer, Miss Stull, for you to let my son John walk along with you as far as your father's gate."

Miss Matilda laughed. "Thank you," she said, "but I think I'll take the chances." And she walked briskly away.

XVI.

As Mr. Stratford rode away from the Bullripple farm, his mind was somewhat occupied by conjectures regarding the young lady who was being served with refreshments under the great oak-tree. He began to fear that Mrs. People had been induced to take other boarders, and this would be in violation of the verbal contract he had made with her. The notion of it troubled him, especially as nothing had been previously said about it, and this would imply a total change in the frank and communicative manner of his landlady.

Resolving to inquire into the matter as soon as he returned to the farm, he put it all behind him long before he arrived at Mrs. Justin's house.

The lady of the mansion was on the piazza, and she was very glad to see him. A return to the friendly intercourse of so many years was delightful to her true soul, as loyal to her friends as to her memories. But her reception of Stratford, warm and cordial as it was, appeared tame and lukewarm when compared to the greeting given him by Gay when that young lady came flying downstairs and out of the front door to meet him. She ran to him with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes and both hands outstretched.

As she looked on at this meeting the spirits of Mrs. Justin fell a degree or two, and her faith in Gay's unalterable devotion to Mr. Crisman wavered for a moment. Never had she seen that young lady so glad to meet her lover. But quickly the assuring reflection came to her that lovers do not show their true feeling before other people, and that Gay's joy at having Mr. Crisman with her was probably shown to him alone. This was all open and free for anybody to see, and meant nothing but that Gay was delighted to meet again this kind friend and teacher. If the girl had suspected for a moment what Stratford had thought about her and Mr. Crisman there would have been no such greeting as this. So the free-hearted openness of Gay's manner to her friend proved the strength of her love for her lover, and the spirits of Mrs. Justin rose to their previous level.

"And now you must tell us," said Gay, "why you have staid away so long. It was awfully kind of you to take Mr. Crisman fishing. He says he hasn't had such a good day for ever so long. Everything would have been simply perfect if you had come back with him to dinner, and we all could have talked over the day's adventures."

At this Stratford smiled, but a touch of pity came into his heart when he thought of what a bad day he might make of that good one of which the young man had spoken so cheerily. But all sentiment of this kind quickly vanished as he looked at Gay and thought of Crisman.

Mr. Stratford would not stay to dinner, but he promised to come and dine on the morrow, when Mr. Crisman would be there. Mrs. Justin and Gay walked with him to his vehicle, and the young girl broke into strong admiration of the horse. Without a thought of anything more than she said, she declared that it must be absolutely delightful to ride behind such an animal as that.

"Wouldn't you like to test it?" said Stratford. "There's plenty of time for a drive of a mile or two."

Gay, with her face full of the most ardent consent, looked at Mrs. Justin, while Stratford remarked that he was sorry that the character of his vehicle did not permit him to ask them both.

Mrs. Justin hesitated, but quickly concluded that any disapprobation of the drive, such a commonplace thing in itself, would show to Stratford that she did not believe what she had written to him in her letter. So she stiffened her mind with the thought of Gay's fidelity, and she said: "Why not take her a little drive? And some other time you must show me the quality of your horse."

"Do you always drive as fast as this?" exclaimed Gay, when they were on the public road. "What a magnificent horse! His hind legs work like a steam-engine! It's perfectly splendid to see him let himself down with the skin wrinkling on his back, and his ears up. Why, this is going like the wind!"

"I seldom drive so fast," said Stratford, "but I thought you would like a short spurt of speed, and as we have but little time I want to get you up to the Summit as soon as possible. There will be a fine view from there this evening."

"You can't go too fast for me," said Gay, "and I wish the Summit were twelve miles away instead of two.—What! There already!" she exclaimed presently, when they reached a spot where the road began to dip into the valley beneath. "Why, Mr. Stratford, it's a long, long walk!"

"And a short, short spin on wheels," he replied. "And now, look out there! Isn't that worth coming to see?"

Gay had looked upon this view before, but never at this hour. They were on a different side of the ridge from which, sitting on a rail fence, they had once viewed the sunset; and a far wider extent of country was spread out before them. The opening glories of the western sky were at their backs, but beneath them stretched a far-reaching plain, green here with pastures, yellow there with ripening grain, and these brighter colors relieved by great masses of thick forest which seemed to be retiring in irregular columns towards a distant line of mountains which raised themselves, clear and blue, along the horizon. The great, white clouds which floated in the sky were tinged with a delicate pink by the reflections from the west, and over everything there fell the veil of evening, which at this hour softened, without obscuring, the scene.

"This is altogether new," said Gay, her hand unconsciously resting on her companion's sleeve. "I have never seen it like this."

She said little, but her eyes were feasting; and Stratford sat and looked at her. Presently he got down and opened a gate by the side of the road, and then mounting again to his seat he drove into a field and along a narrow way between rows of corn towards a grassy acclivity which stood higher than the place at which they had first stopped.

"Where are you going?" asked Gay.

"To get a view from a different point," was the answer. "I think you will like it."

She did like it. She actually rose to her feet with a cry of delight. Not far away, and amid the soft beauty of the evening landscape, lay a small and almost luminous sheet of water, shining like a diamond in a rich, dark setting of green banks and overhanging pines.

"A lake!" cried Gay. "A lovely little lake! I never knew there was such a thing in all this country!"

"It is not a lake," said Stratford. "It is nothing but our little Cherry Creek, which makes a broad bend beneath that bank, and shows no more of itself from this point, either coming or going; but it gives a master's touch to the scene; don't you think so?"

"It makes it perfect," said Gay. "Simply perfect."

As she gazed, there came into the mind of Gay something she was about to say, but she checked herself. She remembered that the most beautiful and peculiar views she had seen in this neighborhood had been shown to her by Mr. Stratford. She was about to express her gratitude in words which should show her appreciation of this fact, but there came into her mind another recollection with which some feelings of regret were mingled. She determined, on the spot, that one of the things which it was her duty to do for Mr. Crisman was to induce him to appreciate the loveliness which nature has to show us in a country like this. He not only ought to like them for himself, but he ought to like to see her enjoy them. Of course this could not be expected just now, because, as he had often told her, it did not matter to him where they walked or what he saw, so that she was with him. It was delightful to have Charlie think in this way of her, but she wanted him to love hills and valleys and distant mountains and beautiful skies as much as she did. She intended to lead his mind into a true regard for these things, and she knew she could do it.

As they were returning on the high road, going more slowly than when they came, Gay looked at the horse and then at the reins in Mr. Stratford's hands, and then she looked at him, and plucked up courage to ask, in hesitating words, if he would let her drive a little.

"Of course," said Stratford, handing the reins to her; "do you like driving?"

"I have scarcely ever tried it," exclaimed Gay, "but I know I should like it above all things. I used to ride sometimes with the other girls when I was at college, but I believe I should like driving better."

"It depends upon the horse and the country you are in," replied Stratford. "You must draw the reins a little tighter. Let me show you how to hold them."

Gay's ideas of driving were exceedingly crude, but she was a girl of quick observation, and her little hands grasped the reins in exactly the manner which Mr. Stratford, by word or touch, now indicated. The horse gave his head an approving nod or two as he felt the tightening pressure on his bit, and stepped out well, and the spirit and the life of him seemed to come through the long leathern lines into Gay's hands, and her face was flushed with a new-born pleasure.

"I feel," she cried, as they rolled along, "exactly as if I were doing it all myself."

Stratford laughed, and showed her how to do it better, warning her in good time, before she reached them, of awkward ruts or obtruding stones. Some of these she hit and some she missed, but within her glowed and sparkled the pleasure of the driving, until, with a wholly unnecessary "Whoa!" she drew up at Mrs. Justin's gate.

"I ought to be ashamed to admit it," she exclaimed when, her hands in those of Stratford, she had sprung to the ground, "but I really believe that driving your horse was a greater delight than looking at those lovely views. That oughtn't to be, but it is."

The next day Mr. Stratford came to Mrs. Justin's house to dinner, and his hostess found herself doing something which she had never done before. She was watching her guests, particularly Mr. Crisman. She was curious to know what he would think, if Gay should be as glad to see Mr. Stratford as she had been the day before. There was no reason to expect such strong demonstrations of delight, and none such occurred; but there was a show of hearty good-fellowship, as Stratford and the young lady shook each other by the hand, which produced an impression upon Mr. Crisman. It was plain to Mrs. Justin that he was surprised to see it.

In her observations of Stratford the lady of the house hoped to perceive that what she had said in her letter had had its due effect upon him, and although he might not be willing to acknowledge that he had made a mistake, he would show by his conduct — and Mrs. Justin felt quite able to read her friend's convictions through his conduct — that he had

abandoned the mad plan he had proposed to himself.

But she saw no evidence of any such determination. In fact, Mr. Stratford's conduct gave her more concern than it had ever done before. On previous occasions, when he and Crisman had been together at her house, Stratford had been very careful not to obtrude himself upon the lovers, acting in unison with his hostess to give them every opportunity of enjoying undisturbed the society of each other. But now he seemed to treat Gay as a young lady to whom the conversation of one man was as pleasant as that of another. There was no attempt to interfere with Mr. Crisman's efforts to make himself agreeable to Gay; but, on the other hand, there was no attempt to offer him facilities for doing so. The conversation, therefore, continued to be a general one, even for some time after dinner. The talk turning upon foreign cities, a subject in which Gay was greatly interested, Stratford opened a portfolio of photographs collected by Mrs. Justin in an Italian tour, and began to show to Gay some of the places they had been talking about.

The soul of the young lady was soon completely absorbed in traveling from temple to palace, from olive grove to crumbling ruin, in company with one who had seen them all, and who made her feel as if she were really seeing them herself. While this was going on Mrs. Justin and Crisman continued to converse; but the young man soon became impatient, and, rising, began to walk up and down the room, regarding the couple at the portfolio with evident disapprobation.

The two had come up from Naples, had wandered through portions of Rome, and were in the court-yard of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, when the mind of Gay became troubled. She was greatly enjoying herself, but there seemed to be something wanting; and, looking up, she asked Mr. Crisman if he did not wish to come and look at these photographs and have Mr. Stratford tell him all about them.

"Thank you kindly," said Crisman, "but I don't care for photographs. If I can't see the real thing I'm perfectly willing to let it all go by."

Gay made no answer, but her countenance became a little troubled, and she began to rapidly turn the photographs, merely asking a question here and there. Stratford quickly noticed her mood, and the tour by photography was soon brought quietly to an end, as if they had both grown a little tired of it. Crisman had now gone out on the piazza to see what sort of night it was. Gay followed him to assist him in making his observations, and Stratford saw no more of the two that evening.

Mrs. Justin felt a little provoked with her friend, and somewhat inclined to scold him, and yet, she said to herself, why should she do so? After asking him to come to her house and be the same friend he had been before, should she now begin to find fault with him for his civilities to her other friends? There was really no occasion to reprove him, and she did not, but she continued to feel dissatisfied with him, all the same. When he took his leave he perceived a little of that dissatisfaction in her manner, but he resolutely took no notice of it. He had decided that enough had been said between him and Mrs. Justin on the subject of Gay and her lover, and his purpose regarding them; and, so far as it lay in his power, he would avoid saying anything more.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Crisman allowed himself to make some remarks which were decidedly uncomplimentary to Mr. Stratford. He made no attack upon that gentleman, but he delivered himself of some general opinions which were evidently intended to include Mr. Stratford in their application. The tone and purpose of these remarks were very displeasing to Mrs. Justin. It was not unnatural, although she believed it to be without sufficient reason, that Mr. Crisman should feel somewhat annoyed that a man should engross for a time the attention of his lady love, but there was no reason whatever why Mr. Stratford should be so spoken of in the house of his friend. Mrs. Justin's eyes flashed a little, and she was on the point of making a sharp reply, but remembering that Crisman was also her guest, she restrained herself, and found a quick occasion to change the conversation. Gay said nothing, but it was easy enough to see that she understood the full purport of Crisman's words. She would have been glad to burst out with a vehement assertion that if Mr. Crisman intended to include Mr. Stratford among the people he was talking about, he had made a great mistake. But her woman's sense taught her that it would be unwise in her to undertake the defense of Stratford against her lover. She felt it was cowardly to remain silent, but she did so, hoping however, most earnestly, that Mrs. Justin would speak.

Mrs. Justin did speak. Crisman would not allow the conversation to remain changed, and made another unpleasant allusion to Stratford, more pointed than anything he had said before. This was too much for the hostess to endure, even from a guest, and in a few words, a little more prompt in delivery than she intended them to be, she assured Mr. Crisman that she knew many persons who were

extremely willing to impart their information, and very quick to see where such information would be of advantage, but who were neither vain of their knowledge, nor used it as a means of insolently showing their superiority to other people. As an instance of such persons she mentioned Mr. Stratford.

Gay was delighted with this reply, and looked her thanks to Mrs. Justin. The latter noticed them, but received them with slight satisfaction. She was defending her friend for her own sake, not for Gay's.

Crisman smiled. His shot had hit, and the hit had been acknowledged. He was satisfied, and, after remarking that it was all right to stand up for one's friends and that he did not intend to pitch into anybody, he changed the conversation of his own accord, and bore during the rest of the meal the greater part of it himself.

All that afternoon Mr. Stratford was expected by Mrs. Justin and Gay. They hoped he would come, not only because they were always glad to see him, but because they felt that, in a manner, he owed it to himself not to keep in the background when his character had been assailed. To be sure he did not know that anything had been said against him, but Mrs. Justin and Gay knew it, and that was sufficient reason for them to think he should come forward and show himself. But, on the other hand, they both feared his coming. For every reason they greatly desired peace, and they had some cause to suppose that if Mr. Crisman and Stratford were in the house together that day there might not be peace. This was a very unpleasant thought to think; and Gay, on her part, assured herself that there was not the least reason in the world for thinking it; and yet, being a young person with a sensitiveness of perception which she was not yet capable of appreciating, she thought it, all the same. As for Mr. Crisman, he intended, if that very superior gentleman from the Bullripple farm made his appearance at Mrs. Justin's house that day, to give him a cold shoulder, and, if necessary, a sharp elbow. But Mr. Stratford did not come, and although the day proved to be rather a dull one, it was a very placid one.

That afternoon Mr. Stratford took a walk by himself over the fields and hills. He had intended going to Mrs. Justin's, but he, too, had quick perceptions, and, while he had no idea of relinquishing his purposes, he would not intentionally do anything that might disturb the harmony of Mrs. Justin's home, and he had believed when on the evening before he had seen Crisman walking restlessly up and down the room, that harmony might easily be disturbed.

Over the fields, that afternoon, also, walked Miss Matilda Stull. When she saw from afar a gentleman crossing the same field she recognized immediately that this was the Mr. Stratford who lived at the Bullripple farm. Then said Miss Matilda to herself, "how I do wish that he had lived here when I was a little girl playing about these fields; that his uncle had owned a wicked bull; and that I knew him well enough to stop and talk about it. Of course I don't wish that I had met him at a restaurant where I paid him money for my luncheon, but it would be ever so nice if I had made his acquaintance at some suitable place, and could now stop and talk to him about old times. And if he would walk with me, and show me the way, and let down the bars for me—that would be another sort of thing altogether!"

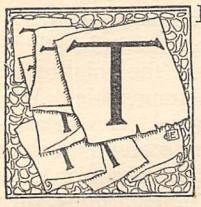
As Mr. Stratford passed, he raised his hat, and Miss Stull slightly bowed. She knew that when gentlemen and ladies met each other in these out-of-the-way places it was quite proper that they should recognize each other's presence. And now Miss Stull walked on with a quick step. It was only the afternoon before that, standing in a little shop, she had seen Mrs. Justin and Gay drive through the village on their way to the station where they were going to meet Mr. Crisman. And now she had encountered face to face that gentleman who had excited her interest when refreshing herself under the Bullripple oak.

"It is perfectly ridiculous," she said to herself, "that all these people should be in this neighborhood, and I not know them. None of them have called, but I suppose they haven't the slightest idea we are here. Mother don't want to know anybody, and is glad to shut herself up. If father were here it would be different; but I'm not going to wait for him. They've got to call on us, and I shall make it my business to see that they do it."

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

SOME PORTRAITS OF HAWTHORNE.



HE portraits of men who have proved their greatness in literature, art, statecraft, religion, warfare, or in some other field of human action, naturally become subjects of public interest. It has happened recently that in several quarters attention has been directed to portraits of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and some valuable discoveries have been made. Owing to these discoveries, however, more or less confusion has arisen concerning the portraits newly found. In the paragraphs which follow, I shall attempt to dispel this confusion and to record facts in such a way that collectors, or future investigators, may have something accurate to go by. But it may be well to premise that my remarks are not to be read as if they formed what is called a literary essay. The nature of the case compels a simple effort to unravel a certain tangle of facts and inferences; and that unraveling is all that I shall attempt. It will be necessary for me to talk about coats, waistcoats, and cravats; but if it should seem to readers amusing that I do so, because I wish to be accurate and make my meaning clear, that is a matter of little moment to me.

A short time before I wrote the Introductory Notes for a new edition of Hawthorne's Works,* I received a letter from Mr. George H. Holden, of Providence, which referred to Hawthorne. This resulted in a correspondence and acquaintance. Mr. Holden took a great interest in the various existing portraits of Hawthorne, and especially the original photographs of him. In the "Biographical Sketch" that I attached to the Riverside edition, I made mention of several representations of Hawthorne with which I was familiar.

One of these was a photograph taken in England, formerly owned by Nathaniel Hawthorne's wife and now, as for some years past, in the possession of her daughter, Mrs. Lathrop. This photograph, Miss E. P. Peabody (Mrs. Hawthorne's sister) had frequently told me, was made for John Lothrop Motley. Her belief in this regard, founded apparently upon something which Mr. Motley had told her, was that the historian, wishing to have a graphic likeness of his friend, which should be taken without premeditation, surprised Hawthorne into being photographed unawares. Accordingly, I detailed the supposed authentic incident in my Biographical Sketch,† as follows:

> "His friend, John Lothrop Motley, induced him one day to enter a photographer's establishment, on the plea that he had business of his own there. Hawthorne was given a book to read, while waiting, and when the photographer was ready Motley attracted his friend's attention. Hawthorne looked up with a dawning smile, a bright, expectant glance — holding the book on his knee meanwhile, with a finger in the place,— and instantly a perfect negative was made."

This was the way in which the story had been many times related to me, on what I supposed to be the best authority; and it was natural, therefore, that it should have been repeated, among others, to Mr. Holden, who I believe further questioned Miss Peabody about it, and then published the supposed facts in a letter to the "Salem Gazette." His version, however, introduced some particulars which I did not remember to have heard before; viz., that Motley's excuse for going into the photograph gallery was to examine some proofs of a likeness of himself, and that Hawthorne was photographed while looking after Motley just as the latter was disappearing behind a screen, ostensibly in search of the proofs. Mr. Holden also said that, although Hawthorne remained ignorant of the "surreptitious picture," one of his children saw it, and mentioned it to her father after they had left England. But Hawthorne was incredulous, and fancied that his daughter was mistaken. "After her husband's death," Mr. Holden went on, "Mrs. Hawthorne became acquainted with the facts as above narrated, and at her earnest entreaty the photograph was sent to her."

The anecdote thus put forward in print for the first time — it was published in the "Gazette" before my Biographical Sketch came out — was pronounced by Mr. Julian Hawthorne "a real curiosity in fabrication";‡ and he proceeded to give an extract from a letter written to him by Henry A. Bright, of Liverpool, one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's intimate friends in England. According to Mr. Bright's letter:

> "The account of the photograph being taken for Mr. Motley is quite wrong. I went with Hawthorne

* The Riverside edition, 1883.

† The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Riverside edition, Vol. XII., p. 561.

‡ Vol. II., p. 257, "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife: a Biography."

to the photographer (Mayall), as he had promised me a photograph of himself. He gave his name, and Mayall came up in a great state of excitement. Hawthorne got very shy, and grasped his umbrella as if it were the last friend left him. This, of course, was taken away from him by the photographer, and a table with a book on it was put in its place. 'Now, sir!' said Mayall, 'please to look *intense!*' He was afterwards told to look smiling (at the portrait of a lady!) I chose the intense one, and afterwards had a copy of it taken for a friend of Hawthorne. I am amused to find (in the current anecdote) that Mr. Motley attracted Hawthorne's attention 'at the critical moment.' This is quite imaginative; for Mayall insisted on my going behind a screen, where your father could not see me. After your father's death the photograph was engraved, and I sent other copies to your mother, Mr. Longfellow, and one or two more. The original (there was only one taken at the time) hangs in my own room."

It would appear, from Mr. Bright's statement, that only one photograph was made in England; and that that one was made for him, under his personal care. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has also published a note sent by Mr. Bright to Nathaniel Hawthorne, dated Thursday, May 18, 1860, which contains the following:

"My Dear Mr. Hawthorne: *If* to-morrow is sunshiny enough to photograph you, and *if* you are not otherwise engaged, well, let us get it done! I shall be here (Oxford and Cambridge Club) at twelve, and again at four, if you will look in at either time. . . . I was very glad indeed to see Mr. Motley last night."

The prime value of this evidence is that it fixes the day on which a photograph of Hawthorne was taken for Bright. The day was May 19th, 1860; and Bright's letter to Julian Hawthorne shows that the photograph was the work of Mayall, a photographer then well known in London. The note also incidentally mentions Mr. Motley as being in town. These points must be borne in mind.

Mr. Holden did not rest content with the assurance that the traditional story was a fabrication. He believed in the tradition so far as to set on foot an inquiry. This resulted in his obtaining from Mayall (who is still living) a copy of a photograph of Nathaniel Hawthorne, hitherto unknown to the surviving members of the romancer's family. An interesting circumstance connected with this newly found photograph (an engraving from which was issued as the frontispiece of "Harper's Monthly" for July, 1886) is that — according to Mayall's entry-books — it was taken on May 19, 1860. Now that is the precise date at which Mr. Bright's Hawthorne photograph was made. But the "cabinet size" copy after which the enlarged "Harper" engraving was cut is now before me; it is the copy which Mr. Holden procured from Mayall; and on the back of it appear, in the writing of Mayall's son, these words taken from the original entry-book: "Photo. of Nathaniel Hawthorne, May 19, 1860, for Mr. Motley, 31 Hertford St., Mayfair, London."

The pose and expression in this photograph, however, are materially different from those of the picture in Mrs. Lathrop's possession, which for a number of years had passed unchallenged as the Motley photograph. Here, then, we encounter a puzzle, the solution of which might at first seem impossible. Mrs. Lathrop's supposed "Lothrop Motley" photograph represents Hawthorne seated in a chair of peculiar shape, with a vacant space on each side. In his right hand he holds a book, with a finger between the leaves; and the book rests upon his left knee, which is crossed above his other knee. The face looks to the left, with a slightly upward glance and the intimation of a smile. A copy of this was used by Schoff in his etching of the head alone, for the second volume of "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife" (p. 150); and the head, with the half-figure, has been reproduced by various photographers, who have sold great numbers of impressions. I do not know how they first obtained their plates for these reproductions. The Mayall picture, engraved for "Harper's Monthly," shows Hawthorne seated beside a table, only the edge of which is visible, with one arm lying easily upon a couple of books. The hand is not disclosed beyond the wrist; but the leaves of the upper book are slightly parted in the middle of the volume, as if a finger had been inserted there, after the manner of Mrs. Lathrop's photograph. The face, however, is turned towards the right, instead of the left; the chin is not lifted, but is depressed; and the eyes do not look upward. They are absorbed in a dreamy, meditative gaze which centers upon some point a little below their level. The right eyebrow, too, is very decidedly raised, — a characteristic peculiarity which is not exhibited in any other portrait of Hawthorne. The difference between these two pictures is, indeed, so striking that they are immediately recognizable as having been printed from two distinct negatives. But it is important to observe that the size of the head in both is the same, and that the coat, waistcoat, broad black cravat, and shirt-collar are the same. The waistcoat, curiously enough, becomes an important *pièce justificative;* the coat is a frock — or what would now be called a "Prince Albert" — of broadcloth, thrown loosely back and exposing the waistcoat, which is made of ribbed material. The texture of this waistcoat is plainly distinguishable in both of the photographs. Briefly, all the external adjuncts — the costume, and the book held with a finger between the leaves — go to prove that the two negatives were made on the

same day. The difference consists only in the fact that the pose is varied and that Mrs. Lathrop's picture gives us Hawthorne sitting in a chair, isolated, while the original of the "Harper" engraving places him at a table.

We must now go back to the fact that Mr. Bright speaks of *two* negatives having been made on May 19th, 1860,— one of them "intense," and the other "smiling." He chose the "intense" one, and says that he afterwards sent a copy to Mrs. Hawthorne. This copy is the one which Mrs. Lathrop now owns; but it is not "intense": on the contary, it is smiling. The question thus arises, Was the portrait which has been published in "Harper's Monthly" the "intense" picture that Mr. Bright preferred, of the two which were produced under his supervision? We might decide that it was, but for two facts: (1) The "Harper" picture comes from Mayall, unequivocally, as having been made for Mr. Motley. (2) A third English photograph — with the same costume, with one hand lying on a book upon a table, and the eyes looking straight forward (the face almost full) — has been brought to light within a few months. We have, therefore, got three pictures to deal with, instead of two; and it is evident that Mr. Bright either did not know that one of them existed, or else had forgotten all about it.

The third photograph, to which I here allude, is for the first time placed before the public in this number of THE CENTURY. Its history is worth detailing. Francis Bennoch, another English friend of Hawthorne's,—a wealthy manufacturer, member of Parliament, and amateur author, who figures frequently in the "English Note-Books" and is still active in British politics,—had long cherished a photographic portrait of Hawthorne, made in 1860, and presented to him by the romancer, which he esteemed the best one extant. Mr. Holden, in the course of his inquiries, heard of this, and wrote to Mr. Bennoch; whereupon he received the particulars which are here to be set down. Some six years ago, or a little more, Mr. Bennoch sat for his portrait to one Piercy of Pall Mall, East, London, who rejoiced in a special and profitable process of portraiture which he had invented. Piercy then expressed a desire to utilize Bennoch's Hawthorne photograph for reproduction by his process, and Bennoch lent it to him. The matter escaped his mind for a year or two, when suddenly he became aware that the photograph had not been returned. Finally, recalling that it had been left with Piercy, he went to the latter's studio in search of it. Piercy declared that Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who had been living in London and had several times visited the studio to inspect the progress of the work, had carried away the original photograph, promising to convey it to Mr. Bennoch. Bennoch was at a loss to account for his not having received it, and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, by that time, had left England and returned to the United States. Piercy held stoutly to his assertion; but when Bennoch renewed his inquiries, later, in 1886, a son of Piercy happened to be present and listened to the conversation. He asked about the size of the photograph, the style of frame, etc., and at last, without a word, stepped out of the room, coming back presently with the identical Bennoch-Hawthorne photograph in his hands. It was covered with dust; the glass was shattered by innumerable radiations. The photograph had been laid aside and forgotten; Mr. Julian Hawthorne had never had it in charge at all; Piercy was mistaken in his assertion on this point. But for Bennoch's persistence, prompted by Mr. Holden's questions, the picture might have been lost altogether. As events have turned out, it comes to us just in time to clear up the mystery enveloping the Bright and the Lothrop-Motley photographs.

How did these three photographs originate? The third one became the property of Mr. Bennoch, and until recently remained unknown to Hawthorne's family. Of the other two, which one was made for Motley; which for Mr. Bright? These are the essential questions.

Mr. Holden still maintains* that the picture published in "Harper's" is from the Bright photograph, and that Mrs. Lathrop's photograph is the one which was taken for John Lothrop Motley. Several items of evidence go against this theory. Mrs. Lathrop's photograph has no imprint; so that we do not know positively from whose atelier it came. Bright, also, in his letter to Mr. Julian Hawthorne, states that Nathaniel Hawthorne was posed beside a table on which was laid a book. Now in Mrs. Lathrop's photograph no fragment of a table, even, is visible. But the Bennoch and "Harper" pictures both include a table; the first showing one book, and the second two books placed upon the table-top. The inference from this would be that these two portraits were taken from the two negatives which Bright mentions. Nevertheless, making allowance for a lapse of memory, we may venture to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Bright's recollection. The Bennoch picture and Mrs. Lathrop's both give almost the whole figure; and both represent Hawthorne with one hand resting upon or holding a book. They are alike in size, and both present the same curiously shaped chair, with identical curves and identical knobs and grooves. The ribbed waistcoat in

* "Salem Gazette," June 15, 1886.

the Bennoch likeness seems to be reproduced in Mrs. Lathrop's print; but the latter has been so retouched that it is impossible to decide whether the cloth was ribbed or not. Giving attention to these little particulars may seem irrelevant or funny; but men have been hanged on the strength of cloth, or on the proof supplied by a button; and although the present question is not one of hanging,—except in so far as it affects the position of portraits in a gallery,—we cannot afford to ignore details. The resemblance between the pictures owned by Mrs. Lathrop and Mr. Bennoch is so pronounced, that I am forced to believe they were impressions from the two negatives which Mr. Bright caused to be made.

The original of the "Harper" portrait is much smaller than these, and a great deal more informal in attitude. The size is but little over half-length. But the most significant thing is, that it is the only Hawthorne photograph recorded as taken in England, and that Mayall entered it as taken for Motley. Neither Bright nor Bennoch made allusion to it when they were questioned; hence I conclude that it was really printed at Motley's request. That he obtained the sitting surreptitiously, as I was formerly led to believe, I greatly doubt.

The question has been raised whether it was possible in 1860 to take a sun picture in less than thirty or forty seconds. Mayall has stated that it could not have been done; although Mr. Getchell (a partner of Silsbee, Case & Co., who made an excellent photograph of Hawthorne in 1861–62, engraved for THE CENTURY of May, 1886) says that so early as 1857 he took a large number of photographic portraits with an exposure of only *five seconds* each, by employing French chemicals of exceptional purity. The famous Boston photographer, Black, unhesitatingly avers that the Motley picture could have been made in a few seconds in 1860. Moreover, two Salem photographers now living state that in 1860, under specially favorable conditions, they got good impressions upon the plate in less than *two seconds*. It is barely possible that Mayall put forth unusual exertion and used fine chemicals, in order to secure a likeness of Hawthorne within a few seconds. But the younger Mayall speaks of the shrouded light generally maintained in his father's studio; so that it is not probable that an exception was made in Hawthorne's case. Besides, the well-planned position of the seated figure and the deliberate arrangement of the finger between the book-leaves, in the photograph from which the "Harper" cut was taken (an arrangement ignored and obliterated by the burin which traced that block), prove almost conclusively that the likeness was not made without premeditation.

The one thing upon which we may now definitely resolve is that Mr. Motley secured a copy of an uncommonly good photograph of Hawthorne, the negative of which was made on the same day and at the same place (viz., May 19th, 1860, at Mayall's) with the other two negatives which Bright and Bennoch liked. Mayall, in short, must have photographed Hawthorne in three positions. Probably Motley was not present at the time, but afterwards had a photograph printed from the third negative, while Bennoch and Bright severally chose the other two; and Bright forgot that three had been made. Bright says that he selected the "intense" view, which was doubtless the same as Bennoch's. But, when Bright ordered a copy sent to Mrs. Hawthorne, in the remote distance of Concord, Massachusetts, it is conceivable that Mayall's subordinates printed off a copy of the "smiling" picture, by mistake, and dispatched it to America.

I may say that Hawthorne's daughter sets a special value upon the Motley (or "Harper") version of her father's face, because it reproduces one of his most characteristic moods,—that mood in which, unconscious of observation, he followed out some train of revery. The Bennoch picture, however, presents perhaps the truest and most comprehensive rendering of his personal appearance and of his individuality so far as it might be read upon the surface.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in a letter to me, speaks of "a carte-de-visite of Fields, Hawthorne, and Ticknor in a group, full length and standing, with their hats on." This curious little souvenir, depicting Hawthorne and his publishers as they appeared in every-day life, on the streets of Boston or in the Old Corner Bookstore, is quite rare. It has never been engraved. Mr. Bennoch, having lately seen a copy of it, referred to it in a private letter as "a portrait of those tall hats. The heads," he added, "and the grouping, remind me of a group of old Jews at the corner of Petticoat Lane, haggling over some recent purchase of 'old clo'.' It may be appreciated by the curiosity-hunter, but never by those who loved the originals." I think, however, that Mr. Bennoch underrates the value of this unique transcript from the life. What would we not give to-day for some similar representation of Shakspere hobnobbing with Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern, engaging in a "wit-combat" with Raleigh, Beaumont, and Donne, or standing hatted in front of the Black Friars' Theatre, between a couple of his fellow-shareholders or fellow-actors?

The costume of Shakspere's time was certainly more picturesque than that prevailing in nineteenth-century New England. But are we to reject a rare picture of Hawthorne and his publishers, simply because we dislike the absurd tall silk hat of so-called modern civilization? By no means. The photograph may excite a smile, because "stove-pipe" hats are always and unchangeably a ridiculous outrage upon the innate dignity of man; but the smile cannot by any possibility detract from our respect for Hawthorne himself.

I quote again from Mr. Julian Hawthorne's letter:

"Another carte-de-visite of the same date (1861–2) shows Hawthorne seated, in profile, three-quarters length. The Washington photographs were taken a year or two later; they were busts, carte-de-visite size, and show his hair and mustache nearly white. . . . Previous to the Washington period a head, imperial size, was taken in Boston for Mr. Fields, and used to hang in his house; Fields called it the 'Field-Marshal Hawthorne,' from a certain military aspect it had. It has since been copied, and there is an etching of it in the Biography. While he was in Washington the artist Leutze made an oil-portrait of him, which those who have seen it pronounce good. This has never been reproduced, and it concludes the list of his portraits, so far as I know them."

The Leutze portrait was painted at Washington, in April, 1862, about the time that Leutze was engaged upon his large encaustic wall-painting called "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way," which occupies a panel on the western staircase leading to the gallery of the House of Representatives. Leutze's portrait of Hawthorne is now owned by a gentleman in Brooklyn.

On reviewing the circumstances already set forth with regard to the Bright and Bennoch photographs, the only sound conclusion at which I can arrive is that Mayall, instead of taking only two negatives, as Mr. Bright thought when Bright and Hawthorne went to his gallery, made a third plate, as well; and that he made it as an experiment, without saying a word about it to either of his visitors. It strikes me as a tenable supposition that, while Mayall was talking with Hawthorne and considering the most advantageous position in which to place him, he noticed the easy, natural attitude which his subject had taken at the table, fingering a book. Hawthorne frequently remained perfectly quiet in such a position for two or three minutes at a time. Mayall very likely, on the spur of the moment, took advantage of this habit, and took an experimental negative. When he was interrogated on the subject, two years ago, he was old, and his memory was feeble: he may not have recalled the incident. Bright, of course, would have known nothing about it, and would have known only of the two views which Mayall then proceeded to take under his (Bright's) direction. One of these Bright selected to be printed for himself. The other Mr. Bennoch afterwards had ordered for *himself.* But Motley was in London at this time, and very likely, hearing that Hawthorne had sat to Mayall, he may have gone to the photographer's atelier to secure a copy of the likeness. On that occasion Mayall perhaps brought out the plate which he had made surreptitiously, and this pleased Motley more than the Bright and Bennoch negatives. From it, therefore, he would naturally wish to have an impression. In speaking of the affair afterwards, Motley — if the circumstances were such as I have suggested — would of course say to his friends that the photograph had been made without Hawthorne's knowledge; and in this way the tradition, with the facility of transformation belonging to all tradition, would become established, that Motley himself had arranged a little plot for obtaining a photograph of Hawthorne unawares.

That Mayall made no record of the Bright (and Bennoch) photographs may be accounted for on the theory that both Bright and Hawthorne wanted to keep the matter quiet, so that copies should not be sought for by the public. But that caution would not apply to the record of another photograph printed for Motley, whose diplomatic discretion was trusted. This explanation is the only one, apparently, which can supply a key to the facts as we have ascertained them, and to the misunderstandings that have gradually arisen.

That the "Harper" picture is taken from the veritable Lothrop-Motley photograph, Mr. Julian Hawthorne clearly believes, as a contribution, over his signature, to the New York "World" of June 26th, 1886, attests. He there says:

"There is no escape from the conclusion that Mayall, on that 19th of May, took three negatives instead of only two, and Mr. Holden says in the 'Easy Chair' that 'Mayall's books show a distinct entry of a print from this same negative, sent to Mr. Motley, 31 Hertford street, Mayfair.' It may claim, therefore, to be the hitherto unseen Motley-Hawthorne-Mayall photograph; but that it was taken in Motley's company or in the manner described by Mr. Holden in his article in the Salem newspaper are positions no longer tenable."

George Parsons Lathrop.

POEMS BY GERTRUDE HALL.

STILL.

THOUGH true it be these glorious dreams of mine
Are but as bubbles little children blow,
And that Fate laughs to see them wax and shine,
Then holds out her pale finger — and they go;
One bitter drop falls with a tearlike gleam,
Still — dreaming is so sweet! Still let me dream.

Though true, to love may be definèd thus:
To open wide your safe, defenseless hall
To some great guest, full-armed and dangerous,
With despot power to deface it all,
A chance at dice whether or no he will,
Still — loving is so sweet! Let me love still.

SINGERS.

MUSICIAN.

HE sings: in all the breathless multitude
Is not one heart so stern, so cold, so rude,
But thrills at his soft notes;
In rapt, uplifted eyes reflected stands
The fair, song-conjured dream of happier lands
That in each soothed brain floats;

And at the ending of the soul-felt strain,
Whilst at his feet their odorous tributes rain,
The crowds still clamor — "Sing!"
Ah, gods! the mighty triumphs of to-day! —
Such swarms of mad, adoring men to sway
Belongs to no crowned king;

And then, to-morrow — as an echo, dies
The sense of all the tender melodies
That moved the massy throngs;
And then — a name above a churchyard plot
Grown unfamiliar, strange; and then — forgot
The singer and his songs!

POET.

HE sings: and such unscornful few as heed,
Say kindly, "Good, perhaps, but what's the need?"
And others mutter, "Words!
All has been said that there is need to say.
What does he want, this piper bound to play
Before unlistening herds?"

And so the dreams that dazzled him at dawn
Decline, and as the silent night comes on,
Mad pray'r and protest cease:
Yet sickening hope through failure will abide,
Until the hungry heart — unsatisfied —
In death finds its first peace.

And then — one day the wakening nations say,
"No doubt, this man's was an inspired lay —
Bow to the laureled head!"
And then — he is bewept, and loved, and praised;
And then — enduring monuments are raised
To him long dead, long dead!

CANZONETS.

I.

WHEN May paints azure all above,
And emerald all underfoot,
And charms to flow'r the withered root,
And warms to passion the staid dove —
Sing, Bard! of Hope, of Joy, of Love!

But when December saddens o'er
The land whence birds and leaves are gone,
When black nights come and gray days dawn —
Sing, Bard! sing louder than before
Of Joy, Hope, Love! — louder and more!

II.

How can they bear to live together
Whom mutual love hath never moved,
Who, touching lips, are still removed
As wide as upper world and nether —
How can they bear to live together?

Alas! how can they bear to part,
Whom love hath closely bound and blessed,
To wear, each, bleeding in his breast
His torn half of their common heart —
Alas! how can they bear to part?

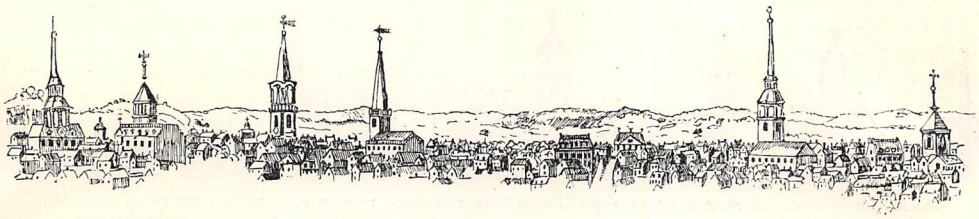
A SONG.*

NOT the grand flow'r-queen would I ask to be,
The splendid rose in pure blush-color drest, —
Only a drop of rain that quietly
In her deep heart might rest.

Not the cathedral with its carven flowers,
Its proud proportions, traceries fine and fair, —
One of the humble bells that from the towers
Gather the flock to prayer.

Not the sweet poet whom a muse has kissed, —
Only some floating perfume, sound, or beam,
Some faint tint in the fading western mist,
Might make him pause and dream.

* This poem was first printed in the Boston "Beacon."



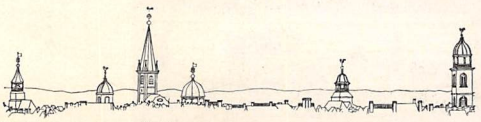
SOME BOSTON SPIRES. (FROM A PRINT, 1758, IN THE KING'S COLLECTION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

CHURCH AND MEETING-HOUSE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

I. THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

THE earliest houses of worship in America belonged to the make-shift order of architecture,— four walls of logs, or a rude framework of wood, clay-plastered outside and in, or of rived clapboards with earth filled in between the rough siding without and the rough ceiling within. The roof was sometimes of thatch, and there was usually a floor. Very few communities built substantial churches at the outset, but as soon as the pioneer struggle was over better places for worship were provided. In New England the first meeting-houses, after the log and thatched ones, were generally framed buildings, nearly square, with what was familiarly called a "tunnel roof"—that is, a roof sloping on all four sides to a point in the middle — with a belfry perched on the apex from which the bell-rope dangled to the floor in the very center of the assembly. Nothing could have less of æsthetic sentiment in it; nothing could have been more baldly utilitarian and more entirely Puritan than this foursquare inclosure. These buildings were appropriately called "meeting-houses"; —they were mere places for assemblage and nothing more,— the work of a people who at first repelled with earnestness the notion of any special sacredness in consecrated places. In this same building assembled the town-meeting with its contentious wrangles; here the magistrates decided the disputes of a litigious people; and here the court sentenced petty criminals and immoral people to the stocks or the whipping-post, which stood conveniently in front of the door. Architecture of this kind was not quite confined to New England. This almost square house with pyramidal roof was found sometimes among the New York Dutch. The Dutch church at New Utrecht, on Long Island, had a steep funnel roof and the building was six-sided. The first Quaker meeting-house in Burlington, New Jersey, was also hexagonal with a steep roof.

The New Englanders refused to apply the name of church to a building, and when the primitive meeting-house fell into disuse they gave it to the minister to shelter his hay, his horses, and his cows in, or they applied it to some other ignoble use. One Long Island Puritan meeting-house when discarded served the town for a jail. This very secularization of the old building was a solemn protest against what they deemed a papistical or idolatrous notion that holiness could inhere in wood or stone. The Virginians built their first churches with equal rudeness, but when the primitive building of mud-daubed logs and sedge-thatched roof fell into disuse, they surrounded it with a ditch to protect the ruins from profanation by the beasts of the field. This was an act of pure sentiment, for no



CHURCH SPIRES. (FROM A VIEW OF NEW YORK PUBLISHED IN 1746, IN THE SOCIETY LIBRARY.)

OLD DUTCH CHURCH, NEW UTRECHT, LONG ISLAND.

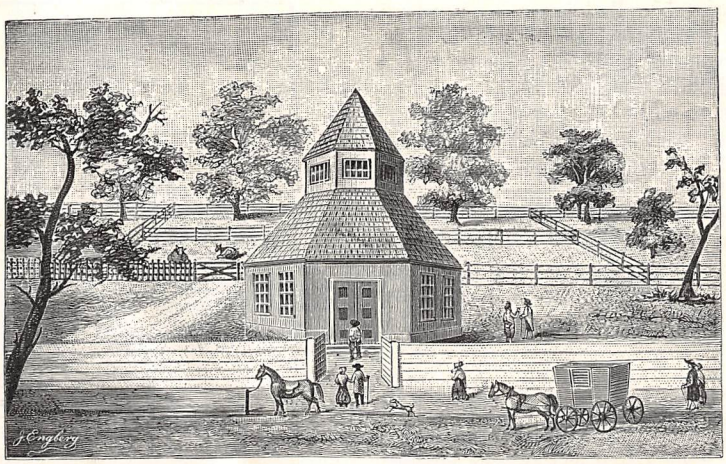
PLACES OF WORSHIP IN NEW YORK IN 1742. (FROM THE DRAWINGS IN THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

1. Lutheran. 2. French. 3. Trinity. 4. New Dutch. 5. Old Dutch. 6. Presbyterian. 7. Baptist. 8. Quaker. 9. Synagogue.

colonial building ever received consecration from the hands of a bishop.

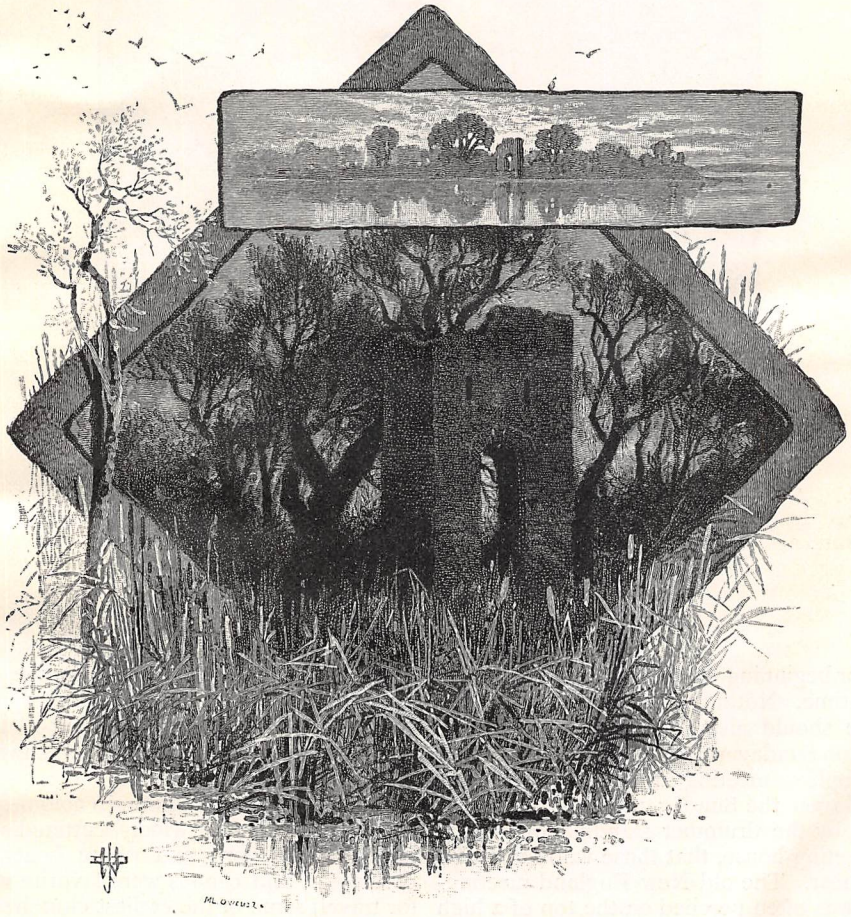
The greater part of what we may call the secondary churches in the Southern colonies were, even down to the Revolution, "composed of wood, without spires or towers or steeples or bells, and placed like those of our remotest ancestors in Great Britain in retired and solitary spots, and contiguous to springs or wells," says Jonathan Boucher, the well-known colonial clergyman. Ladles were secured by chains at the springs; there were horse-blocks in front of the church, and in some places sun-dials. But all the buildings were not so simple. The Anglican body in America had its roots in England, and wherever there was wealth enough, efforts were made to follow the prevailing fashion in English ecclesiastical architecture. Some of the early churches, such as Christ Church in Philadelphia and St. Michael's in Charleston, succeeded in attaining considerable beauty of an imitative sort. There have come down to our times a few ancient country churches in the Southern colonies that show the ambition of their builders for decoration,— as a Virginia church with Corinthian pillars the capitals of which are elaborately carved and painted white. But the parish church was rarely more than four wooden walls with a commonplace roof; sometimes the latter was relieved by a curious dip over the front gables such as one may see in the old St. Thomas, in Maryland, and the Goose Creek church, in South Carolina. Within, the churches of the Establishment often had upon the walls tablets containing the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments, usually in gilt letters on a sky-blue ground. There was also erected, according to law, a table of marriages to keep the parishioners in continual memory that a man might not marry his grandmother or any other of a long list of relatives within the prescribed limit, including the sister of a deceased wife. Stone baptismal fonts were erected in some of the Virginia parish churches before 1692.

The ecclesiastical architecture of New England, which had never been quite uniform, underwent considerable modification when Puritanism itself molted. After the seventeenth century had passed away, there came a new era: the most austere form of Puritanism disappeared; the crusade against long hair, wigs, and witchcraft had spent itself; the increase of luxury softened manners; a slight tendency toward regular ceremonials appeared; by degrees the Bible came to be read in church without exposition, and the psalms to be sung by note and without dictation; prayers were



THE FIRST FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY (HEXAGON).

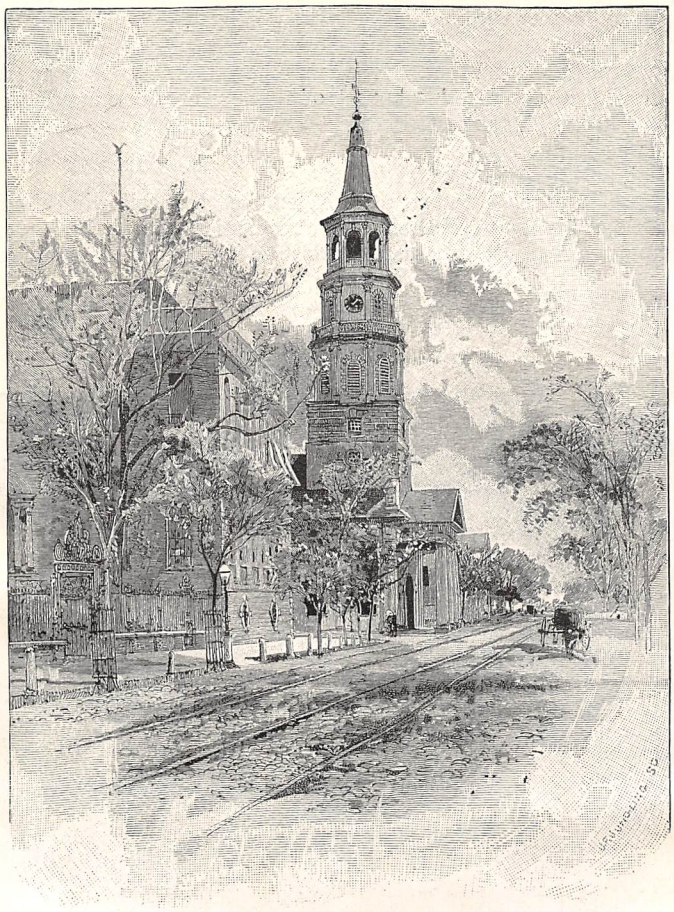
presently offered at funerals; and the prevailing squarish meeting-houses with pyramidal roofs began to give way to buildings with some ambition for architectural effect. Even where traces of the old form of meeting-house showed themselves in buildings erected after 1700, the house was in most cases distinctly longer than broad, and the belfry instead of capping a tunnel roof was made to mark the middle of a roof-ridge hipped at both ends. In one case "pinnacles or other ornaments" were to be set upon each end of a house apparently with a plain ridge roof. But in the later buildings the belfry often gave place to a tower standing at one of the rear angles of the building and surmounted by a spire. The church porch, which had been present in some of the early meeting-houses, always, perhaps, on one of the longer sides of the building, was sometimes in the later structures at the end, and this, no doubt, marked a change in the internal arrangement of the house, for the pulpit was usually on the side or end opposite the porch. The putting of the pulpit on one of the longer sides in the first meeting-houses may have been a protest against the location of altars or chancels in one end of a church.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VA.

II. GOING TO CHURCH.

In the years following the first planting of the colonies, church bells were few and the custom in vogue at Jamestown, of calling the congregation to service by beat of drum, prevailed very generally where the people lived within hearing distance. We should, perhaps, mistake if we supposed this to be merely the adaptation of a military usage; the village drummer was only a variety of the town-crier or bell-man. In the absence of newspapers and handbills, he beat his drum in the most public places whenever anything of importance was to be cried, and time-pieces being wanting, he was in some towns engaged to announce the



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

hour for beginning daily labor and the arrival of bed-time. Nothing was more natural than that he should also rattle his drum in the streets on Sunday morning to bring the clockless people to meeting in time. In primitive New Haven the Sunday morning drum was beaten by the drummer standing on top of the meeting-house, that those who lived afar might hear. The old New England meeting-house was often perched on the top of a high hill, and a flag was sometimes raised as a signal to worshipers living too remote to hear a drum. It was a more common plan to blow a conch-shell dinner-horn in the streets. An old verse with a good anti-climax preserves the memory of this custom:

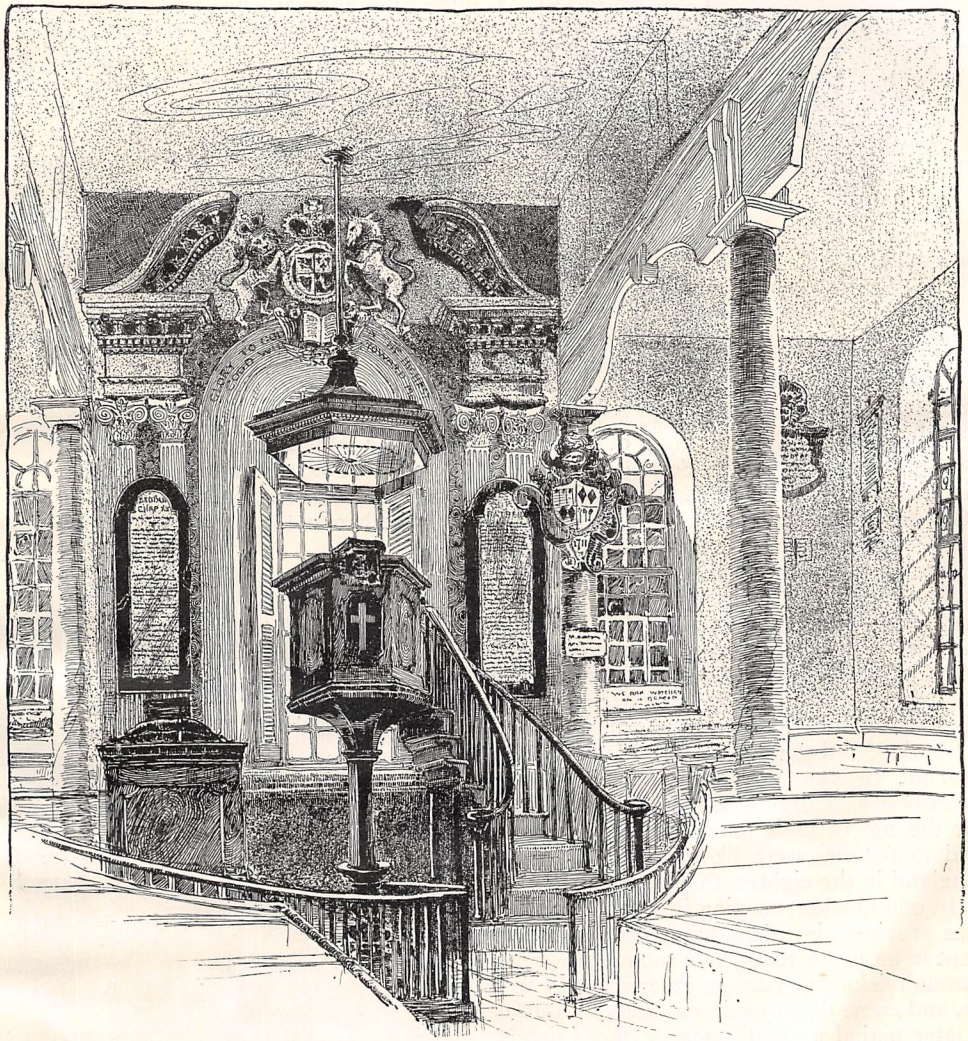
"New England's Sabbath-day
Is heaven-like still and pure;
Then Israel walks the way
Up to the temple's door;
The time we tell
When there to come
By beat of drum
Or sounding shell."

The Sunday morning drum-beat, the conch-shell blown in the streets, and the signal flag flying from the top of the meeting-house, lingered in some places until well on toward the close of the colonial period.

In the Middle and Southern colonies where dwelling-houses were widely scattered on large private plantations and where boats, small periaugers, and canoes were favorite vehicles for travel, some of the earliest churches stood conveniently by the waterside, and meetings held in private houses were located with reference to the prevailing modes of getting about. Nothing could be more animated than the scene upon the water at such gatherings. The concourse of boats in which the Maryland settlers had come to one of George Fox's meetings made the stream in front of the house "look like the Thames." An Italian traveler at a later period gives us a lively picture of a similar scene in the Maine woods, where the people, after listening to a sermon preached in a barn and then dining together at a neigh-

boring house off a large boiled cod, embarked in a fleet of canoes, discussing the doctrine of the preacher as they paddled homeward.

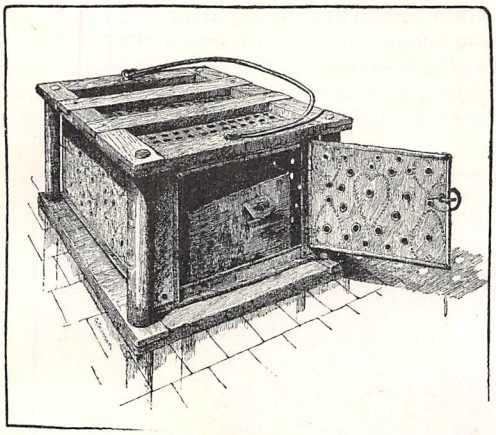
Eating together after the service was a very common practice in thinly settled regions, and family should live so near to the meeting-house that people could attend church without straining the fiber of the fourth commandment. But when the common lands came to be more and more divided, and farms and out-hamlets were



INTERIOR OF THE OLD GOOSE CREEK CHURCH, SOUTH CAROLINA.

it afforded a good opportunity for the gratification of the social instinct. To Sheldon Church, in South Carolina, there came seldom less than sixty or seventy carriages, but a neighboring planter was accustomed to entertain the whole assembly; those of higher social position he invited to his own table, while common-folk were provided for by his overseer at the planter's expense. At great Quaker meetings a similar unstinted hospitality was dispensed by the wealthier Friends. In New England care was taken at first that every settled, people had to travel farther. In the winter time the people from a distance spent the time between the two services by the fireside in the kitchen of the parsonage-house, or in that of some other neighbor who heaped up wood against the great back-log to cheer the worshipers when they came chilled to the marrow from the frosty air of the meeting-house.

The custom of building churches without appliances for warming them was very general, especially in the colonies north of Pennsylvania, and was no doubt brought from

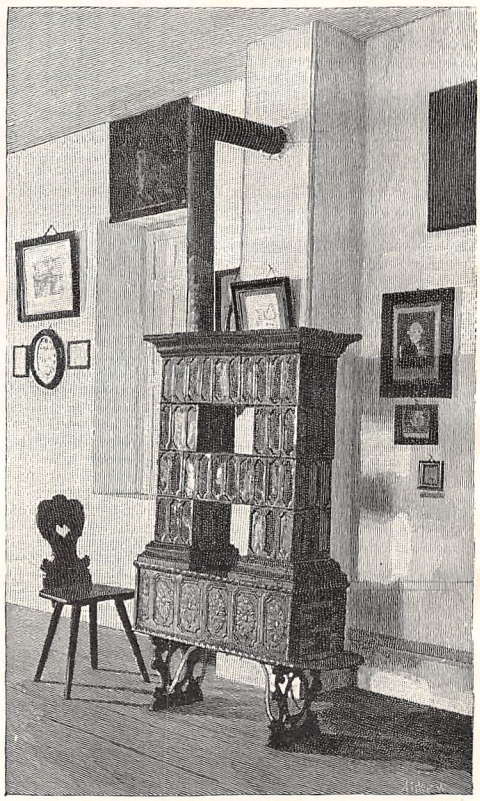


A FOOT-STOVE.

Europe; one may yet sit through service in fireless churches in Holland, Switzerland, and elsewhere on the continent. In a climate so severe as that of New England it must have added much to the grizzly rigor of the religious observances. Judge Sewall records in his diary, on a certain Sunday in January, 1686, when Boston harbor was covered with ice: "This day so cold that the Sacramental Bread is frozen pretty hard and rattles sadly as broken into the plates." Though in most places no one ever dreamed of warming the building, yet measures were sometimes taken to mitigate the cold; the first church in Lynn, for example, was made to descend to low eaves on the side exposed to the northwest wind, and the floor was sunk below the ground. In New York, in 1714, servants are described as carrying foot-stoves to church for the use of their masters and mistresses, and foot-stoves were likewise used in New England in the eighteenth century.

In one Quaker meeting in Pennsylvania it was provided, in 1699, that a fire should be kept in an upper room, "for such as are weak through sickness, or age, or otherwise, to warm at, and come down again modestly." But at a later period we find some of the Friends' meeting-houses warmed with German stoves. The Southern parish churches were probably not generally warmed, but it was provided in a colonial parish, as far south as North Carolina, that the clerk and lay-reader should also build fires wherever they were needed. There were even some exceptional towns in New England that had iron stoves in their meeting-houses as early as 1730, though most of them resisted the improvement until after the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In Connecticut, perhaps more than anywhere else, Sunday was a sort of popular idol, nor did the rigor of its observance abate perceptibly until long after the Revolution. This extreme scrupulosity about Sabbath-keeping was doubtless the moving cause of the building of the "Sabbath-day houses"; these were little shanties standing on the meeting-house green, each intended to accommodate a family during the interval between the two services. Some Sabbath-day houses were built with a stall at one end to shelter the horse, while the family took refuge in the other, where there was a chimney and a meager furniture of rude seats and a table. Here on arrival before the first service the owners lighted a fire and deposited their luncheon, and to this camp-like place they came back to eat their doughnuts and thaw themselves out after their first long sitting in the arctic climate of the meeting-house. Sometimes two families had a Sabbath-day house together; sometimes there were two rooms in a Sabbath-day house that the sexes might sit apart — for nothing so agreeable as social converse between boys and girls was permitted during the consecrated time. But some parishes in Massachusetts, and perhaps elsewhere, had a common "noon-house" for all comers to rest in. Fireside assemblages on Sunday, whether in the parsonage or the noon-



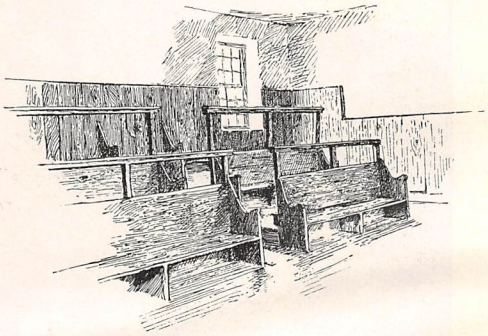
EARTHENWARE STOVE AT NAZARETH, PA., USED BY THE MORAVIANS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

house, were in danger of proving delightful to those who were prone to enjoy the society of other human beings, and hence the pastors "were put upon their best contrivances" to have most of the interval between the services filled up with the reading aloud of edifying books and other exercises calculated to keep the mind in a becomingly irksome frame.

The New England reverence for the Sabbath tended to repress social enjoyment in the accidental encounters of Sunday, but the week-day lecture suffered from no such restriction, and was for a long time much more in favor than even the Sunday service. From all the country round, in spite of the poverty and difficult conditions of pioneer life, people flocked to these week-day assemblages. Cotton's lecture in Boston was so attractive that it was found convenient to establish a market on the same day; punishments in the stocks, in the pillory, at the whipping-post, or on the gallows, were generally set down for lecture-time, perhaps in order that as large a number of people as possible might be edified by the sight of a sinner brought to a just retribution. Nor did these exhibitions of flogging, of cutting off ears, and of men sitting in the stocks, or dangling from a gallows, tend to diminish the attendance. At one period during Philip's war scarcely a Boston lecture-day passed for a number of weeks without the congregation being regaled with the sight of the execution of one or more Indians. When heretical or seditious books were condemned, it was decreed that they should be solemnly burned "just after lecture." Elections were appointed for the same time at first, and the early popularity of the Thursday lectures in Boston and Ipswich fixed the annual Thanksgiving festival on that day of the week. The largeness of the assemblies at lecture-time gave some uneasiness to the magistrates in the first years of the colony; they were concerned to see people who could ill spare the time going to three or four lectures in different places during the same week. They saw that young people made attendance on lectures a pretext for enjoying themselves, and they had a reasonable fear that the hospitality exercised on such occasions might become burdensome. As early as 1633 the magistrates interfered to fix the hour of the lecture at one o'clock or later, that the people might take their midday meal at home. The next year they persuaded the ministers about Boston to arrange their lectures in alternate weeks, that four contiguous towns might afford but two lectures a week. In 1639 the rulers again sought to regulate the hour of lecture, but this brought the clergy on their backs, and the next year all restrictions were repealed, and the week-day lecture long remained a time of common assemblage, of business convenience, of hospitality, and of great social enjoyment.

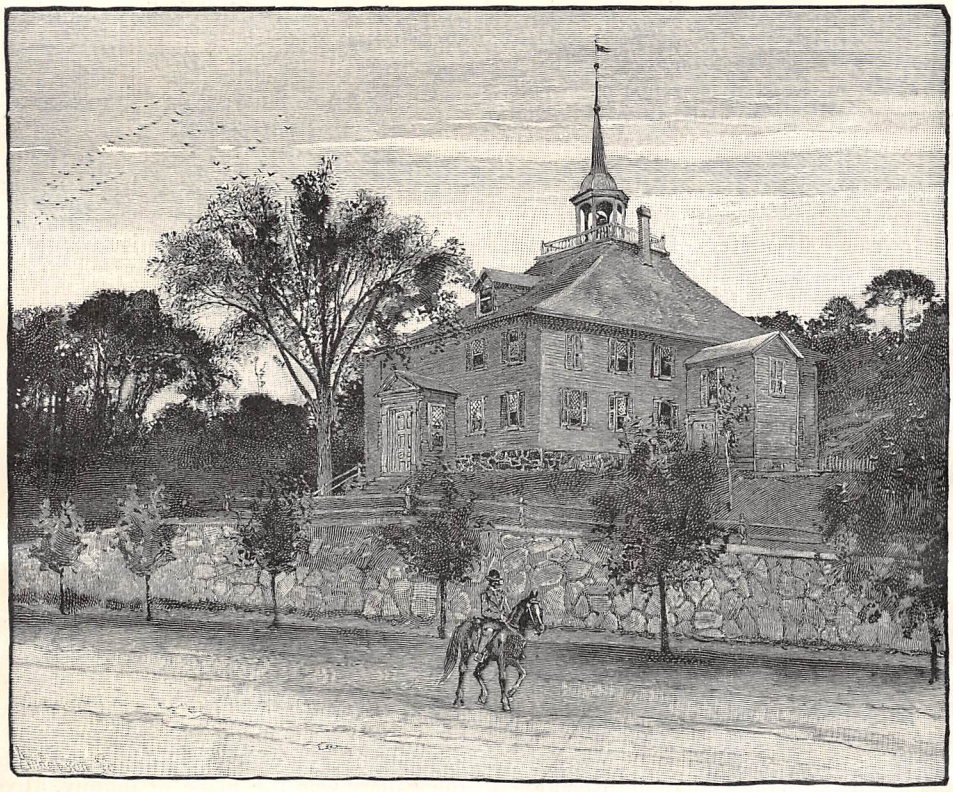
III. SEATING THE CONGREGATION AND KEEPING ORDER.

In the churches of the English Establishment in the colonies the people of consequence sat in family seats or pews, which were in some places accounted private property



RAISED SEATS IN THE OLD FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT BIRMINGHAM, PA. (ON THE BATTLEGROUND OF BRANDYWINE.)

and descended from father to son. At Williamsburg, in Virginia, the pew seems to have been an appurtenance of the residence, and to have been sold with it. In many churches the gallery was the place of dignity, a conventional idea that is yet retained in parts of the British Islands. In the old Virginia church at Grub Hill the leading families were so jealous of their rights of property in the very uncomfortable pews under the roof that they refused to suffer the gallery to be taken down after its decay rendered it necessary to support it by props. The church at Annapolis is a good example of the spirit of the time. Here, in the new building of 1774, pews were set apart for the governor, the speaker, the members of the Upper and those of the Lower House, and the judges. Even jurymen had a reserved seat, and everybody was, by act of the Legislature, assigned to his proper position in the church according to his official dignity or the amount of money he had given to the building; only the gallery was reserved for those who had no pews. In the older Annapolis church the same system seems to have prevailed, for in 1745 after Whitefield had preached a Fifth of November sermon to a great congregation, the iron ornament used to designate and decorate the pew of the speaker fell and hurt seriously two of the members of the Assembly in the next pew to that of their presiding officer. It was thus that a provincial government made the worship of God a public act, performed by all its functionaries in their due



OLDEST MEETING-HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND (HINGHAM, MASS.).

order and array, and with all proper fuss and parade.

Indeed, among all sorts of religious people at that time the house of worship was believed to be the proper place to air one's superiority. In the primitive New England meeting-house it was not accounted safe to permit the two sexes to occupy the same seats or even to sit upon the same side of the house, but the heads of families on each side were sedulously pigeon-holed according to what was deemed their relative rank, and sometimes even the young people in the galleries were thus classified. There was no trace of democratic sentiment in the earlier days, and respect for social rank was a very important department of religion. In some places the seating was adjusted mathematically by the tax-book, according to the amount of estate set down to each householder; in others, as in Brookhaven, on Long Island, and elsewhere, it was shrewdly fixed by the relative liberality of contributors to the church treasury, but in most New England towns an anxious committee undertook the dreadful task of weighing all those considerations, palpable and impalpable, of property, family, professional dignity, official position, age, and what not besides, that go to make up social standing. Preliminary to this another committee was appointed to "dignify the meeting-house,"— that is, to fix a relative rank to the several seats. Such was the ambition for the higher seats in the synagogue that the villagers sometimes refused to accept the places assigned them, and shameful disorders were the result of a contest for place, so that some towns found it needful to impose a sharp fine on aspiring people who endeavored "to advance themselves in the meeting-house."

The matter of ecclesiastical rank was more definite and more easily settled. The New England hierarchy was carefully ranged in the light of the apostle Paul's epistles. The "teaching elders," or ministers, of whom most churches in the first years of the colonies had two, occupied the highest seat behind the pulpit, or as Cotton took pains to call it, "the scaffold." When the minister and his family entered the door the congregation rose and remained reverently standing until he had mounted to his place. The "ruling elders'" seat was a high bench in front of the pulpit and facing the people, and the deacons sat in

a seat yet one degree lower down. In the like spirit we find the Goose Creek parish church in South Carolina setting apart in perpetuity the front pews of the middle row for the church-wardens and vestrymen and their successors forever, while some churches built pews specially for the church-wardens. And notwithstanding the protest of Friends against man-worship, the Quaker meeting-houses had "galleries" or raised seats, in order to give this sort of precedence to leading members and ministers; though when it came to preaching the Public Friend had no pulpit, but mounted upon a preaching-stool.

The seating of church officers in conspicuous places had a certain justification in the practical necessity that there was in that ruder time for awing into decent behavior the inconsiderate youth and the disorderly. In New England meeting-houses a tithing-man or some equivalent official was put in charge of the boys, whose meditations were rendered appropriately solemn by a rod held in plain sight and sometimes rapped against the wall in an admonitory way. In Lynn, and perhaps elsewhere, the tithing-man went about the meeting-house with a long wand having a ball on one end with which to tap any man who should be overcome by sleep; from the other end of his wand there dangled a fox's tail; with this he politely brushed the faces of the women when he caught them dozing. One frequent sleeper incontinently struck the tithing-man for disturbing his repose; he was thereupon sent to the whipping-post for "common sleeping at the public exercises." The tithing-man had an arduous time of it, between waking up the sleepers, keeping the disorderly quiet, and driving away the rabble of dogs which were bred in that day as a defense against wolves, and which appear to have given almost as much trouble in meeting-time as the boys. The pestiferous boys were relegated to the galleries; and in one church two men were specially appointed to watch them "that they might be contained in order." On report of the tithing-man a lad was liable to be "called forth" and reproved by the minister, and if this were not sufficient he could be made to answer to the justice, and one boy was sent to the whipping-post for fighting in meeting. In New London the sexton was charged with digging graves, sweeping the meeting-house, "ordering the youth in meeting-time, and beating out the dogs"; but the Andover people hit upon a plan of settling the dog question by levying sixpence on the owner of every dog that should intrude into the service. With the increase of luxury and refinement and the relaxation of religious rigor, the narrow slips with their hinged seats, which were raised when the people stood up and let down again with a great clatter, gradually gave way to square pews topped with turned balusters, in which families sat together to the increase of decorum in the congregation. The tithing-man and his stick went out of existence, but even in the pews the irrepressible youngsters found chances to beguile the tedious Sunday hours by whispering between the balusters to their friends in the adjoining compartments. These square pews had probably always been in use in some places in New England; in one primitive church built in 1637 they were appropriately called "pitts," and were five feet "deep" by four and a half in diameter. In 1692 we find a New England town giving permission to leading parishioners to build private seats in the galleries, after the fashion prevailing in some of the Episcopal churches. The square family pews seem to have come into general use in New England gradually after 1700.

IV. THE SERVICES.

THE prayer at the opening of a New England service was at first about a quarter of an hour in length. It was usually preceded by the reading of "bills put up for prayers," that is, requests from persons in affliction or difficult circumstances for the prayers of the church in their behalf. The prayers of the minister were weighed and valued along with the sermon, and more than one minister was esteemed for his talent in extemporary prayer. The Pilgrim, Elder Brewster, at the very outset, was praised for his "singular good gift in prayer. . . in ripping up the heart and conscience before God." But Brewster knew that the hearts of the weak could not "stand bent" too long and he disapproved of prolixity in prayer. It early became the fashion in Massachusetts, however, to affect a robust length in devotion, and particularly to imitate the public prayers of the learned John Norton of Boston, in which "there was a variety, fullness, and fervor seldom equaled." One enthusiastic worshiper was accustomed to journey thirty miles on foot to attend the Boston Thursday lecture, accounting himself well repaid if he could only hear one of Norton's prayers. Some young ministers improved so much under Norton's lead that they were able "to continue their addresses to God for more than an hour with much propriety," and, if you will believe it, "without wearying those who joined with them."

Norton's predecessor, John Cotton, would sometimes on a fast or Thanksgiving day spend five or six hours at a stretch in prayer and exposition, "so indefatigable was he in the Lord's

work," says his biographer, and so indefatigable were the hearers of that day, we may add. It is recorded that another early preacher "continued in preaching and prayer about the space of four or five hours"; it does not seem necessary for the historian to add that he was "a painful minister." Urian Oakes had been seen to turn his hour-glass four times, and Cotton Mather, with characteristic vanity and bad taste, sets down in his diary that at his own ordination he had prayed an hour and a quarter and preached an hour and three quarters. "Wee have a strong weaknesse in New England," wrote Nathaniel Ward, "that when wee are speaking wee know not how to conclude; wee make many ends before wee make an end." But the New England sermons were generally limited to an hour, or at most to two. The appetite for devotional exercises and religious discussions was enormous. Not content with Sunday services which had something of eternity about them, and equally protracted week-day lectures, the early New Englanders took pleasure in turning their dwellings into oratories by holding private meetings with a company of invited guests. At these services there was usually a sermon with no end of psalms and prayers. Refreshments of food and wine were also served to the company on these occasions, for the private meeting was the Puritan substitute for a social assembly. In that day the sermon was almost the only intellectual food, and the religious assembly was the principal means of escape from isolation.

In all sorts of places of worship in the colonies, the singing, where there was any, was by the whole congregation, following some leader who "set" the tune without any knowledge of musical notation. The art of reading written music was forgotten, and the very memory of the tunes became corrupted by oral transmission. The same tune varied essentially as sung in congregations but a few miles apart; sometimes only the name of the old tune remained, the music having been "miserably tortured and twisted and quavered into a horrid medley of confused and disorderly noises," as one writer testifies in 1721; and the same witness declares that the singing was so "dragged" that he himself had been obliged to take breath twice in one note. The entire number of tunes in general use was but eight or ten; some congregations were reduced to half that number, and frequently a service had to be held without singing for want of a leader who could "take the run of the tune." In New England the frequent singing of the same psalms and the more frequent use of the same tunes in private as well as in public meetings, and on all sorts of accidental occasions, were enough to have proved intolerable to any people not impervious to ennui. Ten psalms were sung at one private meeting in Boston of which a record has come down to us. In public services the metrical psalms were "dictated," that is, read off line by line by one of the deacons: the process was known as "deaconing off."

The versions in use everywhere in the seventeenth century were ludicrously rude, literal, and unpoetical. But they were not literal enough to satisfy the reformatory ambition of the Puritans of the New World, and in 1640 three of the most prosaic ministers of Massachusetts were set to make a new version. "We have endeavoured," says one of these, "according to our light and time to retranslate the psalms as neer the originall as wee could into meeter because the former translation was very defective." The new rendering, especially after it had been revised in 1650, became very popular and passed through many editions in England and America. But reading its hitching lines is serious work, like riding in a springless wagon over a pioneer road in the mountains: that such verses could ever be sung is almost past belief. And psalm-singing appears to have been no whit less rude in the colonies to the southward. One of the reforms advocated by Bray in 1700, when he made his brief dash into Maryland as Commissary of the Bishop of London, was the teaching of catechumens to sing the psalms "artifically." And seventy-five years later, at the outbreak of the Revolution, Boucher declares that in Virginia and Maryland the psalmody was "everywhere ordinary and mean." There were not six organs in both colonies, and there were churches in which there was no singing at all.

In the early part of the eighteenth century there began in New England a movement in favor of better singing in the churches. It was part of the reformatory current of that time. But the change from the old-fashioned nasal "quavering" and droning of a dictated psalm in the wake of a leader who, without any knowledge of music, was barely able to "take the run of the tune," to the use of note-books was a violent one, and from about 1720 onward it threw many a village into protracted and bitter dissensions. So sacred in the eyes of the people were the old psalm-tunes that they were wont to take off their hats if they but heard one of them hummed without any words. The opposition to change was vehement: sometimes the stubborn deacons defeated the majority of the church by continuing to read the psalms line by line; in some cases church councils had to be called to mediate between the parties, and some learned books were written on the points of conscience

involved in a conflict between good music and bad. To the conservatism of that time "singing by rule," as it was called, savored of liturgical, not to say papistical, pomp and ceremony.

By degrees, after a contention that was not quite ended in half a century from the time of its beginning, the "new method" prevailed generally in New England, and a particular excellence seems to have been attained in the Connecticut valley. The Northampton congregation in Jonathan Edwards's time was conspicuous for the correctness of its singing; it "carried regularly and well three parts of music, and the women a part by themselves." At Middletown, John Adams says in his diary in 1774, "went to meeting and heard the finest singing that ever I heard in my life; the front and side galleries were crowded with rows of lads and lasses who performed all their parts in the utmost perfection." Here, as at Northampton, the women had apparently "a part by themselves." "A row of women," says Adams, "all standing up and playing their part with perfect skill and judgment added a sweetness and sprightliness to the whole which absolutely charmed me." But musical improvement got no farther South or West. An organist from Bristol had advertised himself in New York in 1754 as desirous of amending the singing in the public congregations, but probably in vain. In 1774, Adams found the singing among the New York Presbyterians "in the *old way* as we call it — all the drawling, quavering, discord in the world"; and when he gets to Princeton he writes: "The scholars sing as badly as the Presbyterians in New York." The chanting in the Catholic church in Philadelphia he found "exquisitely soft and sweet." The fervent emotional singing of the newly planted Methodists in Philadelphia impressed him deeply; he describes it as "very soft and sweet indeed, the finest music I have heard in any society except the Moravians, and once at church with the organ."

The non-conformists of every shade pushed the reaction against ritual service and religious art to the greatest extreme. Until long after the opening of the eighteenth century a Puritan, a Quaker, or a Baptist meeting-house was usually as naked of ornament as a barn, and the worship was scrupulously divested of everything that might give æsthetic pleasure. Against instrumental music all the bodies dissenting from the Church of England entertained an inveterate prejudice. The Friends, and, before 1700, the Baptists, rejected even the poverty-stricken psalm-singing of the time. In the early years of the settlement the Puritan ministers wore gown and bands, and the Virginia Episcopal clergy wore no more; the use of the surplice did not become customary in the Chesapeake region until after the beginning of the eighteenth century. As time advanced the Puritan clergy gradually discarded the clerical robe. At the Revolutionary period only two — Cooper and Pemberton of Boston — wore gown and bands, and they were sarcastically said to use them to distinguish themselves from "the inferior clergy."

An example of the tendency to conform to the very letter of Scripture in the matter of rites is found in the mode of administering the Lord's Supper in the Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia. The communicants sat down at a long, narrow table "spread in the middle of the alley," and reaching from the deacons' seat to the door. The Presbyterian ministry of the Middle colonies preached without notes, in which they differed from the New England divines, who in the eighteenth century had almost universally adopted the use of written sermons in the pulpit. In the manuscript journal of a French traveler in America during the Revolution, which is preserved in the National Library at Paris, I find a description of the general features of worship in what the writer calls an American Protestant church. From the connection one is led to infer that it is a Presbyterian church in the Middle colonies. "A long building without vestibule, pierced by windows enough to give sufficient light, and two or three doors on as many sides, with steps leading up to the level of the floor; a steeple, whose spire is very high and quaintly decorated, placed at one of the back corners of the building; the ceiling and walls within well whitened, or sometimes wainscotted; the four sides of the pews carried up so high that he who sits can see neither his neighbors nor those who come and go,—such is commonly the body of the church, the nave. Now imagine if you will a higher bit of wainscotting with candles or chandeliers hanging above a wholly plain table or pulpit; this stands for what we should call the chancel. For the choir there is at one side of the church by this same pulpit a layman with nothing to distinguish him from the rest; he sits facing the congregation and intones one line at a time of David's psalms versified in English. Over against him are the members of the congregation who respond alternately to the end of the psalm." It is clear that what our traveler calls "intoning" was merely the "lining" or dictating of the psalm by a precentor. This, he says, is almost all there is of "the office." He thinks the sudden appearance of the minister in the pulpit very dramatic,— he cannot tell how he gets there. "You perceive all at once a personage in black with a big periwig and the costume of a *procureur*, who addresses the

assembly with earnestness. For three-quarters of an hour or more, but without divisions, coughing, expectoration, or nose-blowing [*sans division, tousserie, cracherie, ni moucherie*], he extemporizes, recites, or reads a discourse on the gospel and its morality, often very fine and very justly put, and often, also, quite as fanatical as some of ours."

At the close of the sermon, our traveler tells us, the minister "makes a sign apparently agreed upon between one of the auditors and himself." A man comes forward holding a long rod "at the end of which, almost as on a fishing line, is suspended"—probably a bag or box for the collection, but our innocent foreigner calls it "*the square hat of the preacher.*" This the man who has been called out "presents in recommending the speaker to the liberality of all," which closing with the collection recalls a very different method of taking it in the New England churches in the seventeenth century. One of the deacons at the close of the service was wont to remind the assembly that there was "time left for the contribution." Whereupon, in the order of dignity, magistrates and chief gentlemen first, then the elders and all the men in the congregation each in his turn, and the single women and widows and women whose husbands were absent, went forward or came down from the gallery marching two abreast, up one aisle and down the other. Each as he passed the deacons' seat put money into a wooden box held in the hands of one of the deacons. The gifts were generally liberal for the time; some gave a shilling, some two, some half a crown, and some as high as five shillings. Lacking money they might put into the box written promises to pay which were to be redeemed within a month, or deposit alongside the box some article of value to be used or disposed of for the benefit of the ministers or the poor.

And so, the collection having been decently taken, we close this sketch of some of the chief external features of worship among our ancestors, leaving for subsequent papers the treatment of more essential traits of that religious life which is the key to so much in their history.

Edward Eggleston.

THE VEDA.

THE name Veda has grown to be a familiar one in the ears of this generation. Every educated person among us knows it as the title of a literary work, belonging to far-off India, that is held to be of quite exceptional importance by men who are studying some of the subjects that most interest ourselves. Yet there are doubtless many to whose minds the word brings but a hazy and uncertain meaning. For their sake, then, it may be well to take a general view of the Veda, to define its place in the sum of men's literary productions, and to show how and why it has the especial value claimed for it by its students.

The Veda is the Bible of the inhabitants of India, ancient and modern; the Sacred Book of one great division of the human race. Now, leaving aside our own Bible, the first part of which was in like manner the ancient Sacred Book of one division of mankind, the Hebrew, there are many such Scriptures in the world. There is the Koran of the Arabs, of which we know perfectly well the period and author; the Avesta of the Persian "fire-worshipers," or followers of Zoroaster; the records of ancient China, collected and arranged by Confucius; and others less conspicuous. All are of high interest, important for the history of their respective peoples and for the general history of religions; yet they lack that breadth and depth of consequence that belongs to the Hindu Veda. This is what we have to explain.

The (Sanskrit) word *veda* signifies literally "knowledge"; it comes by regular derivation from a root *vid*, meaning "see," and so "know." Here is found a first intimation of the relation of the Veda to us; for this root *vid* is the same that lies at the basis of the Latin *video*, "I see" (whence our *evident, vision*, etc.), of the Greek οἶδα, "I know," and of our own Germanic words, *wit, wot, witness*, and so on. It is a sign of that community of language which binds together into one family most of the peoples of Europe and a part of those of Asia, showing their several histories to be, in a more peculiar and intimate sense, branches of one common history. In the following table is given a little specimen of the evidence that proves this:

English	two	three	mother	brother
German	zwei	drei	mutter	bruder
Slavic	dwa	tri	mater	brat
Celtic	dau	tri	mathair	brathair
Latin	duo	tres	mater	frater
Greek	duo	treis	meter	phrater
Persian	dwa	thri	matar	
Sanskrit	dwa	tri	matar	bhratar

We know enough about the history of human speech to be certain that such correspondences as these — and their like are scattered through the whole vocabulary and grammar of the languages in question — are only explainable on one supposition, that the tongues which contain them are the common descendants of one original tongue; that is to say, the dialects of German, Slavonian, Celt, Roman, Greek, Persian, and Hindu are the later representatives of a single language, spoken by a single limited community, somewhere on the earth's wide surface, somewhere in the immeasurable past — where and when, we should like very much to know, and mean to find out if we can; but as yet we do not know anything whatever that is definite about it. We call this great body of related languages — carrying with it by inference a relationship also, at least in good degree, of the peoples speaking them — the Indo-European or Aryan family; and we acknowledge something of kinship with every member of the family. It is not, perhaps, a very lively feeling; cousinship loses much of its charm when expressed in high numbers; yet, as we have a certain warmth of sentiment in foreign lands toward even an unrelated countryman, so, in wandering up and down the wastes of human history, we cannot but feel drawn toward those who really speak our own speech.

One great division of this family of ours we find in Asia, occupying Iran (Persia, etc.) and India: the Aryan division, according to the best use of this name, since the ancient peoples of both these countries, and no others, called themselves *ârya*. Their oldest dialects of which we have any record, those of the Avesta and the Veda, are hardly more unlike one another than are English and Netherlandish; and as in the latter case the narrow North Sea separates the two parts of an only recently divided people, so in the former case the highlands and passes of the Hindu-kush do the same. As the English crossed the sea from Low Germany, dispossessing the Celts, so the Indian branch of our kindred stole into India (doubtless more than two thousand years before Christ) through the same gorges that now connect and hold apart India and Afghanistan, and began the conquest of the great and rich peninsula. There we see them still; occupying with their own dialects only the northern part of the country, while the aboriginal "Dravidians" still hold the south; but permeating it all with their influence and institutions; grown to number many scores of millions; possessed of a civilization of native growth and high grade; with literatures and arts and religions that have overrun a great part of Asia — in short, a leading factor in universal human history.

All this, and how it came about, is a matter of only recent knowledge. By a strange fate, this easternmost branch of our family has fallen, within the last century or two, under the dominion of one of the westernmost members, the English. The story of its subjection is well known, and need not be more than alluded to here. The wisdom and the wealth of India had always been the admiration of the world; it was not, however, curiosity as to the wisdom that brought knowledge: rather, greed for the wealth. Almost everywhere in human history the lower motives are immediately efficient; and a band of adventurous traders, seeking material profit, threw open also the intellectual treasure-house of India. The wars and intrigues by which an English commercial company became masters of the destinies of the country, turning their charge over later to the British crown, form a striking chapter of modern history. For near nine hundred years India has been the prey of foreign conquerors and oppressors. The English are merely the last, and by far the best, of their long series.

They found in this immense and highly civilized country a host of varying languages, dialects of more than one great family, with abundant literatures. They also found one language, the Sanskrit, reputed of immemorial antiquity, held sacred by the real Hindu every-

SKETCH-MAP OF INDIA.

This sketch-map shows (shaded) the part of the peninsula still possessed by the Dravidian dialects, after some four thousand years of encroachment on the part of the Sanskrit and its descendants. The entrance of the Aryans was on the extreme north-west, through the valley of the Cabul river. The region probably occupied by them in the early Vedic period is distinguished by being dotted.

where, read by the educated, and even spoken and written by the leading class, the priestly caste of the Brahmans. Precisely so might the Mongols, had they completely ravaged Europe in the Middle Ages, have reported to their countrymen concerning the diverse tongues and literatures of that region, and the Latin as common dialect of the learned, especially of the Romish hierarchy: the analogy is a close and instructive one. This was a sufficiently notable condition of things; but the interest of the world was greatly heightened when it was discovered that this learned and sacred idiom of India, the Sanskrit, is related with nearly all the languages now spoken in Europe, and with the ancient ones that we most value (as Greek and Latin), and that it is in many respects entitled to the leading place among them; that it casts more light than any other upon their common history and origin. In the excitement of such a discovery, many scholars lost their heads, and extolled the Sanskrit and its literature far beyond their deserts, even holding that this was the original tongue of our division of mankind, and the source of literary culture for the rest of the world; and the echoes of these errors may be heard dimly reverberating here and there among the nooks and corners of literature even of our own day. But — thanks in no small measure to what the Sanskrit itself has taught us — such matters are much better understood now. Every language is all the time changing; and hence we could never find the original Indo-European tongue except in documents coming down from the very period of Indo-European unity; and that lies perhaps thousands of years back of the time of the earliest Sanskrit. We have, too, no reason to believe that any culture was carried from India to nations beyond its borders until the missionary period of Buddhism, not far from the Christian era. But the study of Sanskrit, chiefly as the mainstay of Indo-European comparative philology and of the general science of language, has become an integral part of the system of modern education, a department of classical learning standing along with Latin and Greek, and coming next them in practical importance.

All this is a necessary introduction to an understanding of the value of the Veda. We need to note what are the relations to us of the people to whom it belonged, and of the language in which it is written.

The opening of India, as we see, gave us the ancient Sanskrit language as an instrument of linguistic research, and laid before us the immense Sanskrit literature, as a part of the archives of our division of the human race, to be studied and comprehended. A task, this, of no small difficulty; and the more, since the element of history is wanting in the literature. The Hindu is great in constructing systems of absolute truth, but he despises a record of facts; he has a scheme of astronomical cycles reaching back almost into infinity, and can tell precisely how many days ago the creation of the universe was completed;* but he cannot give the real, prosaic date of any event, civil or literary, back of our Middle Ages. We are left in the main to work out by internal evidence the order of succession of the parts of this literature, and then, with help of the chance notices of foreign visitors, to determine what we can as to their absolute date; and the problem is yet far enough from being solved. At what time were composed those two tremendous epics, the Râmâyana and Mahâbhârata, in comparison with which the Iliad or the Odyssey is but a ballad? No one can tell; at any rate, a good while ago. How old are the laws of Manu, from which certain people stoutly maintain that Moses must have derived his legislation for the Hebrews? That is equally unknown. Of the latest and best authorities, some set them a little before Christ, others a little after. And the period of the leading dramatic poet, the author of Çakuntalâ, has been reduced from 100 B. C., as claimed by early students of India, to 5–600 A. D.

But it is at any rate possible in this literature, as in every other, to lay out in a broad and general way the history of growth, divide it into successive periods, and determine what is oldest in it. Everywhere throughout it the Veda is acknowledged as its beginning, is regarded as a revelation on whose authority everything else reposes. The sacred literature of Christianity does not point any more clearly to the Bible as its foundation than the sacred literature of Brahmanism to the Veda. It was a considerable time, however, before European research had cleared the way for dealing directly with the Hindu revelation. The name Veda to the Hindu signifies a very extensive and heterogeneous mass of writings, covering a space of time and of growth like that from Moses to Christ; and the later parts of it are those which the modern Hindu best understands and most values, as being nearest to his own age and thought. Manuscripts of its older parts were comparatively rare, and less freely furnished to the curiosity of the stranger; yet they gradually gathered in European hands, and in 1805, some thirty years after the opening of Indian literature to the knowledge of the world, the illustrious English scholar Colebrooke, in an essay since become famous, was able to give a comprehensive and

* Namely, if any one cares to know, 714,404,118,434 days before January 1, 1887.

fairly correct survey of the whole vast field — without, however, at all fully comprehending the relation of its parts, or realizing the supreme importance of some among them. Yet a generation passed before anything further of consequence was done; then the work fell into the hands of the great German scholars whose names will be always associated with it — Rosen, Roth, Benfey, Weber, Aufrecht, Müller — and a new era was inaugurated, in the study of Indian antiquity, and in that of the antiquities and religion of the whole Indo-European race.

As a matter of course, the Hindus have all sorts of absurd stories to tell about their sacred literature. That it is of divine origin, revealed from all eternity, miraculously preserved and re-revealed at each new destruction and re-creation of the universe, "goes without saying"; few Oriental peoples have failed to claim as much as that for their Scriptures. Then they tell of a certain holy *rishi* or sage named Vyâsa, by whom the mass was collected and put in order. *Vyâsa* means "arranger"; so it is as if people were to hold that a saint named Editor brought into shape the two Testaments and the Fathers for the after use of the Christian church. But the Hindus have done their full share by handing down to us, with a reverential and painstaking care that has not its equal anywhere else in the history of literature, their sacred books, not at all comprehending their historical relations, and only in part understanding their contents: ours is the task to bring true order and intelligence into the chaos.

We find the whole body of inspired writings divided into four parts, each of which is called a Veda: the Rig-Veda, Sâma-Veda, Yajur-Veda, and Atharva-Veda. Each division has its schools of more special votaries, by whom it is handed down; each has its assortment of works, in prose and verse, devotional, ceremonial, expository, and theosophic. But at the head of each stands a collection of sacred utterances, chiefly poetic, which we have no difficulty in recognizing as their oldest part, the nucleus about which everything else has gradually gathered; all the rest presupposes these, as plainly as the Talmud the Old Testament, or the writings of the Fathers the New. They are in a language in many respects peculiar and evidently older, a more primitive dialect of the primitive Sanskrit. Among these four collections, the superior interest of one is seen on the briefest examination; it is the Rig-Veda, an immense body of hymns to the gods, of sacred lyrics, with which the remote ancestors of the present Hindus praised the divinities in whom they believed, accompanied their sacrifices, and besought blessings. We cannot compare them with our hymns, because these imply so much that is earlier, out of which they have proceeded; the Vedic songs are more like the Psalms of David. There are more than a thousand of these songs, and they contain over ten thousand two-line stanzas — a body of text about equal to the two Homeric poems taken together, or twice as much as the great German epic of the Nibelungen. The collection is an orderly one, arranged in ten books, chiefly according to a tradition of authorship that appears to be genuine; hymns of the same author, or clan, or school of authors are put together. But the last book is a kind of appendix to the rest, containing in part material of a peculiar character, later, more superstitious, and with some miscellanies of quite exceptional interest. Inside the divisions, the hymns are arranged chiefly in the order of the divinities addressed. The two gods most often worshiped — their praises together fill almost the majority of hymns — are Agni and Indra: Agni (Lat. *ignis*), the fire, the medium of sacrifice, the divinity on earth, in bodily presence before the eyes of his worshipers, the messenger between earth and heaven, who bears the oblations aloft to the other gods, or about whose flame the gods gather to receive their share of the offering; and Indra, the Thunderer, god of the storm, who drives his noisy chariot across the sky, and hurls his missile lightning at the demons that are keeping the refreshing and fertilizing waters imprisoned in the hollow of the clouds. Hymns to Agni, then, come first; those to Indra follow; and after them, those to other gods. As specimens, accordingly, of the general content of the Rig-Veda, we cannot do better than to take first a hymn to each of these two divinities. Such are given below, in a version that is very literal, neither adding nor omitting anything, and in meters closely imitated after the original.

The hymn to Agni, an ordinary and undistinguished one, is the first of the whole collection; its stanzas are composed each of three eight-syllabled sections, with iambic cadence: in all the Vedic meters, the first part of each section is of very free construction as regards quantity.

To Agni — Rig-Veda I. 1.

1. Agni I praise, the household priest,
the heavenly lord of sacrifice,
The offerer most bounteous.

2. Agni by bards of olden time
and bards of our day should be praised;
He shall bring hither all the gods.

3. By Agni treasure may we win,
and welfare, too, from day to day,
In honor rich and num'rous sons.

4. Agni! what sacred off'ring thou
dost shield from harm on every side,
That surely cometh to the gods.

5. May Agni, priest, with insight filled,
faithful, of fame most glorious,
Come hither with the other gods.

6. What favor on thy worshiper,
Agni, thou willest to bestow,
That faileth not, O Angiras!

7. Unto thee, Agni, day by day,
at morn and eve, with worship we
Approach and our obeisance bring.

8. Presiding o'er the sacrifice,
the shining guardian of the right,
Increasing in thine own abode.

9. As father to his son do thou,
Agni, be gracious unto us;
And for our welfare cleave to us.

The selected hymn to Indra is a more than usually vigorous one, and the jealousy of a rival worshiper intimated in the concluding verse is rather interestingly naïve. The verse-sections are of twelve syllables, also with iambic cadence.

TO INDRA — Rig-Veda X. 38.

1. To us, O Indra, in this conflict glorious,
The toilful din of war, be helpful, that we win;
Where in the foray, mid bold warriors ring-adorned,
The arrows fly hither and thither in the strife.

2. And open to us, Indra, in our own abode,
Wealth rich in food, flowing with kine, and full of fame.
Be we thine allies when thou conqu'rest, mighty one!
Just what we wish do thou, our friend, perform for us.

3. The godless man, of Aryan or of barb'rous race,
O much praised Indra, that is plotting war with us —
Thy foes shall be easy for us to overcome;
Along with thee may we subdue them in the fight.

4. Him who must be by handful or by host invoked,
Him who makes room when the ranks close in deadly strife,
That famous hero, Indra, who in battle wins,
Will we to-day bring for our succor hitherward.

5. Sure I have heard them call thee, Indra, full of might,
And never yielding, urging on the faint, thou bull!
Now rid thyself of Kutsa, hither come to us!
Should one like thee sit as if fast bound by the loins?

A further example of the staple invocations to the gods is the following to the Dawn. To this goddess are addressed a number of hymns, some of which are among the finest and most poetical in the Veda (the best of them are too long to give here). The meter of the hymn is a double stanza, made up of eight-syllabled and twelve-syllabled sections.

TO THE DAWN — Rig-Veda VII. 81.

1. We gaze upon her as she comes,
the shining daughter of the sky;
The mighty darkness she uncovers, that we see;
And light she makes, the pleasant one.

2. Along with her, the sun is pouring down his rays,
rising, the planet glorious;
At thy forth-shining, beauteous Dawn, and at the sun's,
May we enjoy whate'er is ours.

3. To greet thee, daughter of the sky,
have we, O Dawn, awaked betimes;
Who bringest full and longed-for pleasure, lovely one,
As treasure for the worshiper.

4. Who shining, great and lovely one, with lib'ral rays
makest the sky appear to sight —
Of thee thus sharers in the treasure would we be;
Be thou our mother, we thy sons.

5. Bring us that wonderful success,
O Dawn, that is most famed abroad;
What food for men thou hast, O daughter of the sky,
That give to us, that we enjoy.

6. Undying fame and welfare give the offerers;
to us, possessions rich in kine;
Inciter of the gen'rous, full of pleasantness,
The Dawn shall gleam away our foes.

The next hymn to be quoted is of a very different character. It is one of those (perhaps a dozen in number in the Veda) that show the earliest signs of a dramatic faculty in the Hindu mind, and give no uncertain promise of that dramatic literature which later becomes one of its most notable products. There is a historical legend that the saint Viçvâmitra, as chief priest of the Bharatas, assured the success of a warlike expedition on the part of the latter, by propitiating with his songs and praises two of the great branches of the Indus, the modern Beas and Sutlej, near their junction, and thus securing for his friends a safe and speedy passage. The poet conceives the incident in the form of a dialogue between the saint and the two rivers. The meter is in eleven-syllabled sections, with trochaic cadence — the favorite Rig-Veda stanza.

VIÇVÂMITRA AND THE RIVERS — Rig-Veda III. 33.

VIÇVÂMITRA.

1. Eager, from out the bosom of the mountains,
A pair of coursers like, let loose and running,
Like two bright mother-kine their offspring fondling,
Vipâç and Çutudrî haste with their waters.

2. By Indra sent, longing for rapid movement,
Like chariot wheels ye roll toward the ocean;
And piling, as ye meet, your waves together,
Each one of you the other joins, ye bright ones.

3. I've come to this most mother-like of rivers;
We stand beside the broad, auspicious Vipâç;
Like mother-kine fondling their calves together,
Unto a common home they're moving onward.

THE RIVERS.

4. Thus move we onward, swelling with our waters,
To find a home that's by the gods appointed;
Our headlong forward rush no man can hinder;
What seeks the sage, calling upon us rivers?

VIÇVÂMITRA.

5. Rest, sacred ones, a moment in your courses,
And list the pleasant words that I address you!
I, son of Kuçika, your favor seeking,
Have called upon your stream in deep devotion.

THE RIVERS.

6. Indra dug out our bed, the lightning-bearer;
Vritra he slew, the hind'rer of the rivers;
God Savitar, of beauteous hands, us guided;
Impelled by him we move along so broadly.

VIÇVÂMITRA.

7. Praised be for evermore that deed heroic—
Indra's achievement, that he crushed the dragon;
He with his thunderbolt smote the obstructers;
And forth, an exit seeking, gushed the waters.

THE RIVERS.

8. Do not forget this praise of thine, O singer!
Let thy words echo on to after ages!
And compliment us, poet, in thy verses;
Degrade us not, hail to thee, mongst the nations.

VIÇVÂMITRA.

9. Now listen to the poet's words, ye sisters!
He comes from far, with chariot and with wagon;
Bow down yourselves! be easy to pass over!
And with your waves, O streams, touch not our axles!

THE RIVERS.

10. Unto thy words, O poet, will we listen;
Thou com'st from far with chariot and with wagon;
I'll bow to thee, ev'n as a buxom woman;
As maid to lover, I'll be gracious to thee.

VIÇVÂMITRA.

11. When once the Bharatas have passed across thee,
The raiding troop, sent forth and helped by Indra,
Then shall begin again thine onward torrent;
I crave the favor of the sacred rivers.

12. The raiding Bharatas have all gone over;
The sage hath won the favor of the rivers.
Now swell aloft your fertilizing waters!
Make all your courses full; flow on with swiftness!

The only hymn which will be further given here is yet more exceptional in its character; in fact, there is nothing else like it in the collection: it is rather in the tone and spirit of the Upanishads than of the Veda. Its author sets aside the old simple faith of his race, rejects the gods as after all but a part of the existent order of things, and questions his own intuitions as to how the universe came into being; with not more than the usual success. The hymn must be a comparatively late one; it has been oftener translated than almost any other, being a special favorite with those who have a predilection for the mode of interrogating nature which it illustrates. The measure is as in the preceding hymn.

COSMOGONIC HYMN — Rig-Veda X. 129.

1. Th' existent was not, nor the non-existent,
Nor space of air, nor firmament beyond it.
What covered? where? and under whose protection?
What were the ocean's fathomless abysses?

2. Not death, nor what is deathless, then existed;
Between the night and day was no distinction;
Breathed, without wind, by inner power, It only;
Other than it was nothing else in being.

3. At first was darkness, hidden all by darkness;
This universe an undistinguished ocean;
The void that with the emptiness was covered,
That alone came to life by might of fervor.

4. In the beginning came desire upon it,
Which was of mind the earliest seed. The sages,
Seeking it, found within the heart, by wisdom,
The bond of being in the non-existent.

5. And crosswise was the ray of them extended;
Was it, forsooth, below? or was it upward?
Impregnators and greatnesses existed;
Below, oblation; offering beyond it.

6. Who truly knoweth? who can here proclaim it?
Whence hither born, whence cometh this creation?
Hitherward are the gods from its creating;
Who knoweth, then, from whence it came to being?

7. This creation — from whence it came to being,
Whether it made itself, or whether not —
Who is its overseer in highest heaven,
He surely knoweth: or if he does not know?

The history of the great collection thus instanced we are left to find out by inference from its character. In a general way, it seems clear enough. These sacred songs are a product of the joint devotional and poetic feeling of a certain early period in the history of India; after an interval of oral tradition at large among the people, they were assembled and arranged by pious hands, at what time and under what circumstances we can only conjecture, and were committed in their completeness and order to the further care of tradition — whether already with the help of writing is an obscure and disputed point. It was plainly a historical collection, made for the due preservation of a valued treasure; not a liturgical one, for use in the ceremonial of the sacrifice; the motives that led to it were literary rather than priestly. This distinction will be made clearer by noticing the character of some of the other Vedas. The Sâma-Veda consists of a limited number (less than one thousand six hundred) of selected stanzas, single or in (usually) triplets, arranged for chanting at the Soma-sacrifices, at which the

preparation and enjoyment of an intoxicating drink called *soma* was the principal feature — like a set of selections made from our own Scriptures for similar musical use in the services of the church. There are but few verses in the Sâma-Veda which do not also appear, in their proper connection, among the hymns of the Rig-Veda. The Yajur-Veda, again, is still more obviously liturgical; it is simply a record of whatever is uttered by the chief class of priests in connection with the ceremonies of the various sacrifices, set down in its order as uttered; hence made up of single words, phrases, paragraphs, in prose; and single verses, extracts, and whole hymns, in verse; disjointed and in great measure wholly unintelligible till we know the ceremonial act which they were intended to accompany. It will illustrate this, and at the same time show the immense and closely defined detail into which the sacrificial ceremony was carried at the period of the Yajur-Veda, if we notice its first sentences and their use.

An important material of offering in ancient India was milk, or the various products of milk, especially clarified butter. He that has a sacrifice in prospect, then, must provide for it by milking cows, expressly for the purpose. Accordingly he is directed to go out and cut a switch from a tree of a certain prescribed kind, saying to it, "Thee for food, thee for strength." With this switch he is to drive away the calves from his milch cows, with the words, "Winds are ye," and then to address to the cows themselves this verse:

> "Fill up, ye sacred ones, the draught for Indra,
> Rich in increase, safe against harm and trouble;
> Let no thief master you, and no ill-wisher;
> Stay fast by this your owner, and be num'rous."

Next he puts the switch away in hiding, and enjoins upon it, as a sacred weapon, "Protect thou the cattle of the sacrificer!" And what he has thus said, in mingled prose and verse, to the switch, the calves, and their mothers, constitutes the first paragraph of the Yajur-Veda. There are, as might be expected, varying versions of this Veda, according to the different usages in the ceremonial of different localities and priestly schools; and half a dozen such versions, with their attendant literatures, have come down to us.

Now a verse put in order for chanting at the Soma-sacrifice is called a *sâman;* and a verse or other utterance used by the officiating priest at a sacrifice is called a *yajus;* hence the texts in which those are respectively gathered are called Sâma-Veda and Yajur-Veda, and they are liturgical collections; while a verse pure and simple is styled a *ric*, and the comprehensive and orderly collection in which these verses are assembled, without reference to their sacrificial use, is the Rig-Veda — a name that is fully intelligible only in its antithesis to the other two. It is clear, then, why the Rig-Veda is of an importance to us that throws the others quite into the shade; it offers in mass and in order what they give in part and in fragments. Not all the verses, to be sure, of the other two are found also in the Rig-Veda; nor are the versions of the same verse always alike in all the three. Hence we infer with confidence that the Rig-Veda was not collected first and the others extracted from it, but that all alike proceeded from a common stock of traditionary material; the two made for a practical purpose, the other for one that may in comparison be called a literary purpose. The fourth Veda, the Atharvan, is a historical collection, like the Rig-Veda; it is about two-thirds as extensive, and contains only in small part corresponding material, and that akin especially with the tenth or supplementary book of the other: one more selection out of the traditionary material, but composed of hymns of later date and lower character, more popular and superstitious.

It is not worth while to attempt to describe in detail the means by which this great mass of literature has been handed down to our time. But it has been mainly by living tradition, from the mouth of the teacher to the ear of the scholar. The schools of the Brahman priesthood, though long decadent, are not yet extinct. There is not one of the Vedic texts which has not still in India its personal representatives, men who, without ever having seen a manuscript of it, can repeat it from beginning to end, with all its tones and accents, and not losing a syllable, with the mechanical accuracy of the impressed foil of a phonograph — sometimes also with an intelligence not much greater. The old books are full of prescriptions as to the schooling of the young Brahman, by which he in his turn is made a link in the never-ending chain of personal tradition. To write the Veda, or to acquire it otherwise than by reverent listening to the living teacher, is everywhere denounced as sacrilege. There are, nevertheless, manuscripts, and we who cannot spend a dozen years of memorizing at the feet of a Hindu sage are obliged to depend upon them; but where in the line of tradition written record comes in, or what part it has played in the work, we cannot tell: it is utterly ignored in theory. There are no manuscripts in India that compare for antiquity with our oldest classical and biblical codices; the hot, damp climate and the all-devouring insects prevent that; and Hindu scribes are even more ignorant and careless than those of other na-

tions, and quite deficient in reverence for the integrity of a text or the individuality of an author; so that, if written record and personal memory did not supplement one another, our chance for receiving a faithful version of those old hymns would have been of the smallest. As things are, however, the accuracy of their transmission is unparalleled; we have the best reason to believe that of the leading texts not a word has been lost nor a syllable changed since some time before the Christian era, at any rate. The ingenuity of the means adopted, and their successful result, constitute one of the marvels of universal literary history. Circumstances have strangely worked together to bring it about that this least historical of all peoples has saved the historical records of its earliest period with a fullness and accuracy unrivaled even in annal-loving China or all-preserving Egypt. It is to the belief in their absolute verbal inspiration, and their efficacy, when rightly applied, as the means of salvation, and then to their custody by a priestly caste, the Brahmans, whose importance depended on their possession and use, that their transmission to us is due.

We must not think of the Veda as occupying for the Hindu a place at all analogous with that taken by the Bible in a Protestant community — as familiarly known, in whole or by extracts, to the mass of believers in its sanctity; as used to reveal to them the dealings of the gods with men; as a scripture to be resorted to when enlightenment of conscience was sought and expansion of religious sentiment yearned after. The Veda has long had its value in India in connection with the ceremonies of sacrifice, which are inefficacious without it. An illustration has already been given of the infinite and absurd detail into which, in the hands of the Brahman priests, the Vedic ceremonial was carried: a detail contrasting strangely with the simplicity of worship of the original hymn-makers. While the hymns have been saved, and are still intoned in the Brahman schools in the style of two or three thousand years ago, and while the religious services they accompany are faithful copies from the same period, a great revolution in real belief, in the outward circumstances of the people and in the organization of their society, has taken place. And it is this great cleft between later Hindu faiths and institutions and those reflected in the Vedic hymns that gives the latter their supreme interest. They seem to belong as much to our own ancestors as to those of the modern inhabitant of India. This is the point that we have especially to dwell upon.

Our ideal Hindu, when we call up his image before our mind's eye, is a member of a strictly defined caste, dreading pollution from even the shadow of a man of lower caste falling on him. We see him strolling along the banks of the holy Ganges, or perhaps riding there upon an equally contemplative elephant, meditating on the ineffable perfections of Brahma and the nothingness of all things sublunary; contemning the bonds of finite and personal existence that oppress him, dreading the round of successive births, from man to animal and back again, to which he regards himself as condemned, and devising how by self-inflicted torments or by the attainment of better insight he can escape this condemnation, cast off his individuality, and merge himself like a drop in the ocean of the universal World-soul. But the Hindu of the Veda is not in the least like this languishing and hair-splitting dreamer. He is instead an immigrant, laying about him lustily amid the difficulties of a new country, and trying to win a comfortable subsistence in it. He is just across the threshold of India, in the country of the Indus and its tributaries (in the map given above, this region is pointed out by being dotted); these are his holy rivers; the Ganges he hardly knows as yet; it is mentioned only once in the Rig-Veda, being called upon to join with other rivers in doing homage to the great Indus. The elephant he has seen; he calls it "the beast with a hand," and celebrates its devastating might, which he has not thought of subduing to his own service. He is a member of a homogeneous community, and has had no special duties assigned him in any caste-division of labor. He is a cultivator, and does, with the help of stout sons and retainers, his own plowing and reaping; but he is also a man of war, and does his own fighting; and he can offer his own praise and worship to his gods, without the help of a priest. A god Brahma is wholly unknown to him, and Çiva no less; and Vishnu is merely one of the names under which he pays his adoration to the sun. The word *brahman*, the cardinal one in both the religious and the civil development of later India, is indeed Vedic; but it simply means on the one hand "worship, an act of worship," and on the other hand (with a difference of accent and gender) "one who pays worship, a worshiper." The gods of the Veda are the personified powers of Nature; beings to whom — with that anthropomorphism which is the informing principle of all primitive religions, and cannot be cast out even from the latest, so deep-wrought is it in the very structure of the human mind — the ancient Hindu attributed the acts and effects which he saw in the world about him. They are the shining sun, the radiant dawn, the encompassing heaven, the fruitful earth, the storm-blasts and gentle breezes, the wielder of the thunderbolt, and

the devouring yet kindly fire,—these and their like. To them (as we have seen in the examples given) he addresses his praises, partly in simple admiration of their greatness, but chiefly because he would fain win their favor and aid in his struggle for existence. Instead of the morbid introspection and pessimism of his successors, he is animated by a healthy and vigorous worldly-mindedness; he loves life and the good things of life; he prays for length of days, from exemption from all disease save old age—"let me live a hundred autumns" is the constant burden of his supplication; he prays for numerous sons, for countless flocks and herds, for abundant food, for wide domains, for superiority over his fellows; he prays for victory in his strife with the aboriginal tribes whom he is trying to rob of their inheritance in the land—the black-skinned godless races, the *çûdras*, whom later we find taken into his social system as the fourth and lowest or menial caste; for victory, also, in his contention with his fellow-Aryans, in his plundering raids after cattle, the special sign of wealth. About what shall happen to him after death, he thinks and says little; but that little is enough to show what his faith is. He does not believe that life ends with the death of the body; still less has he the remotest notion of an existence renewed by further births, either as human being or as lower animal; no preparatory hint, even, of the doctrine of transmigration is to be found in the Veda. He holds that the departed will be assembled again, in a world beyond the grave, under the dominion of the divinely born progenitor of the race, to be forever happy there with him; and he piously offers to his ancestors a monthly oblation, which he thinks will accrue to their benefit in that other world.

Such are the salient traits of the Vedic Hindu; and it is at once seen what a marked contrast he presents to the Hindu of the later period, what an air of comparative freshness and primitiveness he wears. It can easily be imagined, too, with what astonished interest the discovery was made. This, then, was what the Vedas after all contained: not treasures of primeval wisdom, not profound speculations as to the nature and relations of divinity and humanity, not reconciliations of fate and free will, or solutions of the problem of evil, but the lyric records of a congeries of free tribes, fighting, winning property, enjoying life, and calling on their gods to help them in it all! Yet out of this state of things have grown by a process of natural development under the guidance of circumstances (not by any influence from without) all the conditions of more modern India. The steps of transition are to be seen in part in the later portions of the Vedic literature that have attached themselves to the hymns; but they are far less completely depicted than is the Vedic period itself. We see there the priestly class consolidating itself into a hereditary Brahmanic caste, grasping all power in sacred things and the leading influence in things secular, working the sacrifice out into a ceremonial of inane intricacy, and at the same time beginning those speculations which became later the systems of theosophy and philosophy, and by degrees shoved the ceremonial aside into a secondary position, apart from the real religious and intellectual life even of the learned. The interminable disquisition of the Brâhmanas (the second class of Vedic texts) leads over to the Sûtras or rules of sacrifice, the Law-books, or rules of conduct in life, and the Upanishads, or treatises of speculative theosophy. These are the chief lines of connection between the secondary Vedic literature and the later or classical Sanskrit literature; but the real spirit of the earliest Veda is alike wanting in both divisions.

Herein lies a part of the value of the Veda. Everywhere in the world the authentic materials of ancient history are so lamentably scanty! We know, except by (perhaps mistaken) inference, so little of the primitive conditions lying behind the great civilizations that the world has produced! Races in general are what they always have been, or else (like our own) they have gotten a civilization at second or third or fourth hand, mere continuers and perhaps improvers of a culture elsewhere developed; and of the communities that have generated civilizations, hardly any let us see its beginnings. The Egyptians, oldest of all, are at the furthest limit of their traceable history already a made community, their arts and knowledge virtually the same as through after ages. The Chinese, at the dawn of their national life (2000 B. C. or earlier), are an empire, and the same odd, sensible, matter-of-fact, wise, ingenious, industrious, ceremonious, stiff people that they have ever since been. It is only in India that we can trace in contemporary documents not a little of the growth of great empires, highly specialized institutions, great literatures, systems of religious belief that have affected half the population of the globe, out of the conditions of a band of pastoral immigrants into a new country. That the institutions of earliest India as seen in the Veda should have developed into those of the India of ordinary history is a fact that has profoundly impressed all investigations into the history of mankind; and it involves problems which will continue to furnish occupation for generations of special scholars.

What period in actual chronologic time is represented by the Vedic hymns is a question

of considerable, though after all only of secondary, interest; and it cannot be answered otherwise than in a rudely approximative way. This is nothing unusual. There are centuries of possibilities involved, for example, in the question as to the age of the poems of Homer —much more, of the Zoroastrian writings. Even of the books of the Bible, which we have long comfortably thought datable almost to a year, the age, and the order of succession in age, have now become subjects of the liveliest controversy; and in India, where the historic sense has always been conspicuously wanting, the case could not but be the worst of all. We have only the most general grounds to build our conclusions upon. Let us briefly review the more important of them. There is in the first place the language. Here the most notable fixed datum from which we have to reason back is the age of certain Buddhist inscriptions found in various parts of India, the work of one pious monarch, who chose this way to inculcate the teachings of the religion he professed. It happens by great good fortune that the period of this monarch is pretty precisely known, by information from western kingdoms with which India came in contact; it was about 250 B. C. But the inscriptions are not Sanskrit; they are in a later dialect, related to Sanskrit much as Italian is related to Latin. Hence we know that Sanskrit was extinct as a vernacular at least three centuries before our era. And the language of the Veda is an older and more primitive dialect, whose period must have long preceded that protracted period during which the Sanskrit itself held sway. More distinct are the yet more external historical circumstances. When Alexander attacked the western border of the country, its interior, the basin of the Ganges, was the seat of great kingdoms; and in his battles with Darius he had been opposed by Indian elephants trained to do warlike service; while, as has been already pointed out, the Vedic Hindus kept their herds in the valley of the Indus and its tributaries, and knew the elephant only as a formidable wild beast. Again, Buddhism is believed to have originated in the fifth century B. C. (the date being liable to its own degree of uncertainty); but Buddhism involved a reaction against the excessive burdens of sacrificial ceremony and of caste which resulted from the complete development of Brahmanic religion and polity out of the early freedom of the Veda; and it implies as its necessary basis the universal belief in transmigration, all intimation of which is so wanting in the Veda that the student of India can hardly see how it arose and where it came in. Then there is the succession of the Vedic writings themselves, with the time necessarily assumable for the development of each class; but this kind of evidence is even more indefinite than the rest. Astronomy has been sometimes appealed to, but with an entire absence of valuable result. The probable conclusion from all this is, that the epoch of the Veda must be fixed at considerably more than a thousand years before Christ; indeed, it does not seem as if much less than two thousand would satisfy the conditions of the problem: more than this no moderate scholar would at present claim. It is, of course, not altogether impossible that future researches may bring us to a date somewhat less indefinite.

But the time thus provisionally reached is a whole thousand years older than the most ancient literature found elsewhere among the races of our kindred: namely, the Greek epics of Homer. This is one of the leading claims of the Veda to our attention; it contains by far the oldest records of the thought and speech of our division of mankind; coming, too, from that lyric period which has always been assumed to have preceded the epic, but is nowhere else demonstrated by examples. It may be added that in the Brâhmanas, the extensive expository texts next following the hymns, we have the earliest specimens of Indo-European prose; and they have been made to illustrate interestingly the laws of that primitive homely talk out of which grew in after times the graceful or stately periodic style of a Plato or a Cicero. Along with antiquity of the records, too, goes antiquity of the tongue in which they are written. As the age and primitiveness of the Sanskrit give it the first rank in all inquiries into the earliest history of our languages, so the Vedic dialect of the Sanskrit has something of the same superiority over the classical, as an aid to historic philology.

More conspicuous, however, at the present time, and, if possible, even of a wider interest, is the contribution made by the Veda to the comparative history of Indo-European institutions, and especially of religious institutions, of beliefs and myths and modes of worship. We have seen how un-Indian the Veda is in all these respects; and we find it to be in the same degree Indo-European. The *rationale* of this is simple, and statable in brief form. Every community of mankind, of whatever degree of culture, has its philosophy of the universe, its own view, the outcome of experience and unconscious deduction from observation, of how things are carried on in the world. This may be very scanty, very indefinite, very naïve, or even worse than that; but it is always there; and each new generation learns and holds the views of its predecessor, adding

to them, for the worse or for the better, out of its own experience and insight. The religions of the world in general are outgrowths of these philosophies, propitiatory praise and worship and offering and prayer addressed to those extra-human (for one can hardly call them always superhuman) beings who are believed to direct with unseen hands the course of Nature, determining the welfare or ill-fare of men by means that men cannot wield. There is no such thing as a race without some kind of a philosophy and a religion. Now if we find in language (which is itself but another institution, formed and handed down in the same way) evidence that the ancestors of certain races once lived together as a single community, speaking a common dialect, we know that they must have had also a common faith and worship. It follows, then, that the ancestors of all those races in Europe and Asia which we call Indo-European once had the same myths, and worshiped the same gods by the same rites. And just as we look into and compare their dialects, ancient and modern, and try to reconstruct the original speech out of which they all sprang, so we strive, by a comparison of their oldest traceable beliefs, to find what was the original form of these in the day of their unity. The search is a difficult one, and full of risks of error; for doctrines are elusive things as compared even with words, much harder to deal with objectively and without perversion; and also because religions are more mutable institutions than languages, more liable to mixtures and revolutions and transfers from one race to another. The conversion of Vedic Hinduism to the later Brahmanism wiped out or buried beyond recovery all that was primitive in Indian beliefs; and on Iranian ground, perhaps not much later than the Vedic period, the reformation of Zoroaster swept away the old Indo-European polytheism, and put an almost pure monotheism in its place. There is, it may be remarked, no known monotheism that has not thus grown out of a preceding polytheism; nor is it in sound theory conceivable that there should be one not having such a predecessor and foundation. But no wholesale and effacing change had passed upon the creed of our division of mankind in its gradual transition to that of the Vedic Hindus; in the latter there is more that is in common with the fundamental features of earliest Greek and Roman and Germanic faiths than with its own successor in India. Hence, precisely as the Vedic language, used as additional and leading term in the comparison, casts light on the origin and relations of Greek and Latin and German, so the Vedic divinities, the Vedic myths, the Vedic religious practices, cast invaluable light upon all the religions which preceded the introduction of Christianity into Europe. As the study of Sanskrit effectively inaugurated the science of comparative philology, so the study of Vedism inaugurated the science (if we may call it so) of the world's religions.

To show in any satisfactory manner by examples how this is so would require a whole article to itself. There has been and is in the discussion of the subject (as always in such cases) a plenty of exaggeration, of groundless identification, overweening inference, airy speculation, gratuitous system-making; but the main fact stands fast, that if we would understand the language and the religion of our own earliest traceable ancestors, we must study the Hindu Veda. As a historical document, spreading light amid the darkness of antiquity, it stands well-nigh unrivaled.

This, then, is the position of the Veda, and these are its claims to attention from us. We are not called upon to admire it for its contributions directly to the stores of human thought, but rather to the material for us to think upon; nor is it to be ranked as a literary production among the masterpieces of the race, to be dwelt upon and enjoyed with that sort of admiration that we pay, for example, to the Iliad. The Veda is rather a book for scholars to dig in. There are things in it that are absolutely fine; but they need much selecting, and setting in the proper light, and explaining. And the great mass is very tedious. The endless repetition of the commonplaces of praise to the gods palls upon one. It takes more imagination and genius than belonged to that sturdy race of fighters and singers to spread the adoration of Agni, for example, through some hundreds of hymns and not make it seem very thin. Add to this that hymn-making appears to have become the fashion in that period, and that there is in the Rig-Veda (much less in the Atharvan) a considerable amount of what may fairly be styled machine-poetry, industriously pieced together out of stock epithets and phrases, or running off into labored obscurity and artificial conceits. No complete version of the Veda will ever become an accepted book in our general libraries; but a selection of a hundred hymns or two, with fit comment, might not fail to find an interested public.

W. D. Whitney.

THE MARGIN OF PROFITS.

HE true income of the people of the United States consists of the products of its fields, forests, factories, workshops, and mines; these several products are exchanged, and in the process of exchange they are, of necessity, measured in terms of money. The larger part of these products is consumed in the process of production; the smaller remainder is saved and is converted into capital. In the course of this process of production, consumption, and reproduction, the fibers, food, fabrics, and metals are subdivided into shares; and these shares, when converted into terms of money, have been named, respectively, rents and profits (which merge into each other), wages or earnings, and national or municipal taxes.

The practical question which now calls for close analysis is this: *What is the actual margin of profits?* In other words, are capital and capitalists securing to their own use such an undue share of the joint product of labor and capital as to render a change in existing methods of distribution either necessary or expedient?

In any discussion of the subdivision of the national income into the respective shares of rents or profits, wages or earnings, and national or municipal taxes, it is important to separate profits into two classes, which may be distinguished in popular language as

1st. The profits of productive industry, or those which are derived from the use of that capital which has been already invested for productive purposes; and

2d. The profits which are derived from speculation, or from dealing in something which has already become capital, and which is dealt in as such.

For example, in order that a factory of any kind may be established, an investment of capital is required in buildings and machinery. The factory is completed; labor is then employed in it; the result is a product of some kind, which is the joint product of the capital in the factory and of the labor employed therein, from the sale of which both profits and wages must be derived, or else the industry will cease. But the factory itself may belong to a corporation whose stock is divided into shares, and there may then be a distinct profit in buying and selling these shares, or, in common speech, in *speculating* in the stock of the factory.

It will be observed that there are not only two, but three distinct sources of possible profit in connection with this factory: 1st, a possible profit may be derived from dealing with the capital, either as a whole or when it is divided in shares in a corporation; 2d, a profit may be derived from the production of goods in the factory; 3d, a profit may be derived from dealing in the goods after the owners of the factory have sold them.

In respect to the profit which is derived from the manufacture of the goods in the factory, the workmen may be said to have a joint interest with the capitalist.

Let it be assumed that in such a factory one thousand dollars' worth of capital is required to be invested in the building, machinery, and stock in process for each workman employed therein, and that the joint product of the capital in the factory and of the labor employed therein will be worth in the market each year one thousand dollars. This is about the present average ratio of capital to product in a cotton factory making medium goods.

Let it be assumed that the materials which are to be used, and the other elements of cost, aside from wages, will come to six hundred dollars. There will then remain four hundred dollars, derived from the sale of the product, to be divided in the form of profits and wages.

At the present time any safe business will attract all the capital required in it, which will yield six per cent. net profit, and also four per cent. for such a sinking fund or reserve as is necessary for the repairs and maintenance of the capital, or for the purchase of new and improved machinery as fast as invention may destroy the value of the old. Any such safe industry will surely be taken up in this eastern part of the country, and the investment of the necessary capital will be made as fast as a market can be found for the sale of the goods.

This would call for sixty dollars a year to be set aside as profits out of the four hundred assigned to profits and wages; four per cent., or forty dollars, as the sinking fund necessary for the maintenance of capital in an effective condition; and there would remain above the cost of materials and other prior charges, three hundred dollars to be paid as wages to the operatives in the factory, which sum would be substantially the wages of a good adult female weaver at the present time.

In such a case capital would secure sixty dollars net income, and labor would secure three hundred dollars wages, or five to one. This is an extreme case. In most branches of manufacturing industry the ratio of capital to the value of the product is only one dollar's worth of capital to two dollars' worth of product in a year.

At this latter ratio of one thousand dollars' worth of capital to two thousand dollars' worth of product, the income of capital at six per cent. would be sixty dollars as before, the reserve forty dollars, and there would remain nineteen hundred dollars for the cost of materials and the wages of labor. In most cases labor secures nine or ten parts to one part secured by capital.

There are, of course, other subdivisions to be made of the sum received from the sale of goods besides cost of materials, wages, and profits. Taxes, insurance, and the cost of disposing of the product must be provided for out of the market price or gross value of the goods made; but, for the purpose of this consideration, the subdivision of the sale of the goods under the head of, 1st, cost of materials, insurance, taxes, and general expenses combined; 2d, sinking fund, or reserve for repairs and maintenance of capital; 3d, profits, and 4th, wages, will serve to make the distinction clear in respect to what is the margin of profit upon production.

It will be observed that both profits and wages alike depend upon the price at which the goods can be sold; this price is determined in the open market, and cannot be controlled either by the owner of the mill or by the workmen who are employed in it.

This factor, the price of the goods, is therefore what makes or determines the rate of wages as well as the rate of profits; but the wages must be paid, even if there is sometimes no profit, unless the work ceases wholly.

So much for the profits of productive industry. Now, on the other hand, there may be a profit to persons who deal in the stock in this factory. The price of the shares will fluctuate, and he who buys judiciously on a falling market and sells promptly on a rising market may make a profit; but this so-called speculative profit will have no direct relation to the profit made in the production of the goods by the mill itself, although it may be influenced by it; neither has this profit of the so-called dealer or speculator in the shares any directly adverse or beneficial effect upon the workmen in the factory.

This distinction is of universal application. The workman may share with the capitalist in the results of all production, but the workman may not share with other capitalists either in the risk, danger, or profit of dealing in the shares representing the capital invested, unless he himself becomes a capitalist to the extent of becoming owner of a part of the property or of such shares.

In a money point of view, it really matters nothing to the workman who it may be that owns the stock in the factory in which he is employed, provided the ownership of the factory falls into the hands of persons who possess capital, credit, and skill adequate to its profitable operation.

These factors of capacity and skill in the use of capital are as necessary to the workman as the use of the capital itself. How many workmen are there who could manage the mill? Is not the captain as necessary in the army of industry as the officer in the army of soldiers?

The majority of the stock in a factory might be owned by the temporary inmates of a State's prison; this fact would not affect the wages of the workmen in the factory, provided the credit of the corporation did not suffer, and provided the manufacturing agent were competent in its direction. The quality of the fabrics may be good even if the producer be a knave.

In the long run, the best goods pay the best profit, whoever makes them — just as the best workman secures the highest wages, for the very reason that he can make the best fabrics at the lowest cost. An astute knave will act upon this rule as surely as an honest man.

There can be no strikes of labor or laborers against capital or capitalists in the matter of speculation. All attempts to interfere by way of legislation with the processes of trade and with the practice of buying property of any kind in anticipation of a rise, either shares of stock, farm products, or manufactured goods, or even with buying and selling on contract without either party being in possession of the property, have proved entirely futile; but as these dealings only affect the disposition or distribution of capital already saved and in existence, they are of little direct consequence to laborers or working people, considered as a separate class.

Discontent exists and strikes occur mainly in productive industries, the common impression of many workmen being that capital, simply as capital, or that capitalists or owners, by means of the use of their capital, obtain an undue and inequitable share of the joint product of capital and labor, and thereby deprive the workman of something which ought to belong to him.

It is, therefore, important to determine what are the facts in this department. This

can only be done by selecting certain kinds of employment, and by ascertaining what the value of the product is, and thereby determining the method and proportion of the distribution of the money which is received from the sale of such fabrics which can be devoted either to profit or to wages, after materials and other charges have been paid for.

Given a certain sum derived from the sale of goods, there are certain charges to be met, as heretofore stated.

First, it will be admitted by both parties — capitalists and laborers alike — that property in the factory should be insured against loss by fire, and this must be paid for.

Second, that taxes must be paid upon it, be they greater or less.

Third, that competent men must be employed to oversee and direct the actual work, and these men must be paid.

It will be admitted that a certain part of the proceeds of the sales of the goods made must be set aside to meet these expenditures; also, that materials must be purchased; and also, that freights must be paid for moving the material to the factory, and the goods from the factory.

It will also be admitted that, in some way or other, the goods must be disposed of, and that certain expenses must be incurred in making such sales; a reserve must also be set aside to meet losses by bad debts.

It will, however, obviously be for the interest of the capitalist to reduce all these charges to the lowest possible point consistent with safety and with the conduct of the business; and to this extent at least the interests of the capitalist and of the laborer or workman are absolutely identical. Capital must, however, take all the risk not only of the fluctuation in the prices of materials, but of the goods manufactured, while the workman must be paid whether there is any profit or not, unless the mill is stopped. The mill is a fixture; it cannot be moved away; while the laborer who is dissatisfied with the work in it can move where he pleases and can choose other work, according to his or her capacity.

There is no greater fallacy than the common assumption that capital can move more readily than labor; once invested, it becomes a fixture and is at the mercy of circumstances.

The writer has known mills to be stopped by the bankruptcy of the owners followed by litigation among the creditors, which kept them idle only for a few years; but when finally disposed of, they could not be started again without such replacement of new for old machinery, and such reconstruction of buildings, that in some cases it would have been better to burn them than to remodel them.

When mills or works are in full operation, after all these various prior charges have been defrayed from the proceeds of the sales of the product, there will remain a certain sum of money subject to distribution; one part of which constitutes the profit of the capitalist, and the other part constitutes the wages or earnings of the workmen or workwomen.

The question between laborers and capitalists is thus narrowed down to the disposition of this particular portion of the money remaining from the sale of the goods, all other charges having first been met.

It will be admitted by all intelligent workmen, or by their representatives, that some part of this remainder must be set aside as profit for the remuneration of the owner, whoever he may be, for the mere use of his capital, or else the work will not be undertaken at all, and there will then be no wages to be derived from that occupation, whatever it may be.

No man will invest capital without an expectation of profit; what inducement, then, must the laborer give to capitalists, if he had the complete power to dictate terms?

The question, therefore, is at last, *what* proportion of that part of the joint product of labor and capital in any given art, which it is possible to set aside for the purpose, will satisfy capital and will induce the owners of capital to continue in the business and to increase it so as to meet the need of an increasing population? When the question is brought down to this narrow point, most people who are not conversant with the facts will be greatly astonished at the very small share of the sale of the goods which now suffices for the compensation of capital. This share, small as it now is, is also constantly diminishing in its ratio to product as capital becomes more and more effective; hence the advocates of coöperative manufacturing, profit-sharing, and other expedients for improving the condition of those who work for wages may perhaps find that the risk to the workman in such undertakings will far outweigh any possible gain to him, for the very reason that in almost all branches of industry the margin of profit is now so small that the workman could not afford to run any risk whatever in order to share it.

It is impossible to treat profit-sharing without considering risk-sharing or loss-sharing at the same time. There is no rule of "Heads I win, tails you lose" in legitimate commerce.

We may derive some conclusions on this point from the data of the census; but they are not wholly satisfactory, because of the tendency of the owners of manufacturing property or capital to overestimate its value. It therefore happens that, in dealing with the census returns, we may only accept the statements of the cost of materials, of the number of persons

employed, of the sum of their wages, and of the market value of the products as being very accurate — all such items being taken from the actual books of account. The returns of capital employed in the work are very wide of the mark; respondents sometimes gave the cost, sometimes an estimate, sometimes the fixed capital or investment only, and sometimes both the invested and the active or cash capital made use of in the operations of the factory.

The writer happened to be one of the special census agents for compiling the statistics of the cotton manufacture. He found that if the corrections should be made in the stated amount of capital invested or employed in all the manufacturing arts corresponding to what would have been reasonable in this branch, the capital account in general manufactures, as given in the census, would be reduced by at least twenty and perhaps twenty-five per cent.

The figures given in the cotton manufacture were as follows.

Capital.	*Persons employed.*	*Wages.*	*Product.*
$208,280,346	172,544	$42,040,510	$192,090,110

The maximum estimate of capital invested in the number of spindles returned at that date should not have exceeded $160,000,000 to $180,000,000 after allowing for necessary depreciation.

In point of fact, at the present lower prices of buildings and machinery, it requires about $1000 to be invested in an entirely new mill and machinery for each hand employed in an average plain cotton factory; and if from one-quarter to one-half of a cent a yard of medium cloth of average quality can be secured from goods now worth three to ten cents per yard, the factory will earn six to eight per cent. on its capital; labor, on the other hand, will secure one and one-fourth to three cents per yard, the rest of the price of the goods being expended for materials and charges. Both parties will thus obtain the largest profits and the highest rate of wages which the price of the goods will permit.

In the woolen mill, on common every-day goods, such as flannels and plain cassimeres, the ratio is about $500 capital to one workman; and if the owner can secure four to six cents from each dollar's worth of product, he will make eight to ten per cent. on his capital.

In the shoe factory only $250 to $300 of capital invested is required to each workman, while the annual product is three to five times the value of the capital invested; therefore, if the owner can secure three to six cents a pair on shoes worth $1.00 to $2.00, or three per cent. of the proceeds of the sales, he will earn ten per cent. on his capital, while the wages of skilled boot and shoe makers average $500 to $600 a year, and in some branches very much more, or twice, at least, the amount of capital required to set each one at work. It is for this very reason, that the capital is so small in ratio to product, that so large a proportion of the capitalists in the boot and shoe manufacture themselves began at the bench, having entitled themselves to a credit in the purchase of materials by virtue of their character and not on the basis of their capital.

In converting dirty brown sugar into refined white sugar, a very large capital is required; yet it is so small in ratio to the value of the annual product, that one-sixteenth of a cent a pound profit suffices for its remuneration.

In the calico print works and in the bleachery, if the owner can secure a profit of one-tenth of a cent a yard upon staple goods, he is well satisfied.

In the manufacture of paper, three to five per cent. on the product will yield ten per cent. or more upon the capital.

On the other hand, if the profit on staple goods is more than six per cent. on the average, and upon fancy goods — of which the price is very fluctuating and uncertain — more than ten per cent., capital will be put to use in that art very rapidly, thus creating greater competition for skilled workmen, raising wages, and reducing profits to a minimum. Upon investigating a great strike which recently occurred, the writer ascertained that had the workmen succeeded in securing to their own use the whole profit which then satisfied the owners of the capital in a fairly prosperous art, their average wages would have been increased only $15 to $20 on average earnings of $500 a year.

It is curious to observe that most of the strikes in this country have occurred in branches of industry in which the average margin of profit is least, and in which, if the workmen had secured to their own use the entire sum which the existing price of the goods would permit to be assigned to profits, their own remuneration would have been very little increased. Sometimes the price of the goods is advanced in consequence of a strike, in which case the consumers pay the advanced wages if secured, and not the capitalists who own the factories. Such an advance both in prices and wages is, however, of rarest occurrence; when a strike is accompanied by such an advance in the price of the product, a temporary scarcity occurs, of which the owners of the existing stock of goods take advantage, but the workmen seldom or never get it, although consumers pay it.

If we take the census figures of the manufacturing arts in 1880, and reduce the capital

said to be invested, in the proportion by which that in the cotton manufacture should be reduced in order to make it approximate to the facts, the figures would stand as follows:

Capital invested in manufacturing as given in the census	$2,790,272,606
Reduced by 20 per cent	558,054,521
True valuation of capital	$2,232,218,085

In the list of manufactures, however, several branches of industry, such as flour-milling, sugar-refining, meat-packing, and the like, will be found in which the raw material is very slightly advanced in value in the process of manufacture, and in which the proportion of wages and of profits combined to the gross value is very small indeed.

If these be classed separately, the remainder, which are strictly "manufactures" in the ordinary use of the term, will be found to require about $1000 capital to each $2000 of product at wholesale prices; therefore five per cent. of the product of all manufactures, so-called, will, as a general rule, yield ten per cent. upon capital, leaving ninety-five per cent. to be expended for the cost of materials and other charges, and for the wages or earnings of labor.

In the census report upon manufactures the cost of the materials used is given at	$3,396,823,549
The wages or earnings of all persons employed	947,953,795
Total	$4,344,777,344
If we next assign as profit of a fraction over 5 per cent. upon the gross value as given, to wit, on $5,365,579,191, we get a quotient of profits of	279,272,606
which is ten per cent. upon the capital invested, even as given in the census without reduction.	
Total	$4,624,049,950
The remainder of the gross value of the product is	741,529,241
Total	$5,365,579,191

But it will be claimed and admitted that there has been a profit in the production of the materials used, and perhaps it will be alleged that the last item or remainder of $741,529,241 is too large to have been absorbed by general expenses.

This last remainder of $741,529,241 is the sum out of which insurance, taxes, general expenses, cost of transportation, loss of interest on sales made on credit, losses by bad debts, and all other necessary elements of the cost of manufacturing and distributing the goods — aside from materials and wages — must of necessity be defrayed before either wages or profits can be secured by either labor or capital.

To any one who is thoroughly conversant with the miscellaneous expenses of the manufacturing enterprises of this country, this proportion of the gross value will not appear too large, bearing in mind that in this list of manufactures are included not only the great factories of every kind, but all the lesser articles of manufacture on which the cost of distribution is often very heavy.

In respect to the production of crude materials which are used in the manufacturing arts, less than five per cent. of the gross value will yield ten per cent. profit upon the capital which is needed for their production — the proportion of capital to the value of the product in growing or preparing such crude materials being less than in respect to the finished manufactures in which they are used.

Now, if it be true that any branch of industry which will yield ten per cent. profit on the capital required has been and will be rapidly undertaken, does it not follow that even in so prosperous a year as 1880 it is almost certain that labor secured at least ninety per cent. of the joint product of labor and capital?

In this connection I do not bring in the incidence of taxation, for the reason that, in my judgment, the tendency of all taxation, wherever and however imposed, is to diffuse itself throughout the community in the ratio of the consumption of the people. Therefore both the increment of profit and the share of labor are proportionately subject to taxation. Hence it is held that profit may be one-tenth and wages or earnings nine-tenths of the gross product, both shares being subject to taxation.

The proportion of profit upon the insurance of the factory, upon transportation, and upon the cost of wholesale distribution is also very small in ratio to the magnitude of the operations.

In the end, if such sums or percentage be assigned to profits in each department — to wit, in the primary processes of production, in the secondary processes, and even in some cases in the third processes, which are required in order to bring crude materials into form for final consumption — as will yield ten per cent. upon the capital needed in each and every department, it will appear that not exceeding ten per cent. of the final gross value of manufactures in 1880 would have sufficed for this purpose.

That is to say, the sum of all the capital necessary — 1st, in the production of the crude materials used in factories; 2d, in the factories themselves, taken as a whole; 3d, in the distribution of the finished goods at wholesale — is in all probability about equal to the final wholesale annual value of the finished manufactures.

Therefore ten per cent. of the final value

will pay ten per cent. profit on all the capital used in all the departments of the work.

If more than ten per cent. is earned by capital, then new capital will be applied, and the rate of profit will be reduced to ten per cent. at most, and in all safe occupations at the present time to a much lower rate.

What becomes of the rest, it being admitted that laborers and capitalists alike yield up a portion of their respective shares by way of taxation for the support of government? Must not all the rest, of necessity, pass to those who perform the actual work in the field, in the mine, upon the railway, in the warehouse, or in the factory? If my reasoning is correct, is not all the rest *nine parts in ten of the entire product of the whole country?* Can labor and capital have any more than all there is produced? Can the product be increased by decreasing the work except so fast as invention may enable us to produce more with less labor?

In an exceedingly prosperous year profits may sometimes exceed ten per cent., as they possibly did in 1880; but the profits have been very much less since 1880, and in a series of years those who class themselves distinctly as working men and women, thus separating themselves from capitalists as a class, must secure to themselves at least ninety per cent. of the total annual product of the country.

How this portion of the product is divided among themselves, and how far it is depleted by unnecessary taxation, are the most important questions for the working people to consider at the present time.

The apparent tendency of all recent attempts to organize labor and to regulate the payment of wages and the hours of labor by agreements among manufacturers with the representatives of great associations, has rather been to reduce the general rate of wages to the level of that of the least skillful workmen, than to increase the share of the product falling to labor as a whole.

All profits and all wages must be derived from the sale of the product in each and all of the arts which are conducted in a civilized country. If the product is diminished, as it must be by any outside interference with freedom of contract on the part of adults, those who do the work must suffer the most from any disturbance or contest. Their present share is at least ninety per cent. of all that is now produced. If that product should be diminished, it would still require as large a sum for the maintenance and increase of capital as is now required; the capital in an eight-hour mill must be as great as in a ten-hour mill; therefore the proportion of the smaller product, which would necessarily be assigned to capital, would be larger than it now is. Hence the share of the laborer would be diminished both absolutely and relatively.

Those who would suffer most in these changes would be the common laborers, who absolutely depend upon their daily work for their daily bread.

The effect of the aggressive interference of what is now called "organized labor" with established methods of industry is, however, almost of necessity confined to those branches of work which are carried on under the collective or factory system by great subdivisions of labor. Such interference has, even of late, been limited to a small part even of the collective factory work of the country, and although it has caused great excitement, it has done but little harm, having already spent its force. At the moment when these proofs are being corrected, a great strike in the coal-yards of New Jersey and on the docks of New York has also about spent its force.

The arts which are conducted upon the factory system now give employment to only ten per cent. of the people of this country, or one hundred in each one thousand of those who are occupied for gain. It is in these very arts that the greatest abundance of product is now assured with the least amount or quantity of labor, under free conditions of contract both with respect to capital and labor, subject only to such statutes as have been required for the protection of children from overwork. But if the product of these arts should be materially lessened by outside interference of any sort, the great body of consumers outside the factories would be obliged to work harder and longer in order to get less than they do now.

Ten per cent. or less has thus far been assigned to the possible profit of those who own or possess capital, but it does not follow that all the profits thus gained are added to capital previously saved.

We have not yet defined the full proportion of our annual product which is now secured by the working classes, so called.

There is a further distribution among working people even of such profits as have been assigned to capitalists. The living expenses of capitalists and of their families are paid out of their profits; and this portion of their apparent gain is distributed among those who are in private employment of such capitalists. This may not be wholly productive consumption; yet it reduces the sum which might otherwise be added to capital by distributing a portion of the profits of capitalists among those who are actually at work for them. On the other hand, there is a very large addition to the capital of the country from the savings of working people who are not capitalists according to the common use of the word.

This leads to the final question, What is the actual margin of profit on production as a whole which can be secured by capitalists, be they large or small, *to be added to the capital of the whole country?* I think it cannot be as much as ten per cent. I can find no trace of existing capital corresponding to a saving of ten per cent. on the average annual product of the United States for the past generation, and there is very little capital of any kind which retains any value beyond a single generation. The whole present capital of the United States, the richest country in the world, which has been saved during the whole period of the existence of the nation, certainly does not exceed the value of three years' production, and is probably less than the value of two years' production at the present time. It must be remembered that land is not capital; it has no value except the value given to it by the use of labor and capital upon it.

It may therefore be asked, 1st, if the laborers secured to their sole use the whole margin of profit which is now added to the whole capital of the country, how much would the general rate of wages be advanced? 2d, if laborers themselves secured this profit, as a distinct class, and added it in small sums each to the capital of the country, would it become as effective in promoting the increase of future production as it does when it is held in large sums owned by individual capitalists? Is not the profitable use of capital one of the most difficult arts, and are not the great masters in the use of capital most necessary factors in assuring that abundant production upon which the welfare of workmen especially depends, because they consume the greater proportion?

These and other similar questions lie at the very foundation of what is called "Labor Reform." Can any true solution of the main issue be reached until these questions are answered? Are not a vast proportion of working men discontented, and eagerly seeking a share of an assumed margin or supposed profit which has no existence in fact?

On the other hand, if capital — whether massed in great sums in the hands of individuals, or aggregated in small sums by the people themselves — should fail to secure such a profit as would suffice for its maintenance and increase in due proportion to the increase of the population, would not the production of ensuing years be diminished, and in the end would not labor suffer most for want of adequate machinery, for lack of tools, warehouses, railroads, factories, and other forms of capital?

It behooves all the "friends of labor," so called, to be very sure of their premises when denouncing capitalists as a class lest they add fuel to a dangerous flame. There are many simple principles which are better comprehended by men of affairs than they can be by scholars or clergymen.

One of the most simple rules is this: that under the influence of competition not only of labor with labor, but of capital with capital, the joint product of these two necessary elements of production is increased in vastly greater measure by the use of such capital, than the share of the product which the capitalist secures to himself is increased.

In other words, while the absolute share secured by the capitalist may increase, the relative proportion of the joint product secured by him rapidly decreases; but the share of the laborer is increased both absolutely and relatively.

A careful analysis of each and every important branch of industry for fifty years will prove that capital has secured a decreasing share, while labor has secured an increasing share of a constantly increasing product.

Hence, while all restrictions upon the free use of capital in reputable occupations are bad for the owners, they are very much worse for the workmen.

For instance: if all the cotton-mills were forced into idleness by meddlesome interference and by statute regulations, the hand labor of about sixteen million men and women would become necessary upon their own spinning-wheels and hand-looms, in order to provide the cotton fabrics which are now consumed in the United States, of which fabrics at least ninety per cent. are consumed by these very working people.

The present production of cotton fabrics requires less than two hundred thousand operatives, whose wages or earnings have steadily increased ever since the cotton-factory was established, and are now higher than they ever were before. It does not appear, however, that the capitalists who own the cotton-mills have secured any great portion of the increased product of cotton goods which their machinery has enabled these operatives to make. The consumers of the goods have enjoyed the chief benefit of the increased abundance; but even of what remains to be divided between capital and labor, the operatives, as I have previously shown, now secure five parts where capital secures only one part; and in this art the proportion which goes to labor is *less* than in almost any other of the great manufacturing enterprises, for the very reason that it requires so large a capital to start a single operative. In one continuously successful factory which I have analyzed, in which the farmers' daughters of New England, in 1840, earned $175 per year each, for thirteen hours per day work,

the sum necessary to give capital ten per cent., to be taken from the product of each operative, was $113. In that same factory the French-Canadian weaver, working ten hours, now gains $290 per year, and if capital can secure $70 from the product, it will earn ten per cent. The share of labor is double per hour, while the share of capital has diminished forty per cent. In fact, much more, because the factory cannot now earn ten per cent. a year.

When even the little margin of profit which is now secured by the capitalist is taken from him, whoever he may be, the only recourse will be to the spinning-wheel and to the hand-loom.

Or again, when the railway between Chicago and New York fails to yield a profit of fourteen cents for moving a barrel of flour one thousand miles (or less than the value of the empty barrel), which was substantially the margin of profit on the railway service of last year, labor may not only be permitted, but will be required, to do all the work and take all the pay for moving the flour needed in the East from the far-distant West, by the use of its own wheelbarrows or with such other means of transportation as it may be able to provide itself with.

Long before either event could occur, common sense and a little study of the facts of life will have settled what is called the "Labor Question."

A very large part of the present discontent among laboring people (so called to distinguish them from hard-working owners of capital) has been promoted by a misuse of the figures of the census of 1880.

A very common error in the use of the census data of the manufactures of this country — even on the part of intelligent members of Congress who might be expected to know better — consists in deducting the sum of wages and the cost of materials combined, from the value of the goods as given in the census, and then in assuming that the remainder constituted the *profit* of manufacturing. No more erroneous or fallacious deduction could be made. Reference may be made to the figures given in the analysis of manufactures to prove how large a part of the proceeds of sales of goods must be applied to miscellaneous or general charges and expenses.

There is nothing which an expert statistician or census specialist avoids so scrupulously as putting questions which would expose the profit of any business, if answered; because he knows that if the questions are so framed he will either obtain no replies at all, or else he will obtain partial or incorrect replies intended to mislead.

Therefore any and all deductions of alleged profits, from the United States census, or from any State census, or from any State inquiry into the condition of labor, are apt to be mere rubbish, and are not worth a single moment's attention from a student or from a legislator.

The year 1880 was unquestionably a prosperous year, and there may have been an average profit of ten per cent. in the manufacturing arts in that year. Since then the customary rule has held good,—more capital has been invested, there has been a period of so-called depression, the margin of profit has diminished, but the wages of labor have as a whole steadily advanced.

This adjustment is now about completed; laborers are now fully employed; there never has been a period in the history of this or any other country equal to the present in this country, at this period (Jan., 1887), in the following conditions:

First. So large a product made and distributed at so low a cost in ratio to the capital invested either in production or in the mechanism of distribution.

Second. So low a rate of profit sufficing to satisfy capital and to induce further investments in any or all arts.

Third. So high a general rate of wages earned by so small a number of hours of work per day.

Fourth. So large a purchasing power in each unit or dollar of the wages or earnings, when expended for the necessaries or comforts of life.

Fifth. In no previous period has the workman received so large a proportion of the joint product of labor and capital, or its equivalent either in money or goods.

Hence it follows that the disturbers of labor have about exhausted their temporary power of mischief. The organizations, associations, or clubs of workmen are now assuming their true and beneficent function, to wit: that of schools of inquiry in which the alphabet of social science will be learned, and by means of which peace, order, and industry will be assured.

It has been necessary to treat only what are called manufactures in order to ascertain the margin of profits, or to estimate the ratio of profits to wages; because the data of agriculture in respect to the amount of capital required are almost wholly wanting.

Capital is labor saved and applied to reproduction. Raw land has no value, and land attains value only when capital and labor are applied to its improvement. The investment of capital in agriculture is, as a general rule, much greater in bringing the land into productive condition, than it is in the investment in buildings and tools upon the land. A very

large part of each year's expenditure consists in maintaining the fertility of the soil after its virgin properties begin to be exhausted, in building and maintaining fences, and in other uses of capital which is often utterly lost, if the effort is suspended even for a very short period. What proportion of the value of the products of agriculture can be assigned as the true margin of profit, it is impossible to state, but it is well known to be very small, — much less than in the manufacturing arts.

There remains only to be considered the margin of profit on the final or retail distribution of all products, both of manufactures and agriculture. In the great city shops the rule of large sales for small profits is the common one — short credits or none being granted. In answer to a question lately put to two of the largest retail dealers in this city, one put his losses by bad debts for the last ten years at less than one-tenth, the other at less than one-sixteenth of one per cent. In the small shops a large margin of profit is required in order to sustain the shop at all, and to cover the risks of loss even on monthly credits. In the distribution of the perishable products of agriculture, the margin between the price which the farmer receives and that which the consumer pays is commonly the largest single element in the cost of food to the consumer, and as the price of food to the working population is one-half the whole cost of living or more, any saving which can be made in this element of life would be very beneficial. It has only been in reducing the cost of distribution in small parcels, at retail, that the system of coöperation has had any substantial success.

From the fullest investigation which I have been able to make, I have become more and more convinced that ten per cent. is the maximum margin of profit on all production in this country, and that even a less proportion of the product of a normal year is all that can be set aside for the maintenance or increase of capital; conversely, that more than ninety per cent. of each year's product is consumed by those who are engaged in its production, as working people in the sense in which that term is commonly used. Of the ten per cent. or less which is or may be saved and added to capital, a very large share will become the property of those who are themselves working people in the strictest sense — another large share will be saved by persons of moderate means, while the share of the rich will be but the lesser part of the whole sum of profits. This view is sustained by the very small margin of profit which now suffices to draw capital into any and all the principal arts which can be analyzed.

All attempts to measure the progress of the country by comparisons of accumulated wealth, stated in terms of money, are practically worthless. The figures of the census of 1880 have no substantial value, for the reasons given in the preceding comments on the capital in manufacturing, while the data of the census of 1860 and 1870 were very incomplete and even more inaccurate.

The importance of accumulated wealth as a factor in the general welfare depends wholly upon its use, and as capital becomes more effective its ratio to the value of products diminishes; hence it often happens that true progress in material welfare may be more accurately measured by the destruction of what has previously been wealth than by its accumulation. The inventors and the scientists are the greatest destroyers of hardly won wealth, the tendency of science and invention being to substitute less costly and more effective capital for that which has been previously in use.

Edward Atkinson.

STONE WALLS.

ALONG the country roadside, stone on stone,
Past waving grain-field, and near broken stile,
The walls stretch onward an uneven pile,
With rankling vines and lichen overgrown:
So stand they sentinel. Unchanged, alone,
They 're left to watch the seasons passing slow:
The Summer's sunlight, or the Winter's snow,
The Spring-time's birdling, or the Autumn's moan.
Who placed the stones now gray with many years?
And did the rough hands tire, the sore hearts ache?
The eyes grow dim with all their weight of tears?
Or did the work seem light for some dear sake?
Those lives are over. All their hopes and fears
Are lost, like shadows in the morning-break.

Julie M. Lippmann.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

IN the appendix to Croker's Boswell's Johnson, one finds this anecdote:

Cato's Soliloquy.— One day Mrs. Gastrel set a little girl to repeat to him [Doctor Samuel Johnson] Cato's Soliloquy, which she went through very correctly. The Doctor, after a pause, asked the child—

"What was to bring Cato to an end?"

She said it was a knife.

"No, my dear, it was not so."

"My aunt Polly said it was a knife."

"Why, Aunt Polly's knife *may do*, but it was a *dagger*, my dear."

He then asked her the meaning of "bane and antidote," which she was unable to give. Mrs. Gastrel said—

"You cannot expect so young a child to know the meaning of such words."

He then said—

"My dear, how many pence are there in *sixpence?*"

"I cannot tell, sir," was the half-terrified reply.

On this, addressing himself to Mrs. Gastrel, he said—

"Now, my dear lady, can anything be more ridiculous than to teach a child Cato's Soliloquy, who does not know how many pence there are in sixpence?"

In a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, Professor Ravenstein quoted the following list of frantic questions, and said that they had been asked in an examination:

Mention all the names of places in the world derived from Julius Cæsar or Augustus Cæsar.

Where are the following rivers: Pisuerga, Sakaria, Guadalete, Jalon, Mulde?

All you know of the following: Machacha, Pilmo, Schebulos, Crivoscia, Basecs, Mancikert, Taxhen, Citeaux, Meloria, Zutphen.

The highest peaks of the Karakorum range.

The number of universities in Prussia.

Why are the tops of mountains continually covered with snow [*sic*]?

Name the length and breadth of the streams of lava which issued from the Skaptar Jokul in the eruption of 1783.

That list would oversize nearly anybody's geographical knowledge. Isn't it reasonably possible that in our schools many of the questions in all studies are several miles ahead of where the pupil is? — that he is set to struggle with things that are ludicrously beyond his present reach, hopelessly beyond his present strength? This remark in passing, and by way of text; now I come to what I was going to say.

I have just now fallen upon a darling literary curiosity. It is a little book, a manuscript compilation, and the compiler sent it to me with the request that I say whether I think it ought to be published or not. I said Yes; but as I slowly grow wise, I briskly grow cautious; and so, now that the publication is imminent, it has seemed to me that I should feel more comfortable if I could divide up this responsibility with the public by adding them to the court. Therefore I will print some extracts from the book, in the hope that they may make converts to my judgment that the volume has merit which entitles it to publication.

As to its character. Every one has sampled "English as She is Spoke" and "English as She is Wrote"; this little volume furnishes us an instructive array of examples of "English as She is Taught"—in the public schools of —well, this country. The collection is made by a teacher in those schools, and all the examples in it are genuine; none of them have been tampered with, or doctored in any way. From time to time, during several years, whenever a pupil has delivered himself of anything peculiarly quaint or toothsome in the course of his recitations, this teacher and her associates have privately set that thing down in a memorandum-book; strictly following the original, as to grammar, construction, spelling, and all; and the result is this literary curiosity.

The contents of the book consist mainly of answers given by the boys and girls to questions, said answers being given sometimes verbally, sometimes in writing. The subjects touched upon are fifteen in number: I. Etymology; II. Grammar; III. Mathematics; IV. Geography; V. "Original"; VI. Analysis; VII. History; VIII. "Intellectual"; IX. Philosophy; X. Physiology; XI. Astronomy; XII. Politics; XIII. Music; XIV. Oratory; XV. Metaphysics.

You perceive that the poor little young idea has taken a shot at a good many kinds of game in the course of the book. Now as to results. Here are some quaint definitions of words. It will be noticed that in all of these instances the sound of the word, or the look of it on paper, has misled the child:

Aborigines, a system of mountains.
Alias, a good man in the Bible.
Amenable, anything that is mean.
Assiduity, state of being an acid.
Auriferous, pertaining to an orifice.
Ammonia, the food of the gods.
Capillary, a little caterpillar.
Corniferous, rocks in which fossil corn is found.
Emolument, a headstone to a grave.
Equestrian, one who asks questions.
Eucharist, one who plays euchre.
Franchise, anything belonging to the French.
Idolater, a very idol person.
Ipecac, a man who likes a good dinner.
Irrigate, to make fun of.
Mendacious, what can be mended.
Mercenary, one who feels for another.

Parasite, a kind of umbrella.
Parasite, the murder of an infant.
Publican, a man who does his prayers in public.
Tenacious, ten acres of land.

Here is one where the phrase "publicans and sinners" has got mixed up in the child's mind with politics, and the result is a definition which takes one in a sudden and unexpected way:

Republican, a sinner mentioned in the Bible.

Also in Democratic newspapers now and then. Here are two where the mistake has resulted from sound assisted by remote fact:

Plagiarist, a writer of plays.
Demagogue, a vessel containing beer and other liquids.

I cannot quite make out what it was that misled the pupil in the following instances; it would not seem to have been the sound of the word, nor the look of it in print:

Asphyxia, a grumbling, fussy temper.
Quarternions, a bird with a flat beak and no bill, living in New Zealand.
Quarternions, the name given to a style of art practiced by the Phœnicians.
Quarternions, a religious convention held every hundred years.
Sibilant, the state of being idiotic.
Crosier, a staff carried by the Deity.

In the following sentences the pupil's ear has been deceiving him again:

The marriage was illegible.
He was totally dismasted with the whole performance.
He enjoys riding on a philosopher.
She was very quick at repertoire.
He prayed for the waters to subsidize.
The leopard is watching his sheep.
They had a strawberry vestibule.

Here is one which — well, now, how often we do slam right into the truth without ever suspecting it:

The men employed by the Gas Company go round and speculate the meter.

Indeed they do, dear; and when you grow up, many and many's the time you will notice it in the gas bill. In the following sentences the little people have some information to convey, every time; but in my case they failed to connect: the light always went out on the keystone word:

The coercion of some things is remarkable; as bread and molasses.
Her hat is contiguous because she wears it on one side.
He preached to an egregious congregation.
The captain eliminated a bullet through the man's heart.
You should take caution and be precarious.
The supercilious girl acted with vicissitude when the perennial time came.

That last is a curiously plausible sentence; one seems to know what it means, and yet he knows all the time that he doesn't. Here is an odd (but entirely proper) use of a word, and a most sudden descent from a lofty philosophical altitude to a very practical and homely illustration:

We should endeavor to avoid extremes — like those of wasps and bees.

And here — with "zoölogical" and "geological" in his mind, but not ready to his tongue — the small scholar has innocently gone and let out a couple of secrets which ought never to have been divulged in any circumstances:

There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens.
Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets.

Under the head of "Grammar" the little scholars furnish the following information:

Gender is the distinguishing nouns without regard to sex.
A verb is something to eat.
Adverbs should always be used as adjectives and adjectives as adverbs.
Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar.

"Caterpillar" is well enough, but capital letter would have been stricter. The following is a brave attempt at a solution, but it failed to liquify:

When they are going to say some prose or poetry before they say the poetry or prose they must put a semicolon just after the introduction of the prose or poetry.

The chapter on "Mathematics" is full of fruit. From it I take a few samples — mainly in an unripe state.

A straight line is any distance between two places.
Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together.
A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.
Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.
To find the number of square feet in a room you multiply the room by the number of the feet. The product is the result.

Right you are. In the matter of geography this little book is unspeakably rich. The questions do not appear to have applied the microscope to the subject, as did those quoted by Professor Ravenstein; still, they proved plenty difficult enough without that. These pupils did not hunt with a microscope, they hunted with a shot-gun; this is shown by the crippled condition of the game they brought in:

America is divided into the Passiffic slope and the Mississippi valey.
North America is separated by Spain.
America consists from north to south about five hundred miles.
The United States is quite a small country compared with some other countrys, but is about as industrious.

The capital of the United States is Long Island.

The five seaports of the U. S. are Newfunlan and Sanfrancisco.

The principal products of the U. S. is earthquakes and volcanoes.

The Alaginnies are mountains in Philadelphia.

The Rocky Mountains are on the western side of Philadelphia.

Cape Hateras is a vast body of water surrounded by land and flowing into the Gulf of Mexico.

Mason and Dixon's line is the Equater.

One of the leading industries of the United States is mollasses, book-covers, numbers, gas, teaching, lumber, manufacturers, paper-making, publishers, coal.

In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrich feathers.

Gibraltar is an island built on a rock.

Russia is very cold and tyrannical.

Sicily is one of the Sandwich Islands.

Hindoostan flows through the Ganges and empties into the Mediterranean Sea.

Ireland is called the Emigrant Isle because it is so beautiful and green.

The width of the different zones Europe lies in depend upon the surrounding country.

The imports of a country are the things that are paid for, the exports are the things that are not.

Climate lasts all the time and weather only a few days.

The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah.

The chapter headed "Analysis" shows us that the pupils in our public schools are not merely loaded up with those showy facts about geography, mathematics, and so on, and left in that incomplete state; no, there's machinery for clarifying and expanding their minds. They are required to take poems and analyze them, dig out their common sense, reduce them to statistics, and reproduce them in a luminous prose translation which shall tell you at a glance what the poet was trying to get at. One sample will do. Here is a stanza from "The Lady of the Lake," followed by the pupil's impressive explanation of it:

> Alone; but with unbated zeal,
> The horseman plied with scourge and steel;
> For jaded now and spent with toil,
> Embossed with foam and dark with soil,
> While every gasp with sobs he drew,
> The laboring stag strained full in view.

The man who rode on the horse performed the whip and an instrument made of steel alone with strong ardor not diminishing, for, being tired from the time passed with hard labor overworked with anger and ignorant with weariness, while every breath for labor he drew with cries full of sorrow, the young deer made imperfect who worked hard filtered in sight.

I see, now, that I never understood that poem before. I have had glimpses of its meaning, in moments when I was not as ignorant with weariness as usual, but this is the first time the whole spacious idea of it ever filtered in sight. If I were a public-school pupil I would put those other studies aside and stick to analysis; for, after all, it is the thing to spread your mind.

We come now to historical matters, historical remains, one might say. As one turns the pages, he is impressed with the depth to which one date has been driven into the American child's head — 1492. The date is there, and it is there to stay. And it is always at hand, always deliverable at a moment's notice. But the Fact that belongs with it? That is quite another matter. Only the date itself is familiar and sure: its vast Fact has failed of lodgment. It would appear that whenever you ask a public-school pupil when a thing — anything, no matter what — happened, and he is in doubt, he always rips out his 1492. He applies it to everything, from the landing of the ark to the introduction of the horse-car. Well, after all, it is our first date, and so it is right enough to honor it, and pay the public schools to teach our children to honor it:

George Washington was born in 1492.

Washington wrote the Declareation of Independence in 1492.

St. Bartholemew was massacred in 1492.

The Brittains were the Saxons who entered England in 1492 under Julius Cæsar.

The earth is 1492 miles in circumference.

To proceed with "History":

Christopher Columbus was called the Father of his Country.

Queen Isabella of Spain sold her watch and chain and other millinery so that Columbus could discover America.

The Indian wars were very desecrating to the country.

The Indians pursued their warfare by hiding in the bushes and then scalping them.

Captain John Smith has been styled the father of his country. His life was saved by his daughter Pochahantas.

The Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America.

The Stamp Act was to make everybody stamp all materials so they should be null and void.

Washington died in Spain almost broken-hearted. His remains were taken to the cathedral in Havana.

Gorilla warfare was where men rode on gorillas.

John Brown was a very good insane man who tried to get fugitives slaves into Virginia. He captured all the inhabitants, but was finally conquered and condemned to his death. The Confederasy was formed by the fugitive slaves.

Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn, and the lady scolded him.

Henry Eight was famous for being a great widower haveing lost several wives.

Lady Jane Grey studied Greek and Latin and was beheaded after a few days.

John Bright is noted for an incurable disease.

Lord James Gordon Bennett instigated the Gordon Riots.

The Middle Ages come in between antiquity and posterity.

Luther introduced Christianity into England a good many thousand years ago. His birthday was November 1883. He was once a Pope. He lived at the time of the Rebellion of Worms.

Julius Cæsar is noted for his famous telegram dispatch I came I saw I conquered.

Julius Cæsar was really a very great man. He was a very great soldier and wrote a book for beginners in the Latin.

Cleopatra was caused by the death of an asp which she dissolved in a wine cup.

The only form of government in Greece was a limited monkey.

The Persian war lasted about 500 years.

Greece had only 7 wise men.

Socrates . . . . destroyed some statues and had to drink Shamrock.

Here is a fact correctly stated; and yet it is phrased with such ingenious infelicity that it can be depended upon to convey misinformation every time it is uncarefully read:

By the Salic law no woman or descendant of a woman could occupy the throne.

To show how far a child can travel in history with judicious and diligent boosting in the public school, we select the following mosaic:

Abraham Lincoln was born in Wales in 1599.

In the chapter headed "Intellectual" I find a great number of most interesting statements. A sample or two may be found not amiss:

Bracebridge Hall was written by Henry Irving.

Snow Bound was written by Peter Cooper.

The House of the Seven Gables was written by Lord Bryant.

Edgar A. Poe was a very curdling writer.

Cotton Mather was a writer who invented the cotten gin and wrote histories.

Beowulf wrote the Scriptures.

Ben Jonson survived Shakspeare in some respects.

In the Canterbury Tale it gives account of King Alfred on his way to the shrine of Thomas Bucket.

Chaucer was the father of English pottery.

Chaucer was a bland verse writer of the third century.

Chaucer was succeeded by H. Wads. Longfellow an American Writer. His writings were chiefly prose and nearly one hundred years elapsed.

Shakspere translated the Scriptures and it was called St. James because he did it.

In the middle of the chapter I find many pages of information concerning Shakspere's plays, Milton's works, and those of Bacon, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, De Foe, Locke, Pope, Swift, Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Gibbon, Byron, Coleridge, Hood, Scott, Macaulay, George Eliot, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Disraeli,—a fact which shows that into the restricted stomach of the public-school pupil is shoveled every year the blood, bone, and viscera of a gigantic literature, and the same is there digested and disposed of in a most successful and characteristic and gratifying public-school way. I have space for but a trifling few of the results:

Lord Byron was the son of an heiress and a drunken man.

Wm. Wordsworth wrote the Barefoot Boy and Imitations on Immortality.

Gibbon wrote a history of his travels in Italy. This was original.

George Eliot left a wife and children who mourned greatly for his genius.

George Eliot Miss Mary Evans Mrs. Cross Mrs. Lewis was the greatest female poet unless George Sands is made an exception of.

Bulwell is considered a good writer.

Sir Walter Scott Charles Bronte Alfred the Great and Johnson were the first great novelists.

Thomas Babington Makorlay graduated at Harvard and then studied law, he was raised to the peerage as baron in 1557 and died in 1776.

Here are two or three miscellaneous facts that may be of value, if taken in moderation:

Homer's writings are Homer's Essays Virgil the Aneid and Paradise lost some people say that these poems were not written by Homer but by another man of the same name.

A sort of sadness kind of shone in Bryant's poems.

Holmes is a very profligate and amusing writer.

When the public-school pupil wrestles with the political features of the Great Republic, they throw him sometimes:

A bill becomes a law when the President vetos it.

The three departments of the government is the President rules the world, the governor rules the State, the mayor rules the city.

The first conscientious Congress met in Philadelphia.

The Constitution of the United States was established to ensure domestic hostility.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. As follows:

The Constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the end which nobody reads.

And here she rises once more and untimely. There should be a limit to public-school instruction; it cannot be wise or well to let the young find out everything:

Congress is divided into civilized half civilized and savage.

Here are some results of study in music and oratory:

An interval in music is the distance on the keyboard from one piano to the next.

A rest means you are not to sing it.

Emphasis is putting more distress on one word than another.

The chapter on "Physiology" contains much that ought not to be lost to science:

Physillogigy is to study about your bones stummick and vertebry.

Occupations which are injurious to health are carbolic acid gas which is impure blood.

We have an upper and a lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time and the upper skin moves when we do.

The body is mostly composed of water and about one half is avaricious tissue.

The stomach is a small pear-shaped bone situated in the body.

The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking.

The Chyle flows up the middle of the backbone and reaches the heart where it meets the oxygen and is purified.

The salivary glands are used to salivate the body.

In the stomach starch is changed to cane sugar and cane sugar to sugar cane.

The olfactory nerve enters the cavity of the orbit and is developed into the special sense of hearing.

The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach.

If we were on a railroad track and a train was coming the train would deafen our ears so that we couldn't see to get off the track.

If, up to this point, none of my quotations have added flavor to the Johnsonian anecdote at the head of this article, let us make another attempt:

The theory that intuitive truths are discovered by the light of nature originated from St. John's interpretation of a passage in the Gospel of Plato.

The weight of the earth is found by comparing a mass of known lead with that of a mass of unknown lead.

To find the weight of the earth take the length of a degree on a meridian and multiply by 62½ pounds.

The spheres are to each other as the squares of their homologous sides.

A body will go just as far in the first second as the body will go plus the force of gravity and that's equal to twice what the body will go.

Specific gravity is the weight to be compared weight of an equal volume of or that is the weight of a body compared with the weight of an equal volume.

The law of fluid pressure divide the different forms of organized bodies by the form of attraction and the number increased will be the form.

Inertia is that proberty of bodies by virtue of which it cannot change its own condition of rest or motion. In other words it is the negative quality of passiveness either in recoverable latency or insipient latescence.

If a laugh is fair here, not the struggling child, nor the unintelligent teacher,— or rather the unintelligent Boards, Committees, and Trustees,— are the proper target for it. All through this little book one detects the signs of a certain probable fact — that a large part of the pupil's "instruction" consists in cramming him with obscure and wordy "rules" which he does not understand and has no time to understand. It would be as useful to cram him with brickbats; they would at least stay. In a town in the interior of New York, a few years ago, a gentleman set forth a mathematical problem and proposed to give a prize to every public-school pupil who should furnish the correct solution of it. Twenty-two of the brightest boys in the public schools entered the contest. The problem was not a very difficult one for pupils of their mathematical rank and standing, yet they all failed — by a hair — through one trifling mistake or another. Some searching questions were asked, when it turned out that these lads were as glib as parrots with the "rules," but could not reason out a single rule or explain the principle underlying it. Their memories had been stocked, but not their understandings. It was a case of brickbat culture, pure and simple.

There are several curious "compositions" in the little book, and we must make room for one. It is full of naïveté, brutal truth, and unembarrassed directness, and is the funniest (genuine) boy's composition I think I have ever seen:

ON GIRLS.

GIRLS are very stuckup and dignefied in their maner and be have your. They think more of dress than anything and like to play with dowls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church on Sunday. They are al-ways sick. They are al-ways funy and making fun of boy's hands and they say how dirty. They cant play marbels. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I dont beleave they ever kiled a cat or anything. They look out every nite and say oh ant the moon lovely. Thir is one thing I have not told and that is they al-ways now their lessons bettern boys.

From Mr. Edward Channing's recent article in "Science":

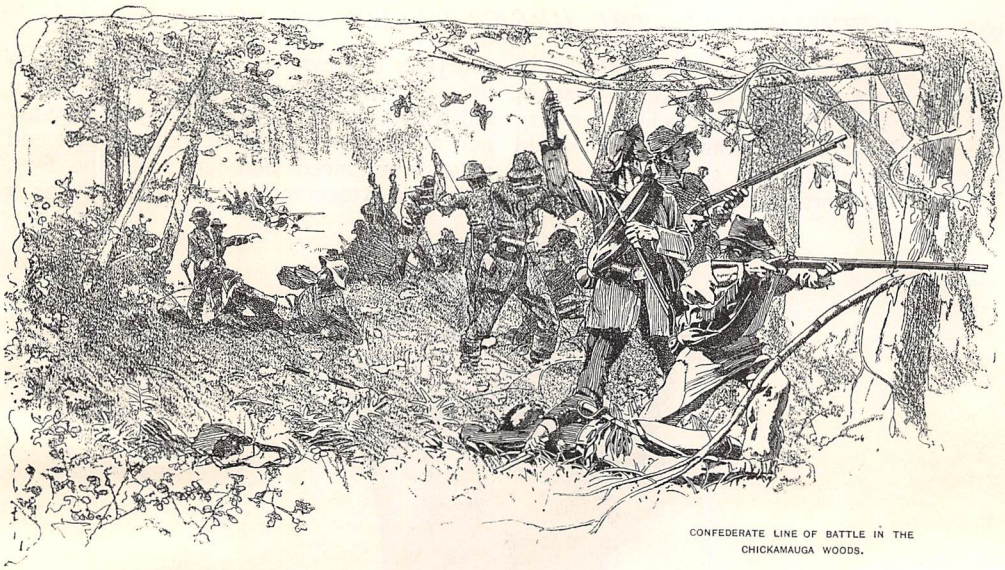
The marked difference between the books now being produced by French, English, and American travelers, on the one hand, and German explorers on the other, is too great to escape attention. That difference is due entirely to the fact that in school and university the German is taught, in the first place to see, and in the second place to understand what he does see.

Mark Twain.

REJECTED.

THE World denies her prophets with rash breath,
Makes rich her slaves, her flatterers adorns;
To Wisdom's lips she presses drowsy death,
And on the brow Divine a crown of thorns.
Yet blesséd, though neglected and despised—
Who for the World himself hath sacrificed,
Who hears unmoved her witless mockery,
While to his spirit, slighted and misprised,
Whisper the voices of Eternity!

Florence Earle Coates.



CONFEDERATE LINE OF BATTLE IN THE CHICKAMAUGA WOODS.

CHICKAMAUGA,—THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE WEST.*

AT the beginning of the Civil War I was asked the question, "Who of the Federal officers are most to be feared?" I replied: "Sherman, Rosecrans, and McClellan. Sherman has genius and daring, and is full of resources. Rosecrans has fine practical sense, and is of a tough, tenacious fiber. McClellan is a man of talents, and his delight has always been in the study of military history and the art and science of war." Grant was not once thought of. The light of subsequent events thrown upon the careers of these three great soldiers has not changed my estimate of them; but I acquiesce in the verdict which has given greater renown to some of their comrades. It was my lot to form a more intimate acquaintance with the three illustrious officers, who I foresaw would play an important part in the war. I fought against McClellan from Yorktown to Sharpsburg (Antietam), I encountered Rosecrans at Chickamauga, and I surrendered to Sherman at Greensboro', N. C.— each of the three commanding an army.

On the 13th of July, 1863, while in charge of the defenses of Richmond and Petersburg and the Department of North Carolina, I received an unexpected order to go West. I was seated in a yard of a house in the suburbs of Richmond (the house belonged to Mr. Poe, a relative of the poet), when President Davis, dressed in a plain suit of gray and attended by a small escort in brilliant uniform, galloped up. After a brief salutation, he said:

"Rosecrans is about to advance upon Bragg; I have found it necessary to detail Hardee to defend Mississippi and Alabama. His corps is without a commander. I wish you to command it."

"I cannot do that," I replied, "as General Stewart ranks me."

"I can cure that," answered Mr. Davis, "by making you a lieutenant-general. Your papers will be ready to-morrow. When can you start?"

"In twenty-four hours," was the reply.

Mr. Davis gave his views on the subject, some directions in regard to matters at Chattanooga, and then left in seemingly good spirits. The cheerfulness was a mystery to me. Within a fortnight the Pennsylvania campaign had proved abortive. Vicksburg and Port Hudson had fallen, and Federal gun-boats were now plying up and down the Mississippi, cutting our communications between the east and the west. The Confederacy was cut in two, and the South could readily be beaten in detail by the concentration of Federal forces, first on one side of the Mississippi and then on the other. The end of our glorious dream could not be far off. But I was as cheerful at that interview as was Mr. Davis himself. The bitterness of death had passed with me before our great reverses on the 4th of July. The Federals had been stunned by the defeat at Chancellorsville, and probably would not have made a forward movement for months. A corps could have been sent to General Joe Johnston, Grant could have been crushed, and Vicksburg, "the heart of the Confederacy," could have been saved. The drums that beat for the advance into Pennsylvania seemed to many of us to be beating the funeral march of the dead Confederacy. Our thirty days of mourning were over before the defeat of Lee and Pemberton. Duty, however, was to be done faithfully and unflinchingly to the last.

* It has been necessary to omit from this paper, for magazine publication, several passages, which render it less complete as a study of the campaign and battle.— EDITOR.

The calmness of our Confederate President may not have been the calmness of despair, but it may have risen from the belief, then very prevalent, that England and France would recognize the Confederacy at its last extremity, when the Northern and Southern belligerents were both exhausted. Should the North triumph, France could not hope to retain her hold upon Mexico. Besides, the English aristocracy, as is well known, were in full sympathy with the South.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

The condition of our railroads even in 1863 was wretched, so bad that my staff and myself concluded to leave our horses in Virginia, and resupply ourselves in Atlanta. On the 19th of July I reported to General Bragg at Chattanooga. I had not seen him since I had been the junior lieutenant in his battery of artillery at Corpus Christi, Texas, in 1845. The other two lieutenants were George H. Thomas and John F. Reynolds. We four had been in the same mess there. Reynolds had been killed at Gettysburg twelve days before my new assignment. Thomas, the strongest and most pronounced Southerner of the four, was now Rosecrans's lieutenant. It was a strange casting of lots that three messmates of Corpus Christi should meet under such changed circumstances at Chickamauga.

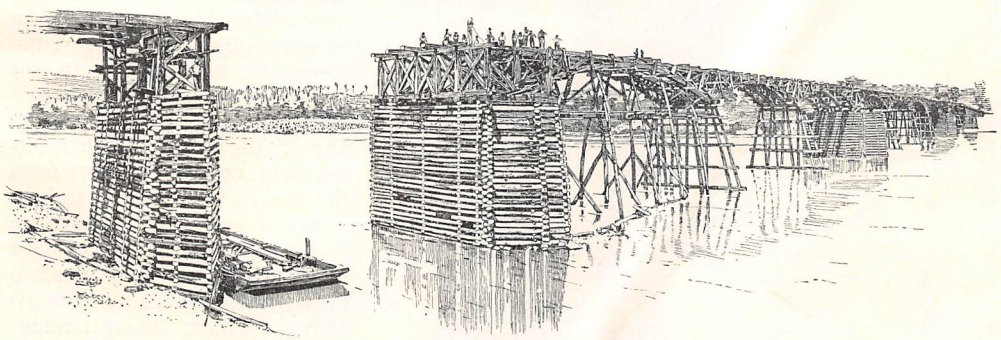
My interview with General Bragg at Chattanooga was not satisfactory. He was silent and reserved and seemed gloomy and despondent. He had grown prematurely old since I saw him last, and showed much nervousness. His relations with his next in command (General Polk) and with some others of his subordinates were known not to be pleasant. His many retreats, too, had alienated the rank and file from him, or at least had taken away that enthusiasm which soldiers feel for the success-

ful general, and which makes them obey his orders without question, and thus wins for him other successes. The one thing that a soldier never fails to understand is victory, and the commander who leads him to victory will be adored by him whether that victory has been won by skill or by blundering, by the masterly handling of a few troops against great odds, or by the awkward use of overwhelming numbers. Long before Stonewall Jackson had risen to the height of his great fame, he had won the implicit confidence of his troops in all his movements. "Where are you going?" one inquired of the "foot cavalry" as they were making the usual stealthy march to the enemy's rear. "We don't know, but old Jack does," was the laughing answer. This trust was the fruit of past victories, and it led to other and greater achievements.

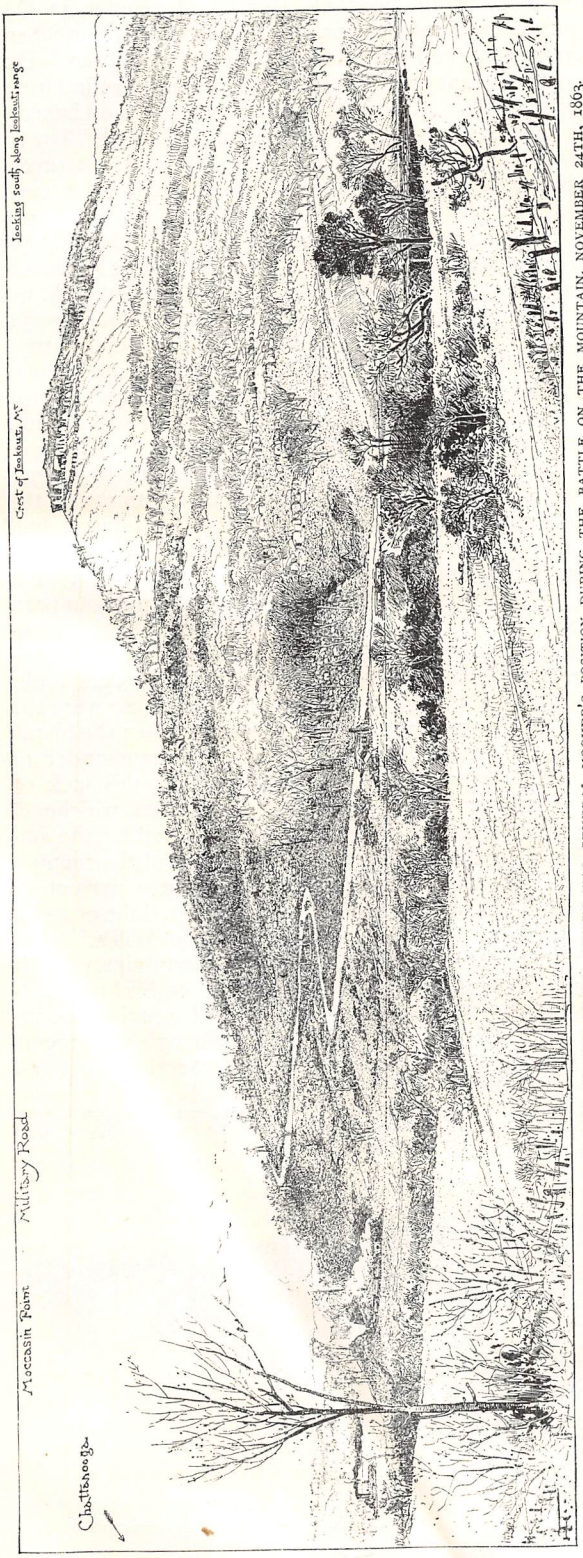
I was assigned to Hardee's old corps, consisting of Cleburne's and Stewart's divisions, and made my headquarters at Tyner's Station, a few miles east of Chattanooga on the Knoxville railroad. The Federals soon made their appearance at Bridgeport, Alabama, and I made arrangements to guard the crossings of the Tennessee north of Chattanooga. A regiment was placed at Sivley's Ford, another at Blythe's Ferry, farther north, and S. A. M. Wood's brigade was quartered at Harrison, in supporting distance of either point. The railroad upon which Rosecrans depended for his supplies ran south of Chattanooga, and had he crossed the river above the town, he would have been separated many miles from his base and his depot. But he probably contemplated throwing a column across the Tennessee to the north of the town to cut off Buckner at Knoxville from a junction with Bragg, and inclose him between that column and the forces of Burnside which were pressing towards Knoxville. On Fast Day, August 21st, while religious services were being held in town, the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the river and began throwing shells into the houses.* Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., of New Orleans, was in the act of prayer when a shell came hissing near the church. He went on calmly with his petition to the Great Being, "who rules in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth," but at its close, the preacher, opening his eyes, noticed a perceptible diminution of his congregation. Some women and children were killed and wounded by this act. Our pickets and scouts had given no notice of the approach of the enemy. On Sunday, August 30th, we learned through a citizen that McCook's corps had crossed at Caperton's Ferry, some thirty-five miles below Chattanooga, the movement having begun on the 29th. Thomas's corps was also crossing at or near the same point. [See map, page 945.]

The want of information at General Bragg's headquarters was in striking contrast with the minute knowledge General Lee always had of every operation in his front, and I was most painfully impressed with the feeling that it was to be a hap-hazard campaign on our part. My sympathies had all been with the commanding-general. I knew of the carping criticisms of his subordinates and the cold looks of his soldiers, and knew that these were the natural results of reverses, whether the blame for the reverses lay with the commander or otherwise. I had felt, too, that this lack of confidence or lack of enthusiasm, whichever it might be, was ominous of evil for the impending battle. But ignorance of the enemy's movements seemed a still worse portent of calamity. Rosecrans had effected the crossing of the river and had occupied Will's Valley, between Sand and Lookout mountains, without opposition, and had established his headquarters at Trenton. Lookout Mountain now interposed to screen all the enemy's movements from our observation. General Bragg had

* Colonel Wilder says: "The enemy opened fire upon the command from their batteries, which was replied to by Captain Lilly's 18th Indiana battery."—EDITOR.



MILITARY BRIDGE OVER THE TENNESSEE RIVER AT CHATTANOOGA, BUILT BY THE UNITED STATES ENGINEERS IN OCTOBER, 1863, JUST AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. M. CRESSEY, LENT BY GENERAL G. P. THRUSTON.)

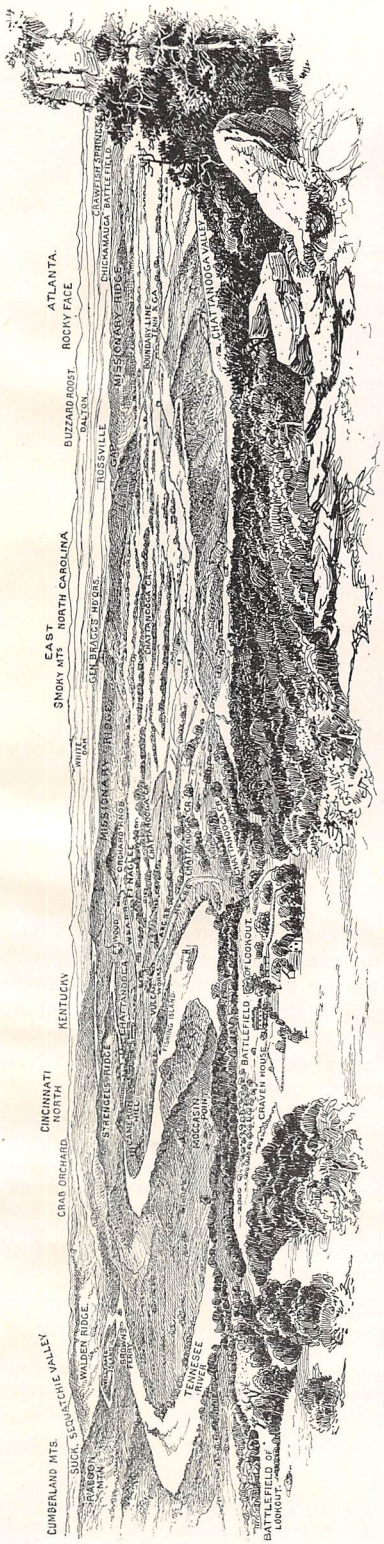


VIEW OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN FROM THE HILL TO THE NORTH, WHICH WAS GENERAL HOOKER'S POSITION DURING THE BATTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN, NOVEMBER 24TH, 1863.
(FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH, LENT BY WILLIAM G. LE DUC, CHIEF QUARTERMASTER OF THE TWENTIETH CORPS.)
The military road was built after Hooker captured the mountain.

said petulantly a few days before the crossing into Will's Valley: "It is said to be easy to defend a mountainous country, but mountains hide your foe from you, while they are full of gaps through which he can pounce upon you at any time. A mountain is like the wall of a house full of rat-holes. The rat lies hidden at his hole, ready to pop out when no one is watching. Who can tell what lies hidden behind that wall?" said he, pointing to the Cumberland range across the river.

On the 7th of September Rosecrans sent McCook to cross Lookout Mountain at Winston's Gap, forty-six miles south of Chattanooga, and to occupy Alpine, east of the mountains. Thomas was ordered to cross the mountain at Stevens's and Cooper's gaps, some twenty-five miles from Chattanooga, and to occupy McLemore's Cove on the east. This cove is a narrow valley between Lookout and Pigeon mountains. Pigeon Mountain is parallel to the former, not so high and rugged, and does not extend so far north, ending eight miles south of Chattanooga. Crittenden was left in Will's Valley to watch Chattanooga.

General Bragg had had some inclosed works constructed at Chattanooga, and the place could have been held by a division against greatly superior forces. By holding Chattanooga in that way, Crittenden's corps would have been neutralized, and a union between Rosecrans and Burnside would have been impossible. Moreover, the town was the objective point of the campaign, and to lose it was virtually to lose all East Tennessee south of Knoxville. If Bragg knew at the time of the prospective help coming to him from the Army of Northern Virginia, it was of still more importance to hold the town, that he might be the more readily in communication with Longstreet on his arrival. Under similar circumstances General Lee detached Early's division to hold the



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CHATTANOOGA REGION FROM POINT LOOKOUT, ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. (FROM A LITHOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF MR. J. B. LINN.)

heights of Fredericksburg, and neutralized Sedgwick's corps, while he marched to attack Hooker at Chancellorsville. Bragg, however, may have felt too weak to spare even one division from his command. He states in his official report that his effective force of infantry was but thirty-five thousand, while he estimates Rosecrans's at seventy thousand. The returns of the Army of the Cumberland, on the 10th of September, give 78,183 "present for duty." [Including the garrison at Nashville and other garrisons in the department, as well as the forces in and about Chattanooga.—Ed.] Whatever may have been Bragg's motive, he completely abandoned the town by the 8th, and Crittenden took possession of it next day. My corps,* consisting of Breckinridge's and of Cleburne's divisions, had led in the withdrawal, and was halted at Lafayette, twenty-two miles from, and almost south of, Chattanooga, and east of Pigeon Mountain, which separates it from McLemore's Cove, into which the columns of Thomas began to pour on the 9th. I placed Breckinridge in charge of the Reserve Artillery and the wagon train at Lafayette, while Cleburne was sent to hold the three gaps in Pigeon Mountain, Catlett's on the north, Dug in the center, and Blue Bird on the south. General Cleburne pitched his tent by the road leading to the center gap. Notwithstanding the occupation of Chattanooga, Rosecrans did not attempt to concentrate his forces there, but persisted in pushing two of his corps to our left and rear.

As the failure of Bragg to beat Rosecrans in detail has been the subject of much criticism, it may be well to look into the causes of the failure. So far as the commanding general was concerned, the trouble with him was: first, lack of knowledge of the situation; second, lack of personal supervision of the execution of his own orders. No general ever won a permanent fame who was wanting in these grand elements of success, knowledge of his own and his enemy's condition, and personal superintendence of operations on the field. In war, as in every other affair in life, knowledge is power, and it is work that wins. Invidious critics have attributed many of Stonewall Jackson's successes to lucky blunders, or at best to happy inspirations at the moment of striking. Never was there a greater mistake. He studied carefully (shall I add prayerfully?) all his own and his adversary's movements. He knew the situation perfectly, the geography and the topography of the country, the character of the officers opposed to him, the number and material of his troops. He never joined battle without a thorough personal reconnoissance of the field. That duty he trusted to no engineer officer. He knew McClellan, Pope, Banks, and Frémont as though he had the reading of their thoughts. When the time came for him to act, he was in the front to see that his orders were carried out, or were modified to suit the ever-shifting scenes of battle. In the pursuit of McClellan from Richmond to the James, he rode at the head of my division, then in advance. I saw him

* Breckinridge's division of my corps had come up from Mississippi and was substituted for Stewart's, sent to join Buckner.—D. H. H.

GENERAL BUSHROD R. JOHNSON. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

at Malvern Hill helping with his own hands to push a piece of artillery of Riley's battery farther to the front.

The failure to attack Negley's division in the cove on September 10th was owing to Bragg's ignorance of the condition of the roads, the obstructions at Dug Gap, and the position of the enemy. He attributed the failure to make the attack on the same force on the 11th to the major-general [Hindman] who had it in charge, whether justly or unjustly, I do not know. The capture of Negley's division would have had a very inspiriting effect upon our harassed and discouraged soldiers. All day of the 11th my signal corps and scouts at Blue Bird Gap reported the march of a heavy column to our left and up the cove. These reports were forwarded to the commanding general, but were not credited by him. On the morning of the 13th I was notified that General Polk was to attack Crittenden at Lee and Gordon's Mills, and the Reserve Artillery and baggage trains were specially intrusted to my corps. Breckinridge guarded the roads leading south from Lafayette, and Cleburne guarded the gaps in Pigeon Mountain. The attack was not made at Lee and Gordon's Mills, and this was the second of the lost opportunities. General Bragg in his official report thus speaks of this failure. He tells of his first order to General Polk to attack, dated six P. M. September 12th, 1863, Lafayette, Ga.:

"GENERAL: I inclose you a dispatch from General Pegram. This presents you a fine opportunity of striking Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it at daylight to-morrow. This division crushed, and the others are yours. We can then turn again on the force in the cove. Wheeler's cavalry will move on Wilder so as to cover your right. I shall be delighted to hear of your success."

This order was twice repeated at short intervals. The last dispatch was as follows:

"The enemy is approaching from the south — and it is highly important that your attack in the morning should be quick and decided. Let no time be lost."

The rest of the story is thus told by General Bragg:

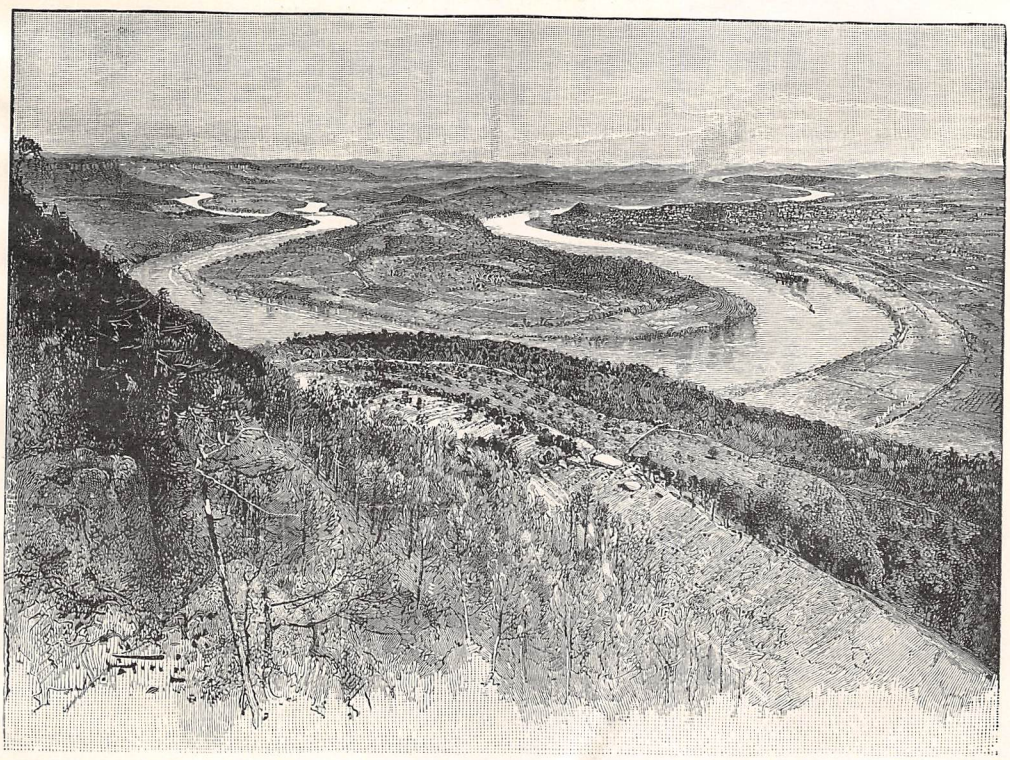
"At eleven P. M. a dispatch was received from the general [Polk] stating that he had taken up a strong position for defense, and requesting that he should be

heavily reënforced. He was promptly ordered not to defer his attack,— his force being already numerically superior to the enemy,— and was reminded that his success depended upon the promptness and rapidity of his movements. He was further informed that Buckner's corps would be moved within supporting distance the next morning. Early on the 13th, I proceeded to the front, ahead of Buckner's command, to find that no advance had been made upon the enemy and that his forces [the enemy's] had formed a junction and recrossed the Chickamauga. Again disappointed, immediate measures were taken to place our trains and limited supplies in safe positions, when all our forces were concentrated along the Chickamauga threatening the enemy in front."

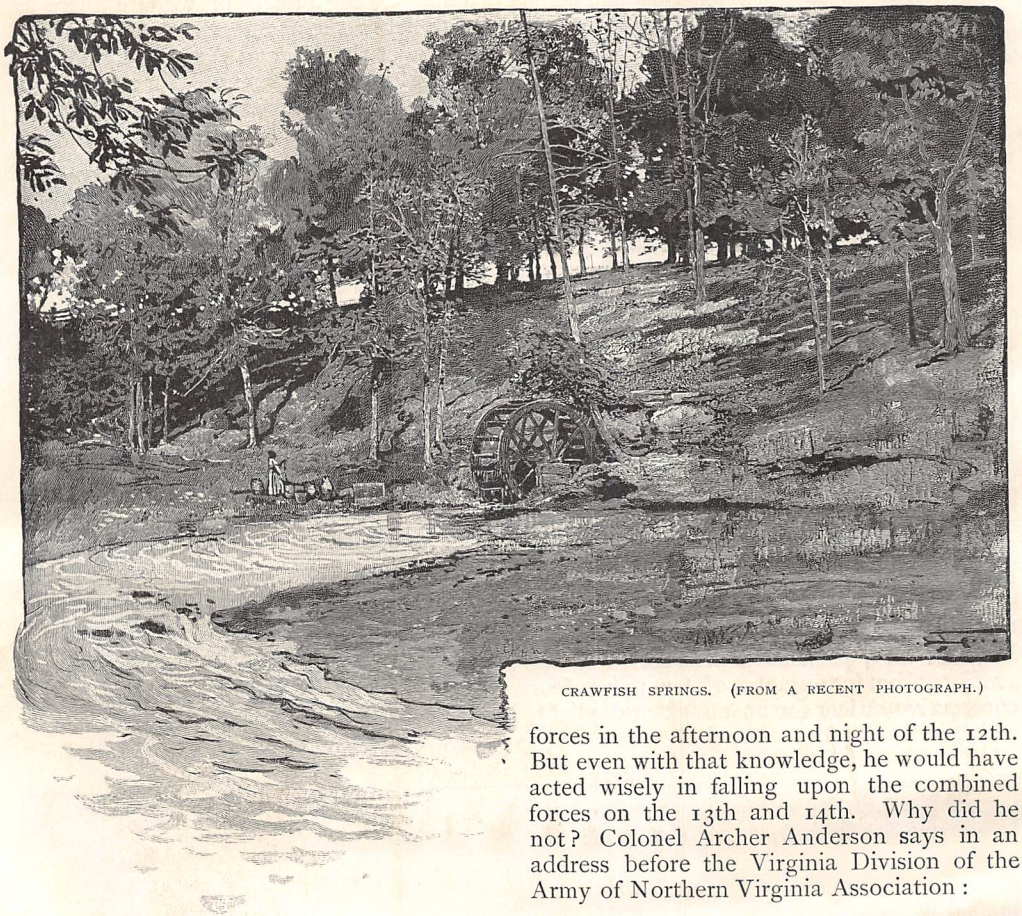
During the active operations of a campaign, the post of the commander-in-chief should be in the center of his marching columns, that he may be able to give prompt and efficient aid to whichever wing may be threatened. But whenever a great battle is to be fought, the commander must be on the field to see that his orders are executed and to take advantage of the ever-changing phases of the conflict. Jackson leading a cavalry fight by night near Front Royal in the pursuit of Banks, Jackson at the head of the column following McClellan in the retreat from Richmond to Malvern Hill, presents a contrast to Bragg sending, from a distance of ten miles, four consecutive orders for an attack at daylight, which he was never to witness.

Surely in the annals of warfare there is no parallel to the coolness and nonchalance with which the Federal General Crittenden marched and counter-marched for a week with a delightful unconsciousness that he was in the presence of a force of superior strength. On the 11th we find him with two divisions (Van Cleve's and Palmer's) at Ringgold, twenty miles from Chattanooga, and with his third (Thomas Wood's) at Lee and Gordon's Mills, ten miles from Ringgold. Wood remained there, alone and unsupported, until late in the day of the 12th. Crittenden was at the mills with his whole corps on the 13th and morning of the 14th, moving back to Missionary Ridge on the 14th, but keeping Wood at Gordon's all that day. General Crittenden seemed to think that so long as the bridge there was held, there was no danger of the rebels passing to his rear on the road towards Chattanooga, though there were other bridges and several good fords over the Chickamauga at other points. It was to the isolation of Wood that Bragg refers in his order dated Lafayette, six P. M. on the 12th. Captain Polk (in the Southern Historical Society papers) says:

"General Bragg, in his official report of the battle of Chickamauga, charges General Polk with the failure to crush Crittenden's forces in their isolated position at Ringgold. It will be noted, however, that General



VIEW OF MOCCASIN POINT AND CHATTANOOGA FROM THE SIDE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF MR. J. B. LINN.)



CRAWFISH SPRINGS. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

Polk was ordered to take position at a particular spot,— Rock Spring,— thence, if not attacked, to advance by daylight of the 13th of September, and assume the offensive against the opposing forces, which were expected from the way of Ringgold. But Crittenden was at Gordon's Mills behind the Chickamauga on the evening of the 12th. The order was simply impracticable." [See letter from Capt. Polk, page 964.— ED.]

The concentration at Rock Spring, seven miles south-west from Ringgold and four and a half miles south-east from Lee and Gordon's Mills, was apparently to interpose between Crittenden's columns, and to strike in detail whichever presented itself. But General Crittenden, unaware, apparently, of his danger, crossed the Chickamauga at the mills, and united with Wood about nightfall on the 12th. General Polk discovered that there was a large force in front of him on the night of the 12th, and not a single division, and hence he thought only of a defensive attitude. It is probable that, from his long experience of Bragg's ignorance of the situation, he was skeptical in regard to the accuracy of the general's information on the present occasion. Bragg certainly did not know of the union of Crittenden's forces in the afternoon and night of the 12th. But even with that knowledge, he would have acted wisely in falling upon the combined forces on the 13th and 14th. Why did he not? Colonel Archer Anderson says in an address before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia Association:

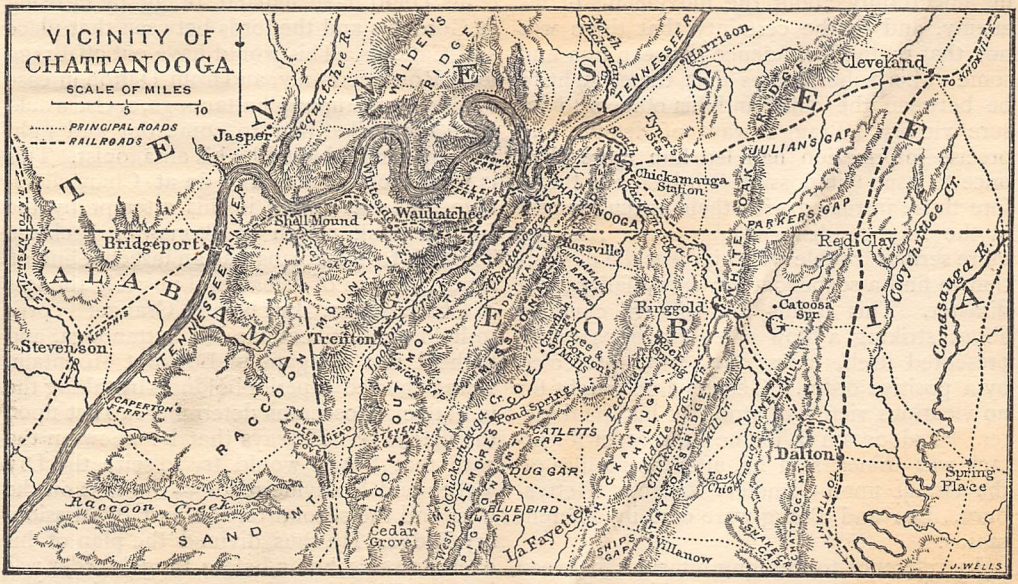
"These failures to secure the execution of his designs seem to have paralyzed the Confederate commander during the next four days, for it was not till the night of the 17th that Bragg issued another order for a movement against the enemy. And yet these were four days of critical peril for the Federal army. It was only at midnight of the 12th that McCook, on their extreme right, received the order to close upon Thomas. It was only on the 17th, after four days' hard marching, that his junction with Thomas was effected. During these four days McCook's whole corps was as completely annulled as if it had been in Virginia, and during a part of this time there was a wide interval separating Crittenden and Thomas. The Confederate army was perfectly in hand. What chances did those four days not offer to an enterprising commander! But General Bragg's spirit seems to have been damped by the miscarriages I have described. Rosecrans was, on the other hand, completely aroused. He saw now, as he himself says, that it was a matter of life and death to concentrate his army. During these four days the Federal army marched as men march upon issues of life and death, but the Confederates lay in their camps in idle vacancy. . . . It is true that reënforcements were now about to arrive, but General Bragg well knew they would not counterbalance McCook's corps. The inaction of those four days is not to be explained."

The truth is, General Bragg was bewildered by "the popping out of the rats from so many

holes." The wide dispersion of the Federal forces, and their confronting him at so many points, perplexed him, instead of being a source of congratulation that such grand opportunities were offered for crushing them one by one. He seemed to have had no well-organized system of independent scouts, such as Lee had, and such as proved of inestimable service to the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. For information in regard to the enemy, apparently he trusted alone to his very efficient cavalry. But the Federal cavalry moved with infantry supports, which could not be brushed aside by our cavalry. So General Bragg only learned that he was encircled by foes, without knowing who they were, what was their strength, and what were their plans. His enemy had a great advantage over him in this respect. The negroes knew the country well, and by dividing the numbers given by them by three, trustworthy information could be obtained. The waning fortunes of the Confederacy was developing a vast amount of "latent unionism" in the breasts of the original secessionists — those fiery zealots who in '61 proclaimed that "one Southerner could whip three Yankees," though there was never a single individual among the zealots who was willing to be the one Southerner. The negroes and the fire-eaters with "changed hearts" were now most excellent spies.

The 13th of September was a day of great anxiety to me at Lafayette, in charge of the Reserve Artillery and the wagon trains, with only two weak divisions, less than nine thousand strong, to protect them. During the 11th and 12th my signal corps on Pigeon Mountain had been constantly reporting the march of a heavy column to our left and rear. These reports were communicated by me to the commanding general, and were discredited by him. At eight A. M. on the 13th, Lieutenant Baylor came to my camp with a note from General Wharton, of the cavalry, vouching for the lieutenant's entire trustworthiness. Lieutenant Baylor told me that McCook had encamped the night before at Alpine, twenty miles from Lafayette, towards which his march was directed. Our cavalry pickets had been driven in on the Alpine road the afternoon before, and had been replaced by infantry. Soon after the report by Lieutenant Baylor, a brisk fire opened upon the Alpine road, two miles from Lafayette. I said to my staff, as we galloped toward the firing, "It is to be South Mountain over again." This referred to the defense, on the 14th of September, 1862, of the passes of that mountain by my gallant division, reduced by fighting and marching to five thousand men.

We learned, on reaching the Alpine road, that General Dan Adams's skirmishers had been attacked by two regiments of cavalry, which were repulsed. General Adams said to me, "The boldness of the cavalry advance convinces me that an infantry column is not far off." Lucius Polk's brigade was brought down from Pigeon Mountain, and every disposition was made to celebrate appropriately the next day — the anniversary of South Mountain. But that was not to be. General McCook (Federal) had been ordered to Summerville, eleven miles south of Lafayette on the main road to Rome, Ga. But he had become



MAP OF THE VICINITY OF CHATTANOOGA.

cautious after hearing that Bragg was not making that hot and hasty retreat which Rosecrans had supposed he was making. He therefore ordered his wagon-train back to the top of Lookout Mountain, and remained all day of the 13th at Alpine. His cavalry had taken some prisoners from General Adams, and he thus learned certainly that Bragg had been reënforced. At midnight on the 13th McCook received the order to hurry back to join Thomas. Then began that race of "life and death," the crossing back over Lookout Mountain, the rapid, exhausting march north through Lookout Valley, and the junction at last at Stevens's Gap on the 17th. The contemporary accounts represent McCook's march as one of fatigue and suffering.

General Bragg returned to Lafayette on the afternoon of the 13th, and I communicated to him verbally that night the report of Lieutenant Baylor. He replied excitedly, "Lieutenant Baylor lies. There is not an infantry soldier of the enemy south of us." The next morning he called his four corps commanders, Polk, Buckner, Walker, and myself, together, and told us that McCook was at Alpine, Crittenden at Lee and Gordon's Mills, and Thomas in McLemore's Cove. McCook was at that very time making that famous march, estimated by Rosecrans at fifty-seven miles, to join Thomas at Stevens's Gap. But the Confederate commander did not know of this withdrawal, and possibly the fear of an attack in his rear by McCook kept him from falling upon Thomas and Crittenden in his front. The nightmare upon him for the next three days was due, doubtless, to his uncertainty about the movements of his enemy, and to the certainty that there was not that mutual confidence between him and some of his subordinates that there ought to be between the chief and his officers to insure victory. Bragg's want of definite and precise information had led him more than once to issue "impossible" orders, and therefore those intrusted with their execution got in the way of disregarding them. Another more serious trouble with him was the disposition to find a scapegoat for every failure and disaster. This made his officers cautious about striking a blow when an opportunity presented itself, unless they were protected by a positive order. General Lee sought for no vicarious victim to atone for his *one* disaster. "I alone am to blame; the order for attack was mine," said he, after the repulse of the assault upon Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. Lee and Bragg were cast in different molds.

In reference to the long intervals between battles in the West, I once said to General Patton Anderson, "When two armies confront each other in the East, they get to work very soon; but here you look at one another for days and weeks at a time." He replied with a laugh, "Oh, we out here have to crow and peck straws awhile before we use our spurs." The crowing and pecking straws were now about over. On the 13th Rosecrans awoke from his delusion that Bragg was making a disorderly retreat, and issued his orders for the concentration of his army in McLemore's Cove. Granger's corps came up from Bridgeport, occupied Rossville on the 14th, and remained there until the battle of the 20th. Rossville is at the gap in Missionary Ridge through which runs the road from Chattanooga to Lafayette and Rome, Ga. General Rosecrans had felt it to be of vital importance to hold this gap at all hazards, in case of a disaster to his arms. On the 17th Rosecrans had his forces well in hand, extending from Lee and Gordon's Mills to Stevens's Gap, in a line running from east to south-west some eleven miles long. On the same day Bragg, with headquarters still at Lafayette, held the gaps in Pigeon Mountain, and the fords to Lee and Gordon's Mills. Each commander was in position, on the 17th, to turn the left flank of his adversary,— Bragg by crossing the Chickamauga at points north of Lee and Gordon's Mills; but by this he risked fighting with his back to the river,— a hazardous situation in case of defeat. He risked too, to some extent, his trains, which had yet to be moved towards Ringgold and Dalton. His gain, in case of a decided victory, would be the cutting off of Rosecrans from Chattanooga, and possibly the recapture of that place. Rosecrans could have flanked Bragg by crossing at Gordon's and the fords between that place and Catlett's. This would have cut off Bragg from Rome certainly, and from Dalton in case of his advance upon Chattanooga, or else would have compelled him to come out and fight upon ground selected by his antagonist. This is what Hooker aimed to do at Chancellorsville, but was foiled in his attempt by the famous flank march of Stonewall Jackson. The risk to Rosecrans was an insecure line of retreat in case of defeat, and possibly the loss of Chattanooga. But he had Granger's corps to hold the fortifications of Chattanooga, and he held also the gaps in Lookout Mountain. Bragg showed superior boldness by taking the initiative. Rosecrans determined to act upon the defensive. He says that he knew on the 17th that Bragg would try to seize the Dry Valley and Rossville roads — the first on the west and the second on the east of Missionary Ridge. He thus divined the plan of his enemy twelve hours before Bragg's order was issued. Therefore Rosecrans, on the after-

noon of the 17th, ordered McCook to take the place of Thomas at Pond Spring, Thomas to relieve the two divisions of Crittenden at Crawfish Springs, and Crittenden to take these divisions and extend them to the left of Wood at Lee and Gordon's, so as to protect the road to Chattanooga. General Rosecrans says:

"The movement for the concentration of the corps more compactly towards Crawfish Springs was begun on the morning of the 18th, under orders to conduct it secretly, and was executed so slowly that McCook's corps only reached Pond Spring at dark, and bivouacked resting on their arms during the night. Crittenden's corps reached its position on the Rossville road near midnight."

Thomas marched all night uninterruptedly, and the head of his columns reached the Widow Glenn's (Rosecrans's headquarters) at daylight on the 19th. Baird's division was posted there, and Brannan's, on coming up, was placed on Baird's left, so as to cover the road to Reed's and to Alexander's bridges on the Chickamauga.

On the 18th General Bragg issued, from Leet's tan-yard, his order for battle as follows:

"1. Johnson's column (Hood's), on crossing at or near Reed's Bridge, will turn to the left by the most practicable route, and sweep up the Chickamauga towards Lee and Gordon's Mills.

"2. Walker, crossing at Alexander's Bridge, will unite in this move and push vigorously on the enemy's flank and rear in the same direction.

"3. Buckner, crossing at Tedford's Ford, will join in the movement to the left, and press the enemy up the stream from Polk's front at Lee and Gordon's.

"4. Polk will press his forces to the front of Lee and Gordon's Mills, and if met by too much resistance to cross will bear to the right and cross at Dalton's Ford or at Tedford's, as may be necessary, and join the attack wherever the enemy may be.

"5. Hill will cover our left flank from an advance of the enemy from the cove, and, by pressing the cavalry in his front, ascertain if the enemy is reënforcing at Lee and Gordon's Mills, in which event he will attack them in flank.

"6. Wheeler's cavalry will hold the gaps in Pigeon Mountain, and cover our rear and left, and bring up stragglers.

"7. All teams, etc., not with troops should go towards Ringgold and Dalton, beyond Taylor's Ridge. All cooking should be done at the trains; rations when cooked will be forwarded to the troops.

"8. The above movements will be executed with the utmost promptness, vigor, and persistence."

Had this order been issued on any of the four preceding days, it would have found Rosecrans wholly unprepared for it, with but one solitary infantry division (Wood's) guarding the crossings of the Chickamauga, and that at one point only, Lee and Gordon's—the fords north of it being watched by cavalry. Even if the order had been given twenty-four hours earlier, it must have been fatal to Rosecrans in the then huddled and confused grouping of his forces.

All that was effected on the 18th was the sending over of Walker's small corps of a little more than five thousand men near Alexander's Bridge and Bushrod Johnson's division of three thousand six hundred men at Reed's Bridge, farther north. These troops drove off Wilder's mounted infantry from the crossings immediately south of them, so as to leave undisputed passage for Bragg's infantry, except in the neighborhood of Lee and Gordon's. On the night of the 18th Bragg's troops were substantially as follows: Hill's corps on the extreme left, with center at Glass's Mill; Polk's at Lee and Gordon's; Buckner's at Byram's Ford; Hood's at Tedford's Ford.* During the night Cheatham's division of Polk's corps was detached, moved down the Chickamauga, and crossed at Hunt's Ford about seven A. M. on the 19th. On that morning the Federal line of battle ran, in the main, parallel to the Chattanooga road from Lee and Gordon's to beyond Kelly's farm, and consisted of the divisions of Wood, Van Cleve, and Palmer of Crittenden's corps, and Baird's and Brannan's of Thomas's corps, in the order named from right to left. Negley and Reynolds, commanders under Thomas, had not come up at the opening of the battle of the 19th. The leading division (R. W. Johnson's) of McCook's corps reached Crawfish Springs at an early hour that day, and the divisions of Davis and Sheridan soon followed. It is about five miles from Crawfish Springs to Kelly's farm.

BATTLE OF THE 19TH OF SEPTEMBER.

Soon after getting into position at Kelly's after his night march, General Thomas was told by Colonel Dan McCook, commanding a brigade of the Reserve Corps, that there were no rebel troops west of the Chickamauga, except one brigade that had crossed at Reed's Bridge the afternoon before, and which could be easily captured, as he (McCook) had burned the bridge behind the rebels. Thomas ordered Brannan to take two brigades and make a reconnoissance on the road to Reed's Bridge, and place a third brigade on the road to Alexander's Bridge. This order took the initiative away from Bragg, and put it in the hands of Thomas with his two divisions in line to crush the small Confederate force west of the river, and then with *his* supports, as they came, beat, in detail, the *rebel* supports, delayed, as they must be, by the crossings and the distances to march. Croxton's brigade, of Brannan's division, met Forrest's cavalry on the Reed's Bridge road, and drove it back on the infantry — two small brigades under Ector and Wilson. These advanced with the "rebel yell," pushed Croxton back, and ran over his

*Hood's division, about five thousand strong, was the only portion of Longstreet's corps in the action of the 19th.— D. H. H.

battery, but were in turn beaten back by Brannan's and Baird's forces. Baird now began the readjustment of his lines, and during the confusion of the movement Liddell's (Confederate) division, two thousand strong, struck the brigades of Scribner and King, and drove them in disorder, capturing Loomis's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Van Pelt. Bush's Indiana battery was captured at the same time. The defeat had become a panic, and Baird's and Brannan's men were going pell-mell to the rear, when the victorious Liddell found himself in the presence of a long line of Federal troops overlapping both flanks of his little force. These were the troops of Brannan's reorganized division on his right, and of the freshly arrived division of R. W. Johnson from McCook. Liddell extricated himself skillfully, losing heavily, however, and being compelled to abandon his captured guns. It was by Rosecrans's own order, at 10:15 A. M., that R. W. Johnson had been hurried forward five miles from Crawfish Springs, just in time to save the Federal left from a grave disaster. At eleven A. M. Bragg ordered Cheatham to the relief of Liddell, but he reached the ground after Johnson — too late to drive Brannan as well as Baird off the field. Cheatham's veteran division of seven thousand men advanced gallantly, driving the enemy before it, when it was in its turn hurled back by an attacking column which Thomas had organized after the defeat of Liddell and the arrival of two fresh divisions, viz., Palmer's of Crittenden's corps and Reynolds's of his own corps. General Thomas tells us that these divisions (Johnson on the left, Palmer in the center, and Reynolds on the right)

"advanced upon the enemy, attacking him in flank and driving him in great disorder for a mile and a half, while Brannan's troops met him in front, as he was pursuing Baird's retiring brigades. . . . The enemy at this time being hardly pressed by Johnson, Palmer, and Reynolds in flank fell back in confusion upon his reserves, posted in a strong position on the west side of Chickamauga Creek, between Reed's and Alexander's bridges. Brannan and Baird were then ordered to reorganize their commands."

General Thomas thus groups together, and disposes of as one attack, the successive attacks of Liddell and of Cheatham. Unfortunately for the Confederates, there was no general advance, as there might have been along the whole line — an advance that must have given a more decisive victory on the 19th than was gained on the 20th. It was desultory fighting from right to left, without concert, and at inopportune times. It was the sparring of the amateur boxer, and not the crushing blows of the trained pugilist. From daylight on the 19th until after midday, there was a gap of two miles between Crittenden and Thomas, into which the Confederates could have poured, turning to right or left, and attacking in flank whichever commander was least prepared for the assault. As Cheatham was falling back, A. P. Stewart's division of Buckner's corps, three thousand four hundred strong, attacked Palmer's division of Crittenden's corps, which was flanking Cheatham, drove it back, and marching forward met Van Cleve's division of the same corps hastening to the assistance of Thomas, and hurled it back also. Hood, with his own and Bushrod Johnson's division, moved at 2:30 P. M., and gained for a time a most brilliant success, crushing the right center of the Federal army, capturing artillery, and seizing the Chattanooga road. The three Confederate divisions had, after their first triumphs, to encounter the four fresh divisions of Wood, Davis, Sheridan, and Negley, and were in turn driven back to the east of the road. Rosecrans thus refers to the attack of Stewart, followed by that of Hood and Johnson:

"Palmer's right was soon overlapped [by Stewart], when Van Cleve's division came to his support, but was beaten back, when Reynolds's division came in, and was in turn overpowered. Davis's division came into the fight then most opportunely and drove the enemy, who soon, however, developed a superior force against his line, and pressed him so heavily that he was giving ground, when Wood's division came, and turned the tide of battle the other way. About three P. M., General McCook was ordered to send Sheridan's division to support our line near Wood and Davis, directing Lytle's brigade to hold Gordon's Mills, our extreme right. Sheridan also arrived opportunely to save Wood from disaster, and the rebel tide was thoroughly stayed in that quarter. Meanwhile the roar of musketry in our center grew louder, and evidently approached headquarters at Widow Glenn's house, until musket-balls came near and shells burst about it. . . . Negley reported with his division, and as the indications became clearer that our center was being driven, he was dispatched in that direction, and soon found that the enemy had dislodged Van Cleve from the line, and was forming there, even while Thomas was driving his right. Orders were promptly given Negley to attack him, which he soon did, and drove him steadily till night closed the combat."

The Federals, all unconscious that they had been all day fighting detachments of inferior forces, prided themselves upon having defeated "Longstreet's splendid corps from Virginia," possibly supposing that it was twenty-five thousand strong, instead of only about five thousand, on the field, as the returns show.

Stewart had recaptured the battery lost by Cheatham's division, twelve pieces of Federal artillery, over two hundred prisoners, and several hundred rifles. Hood and Bushrod Johnson had met with a similar success at first, but, of course, three divisions could not stand the combined attack of six.

On our extreme left a good deal of demonstrating had been done by the Federals on the

17th and 18th; infantry had been crossed over at Owen's Ford, and threats made at Glass's Mill. On the 19th I ordered an attack at the latter place. Slocomb's battery had a bloody artillery duel with one on the west of the river, and, under cover of the artillery fire, Helm's brigade of Breckinridge's division was crossed over, and attacked Negley's infantry and drove it off. Riding over the ground with Breckinridge, I counted eleven dead horses at the Federal battery, and a number of dead infantry men who had not been removed. The clouds of dust rolling down the valley revealed the precipitate retirement of the foe, not on account of our pressure upon him, but on account of the urgency of the order to hurry to their left. Now was the time to relieve the strain upon our right by attacking the Federal right at Lee and Gordon's. My veteran corps, under its heroic division commanders, Breckinridge and Cleburne, would have flanked the enemy out of his fortifications at this point, and would by their brilliant onset have confounded Rosecrans in his purpose of massing upon his left; but Bragg had other plans than of reverse movements. The Irish recruit, when scolded for not keeping step on squad drill, answered, "Faith, it's the other bhoys that won't kape step wid me." The great commander is he who makes his antagonist keep step with him. Thomas, like the grand soldier he was, by attacking first, made Bragg and his rebel boys keep step with him. He who begins the attack assumes that he is superior to his enemy, either in numbers or in courage, and therefore carries with him to the assault all the moral advantage of his assumed superiority.

At three P. M. I received an order to report to the commander-in-chief at Tedford's Ford, to set Cleburne's division in motion to the same point, and to relieve Hindman at Gordon's with Breckinridge's division. Cleburne had six miles to march over a road much obstructed with wagons, artillery, and details of soldiers. He got in position on the extreme right after sundown. Thomas had, in the mean while, moved Brannan from his left to his right, and was retiring Baird and Johnson to a better position, when Cleburne, with Cheatham upon his left, moved upon them "in the gloaming" in magnificent style, capturing three pieces of artillery, a number of caissons, two stands of colors, and three hundred prisoners. The contest was obstinate, for a time, on our left, where log breastworks were encountered; and here that fine soldier, Brigadier-General Preston Smith, of Cheatham's division, lost his life. Discovering that our right extended beyond the enemy, I threw two batteries in advance of our fighting line and almost abreast of that of the enemy. These caused a hasty abandonment of the breastworks and a falling back of some half a mile. This ended the contest for the day. General Rosecrans thus sums up the result:

"The battle had secured us these objects. Our flanks covered the Dry Valley and the Rossville roads, while our cavalry covered the Missionary Ridge and the valley of Chattanooga Creek, into which latter place our spare trains had been sent on Friday, the 18th. We also had indubitable evidence of the presence of Longstreet's corps and Johnston's forces by the capture of prisoners from each. And the fact that at the close of the day we had present but two brigades which had not been opportunely and squarely in action, opposed to superior numbers of the enemy, assured us that we were greatly outnumbered, and that the battle the next day must be for the safety of the army and the possession of Chattanooga."

A Federal newspaper account of the time makes the frank statement:

"What advantage generally had been gained was with the rebels. They had successively overcome the obstacle of the river in their front, forcing the Federal line from it at every point until it lay in a country almost destitute of water. Not enough could be had for the men's coffee, and what was had was obtained from springs several miles distant."

At a time when it was raining in torrents day and night, and rations were scarce in the Southern camps (and when were they not scarce?), General F—— ordered an Irish soldier, for some misconduct, "to be confined for ten days on bread and water." "Thank yer Honor kindly for the bread," said Pat; "it is not often we see the likes of that. But niver mind the wather; we gits plenty of it." On that 19th of September we had plenty of water for coffee, but not a grain of coffee for the water. I had almost overlooked the two sacks of coffee found on one of the caissons captured by Cleburne's Irishmen. Major Cross of my staff offered them fifty dollars in Confederate money for a haversack full of the precious berries. As the money was about as valuable as oak-leaves, Patrick was not in a trading humor, but with true delicacy evaded his objection to the nature of the currency: "Niver mind the Confiderate money, major; whin we've pounded the grains with an axe, and biled the wather, we'll give ye a tin cupful, if we can find ye." The major was not found.

General Rosecrans made a very natural mistake about our overwhelming numbers. But it *was* a big mistake. The South, from patriotic pride, still kept up its old military organizations, for how could it merge together divisions and brigades around which clustered such glorious memories? But the waste of war had reduced them to mere skeleton divisions and brigades. My corps at Chickamauga was but little more than one-third of the size of my division at Yorktown, and so

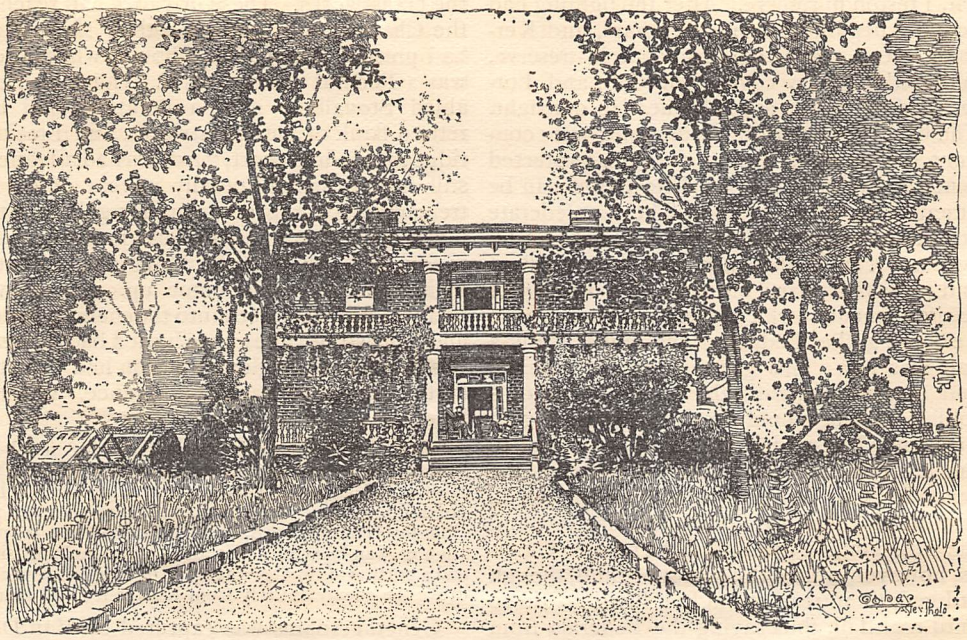
it was through the whole Southern army. The North, with larger numbers to recruit from, could keep its organizations full, and it did so. Captain W. M. Polk, from data furnished him by General Marcus J. Wright, has given an estimate of the numbers in the respective corps and divisions of the two armies; he concludes that the Federals had 45,855, and the Confederates 33,897 in the battle of the 19th.

I witnessed some of the heaviest fighting on the afternoon of the 19th, and never saw so little straggling from the field. I saw but one deserter from Hood's ranks, and not one from Cleburne's. The divisions of Hindman, Breckinridge, and Preston had not been put into the fight, and two brigades of McLaws's (Kershaw's and Humphreys's) were expected next day. Rosecrans had put in all but two of his brigades. The outlook seemed hopeful for the Confederates. Longstreet arrived at eleven P. M. on the 19th.

While lying on the Rapidan in August, after that disastrous day at Gettysburg, Longstreet had suggested to General Lee the reënforcing of Bragg. The general went to Richmond, and after a time got the consent of the Confederate authorities to send Longstreet, without artillery or cavalry, with the much reduced divisions of McLaws and Hood. Lee followed Longstreet to his horse to see him off, and as he was mounting said, "General, you must beat those people." Lee always called the Federals "those people." Longstreet, withdrawing his foot from the stirrup, said, "General, if you will give your orders that the enemy, when beaten, shall be destroyed, I will promise to give you victory, if I live; but I would not give the life of a single soldier of mine for a barren victory." Lee replied, "The order has been given and will be repeated." *

Soon after the arrival of Longstreet, General Bragg called together some of his officers and ventured upon that hazardous experiment, a change of organization in face of the enemy. He divided his army into two wings; he gave to Polk the right wing, consisting of the corps of Hill and of Walker, and the division of Cheatham,— comprising in all 18,794 infantry and artillery, with 3500 cavalry under Forrest; to Longstreet he gave the left wing, consisting of the corps of Buckner and of Hood, and the division of Hindman — 22,849 infantry and artillery, with 4000 cavalry under Wheeler. That night Bragg announced his purpose of adhering to his plan of the 19th for the 20th, viz., successive attacks from right to left, and he gave his wing commanders orders to begin at daylight. Mr. Lincoln, in reference to a change of commanders during a campaign, said, "It is a bad plan to swap horses in the middle of a stream." Some of the results of Bragg's swap were bad. I left Cleburne, after his fight, at eleven P. M., and rode with Captains Coleman and Reid five miles to Tedford's Ford, where the orders for the day announced that Bragg's headquarters would be, that I might get instructions for the next day. On the way I learned from some soldiers that Breckinridge was coming up from Lee and Gordon's. I sent Captain Reid to him to conduct him to Cleburne's right. General Polk, however, as wing commander, gave General Breckinridge permission to rest his weary men, and took him to his own headquarters. It was after two o'clock when General Breckinridge moved off under the guidance of Captain Reid, and his division did not get into position until after sunrise. Captain Coleman and myself reached the ford after midnight, only to learn that Bragg was not there. Some time after the unsuccessful search, my other staff-officers came up, and my chief-of-staff gave me a message from General Polk that my corps had been put under his command, and that he wished to see me at Alexander's Bridge. He said not a word to any of them about an attack at daylight, nor did he to General Breckinridge, who occupied the same room with him that night. I have by me written statements from General Breckinridge and the whole of my staff to that effect. General Polk had issued an order for an attack at daylight, and had sent a courier with a copy, but he had failed to find me. I saw the order for the first time nineteen years afterwards in Captain Polk's letter to the Southern Historical Society. At three A. M. on the 20th, I went to Alexander's Bridge, but not finding the courier who was to be posted there to conduct me to General Polk, I sent Lieutenant Morrison, aide-de-camp, to hunt him up, and tell him I could be found on the line of battle, which I reached just after daylight, before Breckinridge had got into position. Neither of my division commanders had heard anything of the early attack, and cooked rations were being distributed to our men, many of whom had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. At 7:25 an order was shown me from General Polk, directed to my major-generals, to begin the attack. I sent a note to him that I was adjusting my line, and that my men were getting their rations. General Polk soon after came up, and assented to the delay. Still nothing was said of the daylight attack. General Bragg rode up at eight A. M., and inquired of me why I had not begun the attack at daylight. I told him that I was hearing then for the first time that such an order had been issued, and had not known whether we were to be assailants or assailed. He said angrily, "I

* From a letter of General Longstreet to the writer.



HOUSE OF MR. J. M. LEE, CRAWFISH SPRINGS, ROSECRANS'S HEADQUARTERS BEFORE THE BATTLE, AND SITE OF THE UNION FIELD-HOSPITAL FOR THE RIGHT WING. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

found Polk after sunrise sitting down reading a newspaper at Alexander's Bridge, two miles from the line of battle, where he ought to have been fighting."

However, the essential preparations for battle had not been made up to this hour and, in fact, could not be made without the presence of the commander-in-chief. The position of the enemy had not been reconnoitered, our line of battle had not been adjusted, and part of it was at right angles to the rest; there was no cavalry on our flanks, and no order had fixed the strength or position of the reserves. My corps had been aligned north and south to be parallel to the position of the enemy. Cheatham's division was at right angles to my line, and when adjusted was found to be exactly behind Stewart's, and had therefore to be taken out after the battle was begun, and placed on reserve. Kershaw's brigade of Longstreet's corps was also out of place, and was put on reserve.

BATTLE OF THE 20TH OF SEPTEMBER.

ROSECRANS in person made a careful alignment of his whole line in the morning, arranging it so as to cover the Rossville (Chattanooga) and the Dry Valley roads. It began four hundred yards east of the Rossville road, on a crest which was occupied from left to right by Baird's division (Thomas's corps), Johnson's division (McCook's), Palmer's division (Crittenden's), and Reynolds's division (Thomas's). These four divisions became isolated during the day, and the interest of the battle centers largely in them. They lay behind substantial breastworks of logs,* in a line running due south and bending back towards the road at each wing. "Next on the right of Reynolds," says a Federal newspaper account, "was Brannan's division of Thomas's corps, then Negley's of the same corps, its right making a crotchet to the rear. The line across the Chattanooga road towards Missionary Ridge was completed by Sheridan's and Davis's divisions of McCook's corps: Wood's and Van Cleve's divisions of Crittenden's corps were in reserve at a proper distance." The line from Reynolds extended in a south-westerly direction. Minty's cavalry covered the left and rear at Missionary Mills; Mitchell's and Wilder's cavalry covered the extreme right. Rosecrans's headquarters were at Widow Glenn's house.

The Confederate line ran at the outset from north to south, Hills corps on the right, next Stewart's division, Hood in reserve, then Bushrod Johnson's, then Hindman's on the extreme

*The ringing of axes in our front could be heard all night.—D. H. H.

These breastworks were described as follows by Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, war correspondent of the "New York Herald": "General Thomas had wisely taken the precaution to make rude works about breast-high along his whole front, using rails and logs for the purpose. The logs and rails ran at right angles to each other, the logs keeping parallel to the proposed line of battle and lying upon the rails until the proper height was reached. The spaces between these logs were filled with rails, which served to add to their security and strength. The spade had not been used."—EDITOR.

left, Preston in reserve. After the fighting had actually begun, Walker, Cheatham, and Kershaw were taken out and put in reserve. Wheeler's cavalry covered our left, and Forrest had been sent, at my request, to our right. The Confederates with six divisions were confronted with eight Federal divisions protected generally by breastworks. The battle can be described in a few words. The Confederate attack on the right was mainly unsuccessful because of the breastworks, but was so gallant and persistent that Thomas called loudly for reënforcements, which were promptly sent, weakening the Federal right, until finally a gap was left. This gap Longstreet entered, and discovering, with the true instinct of a soldier, that he could do more by turning to the right, disregarded the order to wheel to the left, wheeled the other way, struck the corps of Crittenden and McCook in flank, and drove them with their commanders and the commanding general off the field.* Thomas, however, still held his ground, and, though ordered to retreat, strongly refused to do so until nightfall, thus saving the Federals from a great disaster. Longstreet, then, was the organizer of victory on the Confederate side, and Thomas the savior of the army on the other side.

Longstreet did not advance until noon, nor did he attack the breastworks on the Federal left (Thomas's position) at all, though Federal writers of the time supposed that he did. Those assaults were made first by Breckinridge and Cleburne of Hill's corps, and then by the brigades of Gist, Walthall, Govan, and others sent to their assistance. Stewart began his brilliant advance at eleven A. M., and before that time Thomas began his appeals for help.

Breckinridge moved at 9:30 A. M., and Cleburne fifteen minutes later, according to the order for attack. Forrest dismounted Armstrong's division of cavalry to keep abreast of Breckinridge, and held Pegram's division in reserve. Breckinridge's two right brigades, under Adams and Stovall, met but little opposition, but the left of Helm's brigade encountered the left of the breastworks, and was badly cut up. The heroic Helm was killed, and his command repulsed. His brigade, now under the command of that able officer, Colonel J. H. Lewis, was withdrawn. The simultaneous advance of Cleburne's troops would have greatly relieved Helm, as he was exposed to a flank as well as a direct fire. General Breckinridge suggested, and I cordially approved the suggestion, that he should wheel his two brigades to the left, and get in rear of the breastworks. These brigades had reached the Chattanooga road, and their skirmishers had pressed past Cloud's house, where there was a Federal field-hospital. The wheel enabled Stovall to gain a point beyond the retired flank of the breastworks, and Breckinridge says in his report, "Adams had advanced still further, being actually in rear of his intrenchments. A good supporting line to my division at this moment would probably have produced decisive results." Federal reënforcements had, however, come up. Adams was badly wounded and fell into the enemy's hands, and the two brigades were hurled back. Beatty's brigade of Negley's division had been the first to come to Baird's assistance. General Thomas says:

"Beatty, meeting with greatly superior numbers, was compelled to fall back until relieved by the fire of several regiments of Palmer's reserve, which I had ordered to the support of the left, being placed in position by General Baird, and which, with the coöperation of Van Derveer's brigade of Brannan's division, and a portion of Stanley's brigade of Negley's division, drove the enemy entirely from Baird's left and rear."

General Adams was captured by Van Derveer's men. Here was quite a sensation made by Breckinridge's two thousand men. American troops cannot stand flank and rear attacks. All our fighting on the 20th could have been of that character; for a reconnoissance in the morning by our commander-in-chief would have revealed the fact that our right extended beyond the enemy's left, and a movement still farther to the right would have enabled us to turn his flank, or would have compelled him to fight outside of his breastworks.

While Breckinridge was thus alarming Thomas for his left, Cleburne was having a bloody fight with the forces behind the breastworks. From want of alignment before the battle, Deshler's brigade had to be taken out that it might not overlap Stewart. L. E. Polk's brigade soon encountered the enemy behind his logs, and after an obstinate contest was driven back. Wood's (Confederate) brigade on the left had almost reached Poe's house (the burning house) on the Chattanooga road, when he was subjected to a heavy enfilading and direct fire and driven back with great loss. (The plan of successive attacks, of course, subject the troops which drive the enemy from any position of the line to a cross-fire from those who remain in the line.) Cleburne withdrew his division four hundred yards behind the crest of a hill. The gallant young brigadier Deshler was killed while executing the movement. This brigade then fell into the able hands of Colonel R. Q. Mills. The fierce

* General Bushrod Johnson was the first to enter the gap with his division and, with the coolness and judgment for which he was always distinguished, took in the situation at a glance and began the flank movement to the right. Longstreet adopted the plan of his lieutenant, and made his other troops correspond to Johnson's movement.—D. H. H.

fight on our right lasted until 10:30 A.M. It was an unequal contest of two small divisions against four full ones behind fortifications. It was a struggle of weakness against strength, of bare bosoms against breastworks. Surely, there were never nobler leaders than Breckinridge and Cleburne, and surely never were nobler troops led on a more desperate "forlorn hope"—against odds in numbers and superiority in position and equipment. But their unsurpassed and unsurpassable valor was not thrown away. Before a single Confederate soldier had come to their relief, Rosecrans ordered up other troops to the aid of Thomas, in addition to those already mentioned. At 10:10 A. M. General Garfield, his chief-of-staff, wrote to General McCook:

ALEXANDER'S BRIDGE FROM THE CONFEDERATE SIDE OF THE CHICKAMAUGA LOOKING UP-STREAM. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

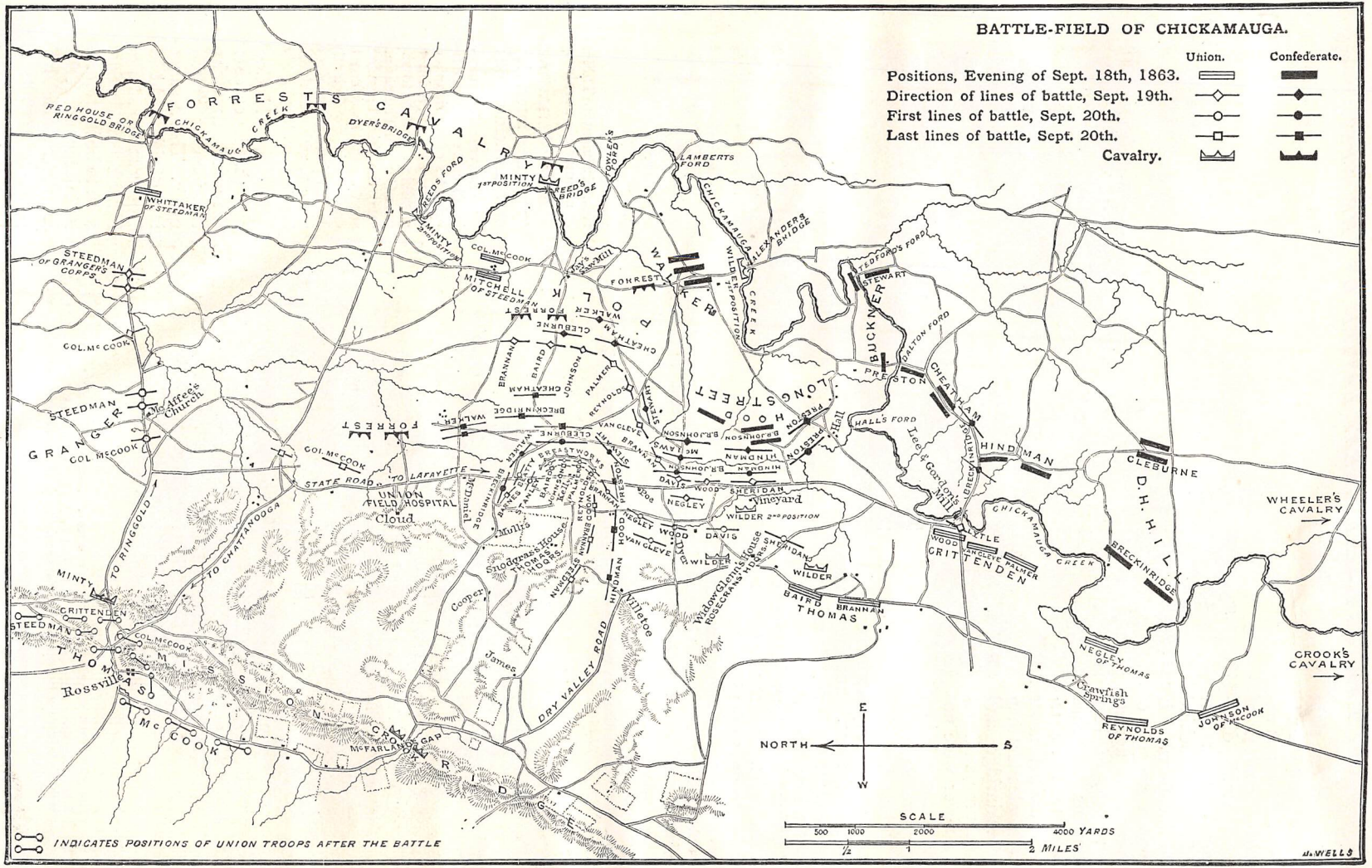
"General Thomas is being heavily pressed on the left. The general commanding directs you to make immediate dispositions to withdraw the right, so as to spare as much force as possible to reënforce Thomas. The left must be held at all hazards, even if the right is drawn wholly back to the present left. Select a good position back this way, and be ready to start reënforcements to Thomas at a moment's warning."

At 10:30 A. M., twenty minutes later, General Garfield wrote:

"The general commanding directs you to send two brigades of Sheridan's division, at once, with all possible dispatch, to support General Thomas and send the third brigade as soon as the lines can be drawn in sufficiently. March them as rapidly as you can, without exhausting the men."

General McCook says that he executed the order and marched the men at double-quick. This weakening of his right by Rosecrans to support his left was destined soon to be his ruin. It is noticeable, too, that so determined had been the assaults of

THE SINK-HOLE NEAR WIDOW GLENN'S HOUSE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)
This sink-hole contained the only water to be had in the central part of the battle-field. General Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry at one time gained the pool after a hard contest and quenched their thirst. In the water were lying dead men and horses that had been wounded and that had died while drinking.—EDITOR.



This map is based upon the Official Reports, the official topographical map compiled by Edward Ruger under the direction of Colonel W. E. Merrill, Chief Engineer Department of the Cumberland, and the maps of Captain Walter J. Morris of General Leonidas Polk's staff.— EDITOR.

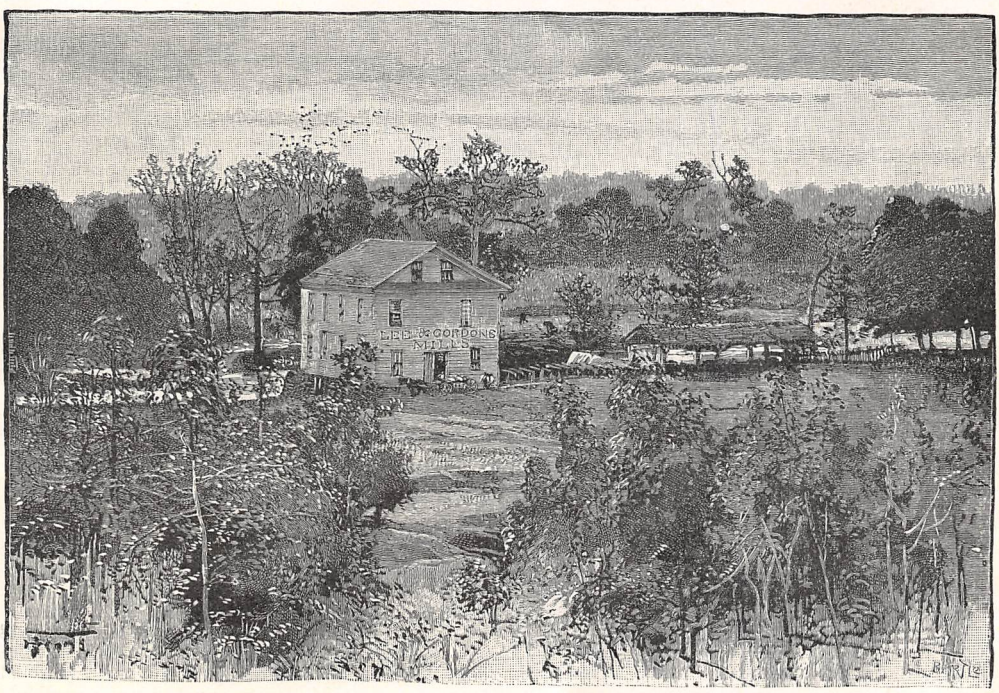
GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, CHIEF-OF-STAFF OF GENERAL ROSECRANS. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

Breckinridge and Cleburne, that though repulsed and badly punished, they were not pursued by the enemy, who did not venture outside of his works.

At eleven A. M. Stewart's division advanced under an immediate order from Bragg. His three brigades under Brown, Clayton, and Bate advanced with Wood of Cleburne's division. General Stewart says:

"For several hundred yards both lines pressed on under the most terrible fire it has ever been my fortune to witness. The enemy retired, and our men, though mowed down at every step, rushed on at double-quick, until at length the brigade on the right of Brown broke in confusion, exposing him to an enfilade fire. He continued on, however, some fifty to seventy-five yards farther, when his two right regiments gave way in disorder, and retired to their original position. His center and left, however, followed by the gallant Clayton and the indomitable Bate, pressed on, passing the corn-field in front of the burnt house, and to a distance of two to three hundred yards beyond the Chattanooga road, driving the enemy within his line of intrenchments and passing a battery of four guns. . . . Here new batteries being opened by the enemy on our front and flank heavily supported by infantry, it became necessary to retire, the command re-forming on the ground occupied before the advance."

This was the celebrated attack upon Reynolds and Brannan which led directly to the Federal disaster. In the mean time our right was preparing to renew the attack. I proposed to the wing commander, Polk, to make a second advance, provided fresh troops were sent forward, requesting that the gap in Breckinridge's left, made by the withdrawal of Helm, should be filled by another brigade. General J. K. Jackson's was sent for that purpose, but unfortunately took its position too far in rear to engage the attention of the enemy in front, and every advance on our right during the remainder of the day was met with a flank and cross-fire from that quarter. Gist's brigade and Liddell's division of Walker's corps reported to me. Gist immediately attacked with great vigor the log-works which had re-



LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS ON THE CHICKAMAUGA. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

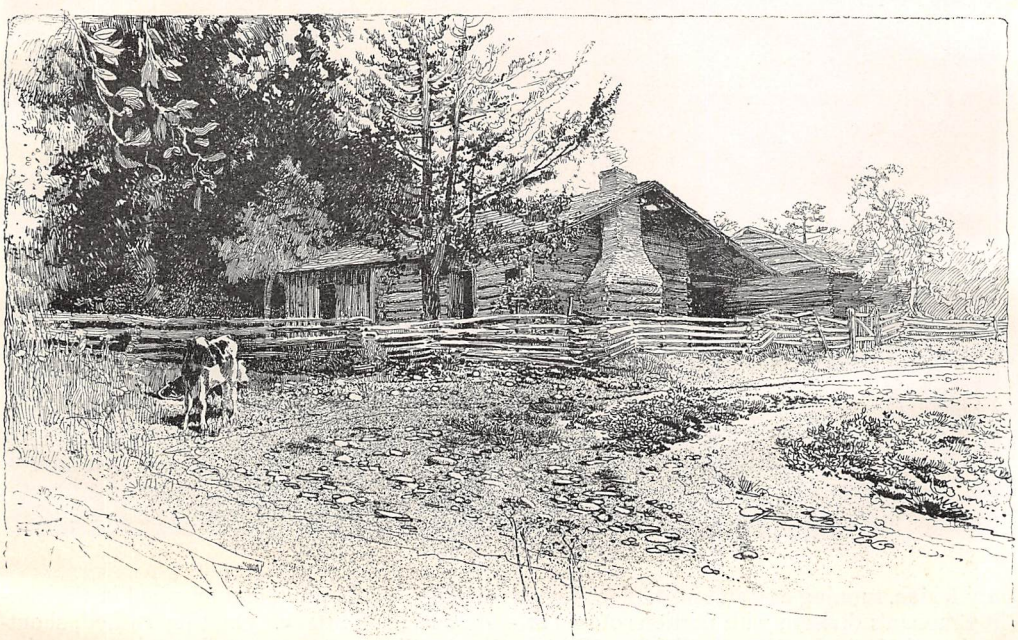
pulsed Helm so disastrously, and he in turn was driven back. Liddell might have made as great an impression by moving on the Chattanooga road as Breckinridge had done, but his strong brigade (Walthall's) was detached, and he advanced with Govan's alone, seized the road for the second time that day, and was moving behind the breastworks, when a column of the enemy appearing on his flank and rear, he was compelled to retreat.

This was simultaneous with the advance of Stewart. The Federal commander says:

"The battle in the mean while roared with increasing fury, and approached from the left to the center. Two aides arrived successively, within a few minutes, from General Thomas, asking for reënforcements. The first was directed to say that General Negley had already gone and should be nearly at hand at that time, and that Brannan's reserve brigade was available. The other was directed to say that General Van Cleve would be sent at once to his assistance, which was accordingly

done. A message from General Thomas soon followed, saying that he was heavily pressed, the messenger informing me that General Brannan was out of line and that General Reynolds's right was exposed. Orders were sent to Wood to close upon Reynolds, and word was sent to Thomas that he should be supported, even if it took away the whole corps of McCook and Crittenden."

Brannan was between Reynolds and Wood. The order "to close upon Reynolds" was naturally enough interpreted by Wood to support Reynolds, and not, as it seems Rosecrans meant, to close to the left. He withdrew his division and began his march to the left and in rear of Brannan. A gap was left into which Longstreet stepped with the eight brigades (Bushrod Johnson's, McNair's, Gregg's, Kershaw's, Law's, Humphreys's, Benning's, and Robertson's), which he had arranged in three lines to constitute his grand column of attack. Davis's two brigades, one of Van Cleve's, and Sheridan's entire division were caught in front and flank, and driven from the field. Disregarding the order of the day, Longstreet now gave the order to wheel to the right instead of the left, and thus take in reverse the strong position of the enemy. Five of McCook's brigades were speedily driven off the field. He estimates their loss at forty per cent. Certainly that flank march was a bloody one. I have never seen the Federal dead lie so thickly on the ground, save in front of the sunken wall at Fredericksburg.*



THE SNODGRASS FARM-HOUSE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Thomas's headquarters on the second day were in the field this side of the house. The hills called the "Horse-shoe," made famous by the defense of Brannan and Steedman, lie on the opposite side of the house.— EDITOR.

But the "disaster was not irremediable." That indomitable Virginia soldier, George H. Thomas, was there and destined to save the Union army from total rout and ruin, by confronting with invincible pluck the forces of his friend and captain in the Mexican War.† Thomas had ridden to his right to hurry up reënforcements, when he discovered a line advancing, which he thought at first was the expected succor from Sheridan, but he soon heard that it was a rebel column marching upon him. His anxiety for his left was now changing into painful alarm for his right. He chose a strong position on a spur of Mission-

*A Federal newspaper account of the time says: "The enemy pressing briskly through the interval left by Wood at once caught Sheridan and Davis in reverse and upon the flank, compelling a confused retreat. Brannan was struck upon the flank and with Van Cleve, his support, driven violently back. The latter division was not again formed on the field. . . . Swarming through the woods in confused masses, the men of Sheridan's, Davis's, and Van Cleve's divisions, with some from Brannan's, passed backward. Headquarters, which had been in rear of the position of the reserve, was caught up by the multitude and carried back. To those in the crowd the disaster appeared irremediable; apparently the whole army was in confused flight. Even the commanding General, after a vain effort to assist the foremost of the crowd, as they came up to his position, and the commanders of the Twentieth and Twenty-first corps [McCook and Crittenden], were carried away by the living tide, and cut off from the remainder of the army."— D. H. H.

†Bragg had great respect and affection for the first lieutenant of his battery. The tones of tenderness with which he spoke of "Old Tom" are still well remembered by me.

Both of these illustrious Southerners dropped dead of heart disease: Thomas in San Francisco, in 1870, and Bragg in Galveston, in 1876. Did the strain upon them in those terrible days at Chickamauga hasten their death?— D. H. H.

THOMAS'S BIVOUAC AFTER THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

ary Ridge, running east and west, placed upon it Brannan's division with portions of two brigades of Negley's; Wood's division (Crittenden's) was placed on Brannan's left. These troops, with such as could be rallied from the two broken corps, were all he had to confront the forces of Longstreet, until Steedman's division of Granger's corps came to his relief about three P. M. Well and nobly did Thomas and his gallant troops hold their own against foes flushed with past victory and confident of future success. His new line was nearly at right angles with the line of log-works on the crest side of the Rossville road, his right being an almost impregnable wall-like hill, his left nearly an inclosed fortification. The only sure hope of success against him was to get in his rear by moving far enough to our right to avoid the breastworks on his left. This was obvious to all who had been in the fight the night before, as it was then seen that our right overlapped the enemy's left.

Bushrod Johnson's three brigades in Longstreet's center were the first to fill the gap left by Wood's withdrawal from the Federal right; but the other five brigades under Hindman and Kershaw moved promptly into line as soon as space could be found for them, wheeled to the right, and engaged in the murderous flank attack. On they rushed, shouting, yelling, running over batteries, capturing trains, taking prisoners, seizing the headquarters of the Federal commander, at the Widow Glenn's, until they found themselves facing the new Federal line on Snodgrass's Hill. Hindman had advanced a little later than the center, and had met great and immediate success. The brigades of Deas and Manigault charged the breastworks at double-quick, rushed over them, drove Laiboldt's Federal brigade of Sheridan's division off the field down the Rossville road; then General Patton Anderson's brigade of Hindman having come into line, attacked and beat back the forces of Davis, Sheridan, and Wilder in their front, killed the hero and poet General Lytle, took one thousand one hundred prisoners, twenty-seven pieces of artillery, commissary and ordnance trains, etc. Finding no more resistance on his front and left, Hindman wheeled to the right to assist the forces of the center. The divisions of Stewart, Hood, Bushrod Johnson, and Hindman came together in front of the new stronghold of the Federals.

It was now 2:30 P. M. Longstreet, with his staff, was lunching on sweet potatoes. A mes-

sage came just then that the commanding general wished to see him. He found Bragg in rear of his lines, told him of the steady and satisfactory progress of the battle, that sixty pieces of artillery had been reported captured (though probably the number was overestimated), that many prisoners and stores had been taken, and that all was going well. He then asked for additional troops to hold what ground was gained, while he pursued the two broken corps down the Dry Valley road and cut off the retreat of Thomas. Bragg replied that there was no more fight in the troops of Polk's wing, that he could give Longstreet no reënforcements, and that his headquarters would be at Reed's Bridge. He seems not to have known that the whole of Cheatham's division and half of Liddell's had not

GENERAL J. M. BRANNAN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MAY, 1865.)

been in action that day. General Longstreet wrote to me in July, 1884:

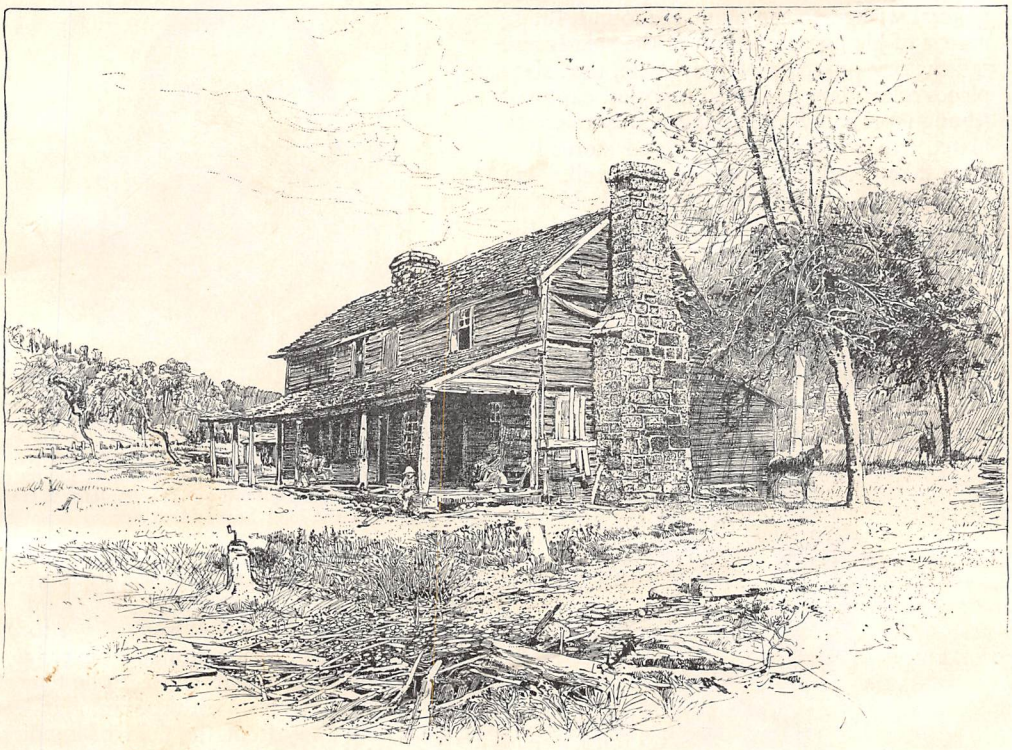
"It is my opinion that Bragg thought at three P. M. that the battle was lost, though he did not say so positively. I asked him at that time to reënforce me with a few troops that had not been so severely engaged as mine, and to allow me to go down the Dry Valley road, so as to interpose behind Thomas and cut off his retreat to Chattanooga, at the same time pursuing the troops that I had beaten back from my front. His reply, as well as I can remember, was that he had no troops except my own that had any fight left in them, and that I should remain in the position in which I then was. After telling me this, he left me, saying, 'General, if anything happens, communicate with me at Reed's Bridge.' In reading Bragg's report, I was struck with his remark that the morning after the battle 'he found the ever-vigilant General Liddell feeling his way to find the enemy.' Inasmuch as every one in his army was supposed to know on the night of the battle that we had won a complete victory, it seemed to me quite ludicrous that an officer should be commended for his vigilance the next morning in looking for the enemy in his immediate presence. I know that I was then laying a plan by which we might overhaul the enemy at Chattanooga or between that point and Nashville. It did not occur to me on the night of the 20th to send Bragg word of our complete success. I thought that the loud huzzas that spread over the field just at dark were a sufficient assurance and notice to any one within five miles of us. . . Rosecrans speaks particularly of his apprehension that I would move down the Dry Valley road."

GENERAL W. H. LYTLE, COMMANDING THE FIRST BRIGADE, SHERIDAN'S DIVISION, KILLED SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1863.

Some of the severest fighting had yet to be done after three P. M. It probably never happened before for a great battle to be fought to its bloody conclusion with the commanders of each side away from the field of conflict. But the Federals were in the hands of the indomitable Thomas, and the Confederates were under their two heroic wing-commanders.

In the lull of the strife I went with a staff-officer to examine the ground on our left. One of Helm's wounded men had been overlooked, and was lying alone in the woods, his head partly supported by a tree. He was

GENERAL GORDON GRANGER. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)



THE OLD JOHN ROSS HOUSE AT ROSSVILLE — MISSIONARY RIDGE ON THE RIGHT. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

shockingly injured. He belonged to Von Zinken's regiment, of New Orleans, composed of French, Germans, and Irish. I said to him: "My poor fellow, you are badly hurt. What regiment do you belong to?" He replied: "The Fifth Confederit, and a dommed good regiment it is." The answer, though almost ludicrous, touched me as illustrating the *esprit de corps* of the soldier—his pride in and his affection for his command. Colonel Von Zinken told me afterwards that one of his desperately wounded Irishmen cried out to his comrades, "Charge them, boys; they have cha-ase (cheese) in their haversacks." Poor Pat, he has fought courageously in every land in quarrels not his own.

Hindman and Johnson organized a column of attack upon the front and rear of the stronghold of Thomas. It consisted of the brigades of Deas, Manigault, Gregg, Anderson, and McNair. Three of the brigades, Johnson says, had each but five hundred men, and the other two were not strong. Deas was on the north side of the gorge through which the Crawfish road crosses, Manigault across the gorge and south, on the crest parallel to the Snodgrass Hill, where Thomas was. The other three brigades extended along the crest with their faces north, while the first two faced east. Kershaw, with his own and Humphreys's brigade, was on the right of Anderson and was to coöperate in the movement. It began at 3:30 P. M. Hindman says:

GENERAL T. C. HINDMAN, C. S. A.

"In a few minutes a terrific contest ensued, which continued at close quarters, without any intermission, over four hours. Our troops attacked again and again with a courage worthy of their past achievements. The enemy fought with determined obstinacy and repeatedly repulsed us, but only to be again assailed. As showing the fierceness of the fight, I mention the fact that on our extreme left the bayonet was used, and men also killed and wounded with clubbed muskets. A little after four, the enemy was reënforced, and advanced with loud shouts upon our right, but was repulsed by Anderson and Kershaw."

General Bushrod Johnson pays a similar tribute to the gallantry of the combatants on both sides, but claims that his men were surely, if slowly, gaining ground at all points, which must have made untenable the stronghold of Thomas. Relief was, however, to come to our men so hotly engaged on the left, by the advance of the right. At three P. M. Forrest reported to me that a strong column was approaching from Rossville, which he was delaying all he could. From prisoners we soon learned that it was Granger's corps. We were apprehensive that a flank attack, by fresh troops, upon our exhausted and shattered ranks might prove fatal. Major-General Walker strongly advised falling back to the position of Cleburne, but to this I would not consent, believing that it would invite attack, as we were in full view.* Cheatham's fine division was sent to my assistance by the wing-commander. But Granger, who had gallantly marched without orders to the relief of Thomas, moved on to the "sound of the firing." Rosecrans thus describes the timely help afforded by Granger to the sorely beset Thomas:

"Arrived in sight, Granger discovered at once the peril and the point of danger — the gap — and quick as thought he directed his advance brigade upon the enemy. General Steedman, taking a regimental color, led the column. Swift was the charge and terrible the conflict, but the enemy was broken. A thousand of our brave men killed and wounded paid for its possession."

According to the official returns the entire loss during the afternoon in Steedman's two brigades [including 613 captured or missing] was 1787. A Federal writer says that of the eight staff-officers of Brigadier-General Whitaker "three were killed, three wounded, and one killed or captured."

Longstreet was determined to send Preston with his division of three brigades under Gracie, Trigg, and Kelly, aided by Robertson's brigade of Hood's division, to carry the heights — the main point of defense. His troops were of the best material and had been in reserve all day; but brave, fresh, and strong as they were, it was with them alternate advance and retreat, until success was assured by a renewal of the fight on the right. At 3:30 P. M. General Polk sent an order to me to assume command of the attacking forces on the right and renew the assault. Owing to a delay in the adjustment of our line, the advance did not begin until four o'clock. The men sprang to their arms with the utmost alacrity, though they had not heard of Longstreet's success, and they showed by their cheerfulness that there was plenty of "fight in them." Cleburne ran forward his batteries, some by hand, to within three hundred yards of the enemy's breastworks, pushed forward his infantry, and carried them. J. K. Jackson had a bloody struggle with the fortifications in his front, but had entered them when Cheatham with two of his brigades, Maney's and Wright's, came up with shouts and cheers. Breckinridge and Walker met with but little opposition until the Chattanooga road was passed, when their right was unable to overcome the forces covering the enemy's retreat. As we passed into the woods west of the road, it was reported to me that a line was advancing at right angles to ours. I rode to the left to ascertain whether they were foes or friends, and soon recognized General Buckner. The cheers that went up when the two wings met were such as I had never heard before, and will never hear again.

Preston gained the heights a half hour later, capturing a thousand prisoners and four thousand five hundred stand of arms. But neither right nor left is entitled to the laurels of a complete triumph. It was the combined attack which, by weakening the enthusiasm of the brave warriors who had stood on the defense so long and so obstinately, won the day.

Thomas had received orders after Granger's arrival to retreat to Rossville, but, stout soldier as he was, he resolved to hold his ground until nightfall. An hour more of daylight would have insured his capture. Thomas had under him all the Federal army, except the six brigades which had been driven off by the left wing.

In regard to the relative strength of the two armies, Colonel Archer Anderson says:

"From an examination of the original returns in the War Department, I reckon, in round numbers, the Federal infantry and artillery on the field at fifty-nine thousand, and the Confederate infantry and artillery at fifty-five thousand. The Federal Cavalry, about ten thousand strong, was outnumbered by the Confederates by a thousand men. Thus speak the returns. Perhaps a deduction of five thousand men from the reported strength of each army would more nearly represent the actual strength of the combatants. But in any case

* Major-General Walker claims that he proposed to me to make this movement with his whole corps, and complains that his command was disintegrated by sending it in by brigades.

General Walker did propose, as he says, to fall back and align upon Cleburne, when we saw Granger's corps approaching on our right, and I did refuse to permit this, believing that a withdrawal in full view of Granger would invite an attack upon our flank, and this might be fatal to troops more or less demoralized by the bloody repulse which they had sustained. The proposal to advance with his whole corps was never heard by me, and was, at best, impossible, as two of his five brigades had been detached, the one by General Polk and the other by myself, to fill gaps in the line.

D. H. H.

it is, I think, certain that Rosecrans was stronger in infantry and artillery than Bragg by at least four thousand men."

It is difficult to make a correct estimate of the casualties on the Confederate side, as so many official papers were never published. My corps had "present for duty" 8884 men the morning of the 19th. The casualties were: killed, 370; wounded, 2448; missing, 172,—total, 2990. Among the killed were two brigadier-generals. Proportionally, this would give a loss in Bragg's army of 18,000 men. [The official estimate, War Records office, is 17,804.—ED.] But the right wing suffered very much more than the left, because it fought all the time against a foe under cover. (The only general officers killed were in the right wing.) For the same reason the right wing inflicted much less injury upon the enemy than did the left—hardly half as much. It would be a high estimate to put our casualties at 15,000 in artillery and infantry.

The Federal estimate of their loss (revised official returns) is: killed, 1656; wounded, 9749; captured or missing, 4774,—total, 16,179. The estimate of "missing" is below the mark by one thousand, if the Confederate claim of the capture of 6500 prisoners is correct. The Confederates also claim to have taken 51 pieces of artillery, 15,000 stand of arms, and a large amount of ordnance stores, camp equipage, etc.

But whatever blunders each of us in authority committed before the battles of the 19th and 20th, and during their progress, the great blunder of all was that of not pursuing the enemy on the 21st. The day was spent in burying the dead and gathering up captured stores. Forrest, with his usual promptness, was early in the saddle, and saw that the retreat was a rout. Disorganized masses of men were hurrying to the rear; batteries of artillery were inextricably mixed with trains of wagons; disorder and confusion pervaded the broken ranks struggling to get on. Forrest sent back word to Bragg that "every hour was worth a thousand men." But the commander-in-chief did not know of the victory until the morning of the 21st, and then he did not order a pursuit. Rosecrans spent the day and the night of the 21st in hurrying his trains out of town. A breathing space was allowed him; the panic among his troops subsided, and Chattanooga — the objective point of the campaign — was held. There was no more splendid fighting in '61, when the flower of the Southern youth was in the field, than was displayed in those bloody days of September, '63. But it seems to me that the *élan* of the Southern soldier was never seen after Chickamauga — that brilliant dash which had distinguished him on a hundred fields was gone forever. He was too intelligent not to know that the cutting in two of Georgia meant death to all his hopes. He knew that Longstreet's absence was imperiling Lee's safety, and that what had to be done must be done quickly. The delay to strike was exasperating to him; the failure to strike after the success was crushing to all his longings for an independent South. He fought stoutly to the last, but, after Chickamauga, with the sullenness of despair and without the enthusiasm of hope. That "barren victory" sealed the fate of the Southern Confederacy.

D. H. Hill.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Reserve Corps at Chickamauga.

BY GENERAL GORDON GRANGER'S CHIEF OF STAFF.

ON the 19th day of September, 1863, the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, General Gordon Granger in command, was distributed over a long stretch of country, its rear at Murfreesboro' and its van on the battle-field of Chickamauga. Here were W. C. Whitaker's and J. G. Mitchell's brigades, and the Twenty-second Michigan and Eighty-ninth Ohio regiments, all of the First Division, under immediate command of Brigadier-General James B. Steedman; Colonel Daniel McCook's brigade of infantry, and Colonel Minty's brigade of cavalry, the whole being under command of Major-General Gordon Granger, the corps commander. These troops had been posted to cover the rear and left flank of the army. During September 19th, the first day of the battle, they were engaged in some skirmishing and stood at arms expecting an attack. On the evening of the 19th every indication pointed to a renewal of the battle early the next day. The night was cold for that time of year. Tell-tale fires were prohibited. The men slept on their arms. All was quiet save in the field-hospitals in the rear. The bright moon lighted up the fields and woods. Along the greater part of a front of eight miles the ground was strewn with the intermingled dead of friend and foe. The morning of Sunday, the 20th, opened with a cloudless sky, but a fog had come up from the warm water of the Chickamauga and hung over the battle-field until nine o'clock. The expected attack on Granger was not made. A silence of desertion was in the front. This quiet continued till nearly ten o'clock; then, as the peaceful tones of church bells, rolling over the land from the East, reached the meridian of Chickamauga, they were made dissonant by the murderous roar of the artillery of Bishop Polk, who was opening the battle on Thomas's front. Granger, who had been ordered, at all hazards, to hold fast where he was to protect the left flank and rear of the army, listened and grew impatient. Shortly before ten o'clock, calling my attention to a great column of

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dust moving from our front towards the point from which came the sound of battle, he said, "They are concentrating over there. That is where we ought to be." The corps flag marked his headquarters in an open field near the Ringgold road. He walked up and down in front of his flag, nervously pulling his beard. Once stopping, he said, "Why, the —— does Rosecrans keep me here? There is nothing in front of us now. There is the battle"—pointing in the direction of Thomas.

Every moment the sounds of battle grew louder, while the many columns of dust rolling together here mingled with the smoke that hung over the scene.

At eleven o'clock, with Granger, I climbed a high hayrick near by. We sat there for ten minutes listening and watching. Then Granger jumped to his feet, thrust his glass into its case, and exclaimed with an oath:

"I am going over to Thomas, orders or no orders."

"And if you go," I replied, "it may bring disaster to the army and you to a court-martial."

"There's nothing in our front now but ragtag, bobtail cavalry," he replied. "Don't you see Bragg is piling his whole army on Thomas! I am going to his assistance."

We quickly climbed down the rick, and, going to Steedman, Granger ordered him to move his command "over there," pointing towards the place from which came the sounds of battle. Colonel Dan McCook was directed to hold fast at McAfee Church, where his brigade covered the Ringgold road. Before half-past eleven o'clock Steedman's command was in motion. Granger, with his staff and escort, rode in advance. Steedman, after accompanying them a short distance, rode back to the head of his column.

Thomas was nearly four miles away. The day had now grown very warm, yet the troops marched rapidly over the narrow road, which was covered ankle-deep with dust that rose in suffocating clouds. Completely enveloped in it, the moving column swept along like a desert sandstorm. Two miles from the point of starting, and three-quarters of a mile to the left of the road, the enemy's skirmishers and a section of artillery opened fire on us from an open wood. This force had worked round Thomas's left, and was then partly in his rear. Granger halted to feel them. Soon becoming convinced that it was only a large party of observation, he again started his column and pushed rapidly forward. I was then sent to bring up Colonel McCook's brigade, and put it in position to watch the movements of the enemy; to keep open the Lafayette road, and to cover the open fields between that point and the position held by Thomas. This brigade remained there the rest of the day. Our skirmishers had not gone far when they came upon Thomas's field-hospital, at Cloud's house, then swarming with the enemy, who were helping themselves to everything portable. They came from the same body of Forrest's cavalry that had fired on us from the wood. They were quickly driven out, and our men were warmly welcomed with cheers from hundreds of dying and wounded men.

A little farther on, we were met by a staff-officer sent by General Thomas to discover whether we were friends or enemies; he did not know whence friends were coming — the enemy appeared to be approaching from all directions. Bragg's whole army was rolling up against the heroic troops of this grand soldier. All of the shattered Army of the Cumberland left on the field was with Thomas; but not more than one-fourth of the men of the army who went into battle at the opening were there. Thomas's loss in killed and wounded during the two days had been dreadful. As his men dropped out his line was contracted. It was hardly half as long as it had been. Now its flanks were bent back, conforming to ridges shaped like a horseshoe.

On the part of Thomas and his men there was no thought but that of fighting. He was a soldier who had never retreated, who had never been defeated. He stood immovable, the "Rock of Chickamauga." Where he was, timid men became brave. Never had soldiers greater love for a commander. He imbued them with his spirit, and their confidence in him was sublime.

To the right of Thomas's line — his extreme right being composed of Brannan's fragments on the Snodgrass hill — was a gorge, then a high ridge, nearly at right angles thereto, running east and west. Confederates under Kershaw (McLaws's division of Hood's corps) were passing through the gorge, together with Bushrod Johnson's division, which Longstreet was strengthening with Hindman's division; divisions were forming on this ridge for an assault; to their left the guns of a battery were being unlimbered for an enfilading fire. There was not a man to send against the force on the ridge, none to oppose this impending assault. The enemy saw the approaching colors of the Reserve Corps and hesitated.

At one o'clock Granger shook hands with Thomas. Something was said about forming to fight to the right and rear.

"Those men must be driven back," said Granger, pointing to the gorge and ridge. "Can you do it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "My men are fresh, and they are just the fellows for that work. They are raw troops, and they don't know any better than to charge up there."[32]

Granger quickly sent Aleshire's battery of three-inch rifle guns which he brought up to Thomas's left to assist in repelling another assault about to be made on the Kelly farm front. Whitaker's and Mitchell's brigades under Steedman were whirled into position and projected against the enemy in the gorge and on the ridge. With ringing cheers they advanced in two lines by double-quick. Over open fields, through weeds waist-high, through a little valley, then up the ridge. The enemy opened on them first with artillery, then with a murderous musketry fire. When well up the ridge the men, almost exhausted, were halted for breath. They lay on the ground two or three minutes, then came the command "Forward." Brave, bluff old Steedman, with a regimental flag in his hand, led the way. On went the lines, firing as they ran and bravely receiving a deadly and continuous fire from the enemy on the summit. The horrible din from muskets and the scarcely intermittent roar of the artillery drowned the voice of command. The Confederates began to break, and in another minute they were flying down the southern slope of the ridge. In twenty minutes from the beginning of the charge the ridge had been carried.

Granger's hat had been torn by a fragment of shell; Steedman had been wounded; Whitaker had been wounded, and four of his five staff-officers killed or mortally wounded. Twenty per cent. of Steedman's

two brigades, numbering 3500 muskets, had been killed and wounded in that twenty minutes; and the end was not yet.

The enemy massed a force to retake the ridge. They came before our men had rested; twice they assaulted and were driven back. During one assault, as the first line came within range of our muskets, it halted, apparently hesitating, when we saw a colonel seize a flag, wave it over his head, and rush forward. The whole line instantly caught his enthusiasm, and with a wild cheer followed, only to be hurled back again. Our men ran down the ridge in pursuit. In the midst of a group of Confederate dead and wounded they found the brave colonel dead, the flag he carried spread over him where he fell.

Soon after five o'clock Thomas rode to the left of his line, leaving Granger, the ranking officer, at the center. The ammunition of both Thomas's and Granger's commands was now about exhausted. When Granger had come up he had given ammunition to Brannan and Wood, and that had exhausted his supply. The cartridge-boxes of both our own and the enemy's dead within reach had been emptied by our men. When it was not yet six o'clock, and Thomas was still on the left of his line, Brannan rushed up to Granger, saying, "The enemy are forming for another assault; we have not another round of ammunition — what shall we do?" "Fix bayonets and go for them," was the reply. Along the whole line ran the order, "Fix bayonets." On came the enemy — our men were lying down. "Forward" was sounded. In one instant they were on their feet. Forward they went to meet the charge. When bayonet meets bayonet, one side gives way. The enemy fled. So impetuous was this counter-charge that one regiment of the Reserve Corps, with empty muskets and empty cartridge-boxes, broke through the enemy's line, which, closing up in their rear, carried it off as in the undertow.

One more feeble assault was made by the enemy; then the day closed, and the battle of Chickamauga was over. Of the 3700 men of the Reserve Corps who went into the battle that afternoon, 1175 were killed and wounded, 613 were missing, all prisoners, many of whom were of the regiment that broke through the lines. Our total loss, 1788, nearly fifty per cent. lost in one afternoon.

Gordon Granger was rough in manner, but he had a tender heart. He was not a respecter of persons. He was rather inclined to insubordination. This was especially so when he knew his superior officer to be wrong. Otherwise he was a splendid soldier. Rosecrans named him well when he wrote of him, "Granger, great in battle."

J. S. Fullerton.

St. Louis, Jan. 20, 1887.

General Polk at Chickamauga.

BY HIS SON, CAPTAIN POLK, OF HIS STAFF.

In response to your request for the reasons given by General Polk for the delay in attack on the morning of Sept. 20, 1863, let me say that it was because General Hill's corps was not ready for the assault. General Polk sent General Hill an order at midnight to attack at daylight, but General Hill could not be found (either on his line of battle or at Tedford's Ford, where his headquarters were reported to be). Upon learning this fact General Polk issued an order, dated 5:30 A. M., direct to Hill's division commanders to attack as soon as they could get into position. This second order was delivered in the presence of General Hill by Captain Wheless soon after sunrise, about 6:15. To this General Hill replied that his men were getting rations and that he would not be ready to move for an hour or more. General Polk reported this reply to General Bragg, in a note dated seven A. M., and stated that the attack would be made as soon as General Hill was ready. This, of course, conflicts with the time given by General Hill for the reception of the second order, viz., 7:25 A. M. These facts are derived from the official statements of General Polk, Captain Wheless, and of John H. Fisher, on file in the War Records office.

As to the whereabouts of General Polk on the morning of the 20th, General Polk left his camp at Alexander's Bridge, 1200 yards in rear of his line, between daylight and sunrise, and, as is shown by the statement of General Cheatham (Official Records), was on the line of battle at sunrise, where he remained and where he first met General Bragg (Captain Wheless, Official Records). These facts I state from my personal knowledge.

General Bragg's statement that General Polk was away from his line of battle at this time was not derived from his own knowledge, but from a statement of one of his staff-officers, as is shown in the following extract from an unpublished private letter from General Bragg, dated Mobile, February 8, 1873.

"The staff-officer sent to General Polk (Major Lee, A. I. G.) to urge his compliance with the orders of the previous night, reported to me that he found him at a farm-house, three miles from the line of his troops, about one hour after sunrise, sitting on the gallery reading a newspaper, and waiting, as he (the general) said, for his breakfast."

The facts of the records above quoted are a sufficient answer to this absurd statement. But I can add further that I saw Major Lee when he delivered General Bragg's message to General Polk, at his (Polk's) camp in the woods, at Alexander's Bridge, 1200 yards from his line, before sunrise. General Polk was then preparing to mount his horse.

I will also add of my own knowledge that General Polk had ridden from one end of his line to the other, and had met General Hill and each of the division commanders before General Bragg came upon his line of battle. They met on the line about 7:45 A. M.

You inquire also about "the attack on the 13th." The object of Polk's movement was to intercept Crittenden before he should cross to the west side of the Chickamauga, and unite with other portions of Rosecrans's army. Polk was told that he would find Crittenden east of the creek about Pea Vine Church on the Graysville road, and was directed to attack him there at daylight of the 13th. He moved as ordered and found no enemy, Crittenden having crossed to the west of the creek the evening before. General Bragg in his report neglects to take this fact into account, and thus leaves the impression that Crittenden's escape was due to Polk's tardiness in moving rather than to his own tardiness in ordering the movement. It should have been ordered for the morning of the 12th.

W. M. Polk.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Lincoln and Lowell.

"But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the ablest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character."

The reprint in Lowell's latest volume, of his Birmingham address on "Democracy," containing the above tribute,—one of the most complete and satisfactory summaries of character ever packed into the very pith of prose,—reminds us that James Russell Lowell was the first of the leading American writers to see clearly and fully, and clearly, fully, and enthusiastically proclaim the greatness of Abraham Lincoln.

The allusion to the martyr-president in "The Commemoration Ode" (some of whose lines were given in fac-simile in connection with the portrait in our November number) was in its nature prophetic,—because it presented a view of the President to which the world is only now fully awakening.

"Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief;
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

This portrait of "the first American" leaves scarce any detail for the future poet to dwell upon,—so remarkable is the passage for its sympathy and penetration, as well as for the beauty, tenderness, and dignity of its cadences. If Lowell had only linked his name with that of his immortal subject in such immortal verse he would deserve the congratulations and thanks of his fellow-countrymen.

But Lowell has done more than this. In the very thick and fury of the struggle for the salvation of the nation,—a struggle, be it remembered, not only of arms, but of intellects as well,—he came out in "The North American Review" (of which he was one of the editors), not with the usual patriotic flag-waving of that time, but with a full, statesmanlike, and characteristically witty and eloquent essay in support of the policy of the Administration, an essay including an estimate of Lincoln's character which, when read in the light of subsequent history, has more of the tinge of prophecy than even the "Ode." In an article in "The Atlantic Monthly" for July, 1862, Hawthorne had written of the President with a respect which is all the more creditable when one remembers how opposite in politics they had hitherto always been. From Hawthorne's article "Chiefly about War Matters," we quote the following passage:

"Good Heavens! what liberties have I been taking with one of the potentates of the earth, and the man on whose conduct more important consequences depend than on that of any other historical personage of the century! But with whom is an American citizen entitled to take a liberty, if not with his own chief magistrate? However, lest the above allusions to President Lincoln's little peculiarities (already well known to the country and to the world) should be misinterpreted, I deem it proper to say a word or two, in regard to him, of unfeigned respect and measurable confidence. He is evidently a man of keen faculties, and, what is still more to the purpose, of powerful character. As to his integrity, the people have that intuition of it which is never deceived. Before he actually entered upon his great office, and for a considerable time afterwards, there is no reason to suppose that he adequately estimated the gigantic task about to be imposed on him, or, at least, had any distinct idea how it was to be managed; and I presume there may have been more than one veteran politician who proposed to himself to take the power out of President Lincoln's hands into his own, leaving our honest friend only the public responsibility for the good or ill success of the career. The extremely imperfect development of his statesmanly qualities, at that period, may have justified such designs. But the President is teachable by events, and has now spent a year in a very arduous course of education; he has a flexible mind, capable of much expansion, and convertible towards far loftier studies and activities than those of his early life; and if he came to Washington a backwoods humorist, he has already transformed himself into as good a statesman (to speak moderately) as his prime-minister."—Vol. x., p. 47.

Before coming to Mr. Lowell's "North American" essay, we wish to refer to an article by the same writer on "The Election in November," published in "The Atlantic" for October, 1860 (the month before Lincoln's election), in which the political situation is summarized

and the question of slavery discussed with a breadth, a penetration, and a humor that make the paper worthy of permanent preservation among his writings. In this essay Mr. Lowell says that Lincoln "has proved both his ability and his integrity; he has had experience enough in public affairs to make him a statesman, and not enough to make him a politician."

In quoting, now, from Mr. Lowell's "North American" essay we go back of the condensed reprint in "My Study Windows" (entitled "Abraham Lincoln") to the "Review" article on "The President's Policy" written in 1863 and printed in the number for January, 1864.

"That a steady purpose and a definite aim have been given to the jarring forces which, at the beginning of the war, spent themselves in the discussion of schemes which could only become operative, if at all, after the war was over; that a popular excitement has been slowly intensified into an earnest national will; that a somewhat impracticable moral sentiment has been made the unconscious instrument of a practical moral end; that the treason of covert enemies, the jealousy of rivals, the unwise zeal of friends, have been made not only useless for mischief, but even useful for good; that the conscientious sensitiveness of England to the horrors of civil conflict has been prevented from complicating a domestic with a foreign war: all these results, any one of which might suffice to prove greatness in a ruler, have been mainly due to the good sense, the good humor, the sagacity, the large-mindedness, and the unselfish honesty of the unknown man whom a blind fortune, as it seemed, had lifted from the crowd to the most dangerous and difficult eminence of modern times. It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested; it is by the sagacity to see, and the fearless honesty to admit, whatever of truth there may be in an adverse opinion, in order more convincingly to expose the fallacy that lurks behind it, that a reasoner at length gains for his mere statement of a fact the force of argument; it is by a wise forecast which allows hostile combinations to go so far as by the inevitable reaction to become elements of his own power, that a politician proves his genius for state-craft; and especially it is by so gently guiding public sentiment that he seems to follow it, by so yielding doubtful points that he can be firm without seeming obstinate in essential ones, and thus gain the advantages of compromise without the weakness of concession, by so instinctively comprehending the temper and prejudices of a people as to make them gradually conscious of the superior wisdom of his freedom from temper and prejudice,—it is by qualities such as these that a magistrate shows himself worthy to be chief in a commonwealth of freemen. And it is for qualities such as these that we firmly believe History will rank Mr. Lincoln among the most prudent of statesmen and the most successful of rulers. If we wish to appreciate him, we have only to conceive the inevitable chaos in which we should now be weltering, had a weak man or an unwise one been chosen in his stead.

". . . And certainly no one ever entered upon office with so few resources of power in the past, and so many materials of weakness in the present, as Mr. Lincoln. Even in that half of the Union which acknowledged him as President, there was a large and at that time dangerous minority that hardly admitted his claim to the office, and even in the party that elected him there was also a large minority that suspected him of being secretly a communicant with the church of Laodicea. All that he did was sure to be virulently attacked as ultra by one side; all that he left undone, to be stigmatized as proof of lukewarmness and backsliding by the other. Meanwhile he was to carry on a truly colossal war by means of both; he was to disengage the country from diplomatic entanglements of unprecedented peril undisturbed by the help or the hindrance of either, and to win from the crowning dangers of his administration, in the confidence of the people, the means of his safety and their own. He has contrived to do it, and perhaps none of our Presidents since Washington has stood so firm in the confidence of the people as he does after three years of stormy administration.

". . . Time was his prime-minister and, we began to think at one period, his general-in-chief also. At first he was so slow that he tired out all those who see no evidence of progress but in blowing up the engine; then he was so fast that he took the breath away from those who think there is no getting on safely while there is a spark of fire under the boilers. . . . Mr. Lincoln, as it seems to us, in reviewing his career, though we have sometimes in our impatience thought otherwise, has always waited, as a wise man should, till the right moment brought up all his reserves. *Semper nocuit differre paratis* is a sound axiom, but the really efficacious man will also be sure to know when he is *not* ready, and be firm against all persuasion and reproach till he is.

"One would be apt to think, from some of the criticisms made on Mr. Lincoln's course by those who mainly agree with him in principle, that the chief object of a statesman should be rather to proclaim his adhesion to certain doctrines, than to achieve their triumph by quietly accomplishing his ends. In our opinion, there is no more unsafe politician than a conscientiously rigid *doctrinaire*, nothing more sure to end in disaster than a theoretic scheme of policy that admits of no pliability for contingencies. . . . Mr. Lincoln's perilous task has been to carry a rather shackly craft through the rapids, making fast the unruliest logs as he could snatch opportunity, and the country is to be congratulated that he did not think it his duty to run straight at all hazards, but cautiously to assure himself with his setting-pole where the main current was, and keep steadily to that. He is still in wild water, but we have faith that his skill and sureness of eye will bring him out right at last."

Not the least interesting part of the essay is the author's comparison of Henry IV. of France with the American President,—before the assassination of Lincoln had completed a certain likeness in their careers. "Henry went over to the nation; Mr. Lincoln has steadily drawn the nation over to him. One left a united France; the other, we hope and believe, will leave a reunited America."

We are yet to quote, however, what is perhaps the most remarkable and prophetic portion of the essay. The very phraseology of the paragraph which closes the essay has such a similarity to recent utterances that one can hardly believe that it was written twenty-four years ago, and at a time when, though there had been notable Union victories, the issue was still far from being determined. Not only did Lowell thus early recognize the peculiar genius and the dominance of Lincoln, not only did he predict the triumph of the national cause, but he foresaw, in the midst of strife and bitterness, a near future of unprecedented harmony and prosperity. Never in the history of the world has internecine strife been followed so quickly by reconciliation; never before has a reunited nation more suddenly risen to the very height of material well-being and power. It is now a familiar history; but when Mr. Lowell wrote it down it was all yet beneath the veil of the future, only to be penetrated by the pure eyes of faith and inspiration:

"The danger of slavery has always been in the poor whites of the South; and wherever freedom of the press penetrates,—and it always accompanies our armies,—the evil thing is doomed. Let no one who remembers what has taken place in Maryland and Missouri think such anticipations visionary. The people of the South have been also put to school during these three years, under a sharper schoolmistress, too, than even ours has been, and the deadliest enemies of slavery will be found among those who have suffered most from its indirect evils. It is only by its extinction — for without it no secure union would be possible — that the sufferings and losses of the war can be repaid. That extinction accomplished, our wounds will not be long in healing. Apart from the slaveholding class, which is numerically small, and would be socially insignificant without its privileges, there are no such mutual antipathies between

the two sections as the conspirators, to suit their own purposes, have asserted, and even done their best to excite. We do not like the Southerners less for the gallantry and devotion they have shown even in a bad cause, and they have learned to respect the same qualities in us. There is no longer the nonsensical talk about Cavaliers and Puritans, nor does the one gallant Southron any longer pine for ten Yankees as the victims of his avenging steel. As for subjugation, when people are beaten they are beaten, and every nation has had its turn. No sensible man in the North would insist on any terms except such as are essential to assure the stability of peace. To talk of the South as our future Poland is to talk without book; for no region rich, prosperous, and free could ever become so. It is a geographical as well as a moral absurdity. With peace restored, slavery rooted out, and harmony sure to follow, we shall realize a power and prosperity beyond even the visions of the Fourth-of-July orator, and we shall see Freedom, while she proudly repairs the ruins of war, as the Italian poet saw her,—

* "Girar la Libertà mirai
E baciar lieta ogni ruina e dire
Ruine sì ma servitù non mai."

It is a pleasure to know that Mr. Lincoln had the satisfaction of reading the "North American" essay. As it was, according to the custom of the day, unsigned, he wrote to the publishers, instead of to the author, concerning a certain point in his policy which had been criticised and which he wished to explain. This letter, which was dated January 16, 1864, appeared in the next number of the Review. It was characteristic of Lincoln to think only of the benefit of so notable a demonstration in favor of the cause to which his life was dedicated. "Of course," said the President, "I am not the most impartial judge; yet, with due allowance for this, I venture to hope that the article entitled 'The President's Policy' will be of value to the country." How like him to add—"I fear I am not quite worthy of all which is therein said of me personally."

Several of the leading American poets have shown their appreciation of Lincoln in verse or prose—either during his life or since his tragic death. Indeed, an interesting study could be made of the tributes and allusions to the great Liberator by the principal writers of the country. Such a study would not omit mention of Stedman's sonnet on Lincoln's death, and his poem on the cast of Lincoln's hand, a part of which was reprinted in the December CENTURY, of Dr. Holmes's memorial hymn, of Whitman's two poems on the death of Lincoln, or of Stoddard's stately and pathetic ode, and his sonnet published ten years ago in THE CENTURY. During the war the relations of Bryant with Lincoln were, perhaps, more important than those of any other of our poets with the President. Bryant had met him first when Lincoln was a Captain in the Black Hawk war,—and had presided at the Cooper Union meeting where the Western statesman delivered his now famous speech. Lincoln was Bryant's choice as a candidate as against Seward, and in personal interview as well as by letter and editorial, he encouraged, advised, and criticised the Lincoln administration throughout its existence. At Lincoln's death Bryant wrote the noble threnody which is familiar to all readers of American poetry. But we think it will be found that the literary record of Lowell in connection with Lincoln is more remarkable than that of any other of the distinguished authors of America.

* "I beheld Liberty go 'round,
Kiss every ruin joyfully, and say
'Ruins, if so must be, but Slavery never.'"

The Injustice of Socialism.

SOCIALISTS themselves maintain that their system alone is equitable, and that the present industrial methods are all wrong, since they lead necessarily to inequality in wealth and power and in the means of happiness. The object of socialism is to put an end to these inequalities, and to found a society in which all would fare as nearly as possible alike; and this, as socialists maintain, would be truly equitable and just. But when we inquire into the fundamental principles of their system, we find the element of justice conspicuously absent. Their main principles are the ownership of all means of production by the State, and the payment of all workmen according to what is assumed to be the rule of justice. This rule is expressed in the formula with which all students of the subject are familiar, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." According to this rule, a man of superior talents or creative genius would receive no higher recompense than the most inefficient workman, and, indeed, if the latter had a larger family, he would apparently receive more. The obvious intent of this rule is to prevent men of superior abilities from rising above the mass; and socialists proclaim that the privileges of higher intelligence must fall with the privileges of wealth and birth.

Such being the law of recompense in the socialistic system, let us see how it accords with the principles of justice as commonly understood among men. To determine this, we must inquire how a man would be recompensed for his labor if he worked all alone for himself. Suppose a man on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe, with no goods of any kind except what he could cull from the bosom of Nature or produce by his unassisted labor. In this case it is plain that his wealth and prosperity would depend on the ability and energy with which he worked. If he tilled twice as much ground, he would raise twice as large a crop; if he contrived a way to kill game, he would have its flesh to eat; if he laid by a store of food for the winter season, he would have enough to eat, and if he did not, he would suffer and perhaps die of hunger; if he invented tools of various kinds, he could produce vastly more goods for his own use than he could without them; and, in short, the rewards of his industry would depend on the intelligence and enterprise with which he labored in his own behalf. If we suppose two or more men, each living on his own island, their comparative gains would depend partly, indeed, on the natural resources of the several islands, but mainly on the comparative skill and energy of the men themselves. This truth is abundantly illustrated in the life of nations. Why are Americans and Englishmen richer and more prosperous than Russians and Turks, and these latter more prosperous than Hottentots and Maoris? Clearly because of the greater intelligence and skill and the higher moral qualities of the more prosperous races; so that both of individuals and of nations it is true that, when working in their own behalf, they are recompensed according to their abilities, and not according to their needs.

Since a man is recompensed according to his ability when working for himself, he ought to be recompensed on the same principle when he works for society; for

otherwise he will be deprived of the natural reward of his labors. On the other hand, society itself would suffer an injustice if it paid the incompetent or inefficient workman a large salary simply because he had a large family dependent on him for support. Thus the socialistic principle that every man ought to work for society according to his ability, but be paid according to his needs, is palpably unjust; and this of itself is sufficient to condemn the system, even if otherwise desirable.

It may be said, however, that all socialists do not hold the principle here attributed to them, but that some of their number would recompense every man "according to his deeds." It is admitted that this rule has some advocates among socialists, but its adoption in a socialistic state would be practically impossible. For in the first place, there is no means of ascertaining the value of a man's deeds, except by competition, which the socialists abhor. The only way to determine who are the most efficient servants of society is by giving each man a chance to do his best, and this means individualism, and competition among men for employment and public favor. But again, if it were practicable under a socialistic system to recompense public servants, such as all men would then be, according to their deeds, this would be directly opposed to the main object of the socialists, which is to abolish inequality. If men are to be paid according to their deeds—whether regard is had to the value of the deeds or to the difficulty of performing them — it is obvious that some men will receive a vast deal more than others, and this will bring back the reign of inequality. It is true that the more highly paid workers could not invest their earnings in the form of capital as they now do — they would spend them in personal enjoyment; but this would only make the inequalities more glaringly conspicuous. If one man received ten thousand dollars a year for his services and another only one thousand, the former would have his spacious mansion, his costly furniture, his luxurious dress and equipages, and all the pleasures that a large income gives, just as rich men do now; and the poorly paid man, if of an envious disposition, would feel the same jealousy and discontent that such men now feel. It would be impossible, therefore, in a socialistic state to adopt this method of payment; and thus there is no escape from the flagrant injustice of paying a man according to his needs, while requiring him to work according to his ability.

If, now, we consider our existing society, we shall find that in it men are recompensed for their labor, partly, indeed, according to their opportunities, but mainly according to their abilities. That this is true in the great majority of cases is certain, however strongly excited orators may assert the contrary. It is conspicuously true in the case of nations, whose differing prosperity and power is almost wholly due to difference in their mental and moral qualities, notwithstanding the difference in their natural resources. It is also true in the main of individual workers of almost every class. The skilled and efficient laborer gets higher pay than the inefficient and the lazy, and the professional man higher pay than the ordinary laborer. So among capitalists and business managers the most successful are, as a rule, those who invest their capital most prudently and manage it with the greatest skill and discretion. Only the higher kinds of intellectual workers — the great thinkers, moralists, and others of that order — fail to get pay in proportion to their work; but their case is exceptional, and they are few in number.

"English as She is Taught."

NOTHING could be more amusing than the unconscious humor of "English as She is Taught," in this number of THE CENTURY, yet where is the thoughtful reader whose laughter is not followed by something very like dismay? Here are examination papers taken from many schools, evolved from many brains; yet are they so like in character that all might be the work of one puzzled school-boy struggling with matters too deep for him.

Undoubtedly many of these children have been poorly taught, and poorly taught in the same way, but the trouble lies back of indifferent teachers, and even back of indifferent or ambitious school-boards. It rests upon us all as a people. We are too heedless of detail, and too ambitious for number or size or appearance. We know too little of thoroughness; we demand impossible things; naturally, one of the things we get is the result embodied in "English as She is Taught."

Every conscientious teacher can tell how he is hampered by his overruling school-board or constituency. Sometimes it may attempt to guide; more frequently it suspects. His individuality is stamped out; his freshness of method and organization is distrusted. He knows that too many subjects are taught in a superficial, hap-hazard way, but he can make no change, for the genius of the people is against him. He knows that his assistants are working without adequate direction or organization; but his own hands are too often tied. Too often, too, the teacher is untrained and heedless,— often a mere sojourner in the school, preparing for other things; often the creature of a board dominated by a political or a sectarian majority. We need trained and enthusiastic teachers; unbiased, unpolitical, and carefully chosen school-boards; less ambition and more thoroughness; less of the *what* and more of the *why*; less immaturity striving to appear mature, and less ignorance masking itself under assurance. But the question arises: Who is to teach the American people this?

OPEN LETTERS.

International Copyright on Music.

OPINIONS OF AMERICAN MUSICIANS.

[IN THE CENTURY for February, 1886, was printed a collection of opinions from the most prominent authors of the United States, to the number of forty-five, on the subject of an International Copyright Law, contributed in response to a circular from us, and unanimously demanding such a measure, in the name of justice to authors and of an honorable public policy. In the following pages we print replies to a similar circular addressed by us to American musicians. It will be remarked that these responses, like those of the authors, recognize the preëminence of the ethical issue which is involved. Looking merely at the indifference of our legislators on this and other moral questions, one might think with Emerson that

> "*Things* are in the saddle,
> And ride mankind,"

were it not for the widespread and unsophisticated sense of right which is shown by such protests as these from authors and composers, who we are sure are in this matter the truest representatives of American sentiment. How long will it be before Senators and members will recognize that this is primarily a moral rather than an economic question; and that the conviction of large classes of thoughtful people that we are pursuing a disgraceful policy is a source of weakness in the national self-respect for which legislators individually are every day newly responsible? — THE EDITOR.]

AS TO an International Copyright Law, I should hail it with joy. At this stage of the world's progress such a legal protection should be everywhere recognized as an author's inalienable right.

BROOKLYN. *Dudley Buck.*

THE artistic injustice to which composers are subjected for want of an adequate copyright law can scarcely be appreciated by the general public.

The recent litigation in regard to the original orchestration of Gounod's "Redemption," and of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, developed the fact that it is the common practice to rescore, rearrange, reharmonize, republish, and otherwise maltreat, *ad lib.*, the works of any foreign composer that may be found profitable for trade purposes. So shameless has this practice become that the defendants in one of these lawsuits actually made a point of the fact that they had altered all the chords of the seventh in the original composition to common chords in their "edition"(!) and made claim to copyright on that account.

It is a notorious fact that American composers have suffered in the same way in England. The genuine creator in music may be content to wait for recognition, and may even be reconciled to having some one else reap the benefit of his artistic labor; but that any one should have the right to distort and misrepresent his works, which happens every day to *tone* artists, is a shame which no one can endure with equanimity. Common justice demands that the artist shall have the right to the fruit of his labor. *Artistic* justice demands that his creation shall be protected from disfigurement and vandalism, and *common law* as well as international law ought to afford such protection.

BOSTON. *G. W. Chadwick.*

THE first thing to determine in regard to the lack of an International Copyright Law is not the injury it may be to American composers, but the injustice it inflicts on composers of all nationalities. The laws of all civilized countries recognize and protect the right of the inventor to the rewards of his ingenuity; the patentee of the most trifling mechanical contrivance, the compounder of the most impotent "cure-all," can at small cost secure the profits of his labor in every land; but the author, whether literary or musical, is not deemed worthy of the same just protection. His work, the result of years of labor, is — by a strange irony — deemed of so much value to the world at large that it would be an injustice to the world to expect them to pay him a fair price for it. He must be content, perforce, to find his highest reward for instructing or amusing the world, in fame, and — in filling the coffers of piratical publishers. So long as American publishers can republish the best class of music produced in Europe, without cost, except for stamping and printing, just so long they will refuse equally good compositions by native authors, unless they get them for nothing.

It would seem that the mere statement of the existence of such a state of things ought to be enough in the name of justice and honesty, to end it, in spite of the "vested interests" — viz., publisher's capital, stock, etc., etc.— that are constantly referred to, when this question is agitated, as something too sacred to be meddled with; as if equity can or ought to recognize any "vested interests" in in-equity, or the success of never so many publishers outweigh the plain right of the humblest author to a fair share in the profit of his work.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILA. *H. A. Clarke.*

THE absence of an International Copyright Law is working directly to the grave injury of our native composers. So long as American music publishers can reprint the most successful foreign compositions without paying a farthing of royalty to their authors, so long will they prefer doing so instead of printing American works of possibly equal merit. An International Copyright Law will encourage our composers by giving them a chance to see their scores printed. Surely, commercial equity and the interest of our musicians, nay, of musical progress among us, here go hand in hand. The absence of such a law benefits solely our music publishers; its enactment would remove one of the chief obstacles to our eventually taking rank as a musical nation.

BOSTON. *Julius Eichberg.*

THERE is no need to argue at this stage of the controversy that copyright is property. The question at issue is now whether this property should have an international protection the same as the money a man carries abroad in his pocket. To reduce the matter

to a strictly logical basis, copyright is money. Any man possessing a copyright may sell it for what it will bring in the market, precisely as he would sell his railroad stock, or his old clothes — for there are copyrights which are worth little more. The question is, shall civilized countries recognize these facts and give copyright an international safety, or shall the inhabitants of each country still have the privilege of poaching on the mental products of other countries at their pleasure? American composers have so far had a hard time of it, and have found it a very difficult matter to introduce their works to their own countrymen. Nor is this so much to be wondered at when it is remembered that in the present state of lawlessness any publisher here can issue cheap reprints of any foreign composition at any time when he may choose to do so; he merely pays for the plates, the paper, and the printing, the composer, of course, receiving nothing. This is certainly very agreeable and nice — for the publisher; but it naturally puts American composers in the shade. Lastly, it must not be overlooked that an International Copyright Law would not only be a matter of justice, but also a stimulus to mental activity, and it would certainly tend to discourage robbery whose chief excuse seems to be that it is wholesale.

NEW YORK. *Otto Floersheim.*

JUSTICE and expediency alike demand an International Copyright, and every educated person in the country should ask for it.

One example of the result of the present system of piracy is worth more than any amount of argument. Three years ago, in Paris, I saw a man whose music is admired and loved wherever the pianoforte has made its way, — Stephen Heller, — old, poor, and almost totally blind. If the money justly due him from publishers in the United States alone could have been made his by law, he would have been made comfortable for the rest of his life. Fortunately his friends in France and England raised an annuity for him, and so in part made up for the wrong; and his is the case of many. No American who lives wholly or in part by the work of his brains should rest until that work is as much protected as a brand of whisky or soap.

BOSTON. *Arthur Foote.*

IN observing that in the United States the author and musical composer alone are left unprotected by the law, one might be inclined to think that America's great law-makers had all been publishers! Luckily it is otherwise. Nevertheless, so long as there is no international copyright, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*" will remain in American translation: Enrich the pirates; authors may starve!

NEW YORK. *F. Korbay.*

WHILE the present wrong state of affairs causes more injustice to European authors and composers than to Americans, it will not be long before the latter will begin to suffer more or less acutely. It may be that for many years musical composition here will bring no pecuniary reward (so far as regards the higher forms), but without an adequate international copyright this condition might exist forever.

An American composer now has to contend against the tremendous competition that is caused by the fact that our publishers reprint, without the cost of authorship, works of every European composer of reputation. It is not only against such works themselves that our composers must measure themselves — they must face a surfeited market; surfeited, because his works have but one publisher, while the others have all. The publisher has little reason to pay for what he can get for nothing. It seems to me that there is no honorable defense for our present thievish attitude on the subject of international copyright.

BOSTON. *B. J. Lang.*

IT seems to me that every right-minded person must most emphatically condemn the unprincipled piracy of literary, and especially musical, works, that has been continued for so many years. Why should not the products of a man's brain be as much his personal property, and therefore protected by law, as his money or anything else belonging to him? If an American appropriates an Englishman's money and is caught, he is punished; if he appropriates his book or musical composition, republishing and selling it for his own profit, he goes free. Such a state of affairs is so entirely opposed to all principles of modern civilization, that there cannot and should not be two opinions on this point. Let us have an International Copyright Law, by all means, and the sooner the better.

BOSTON. *Louis Maas.*

MANY pianoforte and other musical compositions by Americans are at present constantly being republished in foreign countries and ordinarily without remuneration to the composers. It seems to me that the arguments in favor of International Copyright as regards works of literature, apply with equal force to musical compositions. I should, however, prefer what the Rev. Lyman Abbott, in THE CENTURY for February, 1886, calls "Universal Copyright," — not as a matter of policy, but because of its broad and more liberal scope and because founded upon principles of honesty, equity, justice, and humanity.

ORANGE, N. J. *William Mason.*

IT has been said that there are two sides to every question, but from the author's and composer's standpoint there is in the copyright question only one side which contains the elements of justice.

The consuming public naturally desires to have the advantage of reprints of foreign matter, and for this advantage ought to be willing to pay a price by which the originator, who has given his time for their enlightenment or enjoyment, should derive some benefit.

Without an International Copyright we shall never develop to any extent the literary or musical talent which is lying dormant in this country; for so long as we can have the vast resources of European countries to draw upon without taxation, so long will our native authors and young composers be deprived of a working-field, and we who boast of equality in all things will have to acknowledge the superiority and supremacy of other nations in literature and art. For no enterprising American, no matter how much genius he may possess, will wholly devote his time and talents to work from which he can derive no profit

owing to the concurrence of publications by foreign authors which can be reproduced here without paying any royalty, and consequently at less expense to the publisher.

NEW YORK. *Harrison Millard.*

MY name is at your service to help swell the number of petitioners for the passage of an International Copyright Law. In spite of my honest endeavor to find out the injury done to American composers by the absence of such a law, I must confess my inability in this direction. My only feeling is, that moral justice ought to be done to the right of property of the brain as well as to that of the purse.

NEW YORK. *J. Mosenthal.*

EVERY American composer will rejoice when an International Copyright Law is adopted in this country, whereby the right of an author to legal protection for his published works is recognized as universal. The absence of such a law is not only a grave injury to foreign masters, but a fatal obstacle in the path of our own composers.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. *John K. Paine.*

ALL the arguments advanced in the controversy regarding an International Copyright Law for the protection of authors are equally applicable in the case of composers. Speaking from the standpoint of an American composer, the musical market is flooded with cheap reprints of the most popular and profitable modern European works, to the great detriment of American compositions of merit. These cannot of course compete with works of foreigners in price, since the publishers not only may, but do, take without remuneration and use with impunity what ought to be the property of foreigners. For no long argument is needed to convince any right-thinking man that the result of brain-labor is as much the maker's own property as the work of his hands. Moreover it is a melancholy fact that there is in this country at present a prejudice against American music. Given two piano-pieces of equal merit, one by an American, the other by a foreigner, probably not one teacher in ten would give preference to the former for constant use. The passing of this law would give to American composition an impetus and encouragement which it greatly needs, by tending to place the American composer, at least at home, on the same footing as the foreigner.

The whole question seems naturally to resolve itself into one of simple morality: Has a man the right to the product of his work? It is unreasonable and selfish to expect a composer, after he has labored for years and spent both time and money to acquire his ability, to use that ability merely to enrich the man who buys the paper and has it printed; while he himself who has created something to print is forced to subsist by other means, although by appropriate legislation there could be secured to him a just proportion of the fruits of his toil.

GARDEN CITY, L. I. *H. W. Parker.*

IF it be obvious justice to a literary or artistic worker to afford him copyright protection in his own country, it is equally obvious justice to grant him similar protection in all countries that are linked with his own by likeness of knowledge and taste. Upon general principles of fair dealing, therefore, I believe heartily in an International Copyright Law, and in a law that shall apply to musical compositions as well as to books. Hitherto, the absence of an International Copyright Law has been an injury and an injustice mainly to *foreign* composers and publishers. But within the last ten or fifteen years American music in all departments from the primary instruction-book has been commanding more and more attention in Europe, so that the evil is beginning to be felt keenly on our side also. This reciprocity of interest is certain to become rapidly more noticeable. The sharp goad of personal interest is thus being added to the slow sense of abstract justice to make most American musicians decided advocates of the International Copyright idea. It is surely disgraceful that the United States is one of the last of the great powers to accept and adopt this idea.

HARTFORD, CONN. *Waldo S. Pratt.*

LAST summer I looked into the musical catalogue of the British Museum for English reprints of American music, where every publisher in England is expected to deposit a copy of every publication he issues, to be catalogued and kept for reference. This I did at the suggestion of a London publisher who favors an International Copyright Law, and who wished to give me an idea of the loss I have sustained by the absence of such a law. This catalogue consists of blank-books into which are pasted the titles of each author's compositions, so arranged that they are kept together and in alphabetical order and four or five on a page. My list, beginning back in the Fifties and taking in the war songs on their way to the present time, occupies twenty-three of these pages and a part of the twenty-fourth. This does not include a good many singing-class pieces and some Sunday-school and Gospel songs that appear in books by English compilers. It goes without saying that I favor an International Copyright Law.

CHICAGO. *Geo. F. Root.*

ON most subjects there may be diversity of opinions. On the subject of International Copyright it seems to me there can be but one view, and that in favor of security to American writers, and, I may say, to all writers. As a composer of music who is, fortunately, not dependent on the material result of his publications, I do not fail to appreciate the fact that music publishers in this country have no paramount interest to push the sale of their copyright publications. The reason is, they can reprint with such facility the works of others *after* they have proved a success, and it pays them so much better to do this because they are not hampered by royalties or bonuses to European composers; thus they have not the same incentive to further the sale of their publications which English, French, or German publishers have. A successful American composer, whose works do not aspire to so-called cheap popularity, does better to-day, from a pecuniary point of view, to publish his works in Europe than in this country. This is not as it should be. It is time that wholesale stealing of, or simply voluntary payment for, the productions of the brain should be stopped.

NEW YORK. *Sebastian B. Schlesinger.*

INTERNATIONAL Copyright is a legitimate and logical extension and application of the principles involved in our present copyright laws, and secures to the author, dramatist, or composer full and perfect recognition of property rights, in place of the partial and imperfect protection afforded by existing laws.

That our statutes signally fail to furnish to literary workers that security in the pursuit of an honorable calling to which every citizen is entitled, must be conceded, and the injustice of further delay becomes more apparent, in view of the fact that the advocates of purely material issues rarely fail in securing favorable legislation.

The comparative ease with which musical productions are reprinted, and the fact that the medium of expression is the same in all countries, render the native composer subject to a competition even more intense than that which literary workers are obliged to endure. It must be borne in mind that at the present time, when American composers are beginning to assert their right to a respectful hearing, this burden is especially hard to bear. It is significant that the association (Music Teachers' National Association) which has done more than any other agency to arouse an interest on the part of our musical public in the work of our native composers, has repeatedly and emphatically indorsed the principle of International Copyright. It was the good fortune of the writer to assist in securing an expression of opinion from the musical profession upon this question, and the unanimity with which the better class of musicians indorsed the proposed legislation proved conclusively that its necessity was fully appreciated. The manly spirit shown in demanding fair play for the foreign composer, while insisting on just treatment for themselves, indicates a self-respect which may prove no unimportant factor in developing American musical art.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. *Albert A. Stanley.*

WHEN a young artist, or an old one for that matter, carries to the publishers a work that will compare in usefulness as well as excellence with any contemporaneous production, he is met by the question, "What is the use of my buying a MS. from you when I can get the compositions of Sullivan, Dykes, Goss, and all the best English composers for *nothing?*"

The English music unquestionably has done much good here in arousing the latent talent and energies of our American composers. We awake only to find that we have been aroused in vain. There *must* be an International Copyright, and that without delay, or American music will sink into oblivion. If any considerable number of our Congressmen knew anything about art or literature, we should have had it long ago.

NEW YORK. *Eugene Thayer.*

THE present state of the law is an inducement to swindling and is degrading to us as a nation. An International Copyright Law that would compel American publishers to pay foreign composers for their works might also prove an encouragement to home talent by giving our own composers an equal chance with others.

NEW YORK. *Theodore Thomas.*

I AM most decidedly in favor of an International Copyright Law, by which musical composers and authors in other arts and sciences will be protected against the outrageous doings of many publishers in America and in Europe. A man's brain-work should be respected by all, and every profit and advantage that may be gained through it should be for his own benefit, and *not* for those who furnish the paper and the ink for the reproduction of works which in most cases have taken years of study and hard labor to conceive and to execute.

BOSTON. *Carl Zerrahn.*

COMMENT OF A CRITIC OF MUSIC.

THE musicians whose appeal for International Copyright is published in this number of THE CENTURY have in one respect a stronger claim upon the protection of their country than even the writers of books. The author of a literary work is exposed to the direct competition only of those who use the same language. But the language of music is universal; and the American composer of songs, cantatas, and operas must face the fact that the publishers of whom he asks pay can take without pay the productions of Germany, France, Italy, Hungary, Russia, and Scandinavia, as well as the countries of the English tongue. They can pillage the whole world. This is one reason why American music gains so little headway. Our historians, novelists, and poets by pluck and ability are beginning to make a scanty living; but American music, on its creative side, remains very nearly where it was a generation ago. An American cannot earn bread by composing music. The law shuts him out of both foreign markets and his own; and yet music of a high class needs the markets of all countries, because its sale, under the most favorable circumstances, is so much restricted by the difficulties of performance. We pride ourselves upon our progress in the execution and appreciation of music; but while we boast of our culture we starve the creative spirit of art, and fill our dishonored halls with ill-gotten spoils from every land where we can find anything to steal.

The Hawley Bill, supported by the American Copyright League, during the last Congress proposed a simple measure of reciprocity, placing upon a perfect equality with our own citizens, as to copyright, the citizens of every nation which should grant a parallel equality to Americans. Interesting and forcible arguments in behalf of the reform were made by Mr. Lowell and others before the Senate Committee on Patents; but to the general disappointment the committee reported a bill devised by one of its members, Mr. Chace, which nobody seems to have asked for, which authors and composers certainly do not want, and which virtually denies the principle upon which International Copyright is demanded. Whether we rely upon the moral or the economical argument, the paramount object of an International Copyright Law is to protect the creators of intellectual property against unauthorized reprinters of it. But Mr. Chace, in reporting his bill, declared in effect that his paramount object was to protect the interests of reprinters, and that he should consult the property rights of foreigners only so far as he could do so without injury to our

material profits or the "income of labor." As for the property rights of American authors and composers, he did not consult them at all, for he left out of his scheme the reciprocity clause, which was an important part of the Hawley Bill. What he did was to offer a foreigner copyright in this country provided he got out an American edition, printed here within three months of the original publication abroad. This condition failing, the copyright was to lapse permanently, and piracy to be free. In the meanwhile, and as long as the copyright lasted, the importation even of a single copy of the work was to be prohibited. The author could not send it to publishers with whom he wished to treat, and if he came to the United States he could not bring a copy with him. Take from the three months the time necessary for the shortest correspondence across seas and the time required for re-manufacture, and how much is left for negotiations? Our foreign friend's dealings with the American reprinter must be quick and sharp. This man of business has the game in his own hands. "Give me your work at my price," he can say; "it is too late to try another house. In a few days your privilege of copyright will lapse, and then I can have your production for nothing." So instead of protecting literary property, Mr. Chace has only invented a plan by which the "vested interests" concerned in reprinting can protect themselves against the competition of rivals in the business, whenever they think it worth while to pay something for that advantage. Authors of established fame and popularity can indeed make their own terms; but in the case of nine writers out of ten it would be optional with the reprinting firms, under the Chace scheme, to allow copyright or not. The time clause, which takes away a man's rights unless he can sell them by a fixed day, makes the buyer master of the trade. The situation is not essentially changed by the fact that authors might sometimes make their bargins here before the publication abroad. They could not always do that. In many cases the success of a work depends upon the haste with which it is put to press, and the manuscript must be given to the printer as fast as it is produced. And in dealing with all but the foremost authors and composers, it is probable that the "vested interests" would generally elect the piracy system, so that they could test the market for a work abroad before risking its republication in America. This would be the rule especially with musical compositions, the popularity of which cannot be judged until the public has had ample time to hear them.

The Chace Bill, therefore, does nothing for the protection of American authors and musicians abroad. It does so little for them at home that the relief is hardly worth considering. It violates the moral principle of copyright for the benefit of the capital invested in piratical reprinting; and it assumes that our paramount duty is to protect manual labor even to the extent of stealing the raw material for it to work with. This is the measure which the report of the Senate Committee on Patents has placed before the country. The American Copyright League is now striving to have the Hawley Bill reported also, that the people may judge between them. The contrast would be instructive. To show the difference between a bill for the protection of literature and art and a bill for the protection of the vested interests employed in plundering literature and art is a telling argument for honesty.

John R. C. Hassard.

General Shields.

TO THE EDITOR: As a friend of the late General Shields, who has intimately known him from the time he made his first appearance in Illinois until his death a few years ago, I trust to your known impartiality for allowing me to make a few observations on the harsh judgment which the biographers of President Lincoln have passed on the character of General Shields in the January number of THE CENTURY.

Shields, while under age, came to this country, either at the instance or under the auspices of an uncle who settled in South Carolina. After reaching manhood he went North teaching school,—the beginning of so many of our most distinguished politicians and even statesmen. In 1835 or 1836 he opened a school at Kaskaskia which, though it had ceased to be the capital of the State, was still the residence of a highly intellectual and polished society. There lived the families of Elias K. Kane, then United States Senator from Illinois; of the eminent Judge Nathaniel Pope, United States District Judge; of the able lawyer David J. Baker, of William and Robert Morrison, of Governor Menard, of the Maxwells, and of many other prominent citizens.

General Shields had not received a thorough classical education; but he had some knowledge of Latin and French. He was an excellent English scholar, familiar with the best literature of England and America, and had a more than usual knowledge of history, particularly of that of modern times.

He was quick of perception, lively in conversation, ardent but by no means as touchy and irascible as the biographers represent him. His vanity was indeed inordinate, really so much so that it rather became amusing than offensive. The best evidence of his being an honorable gentleman and a man of superior parts, was that he was most kindly received and made much of in the families I have mentioned. Judge Pope was his most particular patron and spoke kindly and highly of him to the day of his death. Judge Breese, who had, however, left Kaskaskia shortly before, became well acquainted with him somewhat later, on the circuit, and formed as much of friendship for him at that time as lay in his nature. And what is a most remarkable circumstance, all these Kaskaskia people without exception were strong Whigs, while Shields was a Democrat, though never a radical one. He did not seek to rise in his party, as a great many men of small caliber do, by professing ultra views, and to a certain extent he even despised popularity.

There was a special session of the Legislature called in 1837 owing to the suspension of our banks and to the embarrassment growing out of the monstrous system of internal improvements shortly before adopted by the State.

In the representation of Randolph County a vacancy had taken place, and Shields, though a Democrat, was elected in a county then largely Whig, he receiving the support of Judge Pope, David J. Baker, and other leading Whigs. Hardly any Irishmen were then living in that county. It was largely inhabited by French people, amongst whom Shields was always well liked

for his vivacity and probably also for his knowledge of their language. Surely he was not put up as a candidate on account of his "nationality." In the Legislature he made many warm friends and was considered an able reasoner and debater. He had studied law probably before he came to Illinois, continued it here, and was in fact very well grounded in the principles of law—rather more so than most of his rivals then at the bar. He argued closely and to the point, was much stronger before the court than before the jury, as he had not the gift of the gab, and hardly ever tried to be rhetorical or pathetic. When he did try, it was generally a bad failure. His language was always chaste and grammatically correct. He had a subtile and logical mind, though his impulsiveness made him sometimes act very illogically. He was ambitious, so much so that many people judged him to be too selfish. I, however, know of a great many instances when he acted very generously, and forgetful of himself. Very few ambitious men are free from the charge of egotism. He was careless about money matters and not the least avaricious.

In 1837, at the instance of the late A. W. Snyder, then a member of Congress, who had taken a great liking to Shields, he settled in Belleville, Illinois, as a lawyer, and, forming a partnership, entered on a very successful practice. Traveling the then very large circuit, he became well known in all southern Illinois, and his sociability, warm temperament, sprightly and intelligent conversation made him hosts of friends. While he himself delighted in being flattered he took occasionally good advantage of the same weakness in others.

In Belleville he soon made many friends, particularly amongst the educated Germans, who found his conversation interesting and cosmopolitan. There were few Irishmen then in that county, and he was not particularly popular amongst those few.

His election for State Auditor in 1840, by the Legislature, was owing to the fact that he knew most of the members personally, to his social qualities, and to his reputation of an able and honest man. It is just barely possible that his nationality may have had some influence with some of the politicians; but it was his tact, and the friendship of Douglas, who was then Secretary of State, and of other leading Democrats, such as General Whiteside and Colonel W. H. Bissell, late Governor of Illinois, that made him successful.

As regards the contemplated duel with Lincoln, the biographers remark very rightly: "We have reason to think that the whole affair was excessively distasteful to Lincoln. He did not even enjoy the ludicrousness of it, as might have been expected." It could not fail that the noble-hearted and eminently just Lincoln would, as soon as he was out of the hands of his ill-advising *friend*, most deeply regret this episode of his life.

The articles, for which Mr. Lincoln had made himself generously responsible, "covered," as the biographers themselves say, "Mr. Shields with merciless personal ridicule." But they also charged him, together with Governor Carlin and Treasurer Campbell, who had instructed the Collectors of the State revenue not to receive the almost worthless bank paper for payment of State taxes, with the most sordid motives. No man of the least spirit could have taken those insults without seeking satisfaction, even by arms, if necessary. Dueling, particularly amongst public men, had at that time not so much faded out of fashion, either in England or in our country, as at present, and is not yet sunk into entire oblivion. The provocation was of the strongest, and no blame attached to Shields at the time. It is no proof of Shields's irascibility. He was a young man who had his reputation for honesty at stake; and to have in addition his personal features and peculiar habits ridiculed in a small but select society in which he daily moved was more than even a saint could have borne. But there was another reason why, as the biographers say, "Lincoln would have been glad to banish the matter from his memory." Both parties had been very unfortunate in the choice of their "*friends*." General Whiteside was a very brave man; he had seen some service in the Black Hawk war, and was a good Indian-fighter. But he was no better qualified to manage an "affair of honor" than Black Hawk himself. Whatever the pretensions of Dr. Merryman might have been, he certainly was equally ignorant of the "code of honor," the first and foremost rule of which is that the combatants should, as much as possible, meet on an equal footing. Air and sun must be equally divided. Mr. Shields was just about of medium height, of light weight at the time, by no means strong; while Mr. Lincoln was of towering height, heavy, and long-armed, and of almost superhuman muscular strength. In this respect the choice of arms, "cavalry broadswords of the heaviest caliber," undoubtedly suggested by the Doctor, was an unfair one. The only excuse for him, and after all a bad one, might have been this, that as a friend of Lincoln he wanted to prevent a duel at all, and so he would propose such a sort of a fight as would bluff off Shields. But if he thought so, which is a mere surmise of the writer, he did not know the man Shields. But it would have been the duty of Whiteside to decline peremptorily such a combat, and to insist on pistols, a weapon with the use of which both parties might have been supposed to be somewhat acquainted, or with which by a few days' practice they could have familiarized themselves. Another rule of the code is that no unusual weapons must be used. Now, outside of army officers or students on the continent of Europe who are more or less trained in fencing-schools, the saber, or even the small sword, is never resorted to in dueling, and even with those classes pistols are the more customary arms. Amongst civilians it is an unheard-of thing. I am almost sure that Mr. Lincoln never before had handled a heavy cavalry sword; I am certain that Shields never had. If the duel had taken place, it would have been a ludicrous as well as a brutal affair. In the hands of novices a somewhat crooked heavy cavalry sword becomes no better than a flail or a stick. The strokes intended to cut head, shoulder, or breast in nine cases out of ten fall flat, and may knock a man down without ever drawing blood.

The blame of this opera-bouffe affair falls properly on the seconds. It is plain, however, that none attached to Shields.

The letter to Judge Breese referred to is clearly indefensible. It was the worst mistake in Shields's life, though, strange to say, it did not hurt him with his con-

stituents; for while he was rejected by the Senate on account of lack of constitutional qualification when he first offered himself in March, 1849, the moment that disqualification ceased, October, 1849, he was reëlected Senator by the Legislature, called at a special session for that purpose.

He seemed to have lost his head entirely on that occasion. He had been naturalized in 1840, in September, I believe. At the December session of Congress, 1849, he would have been a citizen of nine years' standing. But he hastened to Washington soon after his election, and presented his credentials in the Senate, which had been called for an extra session for Executive purposes after the 4th of March. An objection was made to his qualifications and sustained. The letter was written to frighten off Judge Breese from having the objection raised. Whatever his motive he committed an abominable error.*

When in 1844 Governor Ford appointed Mr. Shields one of the Judges of the Supreme Court to fill a vacancy, it was surely not on account of his being an Irishman. Ford was not that sort of a man. He never cared about popularity. He only looked to the qualification of his appointees. Shields filled the office to the satisfaction of the people, and the few opinions he wrote during his short stay on the bench are lucid and forcible.

As Logan in the civil war, so Shields in the Mexican war, was the most distinguished volunteer general. Severely wounded, when leading his Illinois Brigade at Cerro Gordo, he led the Palmetto and another regiment with distinction at Contreras, and received at the storming of Chapultepec a most painful and slowly healing wound in his right wrist. In the civil war he was again wounded in the arm by a ball at Winchester. He was not a great strategist, nor even a tactician; but he was always found in front, and the soldiers liked to follow him.

He may in older days have indulged too much in reminiscences of his former feats of arms, but there are few old soldiers who are not guilty of such a charge. The writer was very near him for several years after the Mexican war, and is not aware that he ever unduly prided himself on his military performances.

He was naturally very much opposed to slavery. It was with great reluctance he voted for the Kansas-Nebraska bill. But Mr. Douglas, his colleague in the Senate, had much influence over him, Douglas having always nobly supported him. He had taken the view which Mr. Webster had promulgated in his celebrated speech, that slavery could not exist in either of the territories, from climatic and other causes that nature had ordained, and that therefore the repeal of the Missouri Compromise could do no harm.

Earthly goods he never acquired. Before the generosity of Congress, not long before his end, relieved him, he spent many years in actual poverty. His mind, while eccentric, sometimes erratic, was essentially of a lofty nature. He could not have risen to all the high stations he filled except by some intrinsic merits. Were it otherwise, not he, but those who elected him, would have to bear the blame.

BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS. *Gustav Koerner.*

*Another correspondent (Mr. R. I. Holcombe) interprets the expression in the letter to Breese, "he should never have profited by his success," to mean merely that he would represent the means employed by Breese to achieve success in such a way to his associates at Washington that his influence would be seriously impaired, if not destroyed. It should be said, however, that our correspondent does not explain the context.— Mr. W. J. Onahan also writes to us in praise of General Shields, calling especial attention to General Scott's testimony as to his gallantry and efficiency in the field; as well as to some cordial words spoken in his behalf by General Logan.—EDITOR.

The Cantata and American Composers.

BY using very little of your space may I try to modify the impression which the letter on "The Cultivation of the Cantata" published in the January number of THE CENTURY has probably made? When Mr. Barnard, after saying that the cantata occupies a middle ground between the oratorio and opera, that American writers have been more successful in this form, cites Mr. Root's "Flower Queen" as an example, I am led to believe that he is not informed of the present trend of American music. To encourage Americans to compose is a leading topic among writers on music at the present time in the United States, and the cantata is one of the most desirable forms to have cultivated; but have we not outgrown the era which accepted the compositions of Mr. Root as standard in that department? Would the Handel and Haydn Society pay one thousand dollars for the counterpart of "The Haymakers" or "Esther"? Certainly it would not. Mr. Barnard, however, implies that it would, and the non-musical reader of his letter will seek for no higher values in this form of native musical achievement than these compositions represent. Such pieces are styled cantatas. So is "Pinafore" an opera, but "Orpheus" is one also. There was a time when practice of "The Haymakers" and "The Flower Queen" in uninformed and slow-moving districts was quite general; clergymen recommended such to their Sunday-schools; but the men who at present are writing what is making a name for American music did not so much as taste this fount of inspiration.

I would mention George E. Whiting and his "Tale of the Viking"; W. W. Gilchrist and his "Forty-sixth Psalm"; Dudley Buck and his "Golden Legend" and "Columbus"; Arthur Foote and his "Hiawatha"; H. W. Parker and his "King Trojan"; G. W. Chadwick and his "The Viking's Last Voyage"; Prof. J. K. Paine and his "The Nativity"— these men *are* cultivating the cantata. Certain of these compositions were written under such conditions as Mr. Barnard recommends. I do not take issue with Mr. Barnard's idea; I uphold that. We diverge at what constitutes the cantata. A retrograde movement among writers of music in the United States would be deplored on every hand. There is already plenty of music among us, suited to uneducated taste and an unfiltered desire for tune. Composers of this sort of music may not do very much harm; but theirs is not the best music of which Americans are capable. It is to establish this fact and show the general reader that there is already grounded among native writers a style infinitely better, the product of real art, that this letter is ventured.

BOSTON. *George H. Wilson.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

SOME people's virtues sit upon them as their clothes do,—they look as though they pricked dreadfully.

THERE are successes that are far more humiliating than defeat.

NOTHING to do wears out a graven image in the course of time.

I BELIEVE in dispensations, but when a man gets drunk, falls down the cellar stairs, and breaks his neck, I lay it to the whisky, not to the dispensation.

HE who is ashamed of his poverty would be equally proud of his wealth.

TOO often love is nothing more than self-love in disguise.

WE are all very proud of our reason, and yet we guess at fully one-half we know.

Go slow, my friend; you have time and eternity both before you.

Uncle Esek.

Her Photograph.*

A PICTURE of a dark-eyed girl
With pensive, thoughtful air,
Whose pure sweet face looked from beneath
Its frame of misty hair.

My heart was captured by her face;
I loved her at first sight:
"Sweet maid," I whispered, "let me be
Your own true chosen knight."

And then I tried to find my queen,
I sought her near and far;
Her pictured face shone on my path
And was my guiding star.

But oh, how can I tell the grief,
The bitter grief to me,
When I found out, beyond a doubt,
There wasn't any *she!*

For this sweet picture that I loved
(Kind reader, do not laugh!)
Turned out to be a very good
Composite photograph!

And the fair girl whose pensive eyes
Had made my pulses stir,
Did not exist, or rather there
Were forty-nine of her!

One woman's face was in my mind—
How could I then divine
That I, while faithful to one love,
Was true to forty-nine?

O Science! You have done this thing,
On you I lay the guilt;
You've made my honest love appear
Like any crazy quilt!

And this one thing I ask of you,—
Can you, with all your art,
Unite these forty-nine poor bits
And give me back my heart?

Bessie Chandler.

*See "Composite Photography" in THE CENTURY for March.

An April Answer.

I ASKED her for her photograph;
She answered, with a lightsome laugh,
"I'll send you one on Friday week."
Emboldened by her gracious mien
(For I am young and somewhat green),
My ardor spurred me on to speak.

(But, gracious! means I find are used
To leave a lover quite confused)
She smiled and whispered, "Can't you guess?
My picture shall my answer give."
To-day she's sent her negative,
Marked "April First." Does that mean "yes"?

Anna M. Pratt.

Development.

ONE morn a bud beside my window came,
And leaned beneath the frame;
The soft air, sunshine, and nocturnal dew
Nourished it, and it grew.

And so the bud became a half-blown rose
(Sweeter ne'er grew, nor grows);
And blushed and laid its cheek against the pane
Till kissed by summer's rain.

And now it blooms (the kiss has done its part,
Laid open the gold heart),
And in morn's sunshine and the dew of even
Sends fragrance up to heaven.

Maud Kalbfleisch.

A Fortunate Parallel.

(Suggested by "A Story of Seven Devils.")

"YES," she admitted, "it's very clever,
And I like Frank Stockton as much as ever.
It is well for us all to find our levels;
It's a little extreme, though—*seven* devils!

"Some people, you know, don't believe in any;
To those, it will seem, perhaps, too many;
But to others as easy to grasp as one;
'Begun is,' the proverb says, 'half done.'

"Oh yes, I've heard several women rage;
He meant that they should; for I'll engage,
From the feeling manner in which he wrote,
He had 'found,' and had merely to 'make a note.'

"And you wonder to see me keep so cool?
No—I'm not his friend, the 'absolute fool,'
But, to be quite frank, since you wish the reason,
It's a bit of ancient history treason.

"It constantly keeps me nice and calm;
It's in the 116th Psalm.
To be sure, it was said 'in haste,' but so
Is much that is very well said, you know.

"And, so far as my observation goes,
This hasty statement about his foes—
And friends—which King David gave for fact,
He never found leisure to retract."

Margaret Vandegrift.